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The Shape of Things

WHEN THE STATE DEPARTMENT STOOD UP on its hind legs last week and told the Nazi chargé d'affaires that the United States government agrees with the opinions of the Nazi dictatorship expressed by Secretary Ickes, it spoke directly for the American people for the first time in many a month. The incomparable impudence of the Nazis in asking for apologies from officials whom their parrot press has slandered in the vilest terms has at last been countered with an expression of the anger and disgust that every decent American feels for a regime which lives by cruelty and terror. As for Secretary Ickes, who has carried on a one-man anti-Nazi campaign for months, he deserves a Congressional medal. The Nazis, in the manner of bullies, have dropped the issue as if it were a hot potato, out of deference, they say, to the "Christmas spirit"! And they have been very careful to hide from the German people the true significance of the incident.

IN ADDITION TO THE SATISFACTION OF having the Nazis officially rebuked, the action of the State Department has of course far more important implications, which the statements of Senators Pittman and King, hinting at economic sanctions, serve to underline. A recent *Fortune* poll revealed that public opinion favors our joining with other democratic nations to prevent further expansion by Hitler and Mussolini. We hope this opinion, however, will not remain in the passive stage—resigning itself to an inevitable war inevitably involving this country. Anti-fascist emotions need to be harnessed to a program of checking the dictators here and now, of short-circuiting their ability to make war. America has the economic weapons and can use them without serious risk. The first steps must be the lifting of the embargo against shipments to Spain and the cutting off of supplies to Japan. There is no question that a victory of the Spanish Republic and a check to Japan in China would turn the tide of fascist triumph; they would also offset the pessimistic resignation to a tragic conflict which now apparently prevails.

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AFTER COOLING HIS HEELS IN LONDON FOR several months, vainly attempting to get into touch with the German government, George Rublee, director of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees, has received an invitation to Berlin. The Nazis' sudden politeness springs from their hope of obtaining his cooperation in putting over their scheme for using the plight of the Jews to extort trade concessions. In its last issue *The Nation* exposed this plan as a thinly disguised ransom demand. An elaborate outline which has since been cabled from Berlin by Otto D. Tolischus to the New York *Times* more than justifies this description. We now learn that the Nazis will not be content with permitting the refugees to exchange the meager remnants of their wealth for additional exports of German goods. Such exports, it is planned, will be paid for by blocked refugee marks to the extent of only 50 to 60 per cent; the balance is to be met in free foreign exchange, thus replenishing Germany's gravely diminished resources. As Mr. Tolischus says: "In that way not only German Jews but the world's entire Jewry, which is expected to put up the money, would be impressed into Germany's export drive. They would thus subsidize German exports, help break down any boycott against German goods, help parry any such counter trade drives as the British have suggested, and indirectly finance Germany's imports of raw materials essential for her armaments." This brazen attempt to cash in on persecution must not be allowed to succeed. We hope that refugee organizations the world over will make known to Mr. Rublee and their governments their unshakable opposition to any proposals serving to underwrite Nazi aggression.

*

THE ABILITY OF THE AMERICAN NATIONS TO agree on a declaration of solidarity involving provision for consultation in case of a threat to American liberties marks the outstanding achievement of the Lima conference. Although the "Declaration of Lima" is disappointing in its failure to make specific reference to the threatened penetration of ideas and dogmas, it provides machinery for consultation in case any country is prepared to utilize it. Whether it will be used depends, as does the value of Hull's declaration of American principles, on the degree of real solidarity that was achieved behind the conference scenes. That this was less than had been hoped for is evident from Argentina's refusal to assent to a more vigorous declaration, and the consequent failure of the conference to provide for periodic consultations between the American governments. It is evident that suspicion of American policy has not been wholly allayed by the Good Neighbor doctrine. As long as this suspicion remains, Latin America will be fertile ground for fascist penetration regardless of declarations of continental solidarity. But while we should not fool ourselves into overestimating the achievements at Lima, neither should they be discounted altogether. New territory has been won in the struggle to safeguard democracy in the Western Hemisphere. Whether this ground can be held will depend on the concrete manifestations of the Good Neighbor policy in the months to come.

*

STIMULATION OF LATIN AMERICAN TRADE through a revival of foreign lending under federal auspices is reported to be the subject of study in Washington. The proposed instrument is the Export-Import Bank, through which $25,000,000 was recently made available to China. This, however, is an "emergency" institution whose charter expires next June. According to plans now being discussed, Congress will be asked to authorize the reorganization of this bank on a permanent basis. We hope that prejudice against foreign loans will not be allowed to stand in the way of this proposal. A strong case can be made out, on both political and economic grounds, for carefully directing a stream of capital to Latin America. The continent to the south of us cries out for capital and offers enormous opportunities for wise development. We, on the other hand, are plagued with the problem of finding an outlet for surplus capital. We have piled up in Kentucky a fantastic amount of gold—60 per cent of the world's monetary supply—which is far beyond the requirements of our internal credit system. If even a small part of this gold could be siphoned into Latin American economy it would do much to assist recovery there and lead to an important demand for capital goods which this country alone is in a position to supply. Financial interests will probably object that new loans ought not to be granted while old ones made by private investors remain in default. But that condition is much more likely to be remedied if constructive steps are taken to revive trade.

*

FOR THE FIRST TIME JAPAN HAS SET FORTH officially its immediate aims on the Asiatic mainland. The "conditions for peace" as announced by Premier Konoye parallel almost exactly the conditions imposed on the puppet state of Manchoukuo. Tokyo asks that Japanese troops be stationed at various points throughout China "as an anti-Communist measure"; that Japanese merchants be given the rights of freedom of residence and trade which have traditionally been denied other foreigners; that Japan receive a free hand in the economic exploitation of China; and that the puppet government of China align itself politically with the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis. At the same time the Japanese press has launched a campaign for the "return"—to the Japanese puppet state—of all concessions held by the Western powers, together with the British crown colony of Hongkong. There are reports that Wang Ching-wei, leader of the former pro-Japanese wing of the Kuomintang, has flown to Hongkong to enter into negotiations with the Japanese. The likelihood that the Chinese government would discuss peace on the terms laid down by Konoye remains, however, extremely slight—particularly at a moment when the United States and Great Britain are showing signs of awakening from their long sleep. Recent confidential reports from China indicate that morale is higher than ever, and the forty-mile Chinese advance to the gates of Yochow represents one of the most spectacular military successes of the war. A China which has endured a year and a half of reverses without the least sign of weakening is not going to give way now when the tide is turning.

* * *

HARRY L. HOPKINS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN chosen as the heir apparent of the New Deal for 1940. His appointment as Secretary of Commerce is regarded as an attempt to groom him for the nomination by giving him a chance to show business that he is no "radical." The Department of Commerce's gain is WPA's loss, for Mr. Hopkins proved both his administrative ability and his liberalism in handling the huge job of relief. It is to be regretted that the President passed over Hopkins's courageous and efficient assistant, Aubrey Williams, in picking a successor as WPA Administrator. Colonel Francis C. Harrington's principal recommendation is his long and useful association with Mr. Hopkins as Chief Engineer of WPA. Mr. Williams is to be consoled with a position as head of an enlarged National Youth Administration. It is hard to resist the suspicion that Mr. Williams, in addition to making himself *persona non grata* with Southern Bourbons by his attitude toward the Negro, also got under the President's skin by his insistence on greater WPA appropriations. Mr. Williams ended his services on WPA with an appeal to Congress for an immediate emergency appropriation, warning that otherwise funds will be exhausted by February 7, and WPA will have to be suspended. That must be Congress's first move, for the ending of WPA would be a human calamity and economically disastrous.

* * *

WE RISE TO APPLAUD THE COMMITTEE ON the Bill of Rights of the American Bar Association for the splendid action it has taken in the Hague case. The committee, formed last August, made Jersey City its first order of business and has now filed a brief *amicus curiae* in the Third Circuit Court of Appeals, Philadelphia, in defense of the C. I. O.'s right to hold street meetings in Jersey City. Frank J. Hogan, president of the Bar Association, said that the committee would defend the civil liberties "of rich and poor alike," and it has made good that pledge. The committee's stand is made the more striking and effective by the character of its membership. Only one of the men on it, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., is identified with liberal causes. Grenville Clark, the chairman, is an outstanding corporation lawyer, a partner in the firm of the late Elihu Root. Joseph A. Padway, of Wisconsin, appeared against the C. I. O. as counsel for the A. F. of L. only a few weeks ago when the Consolidated Edison case was before the Supreme Court. John Francis Neylan is a Hearst lawyer; Osmer C. Fitts is a partner of Coolidge's Attorney General, John G. Sargent. Two, Douglas Arant of Alabama and Monte M. Lemann of New Orleans, are Southern conservatives. The position they have taken is encouraging indication of an awakening on the right to the menace that Hagueism represents in American life.

* * *

THE NAZIS CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS BY reviving the rites of the early barbarians who lived and killed by barbarian rules. "This night [*sic*]," yelled the German press, "belongs to us." They forgot to mention that according to the laws of nature, which the Nazis have invoked in all their most brutal acts, day always follows night. We give you "Der Tag!"

Behind the Franco Lines

THE Franco authorities officially admit arresting several hundred conspiring army officers. Outside sources put the figure at over a thousand and add that many of the rebels against the rebels have been shot. The recent disturbances in insurgent Spain are a momentary flash lighting up the increasing dissatisfaction in Franco territory.

The Catholics are dissatisfied. Gil Robles, leader of the Catholic Action and former War Minister, returned to Franco territory last summer. The fascist Falange attacked him and threatened him. He went back into exile after forty-eight hours. The pro-Loyalist Catholic daily of Paris, *La Croix*, said recently: "The influence of Hitlerism gains ground every day in the entourage of Generalissimo Franco. While the Supreme Pontiff's condemnations of racism have passed almost entirely unnoticed in Spain [the Franco censor prohibited them.—Editors *The Nation*], the writings of Hitler, Rosenberg, and Streicher are translated into Spanish and widely circulated." Cardinal Goma has been having trouble with Queipo de Llano, the drunken broadcasting general of Seville.

The Monarchists are dissatisfied. The Carlist Requettes and the rich peasant Navarrese, Franco's best Spanish soldiers, have complained that they are being used too much at the front while the Falangists stay at home. In fact, the Navarrese bore the brunt of the fighting in the Ebro battle, and their officers apparently have no desire to engage in another offensive which will certainly be bloody and almost as certainly indecisive, especially since the Falangists have ignored three appeals from Franco to go to the front. Their reply was printed in an early edition, immediately confiscated, of the San Sebastian daily *Unidad* of October 2. "The *Caudillo* [Franco] should know," it said, "that Spain will not become the cemetery of patriots." The Falangists of course are such good patriots that they must not die.

The Falangists are dissatisfied. First, they resent the pressure on them to leave their offices and safe staff positions behind the front in order to fight. Secondly, they object to Franco's Monarchist leanings. The difficulty among the Franco officers came immediately after his declaration that Alfonso's citizenship and property had been restored. Probably also the Germans did not like that. Alfonso has been living in Rome.

The business men are dissatisfied. Regularly the rebel press prints official announcements of numerous industrial and trade contracts let to German and sometimes to Italian firms. The economic system of the insurgent zone is permeated with foreign fascist influence.

The people are dissatisfied with thirty months of unfruitful war fought, as they now see, in the interests of foreign powers. They are not happy about the impending third winter of that war.

But the terror is murderous, and the people cannot express their displeasure. Army officers can, now and then, for a moment. Franco can suppress them; he cannot eradicate the causes of their disaffection. It is known that rebel officers abroad have tried to establish contacts with Loyalists. The Franco offensive has at the present writing made little real progress, and if it fails to extend its gains very sensationally, the discontent with Franco will run deeper and perhaps even explode.

The A. M. A. on Trial

AT LONG last the times have caught up with the American Medical Association. Last week's indictment of it, together with the Medical Society of the District of Columbia, the Washington Academy of Surgery, and twenty-one physicians of Chicago and Washington, by a District of Columbia grand jury on the charge of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act marks the end of an era. For years the medical profession, as represented by the A. M. A., has been above the law. It has assumed that it had the right to decide for itself not only matters directly affecting medical care but the economic arrangements under which such care is given.

That these arrangements, however satisfactory they may be to physicians, do not provide adequate medical service to the American people has become increasingly evident. The recent National Health Survey showed that one-fourth of the 8,000,000 cases of illness which are disabling for a week or longer each year receive no care from a physician. Among families on relief 30 per cent of cases of this character are untended. For families with incomes of less than $1,000, the proportion is 28 per cent. Cases of illness, disabling for a week or more, in families with incomes of over $3,000 receive, on the average, 46 per cent more medical attention than similar cases in families on relief.

When several doctors in Washington, D. C., agreed a year ago to provide full medical care to a group of goverment employees, on a prepayment plan, such care to be based on health requirements rather than income, the Medical Society of the District instituted a virtual boycott against these doctors. In the past it would have doubtless succeeded, as other A. M. A. branches have succeeded in ruining many enlightened physicians. But in this case the employees of a government agency were involved, and the Department of Justice has taken the position that the A. M. A., when it enters the economic field, is no more sacred than any other organization of profit-makers. If a combination of steel-makers for the restraint of trade is against the interest of society, what about a combination of physicians which threatens the health of the community?

Signs that the times are catching up with the A. M. A. may be found within the organization as well as without. The first important break within the ranks occurred in mid-December when the California Medical Association approved a plan for prepaid medical care on a voluntary insurance basis. The plan is similar, except in minor detail, to the Washington plan: California residents will be able to have full medical, surgical, and hospital services for approximately $2.50 a month for each person. Some type of voluntary prepaid medical service is expected to be offered in New York State within the next few months, probably as a supplement to the present 3-cents-a-day hospital insurance.

All these moves are hopeful ones. None of them, however, meet the fundamental problem. Few, if any, families whose incomes are less than $1,100 a year—half the total number of American families—will be attracted by a voluntary plan necessitating payments of $10 to $36 a year per person. Yet this is the group which the National Health Survey shows to be sick the most frequently and to have the least medical care. Their needs can be met only by compulsory health insurance or the development of a system of state medicine. Toward either plan the A. M. A. remains unalterably opposed. Doubtless it will continue its opposition as long as the small clique headed by Dr. Fishbein dominates A. M. A. policies. But conviction of Fishbein and his associates by the courts should put an end to their influence, and the government's action must add fuel to the revolt against the A. M. A. politicians already under way within the medical profession.

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Hope for 1939

DEMOCRACY must needs look back on 1938 as a year of defeat; nor can it look forward with confidence to 1939. In the past year fascism has made immense gains and reinforced its power for evil. Hitler and Mussolini have perhaps won their victories by bluffing on weak cards; now they appear to hold all the aces. The Nazification of Central Europe is going on apace, and such flimsy and disconnected barriers as are being erected against it look like tissue paper in comparison with Nazi might. England and France, divided, their morale shaken, lacking in leadership, seem to have resigned both as great powers and as champions of democracy; to have no mission left save to smooth the fascist path to world domination.

This is the kind of picture which unbending realists are apt to present to us. Some of them, abandoning Europe in disgust, would have us withdraw into strict isolation—a new Byzantium in a new and drearier Dark Age. Others, still more despondent, see this country, too, fatally infected with the fascist virus and assert, almost with resignation, that nothing can stop its happening here.

We should be the last to deny the necessity for cool realism, for refusing to run away from unpleasant facts. But is there not some danger that democrats, in their anxiety to steer clear of the Scylla of wish-fulfilment, will wreck themselves on the Charybdis of defeatism? If so, it may be well, while giving full weight to the difficulties ahead to consider also the existing grounds for hope.

There is one front in Europe where democracy has not broken in 1938. Despite constant battering, despite fascist intervention and British "non-intervention," despite hunger and hardship, the Spanish Loyalists have stood firm. In the spring, when Chamberlain made his infamous pact with Mussolini, the assumption of reactionaries the world over was that Franco's victory was a mere matter of weeks. The Loyalists lost ground but not their spirit, and by their counter-offensive on the Ebro they ruined the fascist time-table. Still more heartening is the fact that despite the exigencies of a war fought against terrific odds, the Spanish government has not turned to totalitarianism. On the contrary, democracy is more alive in Spain than at the beginning of the war, and from it springs a unity which regimentation can never rival. While the Spanish front holds, how can we say that democracy is doomed in Europe? And while we have the opportunity to strengthen that front by lifting the embargo, how can we say there is nothing we can do to check the fascist tide?

Let us turn from Europe's brightest hope to its darkest spots—to Germany and Italy, where another year of triumphs may appear to have established dictatorial power on an unshakable foundation. Hitler and Mussolini would have us believe that their regimes are solidly backed by their whole nations, that they have completed the conquest of the minds of their peoples. Yet if we scratch beneath the surface we find indications that neither country has really become a satisfactory fascist anthill. On another page of this issue Albert Viton writes of the disillusion and discontent he found in Italy and the ever more drastic repression needed to keep it under. He warns us against assumption that this underground ferment may lead to early revolt. Yet its existence is important. On the one hand it drives Mussolini into more and more desperate expedients to maintain his power; on the other, it makes such adventures more and more dangerous, a fact that would speedily become apparent were the democracies to call his bluffs.

In Italy the September crisis revealed a widespread fear of war and an overwhelming dislike for the German alliance. In Germany also there is criticism and distrust of Italy coupled with a strong revulsion against war. Reliable observers recently in Germany report that the spontaneous emotion evoked by Munich was thankfulness for peace. Relief at the bloodless victory was accompanied by doubts about the value of the victory itself, and by fears that it must drive Germany forward to some new impasse from which there could be no peaceful exit.

Again, the reaction of the German public to the pogrom showed that the Nazis have not yet succeeded in lowering Germany to their own level. It is true there were no organized protests, but there were scattered, gallant attempts to intervene, there were Aryans who took risks to help or shelter Jews, and, above all, there were innumerable expressions of disgust and pathetic attempts to convince foreigners that Nazi brutality did not represent "the real Germany." Too much significance must not be attached to these manifestations. They do not mean we can count on internal upheaval; but they do suggest that behind the imposing Nazi façade there is a growing lack of morale. Add to this mounting economic difficulties, accentuated rather than moderated by the Anschluss and the capture of Sudetenland, and we get a picture of a Third Reich which is by no means a happy and united nation.

What of democratic morale? It is not to be gainsaid that it has wavered badly in the past year. But there are signs of recovery. In America we are beginning to grasp what the spread of fascism must mean. We are beginning to realize that we cannot stay aloof from the battle. Our task for 1939 is to shake off defeatism, to take our part in the active defense of democracy. What was true of the union in 1860 is true of the world today: it cannot permanently endure half fascist and half free. Can we evade our responsibility for insuring that it is liberty which will ultimately triumph?

Washington's Big Show

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, December 23

NOW that advance agents of the Seventy-sixth Congress have arrived in Washington to distribute the annual blurbs on the big show, it is possible to tell something about the kind of acts the winter and spring will bring forth under the big dome. There will be more freaks than usual. About half of the newly elected Republicans, for example, will be for the Townsend plan but at the same time devoted to rugged individualism, the traditional American way, low taxes, and government economy. The hookworm Democrats will be more savage than ever after the attempted purge. Dependable New Dealers will be definitely reduced to minority status in both branches.

It is not a pretty prospect. The final Congressional session of every two-term Administration has been a futile affair. This one, judging from advance billings, will be even more so. Already the returning members have made it clear that hopes for some sort of Democratic unity, based on the assumption that an enlarged Republican minority would distract the majority from family fights, were engendered by wishful analysis of the election returns.

Harry Byrd, spokesman for the arch-reactionaries, has denounced the Administration as the most extravagant in the nation's history and demanded reduction of relief spending. Burt Wheeler, back from the wars with Jerry O'Connell's scalp, has joined in the clamor for state administration of relief. King, of Utah, has demanded, with a straight face, that the WPA be turned over to the states "to keep politics out of relief." Rush Holt, the boy blunder, has a no-third-term resolution. Edward Burke, who divested himself of liberalism at the close of his 1934 campaign, is demanding mutilation of the Wagner Act to make it fair to business. Pat Harrison, always the little brother of big business, is running around promising no tax increases, and "indulging the hope" that the budget will be balanced by economy.

These Senate Democrats are already off the reservation. Whatever program President Roosevelt produces, they will oppose it. They are back where they were when they scuttled the Supreme Court reform plan in the last Congress. If anything they are more intransigent, it having been proved to their satisfaction since then that the President can't hurt them. Garner and a group of less violently reactionary Democrats will go along with the President if he trims his sails to suit their listless wind. He will perforce do some trimming. There will be no reforms or advancements of the social frontier at this session. Roosevelt will have his hands full saving the WPA, the Labor Board, and what is left of his tax structure. His emphasis will be on reinforced national defense, the one policy on which reasonable unanimity can be expected. The blundering of Germany and Japan will keep the international stew bubbling to prove a continued incentive for preparedness. Modification of the Neutrality Act to permit more flexibility may possibly slip through as a national-defense measure, but the Corcoran plan of lump-sum defense appropriations has been abandoned. The government-reorganization bill would seem to have no chance if the President insists, as he says he will, on retaining the principle of executive freedom to transfer bureaus. The new anti-trust legislation will not be ready until 1940.

In the Senate first blood will be drawn on the President's nominations. These will be bold. Compromises on policy will not be carried over into Cabinet personnel. Harry Hopkins, anti-Christ to the economy bloc, has already been nominated for Secretary of Commerce to replace Dan Roper. Garner has warned the President that this will mean a fight, but apparently the Vice-President is willing to help confirm Hopkins and it seems reasonably certain that he will be confirmed. Donald Wakefield Smith, NLRB member nominated for reappointment, will be bitterly opposed by the combined forces of the right and the stooges of the A. F. of L. His chances are slim. It now appears that Robert Jackson will be advanced to fill the vacancy left by the retirement of Attorney General Homer Cummings and that Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan will get some important federal appointment, but probably not Justice Cardozo's place on the Supreme Court.

The new House defies prediction or classification. Its Democratic membership includes most of the old pests, like Martin Dies, who has been bloated into a national figure with the publicity generated by his $25,000 investigation of "un-American activities." Dies at first demanded $1,000,000 to continue his investigation but now has decided to settle for $150,000. On the basis of the Gallup poll, showing that a substantial majority of voters want Communists and fascists investigated, he probably can't be stopped from getting $50,000. He may do wonders with it in 1940.

But the biggest issue in the House will be joined by proposals to liberalize the Social Security Act. Most Republicans, committed to Dr. Townsend's $100 a month, now in the process of being reduced to $80, are hoping against hope that they will be spared the necessity of voting their campaign convictions. But the Democratic leadership will insist upon putting them on record. The ultimate outcome probably will be the adoption of the moderate liberalization program of the President's Federal Social Security Board, which would extend benefits to 2,600,000 persons not now covered, start payments in 1940 instead of 1942, and hold down reserve-fund accumulation. It will be interesting to see how the Townsend Republicans, who regard themselves as products of the reaction from Roosevelt on all issues except "something for the old folks," will vote on this issue.

Inconceivable as it seems, there may be a majority in Congress for curtailing WPA relief appropriations sharply, if not for adopting such an absurd plan as King's. The result of such curtailment would, of course, be as disastrous to business generally as to the unemployed. This was proved by the 1937 relief-economy wave. A deficiency appropriation of at least $1,000,000,000 is necessary, but it will be hard to get. Aside from relief, threatened mutilation of the Wagner Act presents the most alarming immediate prospect. The Smith nomination will throw a straw to the wind on this. If Smith is defeated, Senator Wagner may present some modifying amendments to stave off attack by the Burke crowd. If not, he will probably stand with the C. I. O. against any weakening.

The President's only check-rein on the incoming Congress is his continued personal popularity, coupled with the third-term threat. So long as there is a chance that he will be President again after 1940 there is a possibility of further Roosevelt patronage. So long as there is a chance that he will name his successor, Secretary of Commerce Hopkins, for example, there is also that possibility. But if he loses in an early battle, the war of the Seventy-sixth Congress will be lost. The Republicans, holding the balance of power, will, if they get the chance, let the people eat economy.

Italy Under Hitler

BY ALBERT VITON

Rome, December 13

IT IS a new Italy that I find after an absence of more than three years. The basis of this Italy was laid when I was there in 1935; the superstructure has developed in the interim. It is an Italy with an insatiable thirst for power and for expansion, an Italy with a nationalism that, probably for the first time since the establishment of the regime, has become definitely and visibly pernicious, an Italy for which the earth is just too small. On the other hand, it is a hungry Italy, an Italy in which the standard of living has visibly declined, in which there is more restlessness, more criticism of the regime, and more fear than I ever saw before.

In 1935 I found military men very skeptical of Italy's ability to carry on a major war; now they have a tremendous self-confidence which may yet lead them to wild adventures. The victories in Spain and Ethiopia seem to have turned their heads. On the other hand, the middle classes and especially the laborers, while partaking fully of the offensive nationalism, are much more critical of the regime and its policies, both internal and foreign, than I ever found them before. A young Italian who had been a member of the party from 1922 to 1931 assured me that not less than 80 per cent of the population was opposed to the regime. I disputed his figure, suggesting that he was living under an illusion. As a traveling salesman, however, he insisted that he knew his Italy and that foreign observers meet only the official and upper classes, who naturally support the regime. "If you want to know the truth, talk to people singly," he said; "when three or four get together each one is afraid of the other."

In the spring of this year the country was engulfed by a wave of dissatisfaction with the deterioration in the quality of bread. Fearing a shortage of wheat, the government had ordered bakers to use a high percentage of other flour. After the outcry the government rescinded the order. Certainly the situation in the northern part of the country is by no means satisfactory. That Mussolini recently canceled a planned visit to Turin because the police chief would not guarantee his safety is common knowledge. What brought about the situation is not exactly known. Some say that troops back from Spain, considering themselves privileged, had taken to highway robbery and terrorized the population; others think that there had been some labor unrest. A usually reliable observer claims that "Down with the Regime" had been found painted on buildings in the center of Turin. The king was forced by an extraordinarily cold reception from the populace to curtail his visit in Turin, and Mussolini has had to cancel planned visits to a whole group of industrial towns around Trieste.

Without question Mussolini is more popular than the regime. I have heard people denouncing the government and all it stands for but expressing great admiration for the personality of the Duce. Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law; Starace, the secretary of the party; Alfieri, and many other high Fascist dignitaries are detested almost universally, and all unpopular measures are generally attributed to them. Ciano, for example, is supposed to be the author and chief advocate of the pro-German policy; Starace is alleged to have championed the intervention in Spain; Graziani is the one who led Mussolini into the Ethiopian adventure.

No recent act of Mussolini's has been more genuinely popular than his recall of 10,000 volunteers from Spain. And Mussolini knew it would be popular. One can say without qualification that the whole population, with the exception perhaps of the military, regards the Spanish adventure as a huge mistake and is thoroughly tired of it. Assured a thousand times of an immediate Franco victory, people are disappointed to find the struggle dragging on interminably. Italians wonder what Mussolini expects to get out of Spain except friendship and prestige. The rise in the price of foodstuffs is popularly attributed to the Spanish war.

The Ethiopian adventure has also won much less favor than was anticipated. As one observer put it, "People agree that both Spain and Ethiopia are bones in the throat; it is, however, difficult to extract them." To swallow them appears to be no less difficult. The official press talks constantly of the infinite mineral wealth of the new empire, but most people see in Ethiopia only a drain on Italy's financial, material, and human resources. Only the military and to a certain extent the university youth really support the Ethiopian business. The latter see in the creation of a colonial empire new openings for jobs. Many students are specializing in colonial administration—and wondering how they will look in sun helmets.

WAR-TIME ECONOMY

Italy's financial condition has certainly deteriorated during the past three years. The two wars and the preparations for a third have fallen heavily on the shoulders of the people. Italian economic life is now practically conducted on a war basis. Public finance is shrouded by a veil which no observer that I spoke to had succeeded in penetrating—and that includes many commercial attachés. In 1935 the Bank of Issue still published fortnightly statements of its reserves of gold and foreign currency; no such statements have been published during the past two years. On December 31, 1930, the bank had a reserve in gold and foreign currency of 9,625 million lire; by June, 1936, this had fallen to 2,266 million.

Budgetary deficits have grown steadily. The fiscal year 1934-35 closed with a deficit of 2,030,000,000 lire; at the end of the following fiscal year the deficit had grown to 12,686,000,000; during 1936-37 it amounted to 16,230,000,000 lire. How large the deficit was during the past fiscal year is not yet known. Inevitably the public debt has grown. On September 30, 1935, it amounted to 107,078,000,000 lire; but no one that I spoke to could tell me how large it is by now. The government has ceased publishing even doctored statistics. These budgetary deficits have grown in spite of the increased taxes for war needs and in spite of the various capital levies. In October, 1936, a levy was imposed on all real-estate owners to the value of 5 per cent of the property. The levy took the form of a forced loan redeemable in twenty years; but unless the owners preferred to pay the levy outright, their taxes were increased not only to redeem the loan but to cover the cost of the service. On October 23 of the following year another levy was imposed on all corporations. As modified after discussion in the Chamber, this levy took between 7 and 8 per cent of the capital and reserves of joint-stock companies and partnerships, and yielded about 5,000 million lire. The turn of small businesses came a few weeks ago, when a new capital levy of 7½ per cent on private shops was enacted. People now wonder who will be next.

Taxes have caused much dissatisfaction among the masses. Wages and salaries, no matter how small, are now subject to a tax of 8 per cent, for which the employer is responsible. This tax is therefore subtracted before the employee sees his pay envelope. Taxes on articles of consumption have grown. Gasoline is three times its original price—a gallon costs now about 75 cents. Sugar, tobacco, matches, salt, and so forth are also expected to bring more revenue than before. I have checked with a number of business men and office workers and it appears that the former now have to pay about 40 per cent of their income, however small, to the state; the latter, if they are married and have at least two children, pay somewhat more than 20 per cent.

The clothes people wear are old and shabby. The price has gone up and the quality down. The retail price of clothing—taking January, 1936, as 100, when prices had already gone up considerably—stood at 140 in July, 1937, and at 134 in July last. The cost of living as a whole has advanced from 74 in September, 1934, to 99 in September of this year, and the cost of food has gone up from 68 to 92. But these figures do not tell the whole story. The rise in price of essential articles—bread, spaghetti, cheese, olive oil—has been much greater than indicated in these figures. Yet wages, even taking the most optimistic figures I have heard, have not increased more than 20 per cent. According to the last Annuaro Statistico, published by the Institute of Statistics, the wages of white-collar workers increased only 14 per cent between 1935 and the end of 1937.

The great catchword at the moment is "autarchy." On November 17 I was present when Mussolini opened a great exhibition called "Our Autarchy of Italian Minerals." A tremendous amount of money and labor is being spent on working mineral deposits of no economic

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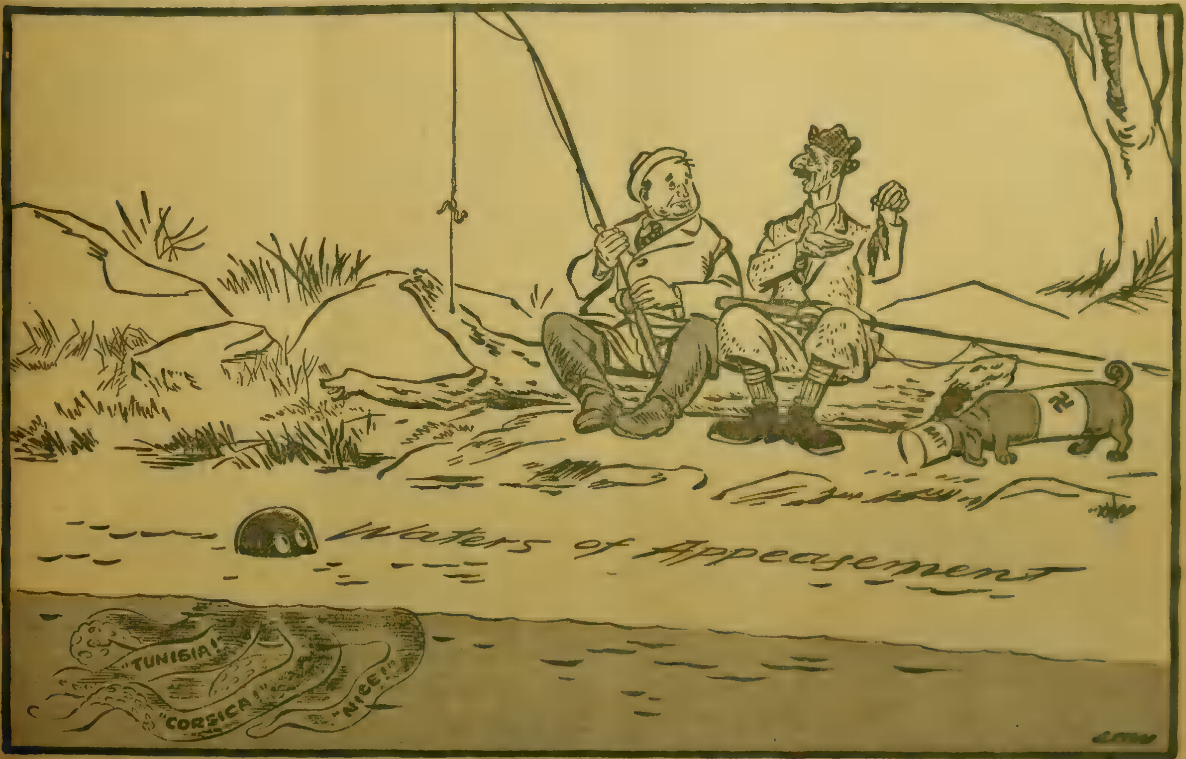
value. An official publication, for example, announces that "attention is now directed toward the extraction of the high percentage of iron, 20 to 25 per cent, contained in the sand of certain sections of the seacoast." Coal veins of no value are being worked; large sums are being put into the development of Albanian oil with a high sulphur content and filled with extraneous matter. The use of home-grown fiber for the textile industry is increasing. At the order of the government the ratio of imported to inferior native wool in the manufacture of clothing has fallen from six-to-one to fifty-fifty.

The home population can be compelled to purchase goods of any quality if foreign competition is eliminated, but all economic observers are now asking how, given the movement toward autarchy, Italy can expect to compete on the world market. For one thing the best goods are, of course, sent abroad, and the government is heavily subsidizing the export trade. But in the end the Italian people have to pay with a lower standard of living. The 1937 "Yearbook of the Fascist Confederation of Industrialists" contains the following highly illuminating statistical table: taking 1929 as 100, industrial employment at the end of 1936 had reached 94.90, but the amount paid in wages stood at 73.81.

TERROR AND "CAPILLARITY"

Because of the discontent the secret police are much more active than in previous years. In 1935 I heard comparatively little about them; now, however they make their presence felt. A friend told me that at a fireworks show a man standing near him said, "For this there is money, but there is none for feeding our starving children." He had hardly finished the sentence when someone tapped him on the shoulder and took him off. The number of plain-clothes men on the Piazza Venezia has noticeably increased. Telephone tapping has been systematized to a high degree. The material thus obtained is summarized every day in every city and passed on to the district authorities. They in turn pass it on to Rome, where it is boiled down for Mussolini's perusal. According to an absolutely reliable source, the first thing Mussolini does in the morning is to read this report.

A word now heard frequently in Fascist circles is "capillarity." According to this doctrine only fascism provides real democracy since the government is in constant touch with the broad masses of the people. Fascists will tell you that the hundred and one organizations with which nearly the whole population comes in contact—the various guilds, the social-service organizations, the party, and the recreation units—serve as tribunes for public opinion, which is gradually transmitted, through constantly narrowing channels as it moves upward, to the head of the state. Much is now being made of this doctrine. Of course, it really works the other way around. The Fascist state is "capillary" in the sense that through these various organizations but especially through the extensive network of police espionage the head of the state is in constant touch with every particle in the body politic. But instead of the will of the people reaching upward and affecting policy, the will of Mussolini reaches downward. Only occasionally, when in a comparatively unimportant matter popular dissatisfaction


BAIT
Waters of Appeasement
TUNISIA!
CORSICA!
NICE!
LOW

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reaches a high pitch—as in the bread situation—does the head of the state find it advisable to give in to the popular will. During the war crisis of last September public opinion went to great lengths to express opposition to the German connection; Mussolini, however, refused to budge, and assured his critics in a public speech that they would "be dealt with."

ANTI-GERMANISM AND THE AXIS

Whoever thinks that the Rome-Berlin axis will snap tomorrow—or if not tomorrow, the day after—is sadly mistaken. The axis is a functioning organism. It works. I know of no way to emphasize sufficiently this overwhelming fact, pregnant with immeasurable consequences. Next in importance comes the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo triangle. The axis and the triangle—these are the foundation stones of Italian foreign policy; and the chances of the cornerstones being undermined in the near future are very slight indeed.

A joke now current in Rome states that for Germany the colonial question has been settled. It has obtained Italy. The Germans certainly make their presence felt to an extraordinary degree. There is a constant influx of German experts of one sort or another. Much of the present autarchy campaign is directed by Germans. It is not impossible that the recent anti-Jewish laws were actually written by Germans. Many German officials are reputed to be working in the Ministry of the Interior. Italian foreign trade is coming to depend more and more on the Reich; it is expected that during this year more than a third of it will be with Germany.

To make the triangle more tangible an intense propaganda campaign is spreading a certain kind of knowledge about Japan. Publications devoted to the glorification of the Aryan race and to exposing the wicked designs of other races never mention the "yellow peril" except to refer to Chinese communism. The Japanese invasion of China is of course a great crusade of Western civilization against Asiatic bolshevism. There is much propaganda for better trade relations within the triangle; some writers even advocate a customs union to counterbalance the British imperial system. Obviously the immediate concrete value of the triangle cannot be compared with that of the axis, but it is often said here that the triangle will come into its own in the event of a world war or a war against Soviet Russia.

Without doubt no other single policy of Mussolini's has evoked so much general opposition, without distinction of rank or station, as his German policy. The Germans are almost universally detested, especially among the common people. The showing of a newsreel in a Roman movie house was interrupted not long ago by exclamations of "Enough" when shots of the Führer were thrown on the screen. Older people, to whom a buffer state on the northern frontier has been a dogma, are dismayed by the menace which the might of Germany constitutes, and wonder what possessed Mussolini to permit the occupation of Austria. A Fascist official confessed to me that "Mussolini might have carried us into a war on the side of Germany, but not for long." During the September crisis many adopted the unique method of speaking their thoughts into telephones during conversations with friends, in the hope that their opinion would be overheard. To make sure of their views being brought to the attention of the authorities many expressed themselves to persons whose telephones are always tapped.

Mussolini is not ignorant of the unpopularity of his foreign policy, but he is determined to stick to the alliance and to strengthen it. Since Hitler has so far reaped greater benefits from the axis than his partner, most observers here feel that the hour of payment will have to come. This view, let me add, is not shared by everybody; some diplomatic observers who claim to have pipelines to the Duce maintain that Mussolini does not insist on immediate payment. Most persons, however, are convinced that if only to maintain his prestige Mussolini will have to show some concrete profits from the axis—and show them soon. Many point to the feverish activity in armament factories as proof that preparations for a crisis are continuing.

The main question at the moment is where and when the axis will strike. Speculation is rife about Tunis and French Somaliland. The latter is especially important because of Djibouti harbor and the Addis Ababa railroad. The thought of an offensive against British interests at the outset seems to have been given up. Instead, more and more attention is being devoted to the French colonial empire, the dismemberment of which, some Italians think, the British would not seriously oppose. Yet it is difficult to see how Italy could obtain either Somaliland or Tunis without violating the agreement just signed with England. A move against Tunis would of course seriously upset the status quo in the Mediterranean, which is the basis of the agreement, while a change on the Red Sea could not but affect British interests profoundly. Mussolini will not risk lightly a violation of the agreement which might lead to its renunciation by England, for no other measure, except perhaps the recall of the soldiers from Spain, has been so genuinely popular as the English pact. Possibly it is too much to say, as some do, that it has saved the regime; certain it is, however, that more than anything else it has bolstered up Mussolini's prestige among all sections of the population.

In his foreign policy as in internal affairs Mussolini has been impaled on a dilemma from which escape is likely to prove impossible. He needs England to counterbalance somewhat the growing German influence; yet the agreement rules out any imperial expansion which might be his reward for service to the axis. Moreover, it is not so certain that Hitler is anxious to pay. Yet to break away from the axis would be suicide. A democratic Italy, by aligning itself with France and other democratic powers, might conceivably overcome the German menace in the north, but such a course would spell the collapse of the regime at no distant date.

ANTI-SEMITISM AND THE VATICAN

Only in the light of internal and external difficulties can the Jewish situation in Italy be understood. Sufficient for a prison sentence in Italy is to be overheard saying that Mussolini is aping Hitler in his anti-Jewish legislation; he is aping Hitler because he has to. It is probable that Hitler demanded a common Jewish policy during his recent visit to Rome. Today the Jewish problem, which has been badly mishandled by the world press, is at least as serious in Italy as in Germany—possibly more so.

Yet during my stay in Rome and other cities in 1935 I went out of my way to search for a Jewish problem and found none. No cloud hung over the sky for years; when the storm broke it took the political weather forecasters by complete surprise. No anti-Jewish propaganda which had taken root had prepared the Italian people—or the Jews. But the storm has been as ferocious and devastating as it was sudden. The Italian government has not provided any of those ameliorating measures which, certainly during the first four years, left avenues of escape open to German Jews.

The anti-Jewish decrees have followed one another with the rapidity of machine-gun firing, and with worse effects. In less than three months they have achieved the following: no Jewish student, Italian or foreign, is allowed to begin studies in a university; all Jewish students have been expelled from high schools; special classes have been opened in the elementary schools for Jewish children, who must enter the building through a special door; all Jews who entered Italy since the World War, whether naturalized or not, must get out before March 1, 1939; Italian Jews cannot own urban real estate which produces an income of more than $1,000 annually or more than about fifty acres of rural property; they cannot own factories employing more than 300 workers; "Aryan" maids must not serve in Jewish homes; all Jews in the service of the state, whether in the civil service or the armed forces or semi-state institutions, have been dismissed; all Jewish teachers, university professors, journalists, writers, and artists have been dismissed; a Jew may not appear on the stage, nor may the work of a Jewish writer, Italian or foreign, be published; banks, insurance companies, and other financial institutions may not be directed by Jews and must dismiss their Jewish employees; the Jewish owner of a shop or any business may not leave his property to his children; no new Jewish employees may be taken on by any organization. This list is by no means complete, but it gives a fair idea of the thoroughness with which the work has been done.

What is the role of the Italian people in this tragedy? Is it staging anti-Jewish riots and demonstrations, is it smashing windows, are mobs attacking Jews? Have the Italian masses all of a sudden become conscious of their exalted Aryan origin and begun to despise the lowly Jew? Nothing of the sort. Anybody who knows anything at all about Italy will agree with me that 90 per cent of the population does not like these laws. Most people, the vast majority of the population, do not understand what it is all about. In Germany the movement began, at least superficially, in the lower classes and hardly ever reached the upper strata; here it began at the very top. Italians have confessed to me that, coming on top of his other recent mistakes, the anti-Jewish laws have convinced them that Mussolini has lost his head.

It would be a grave injustice not to mention the courageous attitude shown by the Vatican. The Vatican was the first to speak out against the new racial dogmas, terming them "excessive nationalism." It had no legal means of implementing its opposition to the anti-Jewish laws, but it never left any doubt about where it stood. Only when Mussolini prohibited marriage between Aryan and non-Aryan Christians was it given an opportunity for official intervention. In very polite letters addressed to the King and to Mussolini the Vatican pointed out that the prohibition of such marriages was a clear violation of the Concordat, by which the state agreed to confirm marriages solemnized by the church. The Vatican has also gone out of its way to extend aid to baptized Jews.

Events have driven the Vatican more and more to the conclusion that peace between the church and the Fascist state is impossible. This conclusion has been unwelcome to the papacy; for years it struggled against it. A liberal French journalist who for years has asserted publicly and privately that fascism and Christianity are fundamentally irreconcilable told me of a high church dignitary who used to grant the basic incompatibility between the two but argue that a *modus vivendi* might yet be found. About a month ago, however, this prelate said to him, "I have been mistaken. I now see the impossibility of finding even a temporary *modus vivendi* with this monster. It must be crushed." One priest said to me, "The greatest battle in the history of the Catholic church is looming on the horizon."

Unfortunately, the chances of the church winning this battle are extremely small. It might still win on the international front, but in Italy the church has ceased to be a power. In the official Fascist trinity of loyalties the church comes only third and last, and that is its position in the heart of the Italian youth. In Rome the Vatican has no longer any influence whatever, and churchmen make no denial of this fact. Meanwhile, Mussolini is ceaselessly trying to capture the church and make it the handmaid of his policies. The next struggle will probably be fought within the church itself.

Three Southern Towns

I. TUPELO: FEUDALISM AND TVA

BY WILLSON WHITMAN

THE Tennessee Valley has no big cities but a hundred county seats. These valley towns differ, as the seven valley states differ, in history and character; but more interesting than their local color is the fact that arrested Southern economy has preserved intact various stages of economic progress, each of which may be almost perfectly exemplified in some one town. To consider in turn Tupelo, Mississippi, Huntsville, Alabama, and Kingsport, Tennessee, is to range all the way from rugged individualism through decadent capitalism to streamlined industrial planning, or from feudalism to fascism in three hard lessons.

Tupelo, Mississippi, is called "the TVA city" by the local chamber of commerce. In 1933 Congressman John E. Rankin persuaded his home town to plug in government power, and now it is known throughout the country as the satisfied first customer of TVA current.

Mr. Rankin admits that it took some argument, but argument in Tupelo is simple because you can do most of it with one man. Suppose you wanted to talk to the vice-president of the Tupelo Cotton Mills, or the president of the Tupelo Garment Company, or the president of the Citizens' Bank of Tupelo; or suppose you had business with the Tupelo Brick and Tile Company, or with R. D. Reed and Company, the Main Street department store—in each case you would ask for Mr. Rex Reed. Or you might be interested in the local hospital, or the Red Cross, or the Tupelo Rotary Club, or have an inquiry for the state board of public welfare; again the best man to see would be Mr. Rex Reed. Of course there are other business men in Tupelo, a town with a population of some 6,000, and others who believe with Mr. Reed that the road to success is service, but there is not much business, public or private, that is not somehow connected with the Reed enterprises.

It was rumored that the Tupelo Cotton Mills saved $18,000 on their power bills the first year they had TVA power. Norman Thomas wondered out loud if companies which saved money by the use of government power would pass on their savings to their workers. The answer was given at Tupelo: just about the time the cotton mill counted its savings, the Supreme Court invalidated the NRA; so wages instead of being raised were lowered. This was hard, because the workers in the cotton mills lost money in another way when TVA power was plugged in. They lived in company houses, and since their lights were on the company line, they had paid at the industrial rate—50 cents a month. For TVA power they paid the regular residential rate, with a 75-cent minimum. Electricity was cheaper now for everybody else in the town but two bits higher for them. The two bits counted. With a $4,000 weekly pay roll, the mill had 400 employees; you can figure the average wage for a forty-six-hour week.

In the spring of 1937, when everybody was doing it, the mill workers had the spunk to start a sitdown strike. Jimmy Cox, a machinist in the mill for seven years, was the leader. Jimmy had a wife and two small children to worry about, but he was young and hopeful. They asked for a 15 per cent raise in wages and a forty-hour week. Of course they didn't stand a chance to get it. The mill offered to compromise on 10 per cent, but it wasn't to be a raise; it would have to be a bonus at Christmas. And the management wouldn't reduce hours at all. As the strike started in April, Christmas seemed a long way off; so Jimmy Cox, with a two-to-one vote to back him, stood pat.

The management said that if the workers were going to be ugly about it, they would have to shut down the mill. Last summer the mill building, with a square tower like a feudal fort, was still shut. Southern workers do not break windows, and the glass was therefore still intact. But scarlet trumpet vines were holding the fort, and on the door a card read, "This property is now in the hands of the receiver appointed by the Chancery Court of Lee County, Mississippi." The mill cottages on the streets between the railroad tracks and the cotton fields bore the same placards. When evictions were tried during the strike, Jimmy Cox asked the Red Cross for tents because the mill workers had joined the Red Cross by a pay-roll checkoff, but Mrs. Rex Reed, the Lee County chairman, had no tents available. Nobody could say what the people lived on, for there is no "home relief," as Northerners know it, in Mississippi.

Congressman Rankin, in Washington, charged that the National Labor Relations Board was "conspiring with communistic influences to destroy Southern industries," and that "the ruthless manner in which they helped to destroy and forced the liquidation of the cotton mill in Tupelo, throwing all the employees out of work, and the brutal manner in which they are now trying to destroy the garment factories in that city is enough to stir the people of my state to revolt."

After the cotton-mill strike a loud-speaker was put in

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the garment factory to tell the girls how well off they were and that unions were not to be trusted. But wages were as low as $5 a week, and some of the girls were discontented enough to listen to Tupelo's first outside organizer. Ida Sledge came from one of the best families in Memphis, but she had been corrupted by Wellesley and social work. So Miss Sledge was asked to leave Tupelo by a committee of loyalists from Reed Brothers, and actually escorted out of town by a group of local business men. It may be embarrassing for Southern gentlemen to have to treat a lady in this fashion, but Southern papers, discussing Tupelo's trouble, had referred to the Wellesley girl as "an influx of C. I. O. agitators."

When the girls who had joined the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union lost their jobs, they appealed to the Labor Board—and Tupelo got busy organizing company unions. Members of the Chamber of Commerce, the City Council, and the Kiwanis formed a Citizens' Committee, which entertained loyal workers with patriotic speeches, a dinner at the Hotel Tupelo, and a barbecue at the Legion hut; the mayor issued a statement against agitators; and the sheriff announced his determination to "protect Tupelo's industries from outsiders." City ordinances sought to discourage distribution of union circulars, and both papers refused union advertising; the Tupelo *News* gritted its teeth over the need to keep "the virgin Southland free from a communistic organization," and dared the Labor Board to invade Dixie. Both papers printed the page advertisements of the Tupelo Garment Company urging industrial "co-operation" by all "true, red-blooded Americans." The citizens telegraphed Congressman Rankin and Senator Pat Harrison demanding defeat of the wage-hour law and congratulated Congressman Rankin when he warned Washington that the streets of Southern towns might be "stained with the blood of innocent people as a result of the activities of these irresponsible representatives of the so-called Labor Relations Board."

The nearest thing to bloodshed in Tupelo was the experience of Jimmy Cox. Tupelo was Jimmy's home town, just as it was Congressman Rankin's and Mr. Rex Reed's; he had taken civil-service examinations and was first on the list of eligible substitutes at the Tupelo post office. The cotton mill had been in receivership for a year. One day as he was walking along the streets a car drove up and a man told him to get in. Since another car was behind, with twelve men in the two, there was no use arguing. They took Jimmy twenty miles out into the country, tied a rope around his neck, and started to tie the other end to the rear axle of the first car. He talked them out of that, or maybe they were just trying to scare him; at any rate they stretched him over a log instead and beat him with their belts. The people who took care of him afterward said he was pretty badly hurt—it was feared he might lose an arm. He had to go for treatment to the new hospital, dedicated shortly before by Mr. Rex Reed.

That was last spring. Last summer Tupelo industry faced its crisis. All three factories had company unions, and more than twenty girls had been fired for membership in the I. L. G. W. U. Or so the union was prepared to prove by depositions taken in the Holiness Church. Since the Tupelo courthouse was not available for the NLRB hearing—"Tupelo don't want no riffraff in its courthouse," explained the farmer husband of one of the witnesses—lawyers and examiner moved over to Aberdeen, the next county seat, a smaller, older town peacefully asleep under its magnolia trees. Everybody expected the hearing to last for weeks, but it was over in two days. First two, then all of the girls discharged were ordered reinstated with back pay. Company unions were ordered dissolved, with a word about unfair practices.

The Labor Board works quickly in such cases because it is dealing with a familiar condition. Except for its TVA power, Tupelo resembles other little Southern towns as one houn' dawg resembles another; and in such little towns all over the South industrial feudalism is making its last stand. Of course the "loyal" girls who had saved on Coca-Colas to pay for the company union were surprised. The Tupelo *Journal*, announcing the result of the hearing, headlined its story "NLRB Turns Down Garment Workers' Plea," and quoted local opinion that the board was "under the thumb of John L. Lewis and his C. I. O. unions and it was useless to expect any just verdict." The *News* managed to make the decision sound favorable to the factories.

During the Civil War a Yankee general who had won a little engagement near Tupelo was persuaded to retreat and leave his wounded behind. Now, after the NLRB examiner had gone back to New York, there were casualties to be counted and a similar confusion as to which side had won. The union girls had their wages and a chance to sew more TVA-brand shirts, but one garment factory and the cotton mill would stay shut. And what good does reinstatement in a job do you if the big boss and the foreladies and right-thinking people in the town are still against you? The board may say "without prejudice" but it can't enforce it. It isn't as if there were jobs enough to go round.

There is no doubt about what the best people think. To learn their views you have only to attend Sunday school at Mr. Rex Reed's church. There, the week of the hearing, the teacher of an adult class departed from the regular lesson to say what a great mistake it was to think we could substitute social service for true faith. Some churches made that mistake and some modern schools, and our President made it when he planned to regulate wages and hours of work.

Tupelo is typical of that large section of the South which is willing to accept New Deal benefits, unwilling to undertake New Deal reforms. Right now, with a new reduction in rates and a profit of $40,000 on TVA power last year, it might be unsafe for anti-Administration forces to ask Tupelo to vote on a clear-cut choice between TVA plus NLRB or neither. What Tupelo wants is feudalism with electric fans.

In the state that inveigled WPA into subsidizing school manufacture of hosiery, TVA is not the only agency to be made an unwilling accessory to unfair enterprise. But the Tupelo labor case could have, for TVA, a greater significance than the Congressional hearings at Knoxville. The government as a manufacturer of power regulates its resale to domestic consumers; what about its use in industry? Congressman Rankin, one of the authors of the TVA act, insisted that passage of the wage-hour bill would mean "the end of civilization as we know it." In Tupelo, the day after the union victory, he was happy to talk about TVA and how much the Hotel Tupelo was saving on its light bill, but he wouldn't discuss labor questions. He didn't, he said, know what the cotton mill had paid its people. Congressman Rankin was reelected by a comfortable majority in the fall, and there can be no doubt that he is, for Tupelo, the perfect Representative.

It is less certain that it will be desirable for the country to make good in all respects a prophecy which President Roosevelt, in the first flush of enthusiasm over TVA achievements, voiced at Tupelo four years ago: "What you are doing here is going to be copied in every state in the Union."

[*This is the first of a series of three sketches intended to illustrate three parallel lines of development in the South today—the feudal town, the runaway Northern-industry town, and the "model" company town. The latter two will be described in early issues.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

In the Wind

SURVEYS INDICATE that a large percentage of newspaper readers are "headline readers." Here are two warnings to those who skip the text. The Akron *Beacon Journal* recently published this headline: "No Third Term, Laborites Say." The dispatch beneath said nothing about a third term; it reported that Labor's Non-Partisan League would boycott "third-party movements." The New Haven *Courier Journal* ran this headline: "C. I. O. Lists Arguments for Labor Act Change." The dispatch stated that the C. I. O. had just issued a pamphlet called "Why the Wagner Act Should Not Be Amended."

THE NEWEST anti-Nazi story circulating in London concerns a drunk who was arrested in Germany for calling Göring a *Schweinhund*. He was punished for three offenses: (1) being drunk and disorderly; (2) using abusive language about a person in authority; (3) endangering the safety of the state by revealing an official secret.

IN A booklet published recently by the Osaka Chamber of Commerce appears this lament:

> The Japanese regret they are poor propagandists, especially in refuting lies circulated by the Chinese. . . . The Japanese cannot carry on propaganda because in their eyes it is tantamount to spreading false news.

NEWSPAPERS IN rebel Spain unearth strange scoops. A Seville paper, describing recent "Jewish provocations" in Germany, reports that "nevertheless the German people do not easily lose self-control or independence; not even one case of personal or material aggression against Jewish people has taken place." The *Corte de Castilla* of Valladolid has discovered the "secret" reason for French labor's efforts to retain the extra holiday provided in the Blum reforms and eliminated by the Reynaud decrees. Jewish influence, it finds, is behind the campaign because "Saturday is the Jewish holiday." What this journal has not discovered is that the extra holiday in France is on Monday.

ON NOVEMBER 19 this department stated that "negotiations looking toward ironclad censorship of Canadian news broadcasts" were taking place in Canada and that among the participants in the discussion were the Canadian Press and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Alan Plaunt of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and J. F. B. Livesay of the Canadian Press have since written us denying the statements and asserting that there is no basis for them. The original item was based on a source which we had every reason to believe was reliable; in the light of the information since received, however, we are satisfied that we were misinformed, and we are accordingly glad to withdraw the statements.

SPRINGING UP on Midwestern college campuses is a new organization called the Collegiate Forum of Americanism. Its spiritual and financial backers range from Grant Stauffer, Landon's Kansas City campaign manager, to Charles Walgreen, chain-drugstore magnate. Although its leaders insist it is "non-partisan," liberal students contend that its tone and direction are clearly anti-New Deal and pro-Republican.

TYPOGRAPHICAL TRAGEDIES: From the New York *Times*, December 4, 1938: "Then came the matron of honor, Mrs. John Roosevelt, in a velvet frock of blight blue, and a toque of ten other ushers." . . . From the St. Louis *Star-Times*, November 21, 1938, the headline: "Cofounder of Order Beautified by Pope Pius." . . . From the same story: "Mother Mazzarello was born in 1937 and died in 1881." . . . From *Our Sunday Visitor*, November 27, 1938: "Even allowing for exaggerations in testimony presented to the Dies committee, every prejudiced person must grant that witnesses are bringing to light information pointing to forces . . . which do not differ essentially from those to which the present excesses in Russia and Germany are traceable."

[*We invite readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item submitted during December goes to M. of Chicago for the story about the Chicago* Tribune *published two weeks ago.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAVE read with interest Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt's vigorous defense of the right of a President's wife to earn money and of a President's children to lead their own lives regardless of their father's position. In an interview given to women reporters she said that she was speaking not merely for her own family but in general about the kind of life members of the Presidents' families should live. She asked if the American people wanted a family in the White House in which the children would make no effort to earn their own living and the wife renounce all her previous interests and obligations and be totally dependent upon her husband during his Presidency. This she thought might lead to the "wholly logical climax that a woman would refuse to live in the White House on such terms." Finally, she said she respected the ethical obligation upon a President's family not to profit from the association or use their position for special favors, but she did not feel obliged to renounce her normal way of living.

I am glad that Mrs. Roosevelt has thus openly stated her position. Let me say here that I admire her greatly and that I shall never cease to be grateful to her for having done so much to smash the silly tradition that was growing up around "the first lady of the land." The press of the country was doing its best to make of the President's wife a kind of quasi-royalty, and it was high time for a woman to come along and by her mode of life remind us that the President's wife is no different from the rest of American women, that she is entitled to no particular favors or special consideration as of right because her husband is President. I have said before that Mrs. Roosevelt rendered us a great public service when she declined to accept a police and secret-service escort. I happened to be in the same airplane with her once last winter, and it did me good to see her come in and take her place like any ordinary passenger without any escort whatever. I believe in the Cincinnatus idea for the President as well as for his wife. We ought never to forget in these days of dictators that the President is simply one of us who has left his plow for four or eight years and is going back to it.

But having said that, I want to point out one or two weaknesses in Mrs. Roosevelt's position. She assumes that every White House wife in the future will be as interested in affairs and as busy with her own special lines of activity as she herself. That is not likely to be the case. Mrs. Roosevelt's predecessors have been of the other kind. They have been women whose lives were wrapped up with those of their husbands before they entered the White House and who found they had enough to keep them busy in running the White House and living up to its social obligations. It is quite true that the American people would naturally like to have a family in the White House which stood on its own feet, whose members of working age set a good example of being workers and not drones. The difficulty here is that the members of Mrs. Roosevelt's family have not been content to take small positions and live quietly outside the limelight. They have been after the big money, and they have not been any too careful how they got it. This is a hard thing to say, and Mrs. Roosevelt may deny it, but I think it is none the less correct.

I refer specifically to one son and one son-in-law and her daughter, who have taken service with Hearst. Nobody has abused Franklin Roosevelt more than William Randolph Hearst. Pride in their father alone should have made it impossible for a Roosevelt, or a Roosevelt-in-law, to take Hearst money. More than that, Mrs. Roosevelt must know what every respectable newspaperman has felt—that Hearst has been for years the basest and most degrading influence in journalism. When he took a young newspaper reporter out of Washington and made him manager of his Seattle newspaper, although he had had no experience whatever in the difficult business of operating a daily, the deduction was inevitable that Mr. Boettiger was selected because he was the President's son-in-law. Not only is he drawing a very large salary, but his wife, in imitation of her mother, writes a daily column in that newspaper and is paid for it, too. Elliott Roosevelt has also taken service with the unspeakable Hearst, if reports are correct at a much larger salary than a young man of his years and inexperience could possibly earn if his name were not Roosevelt.

As for James Roosevelt, that is such a sad case that I prefer not to comment upon it as I do not wish to hurt Mrs. Roosevelt's feelings. There again it is impossible to believe that his new position has really been earned by him, or that his alliance with the insurance company in Boston, in which Mrs. Roosevelt has just become a director to represent his interest, has been altogether to his credit. With all friendliness to Mrs. Roosevelt and to the President, I am sorry to have to record my sincere belief that the example set by the Roosevelt children in their money-making is not one in which I as an American can take any particular pride. Sometimes I think it would have been better if they had done nothing.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Philanthropy and Education

PHILANTHROPIC FOUNDATIONS AND HIGHER EDUCATION. By E. V. Hollis. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

THIS sober and scholarly study is the best that has so far been published on the subject of the philanthropic foundations and their relation to education. The foundations have come to occupy a pivotal position in American social life, and in the field of research it is hardly too much to say that they are now almost the dominant influence. By their decisions they go far toward swinging the balance of policy in one direction rather than another. Professor Hollis has covered a wide sweep in his survey. He deals with over one hundred institutions, ranging from minor bodies like the Washington Foundation to major organizations like those of Rockefeller and Carnegie. He explains their policies, their methods of organization, the range of their activities, the subject matter of their grants. His work is done with a thoroughness that merits high praise; and there is throughout the pages of his volume a pleasant sense of ironic humor not always characteristic of books of this kind. It is particularly useful, moreover, to have these powerful institutions set, as Mr. Hollis sets them, in the general social context of the time.

It is not easy to say what conclusions emerge from the study. That there are wide fields in which the foundations have done invaluable work is unquestionable. Not least in the natural sciences they have raised both the standards of research and the level of the educational institutions upon which they have bestowed their blessing. If there has been much waste in their expenditures, if the objectives they have blessed have tended to be obvious rather than exceptional, if, for the most part, they have acted upon the principle that to the college which hath, more shall be given, all this is pretty natural; foundations are mostly the work of conservative benefactors unlikely to experiment with the unknown or the exceptional. It is interesting to note from Mr. Hollis's illuminating tables how fully the activities of foundations follow the drift of general sentiment in the age. It is important to observe how completely their trustees represent the dominant type of business man, and how unsuccessful they have been in their effort to secure any other form of government. Mr. Hollis says relatively little about the executive officers of foundations, though one may, I think, legitimately infer from his account that he is aware of how little they have really done to secure, in a general way, a personnel in any way adequate to the immense authority they exert.

The problem raised by their growth and power remains unsolved. It is simply the problem that universities cannot afford to neglect their good-will, and that they are therefore compelled to devote a considerable part of their energies to discovering how this good-will may be acquired. It is not improbable that it would be a good thing if foundations were permitted neither to assist specific objectives, which has the effect of tilting the incidence of an institution in a particular direction, nor themselves to engage in inquiries, which tends to direct the energy of researchers into channels of which the foundations happen to approve. Anyone who has had experience of them in operation cannot but be aware that in both these fields a great deal has been done that ought not to have been done. People have become powerful in particular institutions because they could influence the trustees. Others have become significant less by reason of the quality of their research than because its subject matter happened to interest the officers of a foundation. Universities have been tempted to set up on a large scale departments which have later died because the supporting body ceased to be interested in their operation. In the social sciences particularly, the foundations have encouraged the growth of a type of cooperative research which has multiplied the business of description without offering any clear guidance to what the description implies. In many institutions scholars have been under pressure to associate themselves with projects of research which a particular foundation was eager to bless, to the detriment of the work they themselves wished to undertake. And the foundations have unquestionably fostered the growth of a research proletariat, the tragic race of "research assistants," who have made quantitative research a substitute in many places for serious thinking. If America had the custom of appointing royal commissions, it would be illuminating indeed to have one make a critical examination of the place and function of foundations in our society. I think it would emerge from the inquiry that, in general, where they have assisted objects the worth of which was, whether as to method or end, proved before they came into the field, they have been of high utility; but that where they have sought to innovate, whether in end or method, their trustees have been too ignorant and their executives too second-rate to be capable of the insight and imagination requisite to successful innovation.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A Music Critic to the Rescue

MUSIC ON RECORDS. By B. H. Haggin. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

COMPARED to the sum total of permanently enjoyable music, the amount of recorded music is small; but compared to the amount of recorded music, the amount available in the concert hall or on the radio is more inadequate still. This fact of our cultural life is plain but often overlooked. It is easy to infer that if orchestras give us only the best, as they profess to do, what they do not give us must be inferior and negligible. The United States, which seems to become noticeably fonder of music every Christmas, should be made aware of this fallacy. To recognize it as such is to recognize that music is of all the arts the most subject to arbitrary fashion and complacent routine.

With all their imperfections, therefore, recordings do for music what books do for poetry and the drama. They make

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us independent of public bards and private managers; they enable us to know and enjoy a larger repertory than current taste or commercial instinct will at any time support. Now, the chief imperfections of recordings are poor performance and poor mechanical reproduction. Add to these the unfamiliarity of certain musical idioms and the confusing verbiage of blurb writers and you have the raison d'être of B. H. Haggin's latest book, "Music on Records."

Its aim is to give a critical list of the particular works and recordings of works that the music library of a fairly eclectic citizen might possess. The beginner is advised, the disc-collector of yesteryear is warned, and the practiced connoisseur is agreeably diverted by discussions of artists, pieces, and performances about which he may or may not agree with Mr. Haggin. For it is throughout a question of Mr. Haggin's choice. In vigorous and unmistakable language he tells us what his ears have heard and what his mind has thought in the disinterested pursuit of musical pleasure. That is in itself one of the virtues of his little book. Because he is a good critic, good music is what he approves of. A good critic is a man whose wide-ranging explorations have left him with definite opinions and concrete reasons for his preferences and who is still able to see that his preferences are useful sidelights and not absolute mandates.

Mr. Haggin takes issue with the popular—or highbrow—estimates of Tchaikovsky, Brahms, César Franck, and Wagner. He gives a handsome introduction to certain minor masters while generally disallowing the cant of coteries, whether about Bach or about Bruckner; and in showing by his attitude that the only critical sin is pretense, he always leaves one with the feeling that as opponent or as ally he possesses a just mind and a sensitive one. Music for him is not a badge of superiority, a private corner for pedantry, or an occasion for "rich, beautiful prose." It is simply a means of communication and a source of joy.

Since the book is a reference work as well as a critical account, it may not be amiss to mention here some trivial errors which it is hoped the author will have a chance of rectifying in future editions. The Index, for example, is well planned but incomplete. The names of Ethel Luening and Ralph Kirkpatrick, and perhaps others, which are mentioned in the text, are not listed at the back. Some recordings, also, are suggested without serial numbers attached. It is not true that no part of Haydn's "Seasons" is recorded: French HMV has an aria sung by Morturier (No. 1137). It might also be useful to add to the well-turned remarks recommending Berlioz's works that the recorded pieces of his do not begin to give a sample of his variety and power. Lastly, as a single lapse from unimpeachable critical style, the too frequent use of "breath-taking" as an adjective of praise might be corrected.

In the light of Mr. Haggin's persevering critical work—which includes his previous "Book of the Symphony" and his fortnightly review column in *The Nation*—the outcry against "canned music" appears obscurantist and precious. The phonograph can give us access to more music, and more varied music, than was ever available before. If any objection is to be offered on the ground that machinery kills art, it must be restated in such a way as to fix the responsibility for the alleged murder: the machine left to its own devices is inert; left in the hands of commercial agencies it tends to increase human stupidity by multiplying its opportunities and embalming its products; but controlled by critical intelligence acting through a catholic public taste, the machine remains in fact the only means of truly democratizing culture.

JACQUES BARZUN

Young Shoppers

JOHNNY GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. By Ruth Brindze. Vanguard Press. $2.

BEHIND THE LABEL. By Margaret Dana. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

NOT everything that looks like a book should really be considered one. Ruth Brindze's "Johnny Get Your Money's Worth" should be called household equipment. It is a tool for making buying more intelligent and saving you money, just as important in the house as a vacuum cleaner and much more so than that extra little table to hold ash-trays. The book is written for children and about what children can buy, but there is plenty in it for grown-ups.

Take candy and the big-looking 50-cent package that holds no more than a 10-cent package. The actual weight is put on in mighty small type. There's a rum toffee without either rum or toffee; "wild cherry" drops whose label is marked in tiny type, "added acid, artificial flavor, certified food color"—you need a magnifying glass to learn that only the sugar is genuine. It seems beyond belief that a manufacturer will try to sell children Easter eggs poisoned with lead and zinc dyes. But apparently a penny is a penny, and a hundred children's pennies make a dollar. "Break and Take" is the alluring name of a penny-gambling candy scheme which I couldn't have resisted when I was a child. In a single year a billion pounds of candy may be sold in the United States. Children eat most of it. It is pretty hard to get a boy or girl to examine a label closely before taking a good big bite. But a book like this addressed directly to the child increases his own sense of importance and responsibility.

The American pennies that don't go for candy mostly go for ice cream, and Miss Brindze says that 200,000,000 gallons of ice cream are made in factories each year. But you can make a gallon look like two gallons by whipping air into it. Or take bicycles. Children like bicycles with extra trimmings, say the manufacturers, and so they pile on big fenders, headlights, and such. The et ceteras make the bicycle harder to pedal and slower, and of course they cost more. Miss Brindze's book turns the testing of a baseball glove into a sort of game for boys, and of course any boy will like to read that part about baseballs and then tell the other boys how much he knows.

This book isn't just a guide to help you pick out flaws and frauds. It also tells you how to find the good things—plenty of them. I wish I had known about its definite tests for buying a fountain pen when I got my last one. I made some feeble attempts to write a word or two, but Miss Brindze's tests, so easy to do at the counter, never occurred to me. This is a new kind of consumer book, and well done.

"Behind the Label," by Margaret Dana, tells valuable things about fabrics and clothes. It gives precise technical information about textiles and interesting details about the fashion racket, silk stockings, and furs. It has the gentle tone that might be expected when you know that much of it ran in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Miss Dana believes that products have deteriorated partly because the manufacturer has lost contact with his ultimate customers; he is in touch instead with dealers and salesmen, who prefer "appearance value" to "performance value." She gently chides dishonest advertising.

HELEN WOODWARD

Wordsworth and Coleridge

FAREWELL THE BANNER. By Frances Winwar. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

IN "Poor Splendid Wings" and "The Romantic Rebels" Mrs. Winwar proved that books about poets dead and gone could make fascinating reading, could even win a place on the best-seller lists. In "Farewell the Banner" she has again taken the material usually relegated to the formidable pages of scholarly journals and successfully shaped it into an engrossing portrait of two writers, Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Wordsworth's devoted sister Dorothy.

In view of the not altogether unjustifiable aversion of the average reader to works about long-dead writers, one might well hazard a theory as to why Mrs. Winwar succeeds where most others fail. Certainly it is not because of any superficiality, or sensationalism, or lack of scholarly research: she has digested all the most authentic sources and has simply breathed upon this material with her usual warm spirit of interpretation, neither adding nor extenuating. Perhaps the secret lies in the fact that in each of her books she has presented not a single figure but rather a group of closely related writers whose dealings with each other help to keep them human for us, whereas in the usual literary biography the lens of the camera is focused so narrowly upon the one central figure that he tends to lose his humanity, to give the impression of a mere machine for turning out literature.

There must, of course, be one dominant personality. In "Poor Splendid Wings" it was Dante Rossetti; in the new book it is Coleridge who, in spite of his erratic and slothful temperament, his shrinking from the material responsibilities of life, and his self-abasement before first Southey and then Wordsworth, stands out and wins the reader's sympathy, as he obviously has that of Mrs. Winwar. For Wordsworth was not a lovable character; supremely egotistical, essentially puritanical in spite of his liberal views on theology, utterly wrapped up in his mission and in dark musings on his youthful affair with Annette Vallon, he sucked up the energies of those around him and gave little in return. Dorothy he doubtless loved, though even upon her worship he made exorbitant demands; as for Coleridge, whose stimulating presence stirred men's minds like a powerful drug, Wordsworth's disparagement of his sensitive friend's poetry was at least partly responsible for the latter's decision to abandon his chosen career and devote himself to the drudgery of lecturing and prose.

This poetic death of Coleridge is the central theme of the book, and the title, adapted from "Othello," symbolizes the lament of the poet for his art, as it does the lament of the Moor for his more warlike trade:

> O now for ever
> Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
> The royal banner and all quality . . .
> Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

With his own valedictory Coleridge read the obsequies over his career as a poet of one great finished poem and several magnificent fragments.

And yet it is questionable whether this ignominious conclusion, so tragic to the man, really resulted in a very great loss to English letters. Coleridge might or might not have produced more poetry equal to "Christabel," but he lived to exert a profound influence on his time, as lecturer, as philosopher, and, above all, as conversationalist—if, indeed, his conversation was not one continued lecture. As one critic remarked, "He threw a great stone into the standing-pool of contemporary thought." He had, to use Mrs. Winwar's phrase, "the seminative power." The wild seeds of his imagination, "plentiful as thistledown, settled upon the retentive soil of Wordsworth's mind and bided their time. Everything Coleridge said, a word, a thought, a fleeting allusion or some elaborate extension of his philosophical discoveries, found a furrow for later root." Such a man, even in defeat, is worth knowing.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

The Machine Wins

F. O. B. DETROIT. By Wessel Smitter. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

HERE is a novel, the first within my knowledge, which expresses successfully the major preoccupation of civilized life—the domination of man by the machine. Mr. Smitter is enabled by his experience to adopt the direct and most forcible approach. The greater part of the drama takes place within a big automobile factory in Detroit, and we watch the two contrasted protagonists. Benny, who tells the story, is an old hand. He has worked for the Holt plant before; his ambition is to become what is called a straw boss, and he nearly becomes a stool pigeon. With complete simplicity he accepts Mr. Holt's booklets and dicta; he doesn't like to tell a lie because "Mr. Holt is against lying." It is the new theology.

Russ, on the other hand, knows nothing of factory life, having come direct from a lumber camp. He wants to make and save money so that he can take up clamming and have an open-air independent life. The first job he gets in the factory suits him well, for it gives him scope to use his brains and initiative. He runs an electric crane which handles big steel, and handles it in such a way as to inspire the watchful and protective Benny to rhapsody. But then comes marriage with an Italian taxi-dancer, and a baby is on the way when the factory closes temporarily as a result of the obvious machinations of big business. After a long period of semi-starvation, the two men go back to different work. Now Russ is "on the line": he has to feed the machine instead of controlling it. He sees around him men who are half crazy because of the continual tension of high-speed methods, and fears for his own sanity. In the end it is another calamity which overtakes him.

Dynamic, original, powerful are adjectives that will have been applied to Mr. Smitter's book for its quickfire, intimate narrative style. They are deserved, but the real strength of the story is the economy with which it lays bare this new cancer in the heart of progress. NORAH HOULT

The Railroads in the Nineties

REORGANIZATION OF THE AMERICAN RAILROAD SYSTEM. 1893-1900. By E. G. Campbell. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

THIS excellent documentation of the great railroad crisis of the nineties amply illustrates the fact that Mr. Micawber has been the patron philosopher of American railroad finance. For the railroad crisis from which the country is suffering today is merely a repetition on a larger scale of the earlier crisis, which was solved by the elder Morgan on the assumption that something would surely turn up to solidify the water his reorganizations poured into the railroads.

The specialized task which Dr. Campbell has set himself covers minutely the period of bankruptcy and reorganization which in so many ways launched the modern America of the trusts. The basic assumption accepted by all the reorganizers was that our industry would continue to expand during the first half of this century as rapidly as it had expanded during the last half of the last century, and therefore that the present generation could absorb and pay for all the watered capital and bad debts of the Robber Barons. The first half of this assumption has been amply justified. Who can deny that industry has grown as rapidly during the age of Ford as it did during the age of Bessemer? The second assumption has been invalidated by precisely the same practice which brought on the crisis of the nineties. We have not absorbed the debt burden which we inherited in the form of railroad bonds; on the contrary, the unbalanced budgets of the railroads, their inability to pay as they go, is brewing a crisis even more dangerous than that of which Dr. Campbell writes.

It is necessary only to substitute modern dates and modern bad actors for those of Dr. Campbell's period. Take the case of the Union Pacific. During the period of the pork barrel which followed the Civil War, government land and money grants made possible the building of the great transcontinental railroad systems, one of the foremost of which was the Union Pacific. The government, counting interest on its money, was owed some $70,000,000. The arrangement called for the Union Pacific to pay a fixed portion of its annual revenues into a sinking fund until a sum was accumulated sufficient to enable the road to pay off the government. This was never done, so that when the debt matured, the road was ready for reorganization. And Jett Lauck, the famous labor economist, says that the original "fictitious securities were perpetuated in the capitalization of the Union Pacific in the reorganization of 1896 and involved . . . an annual drain upon its resources of $5,000,000." Now substitute the B. and O. for the Union Pacific, and 1939 for 1896. In 1939 the billion-dollar B. and O. will be forced to pay some of its bondholders off to the tune of $51,000,000, of which it has a chance of raising not a dollar from its present resources. Or consider the plight of our railroad system as a whole, which squandered more than $2,000,000,000 on bond-

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holders during the last depression and left itself without adequate funds for buying needed equipment and thus carrying its share of capital-goods buying power.

Throughout our history the methods of capitalizing bad debts and solemnly passing them on to the *rentiers* of the next generation, which Dr. Campbell so adequately describes in his account of the bankruptcy of road after road, have returned to plague us in the form of impaired railroad purchasing power for steel and other materials and astronomic debts, maturing after many years, which the roads are unable to meet. Thirty-eight years after the great period of reorganization ended, the railroads are returning to the same bankrupt state in which Morgan and Harriman found them, and this time a different method of reorganization, one in the public interest, will be needed. ELIOT JANEWAY

Critique of the Security Act

INSECURITY. Second Revised Edition. By Abraham Epstein. Random House. $4.

THE revision of this fundamental book describes the developments in the field of social security down to the present, and gives at the same time the most trenchant criticism of the Social Security Act and its administration which has thus far appeared. More than any other single person, except President Roosevelt himself, Mr. Epstein has been the driving force for a sound system of social insurance to provide pooled protection from risks against which workers cannot individually guard themselves. When the Roosevelt Administration came to draft its plan for a national system, it did not, however, take counsel with either Mr. Epstein or that other seasoned authority, I. M. Rubinow, and the plan which it finally adopted was contrary to that which they advocated.

So far as old-age insurance was concerned, the Administration chose to finance the system entirely from pay-roll taxes, to make the younger workers pay for the "unearned" annuities granted to those in the upper age groups, and, as a means of reducing future taxes, to accumulate a huge reserve the interest upon which was designed to help pay future annuities. Mr. Epstein's corrosive criticism shows all of these steps to have been ill advised. He correctly points out that it is the wage-earners who pay pay-roll taxes in the form of lower wages or higher prices, even when these are nominally advanced by the employers, and he argues that the wealthier members of the community should assume some of this burden. This is especially true so far as the cost of the unearned annuities to the older workers is concerned, since these should be charges upon society rather than upon the younger generation. Nor does he have much difficulty in showing the weaknesses in the plan for huge reserves. The supposed analogy with private insurance companies is wholly inapplicable, since the government by its powers of compulsion is assured of a future flow of income which it can use to meet future claims for benefit; whereas this is not the case with the private companies. There is great danger, moreover, that the presence of these reserves will tempt Congress to waste them on non-income-producing and non-socially-beneficial projects, and leave the fund with a dead mass of government bonds, the interest on which will have to be met out of a national income which will be no greater because of such expenditures. It would be better under such circumstances to accumulate only a contingency reserve and to finance future expenditures directly from future taxes without resorting to the fiction of the reserve.

Mr. Epstein also properly protests against the abuses in the administration of old-age pensions, particularly in such states as Oklahoma, Missouri, and Ohio; his early exposure of these matters helped to focus public attention upon them and gave to the Social Security Board a large degree of public support when it sought to protect the integrity of the system.

The system of fifty-one separate state and territorial funds for unemployment insurance also comes in for justified criticism. Since the assessments are virtually uniform among the states but the relative incidence of unemployment varies, it is inevitable that the states with a high relative volume of unemployment will—in the not distant future—exhaust their reserves and, unless other provision be made, will be forced to curtail benefits. Just as a pooling of funds within a state is needed to insure benefits to the unemployed in the depressed industries and to prevent a "freezing" of idle plant reserves, so some federal pooling is needed to protect the unemployed in the more depressed states and to permit the funds to flow most freely where most needed.

There is only one major point on which I believe Mr. Epstein errs. This lies in not according due praise to the Roosevelt Administration for the progress which it has made in the field of social insurance. With all its faults the Social Security Act is on the whole a gigantic step forward. Most of its defects can and, I believe, will be removed by future amendments, provided only that we can keep a progressive national Administration in power. The recent elections have, however, raised the definite threat of future reaction which may undo much of the progress made. In view of this peril, I cannot help wishing that the true friends of social security might possess a greater degree of spiritual unity. Criticism should continue, but those who hold a fundamental basic faith should realize that what they believe in common is far more important than their points of difference.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

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The Shape of Things

THE EXTENT OF NAZI INFLUENCE AT LIMA has been disclosed in a spectacular dispatch by John W. White, New York *Times* correspondent. Writing from Arica, Chile, Mr. White declares that the American newspapermen at Lima were not only placed under the strictest censorship, but were repeatedly given false reports and subjected to spying and intimidation in case their dispatches were unfavorable to the dictatorships. Mail for the American delegates was delayed by censors, and on one occasion Peruvian secret-service men were caught searching the files of American delegates. Although the censorship and surveillance were carried out under the direction of President Benavides, the Peruvian dictator, no attempt was made to hide the fact that it was in the interest of the Nazi and Fascist dictatorships. The newspaper dispatches to which the censors objected were invariably those which revealed German and Italian intrigue at the conference. The Peruvian press was flagrantly pro-Nazi and pro-Franco. On the opening day of the conference Lima was literally covered with swastika flags, while the Stars and Stripes were displayed in only three places. There were more Italian and Japanese flags than those of any South American country. Here is a sensational commentary on the Lima conference and on the problems which confront us in Latin America.

*

THREE WEEKS AGO WE PRINTED AN ARTICLE by the Reverend William C. Kernan concerning the notorious radio speech in which Father Coughlin attempted to pin on the Jews the responsibility for communism. The Kernan article offered documentary evidence to prove, first, that Coughlin repeatedly made gross misstatements of fact and, second, that the source of his information was *World Service*, a Nazi journal intended to foment anti-Semitism outside of Germany. Father Coughlin has neither refuted the Kernan charges nor acknowledged the falseness of his information. But while the link he would forge between the Jews and Moscow has been shown to be fraudulent, the affinity between Coughlin and Berlin has become more startlingly

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apparent. On December 5 Coughlin published a signed defense of German anti-Semitism in his weekly *Social Justice.* That article contained at least eleven paragraphs the wording of which was almost identical with those in a speech made in 1935 by Paul Joseph Goebbels, Reich Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment. This discovery was brought to light by the New York *Post,* which printed the paragraphs in parallel columns. While other papers chose to ignore the story, Coughlin himself could not evade a telephoned request for an explanation. "The materials available to us," said his secretary, "were, naturally, available to him [Goebbels]." This shabby argument, which apparently was meant to cover the identity of material as well as of wording, is brazen in the Nazi tradition. In that same tradition is Coughlin's cowardly refusal to face the facts contained in the Kernan article. We call upon him to meet that challenge or to abandon his hypocrisy and proclaim openly a doctrine of race hate which is as treasonable to Catholicism as it is to American tradition. The sooner the country knows the Coughlin poison for what it is, the sooner it can apply the antidote.

*

THE SELECTION OF FRANK MURPHY AS Attorney General is a wise and reassuring move. In happy contrast to the snub accorded Aubrey Williams, the appointment is a mark of recognition for one of the New Deal's most forthright and talented advocates. Mr. Murphy's equipment for the post has been amply demonstrated, and he is a valuable addition to the President's first lieutenants. It is common knowledge that this group has heretofore included some of Mr. Roosevelt's least enthusiastic and most timorous camp followers; Mr. Murphy belongs in the category of those who want to practice what the President preaches. As Governor of Michigan he courageously defied reaction's most solemn commandment when he refused to shed the blood of sitdown strikers and insisted upon peaceful negotiations. It was for this and comparable sins that he was punished in the November election. His withdrawal from public life would have been a misfortune. We are confident that his appointment will survive the sniping of those Congressional critics who advocate—for Mr. Roosevelt—a steadfast policy of rewarding his enemies.

*

IT IS AS YET UNCERTAIN WHETHER THE thirteen thousand airplanes which recently soared into the headlines represented a definite Presidential proposal or were merely trial balloons. According to Messrs. Pearson and Allen, the scheme is a genuine one, with its real motive a desire to overawe the fascist dictators. Unless this can be done, the President has been convinced by his diplomatic advisers, impossible demands will be sprung on Britain and France within a few months, and a war into which this country will inevitably be dragged will start in the course of 1939. This opinion coincides fairly closely with that of a majority of Americans as revealed by recent Gallup and *Fortune* polls. Hence although there have been signs of growing opposition in the new Congress to the President's defense plans, they may, when fully revealed, find strong popular backing. Nevertheless, the idea of a more than fourfold expansion in our air strength seems pretty fantastic either as a measure for the defense of these shores or as a means of sobering Hitler and Mussolini. No military expert has ever suggested that the former purpose requires a fleet of such a size, and since it could hardly reach the blueprint stage for many months, it is doubtful whether the dictators would take it seriously enough to be deterred from their purposes.

*

THERE ARE, WE THINK, CHEAPER, SAFER, AND more effective ways of checking the advance of the fascist powers. We could help prevent their conquest of Spain—the key both to their further advance in Europe and to their cultural and economic invasion of South America—by lifting the embargo which is strangling the government forces. Again we could slow down Germany's furious armament program by refusing to supply it any longer with certain essentials which it cannot readily obtain elsewhere, especially steel-making plant, machine tools, and scrap iron. Public opinion, we believe, is ready to support such measures, for it now realizes that if we fail to arrest the incendiaries we shall be forced to help put out the fire.

*

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S ACTION IN ORDERING the arrest of some 200 followers of Wang Ching-wei, pro-Japanese right-wing leader, was long overdue. For months reports have been seeping out of China to the effect that Wang was seeking to make peace with the invader. Although by no means as influential as he once was, Wang were undoubtedly responsible for much of the disunity and lack of zeal which has been exhibited in high official circles. Reports from various sources tell of inefficiency and failure to make full use of China's enormous resources for mass resistance. The same charge is implicit in Hallett Abend's year-end dispatch calling attention to China's incredible military ineptitude. On such occasions a clean-up is essential, though it must not be interpreted as a sign of fatal weakness. It will be recalled that the Spanish government suffered several such shake-ups and emerged from them far stronger than before. Now that Chiang has rid the Kuomintang of its corrupt right wing, there should be no further obstacles to the general adoption of the mass-resistance tactics which have been utilized so successfully in the north of China.

GOVERNOR BIBB GRAVES OF ALABAMA recently rebuffed pleas for immediate release of four of the Scottsboro boys who are still held in prison. The mysterious circumstances surrounding his action have opened a new and sensational chapter in the case. When Alabama last year freed four of the prisoners, there was widespread confidence that the others—except Ozie Powell, who had been subsequently sentenced for attacking a sheriff—would be similarly released. The prosecution had treated them as a unit; it was indefensible to free some while keeping the others in jail. Dr. Allan Knight Chalmers, chairman of the Scottsboro Committee, now asserts, with the corroboration of men of unimpeachable reputation in the South, that Graves had privately promised to free the boys whose appeals he publicly denied last month. Graves had admitted, again in private meetings, that Alabama's stand was untenable; he had said so in December, 1937, and had given an even more clearcut promise of action in July, 1938. Among those who heard his promises were such men as Grover Hall, editor of the Montgomery *Advertiser*. Suddenly, Graves changed his mind. The private promise of Bibb Graves is shown to have been a slender reed on which to base the hope for release of the boys, even though the charges against them rest on exactly the same flimsy evidence that led to the release of the first four. Unfortunately legal means have been exhausted. The pressure of an aroused public opinion must now be vigorously directed toward forcing Graves's successor, Governor Dixon, to carry out a judgment passed, not by "Jews from New York," but by prosecutors in his own state of Alabama.

*

SOME OF THE BEST LAUGHS OF THE SEASON have been provided by the continued barrage turned against the TVA. It is difficult to keep a straight face when the industry of Insull attacks TVA for bad accounting methods or when Wendell L. Willkie steps forward in the role of "trustee" for his investors. The web of accusation and propaganda in which power interests seek to enmesh the greatest single public improvement of our time is too hopelessly tangled by now to be unraveled, but a few of the main threads are still visible. It is understood that Mr. Willkie wanted cost plus a 25 per cent mark-up for intangibles for his Chattanooga properties, while the city offered cost minus depreciation. Mr. Willkie countered by suggesting that TVA buy all the Commonwealth and Southern properties in its area, allow the SEC to arbitrate the price, and set up separate spheres of influence for public and private power. The law would not permit this last step. Considering the huge inflations of capital that went into the creation of Mr. Willkie's company, valuation would be most difficult. Senator Norris points out that two years ago the utilities defeated a proposal to amend the TVA act so that whole systems could be purchased, as proposed by Mr. Willkie. Purchases must now be made by the cities affected; Mr. Willkie's plan would unload unprofitable street-car lines as power properties. His offer served the doubtful purpose of confusing the issue, and we are glad that the TVA rejected it.

*

ZONA GALE NEVER ENJOYED A FAME QUITE equal to that of her fellow-realists, Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser. She was not, indeed, as sensational as either, but her death at sixty-six will remind readers that her most widely read novel "Miss Lulu Bett" was exactly contemporary with "Main Street" and hardly less influential in establishing a new tone in fiction dealing with provincial America. Miss Gale had begun as a "local colorist," and her earlier stories combined a gift for meticulous observation with the somewhat sentimental attitude of Miss Jewett and her school. But she developed a more realistic method for herself, and her best-known novel may possibly seem to future readers sounder, because less self-consciously iconoclastic, than the work of her better-known contemporaries. A dramatization of it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1920 and belongs among the very earliest of the plays which broke away from theatrical convention to establish upon the stage a new American literature. Miss Gale preferred retirement to metropolitan literary circles and had lived for many years at Portage, Wisconsin.

Franco's "Final" Drive

MORE than a week has now passed since the widely heralded rebel offensive against Catalonia was launched. While conflicting reports from the two sides leave its actual results still obscure, it is evident that Franco's Italian and Insurgent forces have made substantial, though not decisive, gains. Dispatches from the front tell the familiar, heartrending story of stubborn resistance by relatively ill-equipped men against a highly mechanized army.

At the time of writing government forces are still clinging desperately to Artesa and Borjas Blancas, the two principal immediate objectives of Franco's drive, though the capture of the latter has been frequently claimed by the Insurgents. There is grave danger, however, that both these towns may fall. Although their loss would not have serious consequences for the Loyalist defense, it would allow Franco to claim the victory which he so badly needs to bolster morale behind his lines. A much more decisive victory, however, will probably be required if Mussolini is to persuade Chamberlain at their forthcoming meeting to adopt a Spanish settlement predicated on the assumption of an ultimate rebel triumph. Realizing that the stakes are high, Franco has apparently abandoned his usual cautious tactics and risked his full force in the hope of striking a decisive blow. Such an outcome appears, at the time of writing, most unlikely. And it is evident that Franco has paid dearly for such success as he has achieved.

In any event it seems certain that the Spanish war will go on for many months, with the final decision resting not on the result of the present drive, important though that may be, but on the Spanish government's ability to get supplies from abroad commensurate with the assistance the rebels are receiving from the fascist powers. Since the part of Spain remaining under government control is predominantly urban and industrial, food is the most urgent necessity. Thus the United States, with its vast stocks of surplus wheat, is in a position to be of tremendous assistance. The committee which has just been set up under the chairmanship of George MacDonald, a papal marquis, to raise the $500,000 necessary to process and ship the 600,000 barrels of flour donated to civilians on both sides by the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation deserves support. But this aid will not begin to meet the need in Loyalist territory, where the food shortage is extremely grave.

And Spain needs more than food if it is to defend itself successfully against continued Italian-German invasion. Louis Fischer points out elsewhere in this issue that an increasing proportion of the government's military supplies are being manufactured at home. But the amount is still far less than that being furnished to Franco by his fascist allies. As long as Chamberlain and Daladier pursue their policy of conciliating the dictators, the government cannot buy supplies in Europe. It must buy them in the United States. The friends of the Spanish republic in this country must therefore make a new and more determined effort to lift the unneutral embargo.

It is an open secret that the embargo has been maintained thus far chiefly because of Catholic pressure. Because a section of the Catholic clergy has been so articulate in its pro-rebel propaganda, it has been assumed that an overwhelming majority of Catholics favored the insurgents. The falsity of this assumption has been revealed by the most recent Gallup poll, which shows a minority of Catholics actively favoring Franco. Of those who expressed an opinion, including both Catholics and Protestants, 76 per cent favored the Loyalists and 24 per cent the rebels. Approximately one out of three of the Catholics voting declared that they were not in sympathy with either side. Of the remainder, 42 per cent favored the Loyalists and 58 per cent the rebels. Thus a small group constituting about 38 per cent of the Catholics, who in turn comprise less than one-sixth of the total population, are at the moment determining the foreign policy of the United States on one of the most crucial of all issues.

That the American people are overwhelmingly in favor of lifting the embargo has been demonstrated repeatedly, and Congress will undoubtedly take some action at its coming session. The danger is, however, that in its desire to modify the Neutrality Act so as to allow discrimination between aggressors and their victims, Congress may put off the lifting of the embargo until the more basic job can be done. Such a delay might be fatal to the Loyalists. Congress's first legislative move should be to right the wrong that has been done by repealing the special action it took against Spain in 1937. There will then be time to give careful consideration to the needed revision of our neutrality policy as it applies to Europe and the Far East.

Prospects for Recovery

TWELVE months ago economic prospects were exceedingly bleak. The curve of business activity was falling almost perpendicularly, and there were no signs of a halt or even of a flattening out. Unemployment was mounting rapidly, factories were closing, stocks slumping. As we enter 1939 the picture is much brighter —at least by contrast. Economic activity is still far from normal, but the trend is now upward. The Federal Reserve index of industrial production, which stood at 84 in December, 1937, and reached a low of 76 in May last, has now recovered to just over 100. It has still a long way to travel, however, before it will reach the high point attained in the last recovery—121 in December, 1936.

Up to the present, recovery has manifested itself most clearly in what may be called the consumer-capital industries. The automobile industry, which suffered a spectacular tumble a year ago, succeeded in cleaning up its inventory position in the late summer and for the past three months has been steadily gaining. December sales are expected to exceed those of a year ago by at least 10 per cent, and the improvement is expected to hold well into the New Year. Even more important is the rise in residential building, for which federal insurance of mortgages under the FHA is largely responsible. In spite of a poor first quarter, permits for residential construction showed a 16 per cent gain in the first eleven months of 1938. In November the improvement over the corresponding month of 1937 was no less than 67 per cent. The rising tendency in house-building is expected to be steadily maintained in 1939, with one authority forecasting a rise in construction of as much as 32 per cent for the whole year.

Satisfactory as such improvement may be, we must be on guard against any complacency in respect to the economic situation as a whole. It is difficult to talk about recovery, except as a change from black to gray, so long as we have anything like the present unemployment. Since June, it is estimated, the number of men in jobs has increased by a million, but nine million remain without work. It is noticeable, too, that employment and pay-roll indices have shown less recovery than the production curve. There is, it is true, a time-lag element here, since production always tends to move more rapidly in either direction than employment. But with the manufacturing employment index in November some 10 per cent below that of twelve months before, while the production was around 13 per cent higher, there are grounds for suspecting a considerable growth in technological unemployment.

We are not among those who decry labor-saving machinery as such. When it makes possible lower costs of production and these are utilized to reduce prices and increase output, the ultimate benefits outweigh the immediate dislocation they cause. But if its fruits are mainly absorbed by profits, the result is bound to be an aggravation of that gap between potential production and actual purchasing power which is one of the root causes of our present difficulties.

This question of prices is especially important at the present juncture. One of the chief uncertainties about the continuance of the recovery lies in the farm situation. In the past six months, while industry has been moving upward, prices of agricultural staples, afflicted by world influences, have steadily fallen. Thus the long-standing discrepancy between farm prices and industrial prices has been greatly aggravated. Since early 1937 the index for farm products has fallen from 96 to 67.4, while that for industrial goods is down only from 86.5 to 80. Despite federal relief there has been a sharp fall in the purchasing power of the agricultural areas which are so important a market for industrial products. Under the circumstances any attempt to raise the level of industrial prices would be fatal. In fact, what is needed is a general lowering of prices. There have been some steps in this direction in the past few months with the steel, automobile, and farm-machinery industries making moderate reductions in prices. But there is room for much wider action of this sort, and if business as a whole were to cut its profit margins it would be making the biggest possible contribution to recovery and would almost certainly find itself repaid by increased turnover.

The price question is one of the leading issues which will decide the course of the recovery. Another and even weightier one is the trend of government expenditure. It is now generally accepted that the main cause of the 1937 slump was the sudden curtailment in federal spending before private investment was able or willing to take up the load. Similarly the recovery since last June stems from the renewal of the pump-priming program. But now the advocates of "orthodox fiscal practice" are again raising their voices in Wall Street and Washington. It is doubtful whether they really wish to be taken seriously. Most business men agree privately that the immediate result of a serious move toward budget-balancing would be a nose-dive on the Stock Exchange and a rapid return of depression.

One of the unsatisfactory features of the present recovery has been the slow response of the capital market. New corporate financing in the first eleven months of 1938 was well below that for both 1936 and 1937. This means that while consumer-goods industries have been holding up fairly well, capital-goods' producers, who have the most vital contribution to make to recovery, remain in the doldrums. Were it not for orders directly or indirectly resulting from government expenditure, their plight would be still graver. Under these circumstances, if even the modicum of recovery so far attained is not to be sacrificed, the Administration must stick to its fiscal guns. Until business bestirs itself to utilize our great pool of dammed-up capital, the government must keep at least one sluice open through which to irrigate the fields of industry.

Father Coughlin and the Church

THE Catholic church is developing a badly split personality. Its head recognizes that the church and fascism are irreconcilable, yet a large section of the hierarchy is inevitably propelled into the camp of reaction, where fascism breeds. Pope Pius has courageously raised his voice against the racist doctrines Mussolini has dutifully taken over from the dominant end of the axis, yet a Catholic priest, Father Coughlin, continues to be the chief poisoner for the anti-Semitic movement the Nazis are carefully nurturing in this country. Mr. Roosevelt is the only one among the statesmen of the West to raise his voice firmly against Hitlerism, a movement profoundly anti-Catholic and anti-Christian, yet it is no secret that most of the American Catholic hierarchy is opposed to him and did their best in 1936 to spread the impression that he was "communistic." Nowhere are the contradictions of the church's interest and the church's position clearer than in the Spanish struggle. Victory for Franco, by completing the encirclement of France, would give the axis that position of strategic superiority in the west of Europe that the betrayal of Czechoslovakia gave it in the east. It would bring measurably closer Hitler's dream of world dominion, and under his rule—as the Vatican realizes—there will be no room for either Catholicism or Christianity. The victory of the Spanish Republic, on the other hand, will mean nothing worse for Catholicism than separation of church and state, a blessing in disguise for the church as well as for the state. It is no accident that the church is secure in Protestant countries today but fighting for existence in Catholic lands where in the past there has been no check on its power; Mexico, Spain, Austria, Italy, for all their differences, illustrate the anti-clericalism bred where the church has dominated the state, and dominated it invariably in behalf of the great and powerful. Yet again the church is helping its enemies; in this country Catholic pressure has browbeaten the press until it hardly dares express its natural sympathies for the forces of democracy in Spain.

It is against this background that we would have Catholics consider the case of Father Coughlin. It is good to see how many voices are being raised in his own church against his attempt to spread anti-Semitism in the United States. Among the latest we note two articles in the December 30 issue of the *Commonweal*—Father Coughlin's Facts, by Monsignor John A. Ryan, and Facts of History, by George N. Shuster. The letters to the editor in that same issue include similar pleas by Father James R. Keane, national director of the Perpetual Novena of Our Sorrowful Mother, and by the Reverend Daniel A. Lord, editor of the *Queen's Work*. It is unnecessary to dwell again on Father Coughlin's talent for misrepresentation. It is necessary to call attention to the fact that Father Coughlin represents a Catholic problem as well as a Jewish problem. He is using Jew-baiting, as generations of reactionary demagogues and fanatical pogromchiks before him have used it, to attack all that is progressive. Coughlin has repeatedly called upon "good Jews" to repudiate communistic ones or face the consequences of anti-Semitism. The Jews are not an entity. No Jewish organization speaks for them or can control the acts of individual members of the race. Coughlin, on the other hand, speaks as a priest of the most highly organized international in history. The longer it lets him spread his poison, the harder it will be to make people believe that the church itself does not look altogether with disfavor on the witches' brew he is stirring up.

The Right of Assembly

ALTHOUGH the Constitution is more than a century and a half old and the Supreme Court is popularly supposed to be the bulwark of the liberties safeguarded in it, the right of assembly is not yet firmly established in our constitutional law. On the contrary, the last time the Supreme Court passed squarely on the issue it laid down an obnoxious, unsound, and reactionary doctrine. It may seem strange to link the names of Hague and Holmes, but the legal sophistry by which the courts of New Jersey have been upholding the dictatorial conduct of the Hudson County Führer goes directly back to a decision handed down by Justice Holmes on the highest court of Massachusetts in 1895 and upheld by the United States Supreme Court in 1897.

Three quotations will make the genealogy and rationale of this doctrine clear. In Thomas *vs.* Casey, Judge Bodine of the New Jersey Supreme Court declined to order the Jersey City chief of police to grant Norman Thomas a speaking permit. "He [Thomas]," Judge Bodine ruled, "has no more right to speak in public places in that city, such as highways and parks, without permit than he has to invade a citizen's home without invitation." In the case of Commonwealth *vs.* Davis, Justice Holmes upheld the conviction of a religious preacher who spoke on Boston Common without a permit. "For the legislature absolutely or conditionally to forbid public speaking in a highway or public park," Holmes said, "is no more an infringement of the rights of a member of the public than for the owner of a private house to forbid it in his house." Appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and there, two years later, in Davis *vs.* Massachusetts, the majority not only upheld Justice Holmes but went farther and declared: "The right to absolutely exclude all right to use necessarily includes the authority to determine under what circumstances such use may be availed of, as the greater power contains the lesser." It was on these decisions that Federal Judge Clark, in his opinion on the Hague case, based his peculiar suggestion that Jersey City might censor speeches as a condition for the grant of a permit. Fortunately Judge Clark omitted this from his decree, and there is little doubt that the present Supreme Court would unhesitatingly reverse not only his censorship suggestion but the old Davis case itself. The importance of the C. I. O. suit against Hague is that it will for the first time in forty years bring the issue directly before the court.

The Special Committee on the Bill of Rights of the American Bar Association is to be commended for recognizing that the issue involved is of fundamental importance and that the doctrine of the Davis case must be wiped out, for it contains the seeds of censorship and repression. The brief filed *amicus curiae* by Grenville Clark, the chairman of the committee, and his associates, attacks the doctrine with clarity and courage, terms it "outmoded," and stresses the importance of the outdoor meeting for unpopular causes whose advocates lack the means to hire a hall or buy radio time. It declares that the correct analogy with parks is not the home but the public utility. "We submit," the committee says in its brief, "that law-abiding Democrats or Republicans or Communists . . . can no more be constitutionally kept out of empty park spaces reasonably suitable for open-air meetings than they can be ejected from an empty municipal trolley car or be refused current from a municipal power plant."

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The Nation's Honor Roll for 1938

FOR the eleventh successive year *The Nation* presents its list of American individuals and organizations deserving honorable mention for their activities during the preceding twelve months.

THE MEDICAL BUREAU, THE NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY, THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, and THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, for their work in sending medical supplies and food to the people of war-torn Spain; and the AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS in Spain for their front-line defense of democracy.

HAROLD L. ICKES, for his outspoken and continuous criticism of the Nazi regime and for his persistent refusal to permit the sale of helium to the Third Reich.

JOHN LONGO, NORMAN THOMAS, JEFF BURKITT, and HERMAN MATTSON, for carrying on at great personal risk a war for independence against Frank Hague's dictatorship in Hudson County, New Jersey.

The late PAUL Y. ANDERSON, for his vigorous attack on the un-American Dies Committee, which was one of the last crusades in the notable career of a courageous and social-minded journalist.

JUSTICE HUGO L. BLACK, for bringing to the Supreme Court a new liberalism freed of legal cobwebs, and for answering those who would tar him with the Klan brush by his vote against Jim Crowism in the Missouri case.

THE CONGRESS FOR INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION and its leaders, for consolidating the gains and charting the course of a rejuvenated labor movement.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, for giving voice to the conscience of the world in denouncing the barbarism of the Nazis when the heads of other democratic nations remained silent.

THOMAS MANN, American-to-be, for calling the citizens of all countries to the defense of their common heritage, the ideals of freedom and culture.

THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, for its intelligent and objective reporting of the events leading up to the Munich pact and the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, which set a new standard in broadcasting.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, for her forceful denunciation of Nazi persecution, her defense of Grynszpan, and her attacks upon "democratic" apologists for fascism.

THE EDITORS OF THE *COMMONWEAL*, Catholic weekly, for giving expression to the democratic loyalties of rank-and-file American Catholics.

DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN, for their pertinacity in exposing the pro-fascist influences inside the State Department which have been steadily exerted to prevent the lifting of the embargo on shipments to Loyalist Spain.

THE SOUTHERN CONFERENCE FOR HUMAN WELFARE and its sponsors and participants, for crystallizing and giving voice to progressive forces in the old South; the NATIONAL EMERGENCY COUNCIL, for its bold and thorough report on the South as our "economic problem No. 1"; and JONATHAN DANIELS, for his book "A Southerner Discovers the South."

JOHN and MACK RUST, inventors of a mechanical cotton picker, for their social responsibility in setting aside part of their profits for a foundation to inquire into methods by which labor-saving inventions may be a benefit rather than a threat to labor.

The late B. CHARNEY VLADECK, for his long and devoted support of the program of slum clearance and public housing finally enacted in New York City.

THE BOARD OF HIGHER EDUCATION, under the chairmanship of Ordway Tead, for introducing academic democracy into New York's city colleges.

STANLEY M. ISAACS, Borough President of Manhattan, for risking his political career to defend the right of a Communist to hold public office.

LEE MORRIS, editorial writer for the St. Petersburg (Florida) *Independent*, for his championship of basic human rights in an area notorious for oppression and violence fostered by the Ku Klux Klan.

VLADIMIR K. ZWORYKIN, of the Radio Corporation of America, for perfecting a model electron microscope which promises to open new vistas to the scientist comparable to those afforded by the invention of the first optic microscope.

PROFESSOR C. A. ELVEHJEM of the University of Wisconsin, for discoveries leading to the use of nicotinic acid in the treatment of pellagra, which will make it possible to fight the scourge of the South.

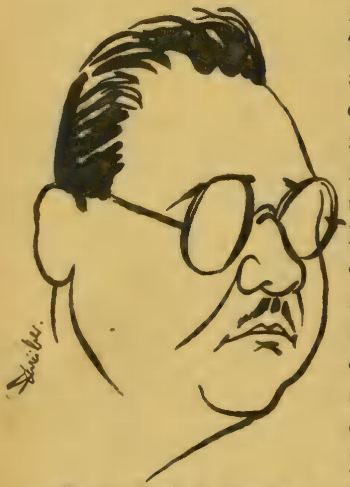
CLIFFORD ODETS, for a series of increasingly powerful plays, of which the current "Rocket to the Moon" is perhaps the best.

THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION and the cast of "Pins and Needles," for producing labor's most successful theatrical venture.

Thirty Months of War in Spain

BY LOUIS FISCHER

AFTER two and a half years of war the Spaniards on both sides are naturally tired. But the Republicans are determined to go on, and they do not see how Franco can win. Franco said recently in a public statement: "We have two million persons [in Loyalist Spain] card-indexed with proofs of their crimes." These "criminals" and their immediate families probably number half the population in Republican territory. They have a vested personal interest in Franco's defeat. They have nothing to lose but the rope or a prison sentence. Better to fight. Premier Negrin, on the other hand, has promised "a complete amnesty" when the war is ended. "It would be an act of treason to our country's destiny not to yield up all thought of vengeance or reprisals," he said.



Prime Minister Negrin

Death loses some of its horror when one meets it in company. More than a million Spaniards have died since July 18, 1936. Every additional casualty on the Loyalist side exacts a pledge from those who remain not to betray the cause of Spain's freedom and social progress. Every new sacrifice in the rebel zone is another contribution to the prestige and strategic strength of the two foreign fascist empires that Franco serves. An increasing number of Spaniards in both camps begin to see the situation in just this way.

The continued resistance of the Spanish Loyalists acts as a tonic to all democratic forces in Europe, and perhaps in the Americas too. After the unnecessary surrender at Munich the struggle for democracy in Spain was a small light in the all-pervading gloom. If the Czechoslovaks had stood firm, or if the German left had withstood Hitler in 1933, fascist aggressors would today be less arrogant and self-confident. Resistance exhilarates the resisters, and the Loyalists are certain that their thirty-month fight makes a Franco victory forever impossible. The losses of the past and the moral stimulation of the battle for justice guarantee that. To win, the fascists will have to conquer every square foot of Loyalist territory. There will be no surrender. And before six months had passed, the civil war would begin anew. Franco cannot bring peace to Spain.

Anthony Eden declared in New York that the second world war began in July, 1936, in Spain. (I wrote and said the same thing two years ago.) It is a war of two mighty aggressor states against the weak Spanish republic. The republic has been shedding its blood for all of democratic Europe. Yet its hands have been tied by the very countries in whose interests it has held up the avalanche of advancing totalitarianism. History will scratch its head in amazement. Eden himself has a feeling of guilt for his own anti-Loyalist actions. He, like Winston Churchill and Duff Cooper, have been convinced by events that a fascist Spain would be a disaster. More and more Englishmen and Frenchmen are becoming conscious of the shameful and unpatriotic role of their governments in the Spanish conflict. Meanwhile, however, the Spanish Republicans, though bitterly resentful of the treatment the world has accorded them, thrill to the thought of being the only European nation with the stamina to post itself athwart the fascist tide. Their relative success makes them proud and strong. Spain once broke Napoleon's might. And in 1808 the French had occupied far more Spanish territory than the invaders-plus-rebels hold today.

The Loyalist army, about 800,000 strong, has discipline, cohesion, and an excellent corps of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, the steel girders of any army. The political commissars, now fully restored to authority, temper the steel. Staff work has improved. Foreigners have been withdrawn from staff bureaus and the ranks, but the resulting deterioration of quality is minimal.

The Loyalist forces—and cities—are inadequately supplied with anti-aircraft guns, artillery, and aircraft. But the machine-gun is the decisive defense weapon in this war, and the government has a good number. It manufactures considerable quantities. It also makes tanks which are better than the Soviet machines on which they are modeled, rifles, ammunition, some cannon and airplanes. The effectiveness of aviation against soldiers has been exaggerated. A hospital train which performed 22,876 surgical operations at the front in various important engagements of the war reports that 54.5 per cent of the wounds were inflicted by bullets, 35.4 per cent by shell shrapnel, 9.6 per cent by accidents, and only 0.5 per cent by aerial bombs. The Loyalists still buy arms abroad—but not from Czechoslovakia, which even refuses to deliver gas masks to England—and bring them in by sea, often using their navy for convoy purposes. The French-Catalan frontier is closed to such merchandise though not to oil and food. Germany sells no armaments to the Loyalists and exacts a promise from its customers not to resell to Republican Spain.

The Loyalists have learned to build complicated trenches and dugouts which reduce casualties and require direct attacks for the capture of each isolated point. On the Ebro the favorite rebel tactic of outflanking was usually forestalled. The army now knows how to fight and how to retreat. The enemy respects it. General Yague, an old Franco commander, publicly praised the bravery of the "reds"—and got himself arrested for so doing. The Nazi weekly, *Deutsche Wehr*, recently paid a tribute to the "numerous capable officers" in the Loyalist army who came up from the ranks. And the Berlin *Völkischer Beobachter* has lauded the engineering work on the Ebro. The republic finally has a real army, and, all his blustering announcements notwithstanding, Franco has no hope of winning quickly. But he has to do something.

Franco launched seven powerful offensives over a period of four months to retrieve the comparatively small Ebro area which the Loyalists occupied in five days in July. That July-to-November battle is regarded as a Republican victory and has encouraged Barcelona. It prevented the Fascists from resuming their drive on Sagunto and Valencia and from initiating any other attack. It cost the rebels between 70,000 and 80,000 casualties and 200 airplanes. The Loyalists, according to an unofficial estimate, had 7,000 dead and 25,000 wounded. The battle left Franco weakened, and but for internal and international politics he would have preferred to recuperate until the spring. Yet waiting is of little avail, for government supporters expect to be in a position next summer to smash through the Fascist lines and by a sizable military victory accelerate the rebel demoralization now often discussed in print by Franco's best friends. Moreover, guerrilla warfare, heretofore sadly neglected by the Loyalists, is spreading, and trains, bridges, and ammunition dumps are being blown up in increasing numbers, especially around Saragossa and in the Pyrenees.

Franco needs a big military triumph—not just the conquest of a few more uninhabited hill villages—to restore his dwindling prestige at home. He needs belligerent rights for the same reason, and in order to attempt the starvation of civilian Loyalists by blockade. He could get belligerent rights automatically, in accordance with the London plan of the Non-Intervention Committee, by repatriating all the Germans, Italians, and Portuguese in his army. Yet though belligerent rights would mean much to Franco, he keeps the foreigners because he cannot exist without them and because he has not the power to send them home. This is a most cogent argument against granting belligerent rights, which imply a stable and national regime. If Franco could stand on his own feet he would deserve to be recognized as an independent regime and to receive certain belligerent rights. It is said to be Franco who has started a new offensive into Catalonia. In fact, Italian divisions, Moorish cavalry, and Italian-German aircraft are bearing the brunt of the battle. Nevertheless, some newspapers continue to speak of the Spanish "Nationalists." The true Spanish nationalists are the Loyalists.

After two and a half years this truth is penetrating through the thickest propaganda fogs inside and outside Spain. Negrin's thirteen points, the program for a free people in need of liberty, progress, and tolerance, are well known in the rebel zone, where the charge of "reds" no longer convinces. When Republicans are taken prisoners they are asked about Russians, and each and every member of the International Brigade captured by the rebels has been cross-examined to find out whether he came from the U. S. S. R. So that myth is exploded. Contrariwise, the Spaniards in the rebel zone see their Nazis and their Italian Fascists digging in deeper and deeper. In November the machinery for a beer factory was imported into rebel Spain from Germany. Apparently they expect to stay a long time. German and Italian officers are bringing their private furniture from home into Spain by way of Hendaye, where French and rebel observers have been impressed by the circumstance. Literally hundreds of contracts are being let to Germans and Italians by the Franco authorities—for electric production, for cereal drying, for orange packing, for metal working, and the like. This applies to Spanish Morocco too. One can read the announcements in the rebel press almost daily.

"What Japan seeks [in China] is not territory. . . . Japan respects China's sovereignty," Prime Minister Prince Konoye said on December 22. With equal disrespect for human intelligence Mussolini has made similar pronouncements regarding Spain. Someone will believe anything, the Fascists reason. But Franco's subjects commence to disbelieve, and Franco's officers too.

Candide is a well-known pro-Fascist Paris weekly. In its issue of November 16 it published a long article by René Benjamin, member of the Académie Goncourt, an avowed Franco partisan just returned from a second trip to Francoland. He calls the article Year Three of the New Spain, and he starts out to bless. "My affection for it has increased," he writes. But he speaks of the "fatigue . . . of those who do not fight . . . [Franco Spain] is living through an hour of trouble . . . The ill humor which the war engenders . . . poisons the cities. . . . The cities . . . are bursting with wounded, with men on leave, with unhappy exiles. . . . One cannot open a newspaper without reading in immense letters: 'Franco, Franco, Franco.'

. . . These exclamations transplant a foreign custom unsuitable to the proud sobriety of the Spaniard. And how explain that as far as Morocco they sell postcard photographs of the little daughter of the Generalissimo? . . ." Dr. Benjamin visits the Franco army. "An officer whose finesse and taste I like talks to us of his impatience . . . his worry . . . his regret that there is not in Spain . . . a man of genius to lead the civilians. . . ."

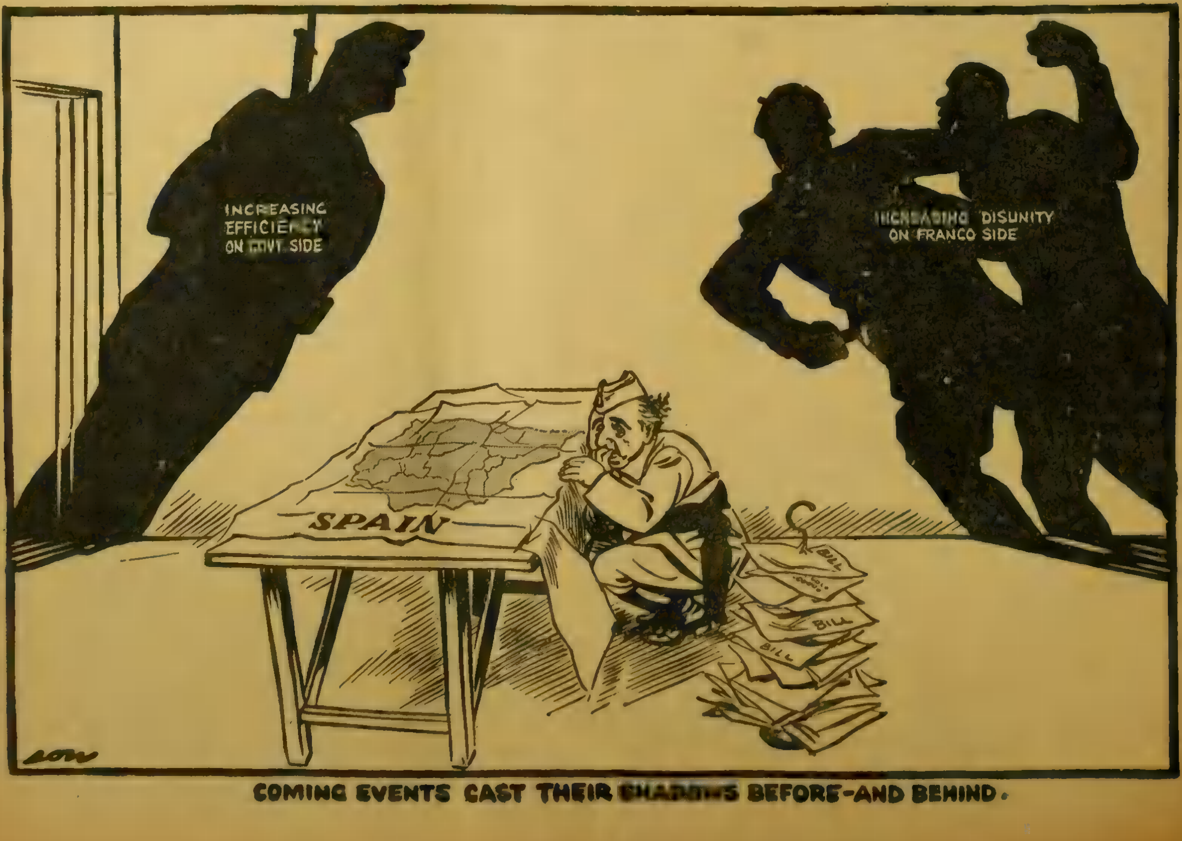
The officer was indignant over the official censorship. "They only know how to punish severely, to proscribe, to imprison, to exile," he complained. "Our best units are composed of peasants . . . who do not know the high reasons" for which they are fighting. This officer had an orderly who was a captured Loyalist. The officer said to the orderly, "You are a Marxist. Do you at least know what that means?" And the orderly replied, "Not very well. But I believe it means a life of greater justice."

René Benjamin discussed matters with a member of the Falange Party. "The Falange," the Spaniard said, "is a good mistress, but the monarchy . . . she is the wife. And that's why I believe that when we are ready to return to our homes we will have to decide in favor of the monarchy." But the monarchy died painlessly and unmourned in 1931. The Monarchists are an unpopular clique. Then this Falangist added, "We have great need of a long spiritual rest."

In Loyalist Spain, despite all the suffering, there is tremendous spiritual exaltation. President Azaña said recently: "The important thing is to be right." This is the essence of Spain, both Spains, and the people under Franco know that it was not right to drown Spain in blood for the greater glory of Mussolini and Hitler and to perpetuate the medieval past. The Loyalist population is keenly aware of the moral values involved in the war. Bombs and shells win territory but not hearts. Franco loses as he advances.

He would lose altogether if Great Britain, France, and the United States were neutral. Instead, "non-intervention" and so-called "neutrality" help Germany and Italy to subjugate the Spanish people. Munich opened many eyes. Public opinion in Europe is swinging toward the Loyalists. But French and British foreign policies still remain unchanged. Mr. Eden understood from President Roosevelt that the granting of belligerent rights would be regrettable; indeed, that a Franco victory would be regarded as unfavorable to American interests. Perhaps Chamberlain and Daladier will take the hint. There would be no Djibouti incident, no question of the cession of British or French Somaliland, and no agitation over Tunis, Corsica, and Nice if the French had displayed a firmer policy on Spain.

For the nth time, Franco has promised that this offensive will end the war. If it does not, and if the gains are insignificant, the discontent in and behind his lines may become a serious inconvenience to him and to his fascist allies. The cost of the war is back-breaking for Mussolini. Hitler is concentrating in another direction. The aggressor combination can still be beaten in Spain.


INCREASING EFFICIENCY ON GOVT SIDE
INCREASING DISUNITY ON FRANCO SIDE
SPAIN
BILL
BILL
BILL
LOW

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE—AND BEHIND.

Three Southern Towns

II. HUNTSVILLE: YANKEE INDUSTRY WELCOME

BY WILLSON WHITMAN

AT THE time of the Civil War they say that Huntsville, Alabama, was full of Federal sympathizers who held a meeting of protest against secession. But it wasn't a matter of principle so much as of money; people in northern Alabama did their trading with Tennessee, and as long as Tennessee stayed on the fence they wanted to do the same. The odd thing is that Huntsville's financial ties, which made it favor the Federal side in '63, pulled the other way in '33, to make the town look coldly on the New Deal and decide to keep itself an island of high rates in TVA territory. Even nearby Scottsboro and Decatur have voted to take TVA power, but not Huntsville. Nowadays it isn't just a matter of selling farm produce over the state line in Tennessee. It isn't a matter of local money at all; Huntsville is far beyond the simple feudalism of little Tupelo. Huntsville is a stronghold of the Alabama Power Company and a textile-manufacturing center, with its big mills owned in the North.

More people live in the surrounding mill villages—Lincoln and Merrimack and Dallas—than in the town of Huntsville; the population of the town is 11,000, that of the villages 15,000. Huntsville, in polite phrase, polices its suburbs; the state law forbids picketing, and there are special city ordinances about loitering or talking in groups, and entry and search. But the mill people can't vote in Huntsville elections, and a stranger has no trouble telling where the town stops and the mill territory begins. It isn't the houses, which are better than a lot of those in Huntsville, or the stores and public buildings—at the Merrimack mills they have good-sized, white-painted houses, with yards, a nice red-brick school with white colonial pillars, and two white churches. The difference is that the mill property is behind galvanized wire fencing, with strands of barbed wire at strategic points.

In the minds of Huntsville citizens there is an equally sharp division between town dwellers and mill people, but of course mill wages spent in Huntsville keep the town alive. When the mills closed down last year Huntsville blamed the unions. There was no strike, and the mills said they closed for lack of orders, but maybe there was some truth in the idea that they hoped to kill the unions the way TVA kills mosquitoes in its reservoirs, by opening and shutting the dam sluices. Huntsville, though, was alarmed, and when the Dallas mills threatened to close for good, the daily paper, owned in Birmingham, became excited over the loss of what it called a two-million-dollar industry. The paper not only blamed the workers; it warned them that one person out of five in Madison County was out of work, that only one applicant out of ten could get a WPA job, that unemployment insurance might stop at any time. It said the outside labor leaders—"foreigners" from Atlanta, Georgia, and Gadsden, Alabama—were as bad "as anything they ever had in Chicago gangs," and it threatened those workers who joined the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee. "You will be blacklisted until your dying day," it declared. "If you turn back to the farm there is no hope for you."

Huntsville citizens then had the bright idea of going to Montgomery to ask the Governor for "state protection" in reopening the mill. By this they meant, of course, martial law to break a strike, in case there should be one. A committee composed of city and county officials made plans for "Save Huntsville Day," April 20, 1938. The Mayor said, "Huntsville and Madison County are confronted with the most serious and tragic situation in our history." They closed the schools, the courthouse, the banks, the wholesale houses, and the cotton warehouse, and the *Times* suspended publication for the day so that everybody could drive to Montgomery. About a thousand Huntsville citizens actually went. They saw the Governor, but it didn't do much good; Governor Graves is a New Dealer, and he seemed to side with the unions. He said the union had agreed to arbitration, and he invited the mill to sit in. That wasn't what the Huntsville people had come for, so they booed the Governor and drove home.

But the big mills stayed closed, and shopkeepers grew low in their minds. Around the square they said the whole trouble had started with the NRA, when Washington first undertook to tell a man how to run his own business and egged on the mill hands to look for high wages. Then these agitators came. Even the Negroes living in shacks between the town and the mills said they couldn't see why the white folks had to go and make trouble with those unions. They were earning good money before, but when the unions came nobody could get work. The better people said it wasn't as if the mill workers hadn't been well treated before; the mills had built them houses and a hospital, and paid teachers' and preachers' salaries. Have an influence on what they taught and preached? Why, they could say anything they liked as long as they stuck to the schoolbooks and religion.

C. I. O. headquarters exhibited more normal business activity and more traditional Southern hospitality than any other place in Huntsville. The union men said that a long history of organization in Huntsville rather than any sudden enthusiasm accounted for the strength of the unions. They had begun long ago when conditions were really bad, in the old mills that had closed down in Hoover's time. In those days they had all sorts of trouble, but they had got a start; some things that had happened, like the favorite Southern trick of kidnapping the organizer, had helped build morale. And now they knew what they were doing. They still had their troubles, of course, but they figured they could stick it out. No one bothered to mention a typewritten note recently received: "You and your kind are not wanted in Huntsville. We advise you to get out at once." They were careful, though, to padlock the office when they went out.

At the mill offices nobody would talk. The Dallas mill had some local stockholders, but its directors met in New York, and the only qualified spokesman was "out of town—couldn't be reached." As their names show, the Lincoln and the Merrimack mills are owned in the North; so local employees were justified in referring inquiries to Boston.

One mill in Huntsville was running; a little mill, locally owned, had signed the T. W. O. C. contract. Its wage scale was low, but that wasn't what the union was fighting about. There was no barbed wire around it, and the owner, right there in his office, could be seen. He proved to be as Southern as the T. W. O. C. organizer, and as practical in his way. How come he is running when the other mills aren't? Well, maybe he's got extra good people, intelligent people, working for him. Intelligent enough to hold out for a C. I. O. contract? Well, maybe, if you want to put it that way. He's not afraid of unions—his son, up in New York, belongs to the musician's union, and he has a brother in the Railway Brotherhoods. It's an experiment, he says, to see how long he can run and make ends meet with competition from mills paying lower wages. On the other hand, he figures, keep everybody everywhere underpaid, and who's going to buy the goods? He adds that, in his opinion, the NRA was all right; and you notice a rarity in Huntsville, a picture of the President hanging on the wall.

"So you're scabbing on the capital strike?"

He laughs at that. He doesn't, he says, know what the other mills are doing. Maybe they haven't any orders, as they said.

He is no sentimentalist about the unions. He has heard they didn't do right over at the Dallas mill, and he isn't sure he approves of the check-off, but if his people want it, it's their business. This mill owner's attitude may be due in part at least to his family connections with unions. But he could also be considered a good example of the old-fashioned small capitalist who arrived by rugged individual effort and has retained some human regard for his workers. He had, he said, started in a mill when he was a boy, and he could tend a machine again if he had it to do. Of course he could hire only two hundred people while one of the big mills would take a thousand, and he didn't go in for housing or church-building. But he was asking no more from the little mill than a living for himself and his family, and he lived in a plain frame house. The superintendent of the big Lincoln mill was far more elegantly housed in a big brick mansion.

Huntsville, so hostile to foreign invasion, doesn't seem to mind absentee ownership. And it doesn't seem to realize that the Alabama Power Company isn't a local enterprise; a hardware man with a store on the square said he figured that the government's proposal to sell cheap power was just like a chain store coming in and competing with a local store. It wasn't fair. Huntsville people will tell you, too, about the taxes that Alabama Power pays the state, not realizing that the company had to be converted to that. Its founder once complained that the power to tax was the power to destroy. But then the Yankee financiers came in, advising, as Merlin H. Aylesworth said at Birmingham in 1924, "Don't be afraid of the expense. The public pays the expense."

Of course the public pays the Alabama Power Company's taxes, indirectly. Many persons wish current were cheaper so they could use more, but few understand the iniquity of a sales tax, direct or indirect. Nearly all, moreover, have a great distrust of interference from Washington, acquired in Civil War and Reconstruction days. Last year a Huntsville ice and coal company put in a claim for losses due to TVA's "social experiment," and Huntsville cherishes many tall tales about the errors of TVA. Government juice, they say, is too strong—blows the radio tubes right out. Then they have to write to Washington before they can make repairs. And all the fuss TVA is making over malaria mosquitoes is certain to ruin the fishing.

The county agent admits that TVA phosphate is all right, but they won't let you have it for row crops, and of course Madison County is the biggest cotton-raising county in Alabama. Change to other crops? Why, this is a cotton country and it isn't going to change. But it's not true that tenants aren't encouraged to raise garden stuff, they could if they weren't shiftless and lazy. Rural electrification? Well, the Alabama Power Company has done a lot to develop this country, and they're building new lines right now.

It won't be easy to change the cotton farming, though the warehouses are stuffed with last year's crop. Changing the mill set-up by federal legislation may be easier. The small local mill was bound to be helped by the wage-hour law, making general the scale it was paying. Lately the big mills have given up their open-and-shut tactics and resigned themselves to Labor Board elections; the Dallas

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mill, with its local connections, was the first to sign the T. W. O. C. contract. The Lincoln mill is still holding elections, hoping perhaps that the independent union or the A. F. of L. will gain strength, although the T. W. O. C. is ahead. In the Merrimack mill elections the T. W. O. C. won, and the contract calls for the mill to reopen this month with a thousand workers employed.

In a final struggle before this contract was signed, workers were evicted from the Merrimack houses, and the union found shelter for evicted families in an old hotel on the outskirts of town. The women's auxiliary set up cooperative kitchens, and the T. W. O. C. was able to add to its Huntsville history a successful experiment in group living, outside the wire fence. The town has shown no such adaptability, and this suggests that the worst barriers in Madison County are not the barbed-wire fences around the mill property. On the better residence streets of Huntsville the hedges are of rose-colored crepe myrtle, but the people living in the nice old houses are set apart behind less pleasant barriers of the mind.

They say that though these people may vote Democratic they pray Republican. And Huntsville boasts the first Garner-for-President club to be organized in the South.

[*This is the second of three articles on Southern towns. In the first, printed last week, Miss Whitman described Tupelo, Mississippi, in which industry is on a feudal basis. The third, to appear in an early issue, will be on the "model" company town of Kingsport, Tennessee.*]

Pogroms for Profit

BY VLADIMIR POZNER

FOR years the rulers of the Third Reich have been talking about "German blood" and its priceless value. At last we know what "German blood" is worth, not in terms of metaphysics, but in terms of cash. If it happens to be that of a diplomat, killed in Paris, and by a Jew at that, it is worth exactly one billion marks. Nazi fanaticism has been overrated. Hitler and his aides have proved to be amazingly practical, much more so than Shylock. Worldwide indignation and pity for the Jews have so far tended to becloud the underlying reasons for the mid-November anti-Semitic outburst in Germany. Let's try to be as practical as the Nazis themselves and discuss the problem not in terms of morals but in terms of easy money for Hitler and his movement.

In the March issue of Julius Streicher's *Stürmer*, the most pornographic magazine in the world, the following notice appeared: "The current business of the Bank of J. Dreyfus and Company, Berlin, has been taken over by our newly opened Berlin branch.—Merck-Finck and Company." In other words, the Aryan banker August von Finck, a protege of Göring, who appointed him "Führer" of the Bavarian banks, has expropriated the Jewish firm of J. Dreyfus and Company, whose directors —Willy Dreyfus, Kurt Landsberg, and Paul Wallich— have been asked to step out. In order to round out the deal, Finck bought Dreyfus's private estate of 7,500 acres in Bavaria, but forgot to pay for it, which apparently is considered in the Third Reich a very good practical joke. This quaint idea probably originated with Joseph Goebbels himself, who forced the Jewish banker Jakob Goldschmidt to sell him his famous Villa of Swans, at Werder, near Berlin, for 300,000 marks, promised but never paid. These and similar transactions have been termed in the Third Reich—though purists may resent it—"the Aryanization of Jewish business."

The National Socialist Party obtained the support of the masses by fighting banks, trusts, and monopolies, which, it claimed, were controlled by Jews. Jews were holding scores of directorates. Jews were promoting and favoring their relatives. German economy was a Jewish economy controlled by a dozen wealthy families. For five years the National Socialist Party was engaged in ruthlessly curbing such prominent capitalists as non-Aryan peddlers, junk dealers, and university professors. Then, Jewish wealth in those fields having been destroyed, it became time to assail its last refuge—the million-mark corporations and banks. Since April, 1938, moral and physical pressure has been supplemented by a law. Jews who had more than 5,000 marks were required to give the authorities a detailed account of their fortune. General Göring, in his capacity of dictator of the four-year plan, was allowed "to harmonize Jewish possessions in accordance with the requirements of the German economy," that is, expropriate them. The providential killing of a Nazi diplomat provided a pretext for Göring to put this law in operation. At last the party program could be fulfilled, and Jewish enterprises, as Hitler put it, "turned over to the German people."

Official Nazi statistics show that in January, 1933, when Hitler became Chancellor, there were in Germany 828 banks entirely or partly owned by Jews. On January 1, 1938, only 275 banks remained in the hands of Jews, and 50 of these were in process of being liquidated. Banks still controlled by Jews are located almost exclusively in the provinces. The expropriated banks have been in the main absorbed by a few larger banks, not altogether Aryan, which financed Hitler's rise to power, particularly the Dresdner Bank and the Berliner Handels-Gesellschaft. The former took over the most important of the Jewish houses—Hardy and Company, S. Bleichröder, and Gebrüder Arnhold. The latter engulfed so many smaller firms that it was able to raise its dividend rate from 5 to 8 per cent. Because of the high development of finance capital in Germany, almost every bank owned or controlled many industrial plants and companies. Gebrüder Arnhold, for instance, had built up one of the three trusts that have a practical monopoly of the German china industry, and the Arnhold brothers themselves held 112 directorships. The three leaders of J. Dreyfus and Company served on 35 boards of directors. The Aryanization of their establishments thus meant not only the consolidation of the banking business but also the further concentration of control of the German trusts.

On the boards of directors of these great trusts are personalities who, though indubitably German, are not exactly identified with the German masses. The Dresdner Bank boasts Krupp, Friedrich Flick of the steel trust, and Wilhelm Kisskalt of the insurance trust, who together received in 1937 over a million marks from this one source of income. Today, as a result of the Aryanization of industries formerly controlled by Jewish banks, each of these three officers of the Dresdner Bank serves on 83 boards of directors. The Berliner Handels-Gesellschaft, linked with the steel and insurance trusts, is governed by Hermann Bücher of the electricity trust, Arthur Klotzbach, a director of Krupp's, Herbert Göring, brother of the Air Minister, and a spokesman of the chemical trust. Each graces the directorates of numerous companies, and a comparison of the revenues they receive with the wages of the workers offers a grim commentary on the myth that Jewish business has been turned over to the German people.

As a matter of fact, the seven giant trusts that are interlocked with the leading Berlin banks and that account to a great extent for German economic wealth—Krupp, Thyssen, and Mannessmann (steel, iron, and metal trades); A. E. G. and Siemens (electricity); I. G.-Farbenindustrie (chemicals); and Allianz (insurance)—are the principal beneficiaries of the Nazi anti-Jewish drive. (Thyssen's companies are now included in the Hermann-Göring Werke.) I. G.-Farbenindustrie has absorbed all the Jewish firms hitherto active in its field, and controls today 94 per cent of the Reich's chemical industry as against 80 per cent in pre-Hitler days. Since the beginning of 1938 the Mannessmann trust has taken over eight Jewish metallurgical plants, increasing its capital by 10,000,000 marks and doubling its tin-plate production. The Siemens trust has annexed two large electrical plants, Heliowatt-Werke and Kabelwerk. The famous Hirsch-Kupfer-Werke have been absorbed by the Deutsche Bank for the benefit of Krupp. Some 20 per cent of the anthracite production in western Germany is controlled by Thyssen; 27.4 per cent of the soft coal industry by I. G.-Farbenindustrie. According to recent statistics, twenty-four persons, most of them connected with the same corporations, control 75 per cent of the output of anthracite and 80 per cent of the output of coal in the Third Reich. These are only a few typical instances.

In Austria, where the Aryanization principle was applied immediately after the annexation, the huge Styrian Alpine-Montan-Gesellschaft is now controlled jointly by the steel trust and the Göring-Werke. Krupp has taken over scores of enterprises which were partly or wholly owned by Austrian Jews. As for the Hirtenberg arms and munitions plant, formerly the property of the war magnate Mandl, who was connected with the Heimwehr, it has been "dejudaized" and given to the Wilhelm Gustloff Foundation, dominated by the Dresdner Bank, the steel trust, and Krupp.

It is worth while to point out that the banks and corporations mentioned above are almost all tied together by interlocking directorates. Fritz Thyssen is a director of Siemens-Schuckert. Siemens is an officer of Mannesmann. Friedrich Flick's name appears on the boards of A. E. G., the Dresdner Bank, and several of Thyssen's companies. Arthur Klotzbach serves on the boards of Krupp, A. E. G., and the Berliner Handels-Gesellschaft. Albert Vögler of the steel trust is on the directorates of Siemens and Halske and Siemens-Schuckert; Wilhelm Kisskalt provides a link between the Dresdner Bank and twenty-three insurance companies controlled by the Allianz trust.

These 6 men hold 127 posts in the most important German corporations; they preside over 32 of those corporations. They also hold many executive or honorary positions in the administration of the Third Reich. Gustav Krupp von Bohlen presides over the Association of German Industry and is a member of the General Economic Council, on which Fritz Thyssen and Carl von Siemens also serve. The last named, together with Hermann Bücher, president of A. E. G., and Wilhelm Kisskalt of Allianz, are members of the Akademie für Deutsches Recht. The general

General Göring

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director of Allianz, Kurt Schmitt, was made the Reich's Minister of Economy as soon as Hitler seized power. Incidentally, the banker August von Finck, "heir" to the Jewish bank of J. Dreyfus and Company, is also a vice-president of Allianz.

In appointing men to positions of command in the German economy the National Socialist leaders did not limit themselves to their original financial backers. Göring especially has been as solicitous for his relatives as any Jewish banker. His brother, Herbert Göring, became a director in the Air Ministry and draws from the state 150,000 marks yearly. In addition, he receives about 200,000 marks a year for permitting his name to appear on the list of directors of the Berliner Handels-Gesellschaft. At the same time he is on the board of the Allgemeine Deutsche Creditanstalt of Leipzig and of the Deschimag of Bremen, positions which bring in additional revenue. The Deschimag, a huge shipbuilding corporation, was nationalized by the Weimar Republic, but General Göring turned it back to private ownership, represented by his brother Herbert, and granted it without delay a 3,000,000 mark order. A second brother of Göring's, after the annexation of Austria, was made the head of the Tobis-Sacha, that is, practically the dictator of the Austrian movie industry. A brother-in-law, Herr Huber, was appointed Minister of Justice in the first Nazi Cabinet in Austria. Apparently justice does not pay too well, and Herr Huber has also been seated on the board of directors of the Merkur-Bank of Vienna, controlled by the Dresdner Bank. A more distant relative of the Field Marshal, a cousin, has had to satisfy himself with the celebrated Viennese Cafe Herrenhof, whose former Jewish owner was asked to step out.

Goebbels cannot compete with Göring in the warmth of his family feelings, though it may be noted that Hans Goebbels, after having been for years an obscure employee in the insurance business, became on May 10, 1933, general director of a large insurance company in the Rhineland and a member of the council of German insurance companies.

The material prosperity of the Göring and Goebbels families is indeed edifying, but it bears more on the ethics of the Third Reich's masters than on the economic structure of today's Germany. Behind the German scene large banks and corporations carry on the old struggle for monopoly, a struggle which has never been so successful as under Hitler, and in which the Aryanization drive is but an episode. It is natural that the Führer should favor those who helped him to seize power. But probably German bankers and industrialists knew perfectly well what they were doing when they invested considerable sums of money in a movement that called itself the National Socialist Workers' Party, and in a man who promised to destroy big business and "turn it over to the German people."

Pocket Guide

SNOW WHITE IN JANUARY

DID you see an advertisement in last Sunday's paper about a sale of coats? You saw so many that you probably had to rummage around to pick out the news. What did these ads mean to you? Let's look at them from the point of view of an able department-store merchant—Gordon Selfridge, the American who has built up the biggest department-store business in London.

Each time that Mr. Selfridge comes to America he has to listen to many a tale of grief poured into his ear by American department-store heads. He hears bleats about conditions and criticism of competitors. Before he goes back, he is always a guest at a luncheon or dinner given by the more important department-store executives. On these occasions he usually speaks his mind. He says, in effect:

"Let us suppose that I buy coats to retail at $95. In London those coats will retail at $95, for I am a careful buyer, and they will be worth every cent of $95. But in New York when a department store buys coats to retail at $95, it says to its customers: 'These coats are usually $95, but we have decided to spend a lot of money in advertising in order to make a special feature of them, and we are selling them to you at $75.' Now there are just two answers to that sort of advertising, and in London the public knows both the answers—either I'm lying when I say the coats are worth $95, or I'm a fool, stuck with a lot of coats that I'll be glad to get rid of at bargain prices." Many coats advertised for American sales are of course left-overs at bargain prices, but others are stocked specially for the sale.

Furthermore, when asked to advertise in American newspapers, Selfridge said, "No, I can't go along with your methods. If I should advertise a reduction in price on a dress, my customers who paid the full price would be indignant. And I am not advertising to fight competitors only. I have got to get people into my store. I don't care what Harrod does."

As a matter of fact, the American department stores themselves don't like these sales. Take the January white sales which are now upon us. For the store they are not good business, though they may be for the consumer. But they are not run for the sake of the consumer. They were begun and are continued for the sake of the newspapers.

I am told that the January white sale was born in the advertising department of the New York *Sun.* January is a bad advertising month for the newspapers. So the newspapers convinced the eagerly listening department stores that white sales would create "traffic"—a magic word with store executives—during the dull month of January. They convinced the executives that it would be a good idea to mark down towels and sheets—and spend big money with the newspapers to advertise bargains—in order to create a lot of small-profit or no-profit traffic through their stores. So now you can hear the department stores wail that they are working for the newspapers. "We advertise to please newspapers, not for ourselves. Because they haven't much advertising in August, they get us to have a furniture sale. And in January we must have a white-goods sale." One store claims that it made a profit of less than a hundred thousand dollars while the advertising department was spending three-quarters of a million in newspaper advertising.

If the department store really sells you white goods at lower prices in January, how does it manage it? There are several ways. It is no trick at all for a Fifth Avenue store to convince a manufacturer that no one ever heard of him, that he has no following in New York, whereas the department store is known to everybody. The manufacturer and his salesmen approach the department-store buyer already half-licked, willing to make any concession if only they can get their goods and their trade name into the store, on display, in its windows, named in its ads. Then they can tell the little dealers all over the country that the big stores in New York are selling their goods. That's one way.

Here's another way. The Globe Store (this name is entirely imaginary) has been selling white goods manufactured by a number of well-known concerns. Along comes a little man they never heard of before, who says, "If you'll give me an order for so many thousand sheets and pillow cases and towels of this quality, I'll give them to you at a price," and he names a figure way below what they've been paying. "But I want a signed contract." He then goes to some small Southern town where there is a bankrupt or closed mill. He shows the town authorities his contract with the department store and says, "I'd like to start in business down here, but you've got to help me out at first. You've got to cut out my taxes, get your people to work for 'reasonable' pay, give me special rates on power." They agree. He gets the mill rent-free, without taxes, pays cut wages and a cut price for his power. He runs the mill until he has filled his order and then folds up and goes away. The town holds the bag. The department store gets the "traffic." The consumer gets a bargain. The mill in Fall River that wanted the order is closed. Perhaps the customer's husband loses his own job because his firm depends on Fall River business. Well, you can ride on this merry-go-round without any further guidance from me.

Standard advertised brands sometimes play the same trick as the little man nobody ever heard of. But many brands sold in the white sales are made in regular factories at regular rates of pay. They may be sold to the department store at a reduced price for the reasons given above, or the department store for the sake of "traffic" may sell you the goods without profit.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE VAN HORN MOSELY made the headlines a fortnight ago with his call for violence against "domestic enemies" (read New Dealers). He received less publicity last May when, in New Orleans, he urged "sterilization" of "political refugees" admitted to the United States. General Mosely said at that time: "If they are undesirables over there, why should we take them over here without some precautions?"

HEADLINE IN the London *Daily Telegraph:* "Premier's Second Grandchild. Gift from Wives of M.P.s." The story beneath told all: it was a christening cup.

A PAMPHLET just published in Paris throws startling light on the course of Italy's "racial" policy. Its author reports that late in 1935 he was commissioned by the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs to write a pamphlet on Italian Jews emphasizing the equal status they enjoyed in Italy. This was published only in English and was sent to prominent citizens in England and America. Its aim, the author now explains, was to win support among English and American Jews for the Fascist regime and to pave the way for Anglo-American financial aid.

A LONDON journalist tells this story about a German bombing plane which flew over the Austrian frontier into Czechoslovakia during the September crisis. When the crew landed in Czech territory they were arrested, but they explained that they were deserters anxious to fight for Czechoslovakia. After Munich the German government demanded and obtained their return.

THE CAMERA Accessory Shop, a New York firm, recently decided to import no more German cameras as a protest against Nazi policy. Advertisements announcing this decision were prepared, and proofs on the copy were received from the New York *Times.* At the last moment the *Times* banned the ad on the ground that it does not accept "boycott advertising." The same advertisement was rejected by the New York *Herald Tribune,* the *News,* the *World-Telegram,* and the *Post.*

IN LATE November the New York *Daily Mirror* printed a feature story by Hugo Roboz stating that Toto, the celebrated clown, had died a pauper. Two days before the story appeared, Roboz died. After its publication Toto (Armando Novello) announced that he was alive and prosperous and started a libel suit against the *Mirror.* The day his attorney visited him to obtain his signature for the suit he was stricken with peritonitis and died soon afterward.

AN INTERESTING example of Fascist journalism was afforded recently by the *Popolo d'Italia.* On December 3 this paper published a dispatch from London headlined: "England Recognizes that the Process of [Treaty] Revision Is Bound to Continue." The dispatch was based on an item in the London *Times* which really said: "In praising the Foreign Minister . . . the Fascist newspapers with one accord draw the moral that the process of territorial revision begun at Munich requires to be continued." The *Popolo d'Italia* had taken the *Times's* accurate summary of Italian press comment and wired it back to Rome—as the opinion of the *Times.*

APPEARING AT a recent benefit for Spain, Gypsy Rose Lee, strip-tease dancer, said to the audience: "You might think my mind is on lifting my skirt. You're wrong—it's on lifting the embargo."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TALKING the other day with a refugee from Vienna I was surprised to have him criticize me when I burst out vigorously, and I suppose bitterly, about the horrors in Germany. He had just told me that his sister had been turned out of her apartment in Vienna and that her husband had been taken away and, within forty-eight hours, beaten to death with clubs. Still he thought that criticism should not be uncontrolled. He believes that the German people are the victims, that there still is the finer and better Germany whose existence I used to stress during the war years; and he does not want the world to hate the German masses. Some of my friends in the Fellowship of Reconciliation also feel that it is the Christian's duty to speak softly now, to be forgiving, and to consider the conditions, beginning with the war and the Treaty of Versailles, which produced Hitler and the present world misery.

No one has stressed more than I the causes of the present situation in Europe from the day that the Treaty of Versailles was published, but I still feel that this is the time when one must speak out as violently and as unequivocally as possible. It is, of course, an ethical question which confronts us—at least a question of one's philosophy, if not religion. It is a question in which I have always taken a deep interest because it is the one which separated the Abolitionists during their struggle to abolish slavery. There is still much criticism of Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and the other so-called extremists of the anti-slavery movement: if they had only not been so violent, if they had only used more moderate language, if they had only spoken in a more kindly way of the slave-owners and recognized that they were merely the victims of a bad system, the bitterness between the sections would never have been so great, and the Civil War would have been avoided.

Of course this criticism was made during their lifetimes. They replied that it was their duty to scourge the money-changers out of the temple; that they had no right to use moderate language, but only the duty to use immoderate language; that as long as human beings were being bought and sold, and husbands torn from their wives, and mothers from the babes at their breasts, the language used must fit the monstrosity of these crimes. As I have written elsewhere, Phillips and Garrison and their associates felt upon their own bodies the lash applied to recalcitrant slaves, the branding irons that so often burned into the flesh of slaves. They maintained to the end that if they had used less violent language, slavery would never have been abolished when it was, and they cited Lincoln to prove it; for after having been on every side of the slavery question Lincoln finally told Garrison that he could not have emancipated the Negroes had the way not been prepared for him by the non-compromising Abolitionists.

I feel the same way about the horrors in Germany; sometimes I think they are worse than those of American slavery, though surely not as bad as the downright fiendishness which marked slavery during the eighteenth century in what is now Haiti and Santo Domingo. I too feel that nothing that I can say, no language that I can possibly use, is too strong to describe the acts of Hitler, who has inflicted on his Jewish and non-Jewish victims indescribable mental torture in addition to physical suffering. I desire to use as immoderate language as I can about him and all his gang, to help to keep world opinion at white heat until the day comes when the German people will themselves purge their good name of its blood stain. I deeply regret that during this period injustice may be done to the enslaved and cowed German people, but that injustice is not of our creation; it is part of the criminality of Hitler. As long as a single German is tortured, abused, robbed, beaten, and murdered, I shall speak out and use as violent language as the character of the crime demands.

There is enough compromising in the world as it is, too many people from Chamberlain down, or rather up, see the "good side" of the dictatorships and think that the proper way to deal with Hitler and Mussolini is to speak softly until they are ready to wipe them out by force of arms; far too many people are inclined at all times to accept the status quo and "make the best of it." Someone must be on the other side to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, to declare that there will be no compromise and no surrender to men who, if not checked by the moral indignation of the world, will take it straight back to barbarism, who will destroy all the ethical and intellectual advances that humanity has made since the Dark Ages. I am bold enough to believe that if Jesus were alive today He would not mince words. He would call things by their right names as did the great Jewish prophets, and He certainly would never yield in the face of evil, not a quarter of an inch. If by these words I were merely arousing the spirit of hate I should be sorry, but the responsibility would not be mine. Our duty as never before is to feel upon our bodies the tortures of the dictators and to cry out to high heaven until they are ended.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Poet in Spite of Himself

VARIETY: SECOND SERIES. By Paul Valéry. Translated from the French by William Aspenwall Bradley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

AMERICAN readers eager for acquaintance with Valéry's work have been meagerly served. Just after Valéry's reception into the French Academy in 1927, Malcolm Cowley translated "Variété I," the collection of essays by which Valéry tried—not entirely successfully—to explain the researches into pure thought and "pure poetry" that had occupied him during twenty years of silence. Now, after a long lapse of time, and after Valéry has published many volumes, a new translation of miscellaneous essays appears, made up of pieces chosen from three books, "Variété II" (1930), "Pièces sur l'art" (1934), and "Variété III" (1936), together with an essay on Villon and Verlaine, published in France as a finely produced separate volume in 1937.

Faced with the last-named essay, the reader familiar only with the first, ten-year-old translation, may well be puzzled about Valéry's development. For the essay on Villon and Verlaine is, obviously, a well-made piece of hack writing. It is not profound or even subtle; it might have been turned out by a journalist in the ordinary run of his work. Where are the evidences of labor and strain which Valéry once insisted must go into the act of writing? Where are the results of his belief in literature's difficult function? This essay, taken by itself, is proof of the change which has come over the man who once disdained to utter any thoughts at all; who admired, in literature, not so much works themselves as the "genesis" of works, and the spiritual elements which, in fusion, bring about the initial impetus in the artistic process. We see here a result of the circumstances which have transformed Valéry from a poet and thinker who, as he has said of Poe, "tried to unite a sort of mathematics with a sort of mysticism" into Valéry the academician, expected to have ideas on all sorts of artistic manifestations, have them often, and have them publicly.

Valéry's general ideas were never particularly varied, and they tended, as he has lately himself admitted, to harden into *idées fixes.* His sensibilities, on the other hand, have always been fine and complex. But he has spent many years in crying down his major gifts. His early strong admiration for Mallarmé, his acquaintance with Mallarmé's arduous poetic practice, and his youth spent in the anti-romantic atmosphere of the symbolist movement gave him not only a dislike but also a positive feeling of guilt concerning literature sensuously or intuitively expressed. His poetry, he has said, has for him been a set of "exercises." He disparages the element of chance, "inspiration," and insists on the function of the will in art. He has swallowed without a tremor Poe's rationalizations of instinctive creative workings. He has peppered his writings with italics, as though he were constantly bearing down on their essential "thought." Beneath all this underscoring his style flows on fluidly, often with rhetorical magnificence. He is a writer, all his protestations to the contrary, endowed with a natural feeling for sonorous language, operating under the force of a highly refined and subtle intuition. Gifts of this kind cannot be concealed and cannot be forged. The fact that Valéry continually denies them lends to his work as a whole a faint, continual tone of sophistry. We believe in him only partially, and most completely when he has for a moment let down his guard.

One fortunate result of the demands made upon Valéry by his official position is the diminution of his habit of endowing certain artists with his favorite virtues. Although still extolling Protagorean man, "the measure of all things," he can now look more objectively on individual personalities. The essays in the present volume devoted to Stendhal and Baudelaire are truly distinguished pieces of analytical appreciation. The Stendhal essay throws light not only upon Stendhal but upon the complexities of his time. Stendhal, detached and ironic observer of the follies attendant, in the post-Napoleonic era, upon the beginnings of big business, bureaucracy, and middle-class decorum, who insisted upon following his own tastes in art and amusement while his contemporaries "ended by no longer believing in anything but money," Valéry appreciates as an example of free spirit. Again, in the Baudelaire essay, he places the poet in his rightful place as the man who broke through romantic extravagance into modern cleanness of expression and inexorable realism.

In contrast to these solid and illuminating pieces of criticism Valéry's sad views of the breakdown of the human spirit in the modern world—he has been writing and rewriting these views for twenty years—sound feeble and complaining. Defining "the spirit" almost out of existence, he neglects to mention the sources, in ordinary human vitality, from which it continues even now to draw refreshment. How would an illustrious figure from the past view our civilization? he asks. Would not such a one be terrified of it, or disgusted with it? Since no vital response is struck out of himself Valéry donates to men who might well be delighted with some manifestations of modern vigor his own elegant despair. Valéry is weakest when he allows his sensitiveness, lately absorbed into the chilly conservatism of the public man, to underestimate "the spirit's" essential toughness. Man may bomb himself off the earth, but it is unlikely that human attributes will recede back into the prehuman. And Valéry's illustrious ghost would recognize hold-overs from the past in the present: crime, poverty, and riches. The reasons for these hold-overs Valéry never allows himself to go into.

The present translation is uninspired. The translator has edited the French: the essay Mediterranean Inspirations, for example, has been cut in half, and the section containing some of Valéry's most fruitful writing dropped. It would be a good thing if a more representative collection of Valéry's prose were published. His dialogues, considered by some critics to be his most valuable writing, his reminiscences of Mallarmé and Degas, a selection from his aphorisms and *aperçus,* the essays which establish his connoisseurship in the minor arts, together with many passages which succeed in drawing with great delicacy lines connecting man with the beauty and mystery of nature—such pieces of writing would give readers of translations a better view of the man than has been afforded them up to now. Such a book would be an antidote to the unhealthy tendency toward formula rather than feeling, in literature at large and in Valéry himself. It would present Valéry the poet *malgré lui*—his most valuable role. True poets are rare. There are always plenty of real and disguised academicians. LOUISE BOGAN

The Press

LORDS OF THE PRESS. By George Seldes. Julian Messner. $3.

MR. SELDES'S new book sets forth the latest developments in the newspaper world. He brings together many facts, and yet I laid down the book with considerable disappointment. Composed in part of articles contributed to magazines, it lacks the thoroughness of his earlier writing. I think, for example, that the study of David Stern and his newspapers does not give a complete picture—perhaps because the book went to press too soon to profit by the revelation of Mr. Stern's alliance with Pennsylvania politicians, from whom he obtained loans with which to carry on. It has been said without much exaggeration that the recent gubernatorial contest in Pennsylvania was in considerable degree a fight between Mr. Stern and his backers, and Moe Annenberg, into whose heavy hands has unhappily fallen the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. It is hard not to have doubts about the genuineness of Mr. Stern's liberalism, but Mr. Seldes apologizes for him. At least he lets him off by saying that he is putting out as liberal a newspaper as is possible under existing conditions. Had a conservative publisher done some of the things that Mr. Stern has done, Mr. Seldes would have no difficulty whatever in removing his skin.

One notices, too, that Mr. Seldes, like so many others of the liberal or radical group today, tends to measure the liberalism of men and newspapers by their attitude toward the New Deal. A man who opposed the Roosevelt court proposal or reorganization bill is apt to be written down as a complete reactionary. Mr. Seldes thinks that it is complete proof of the reactionary character of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* that H. L. Mencken was appointed editor and that he printed a six-column editorial consisting solely of dots, 1,000,075 dots, "one for every 'federal government's [*sic*] immense corps of job holders. . . . Such is the bill for being saved from revolution and ruin by Wonder Men.'" Mr. Seldes has painted a good many valuable portraits of the lords with whom he deals. I miss, however, a careful, factual description of the collapse of the Hearst chain and the marked decline of the Scripps-Howard dailies. Rightly or wrongly the impression grows that the "Sunpapers" have lost their liberalism. It would have been well, too, if we could have had a study of the economic difficulties created by the greatly increased cost of paper and the rise in wages—the latter long overdue and finally brought about by the Newspaper Guild, to which Mr. Seldes rightly dedicates his book. The economic situation of the daily newspaper is perhaps graver than ever before, and in consequence the owners of weak newspapers are more than ever tempted to toady to advertisers and yield to pressure of every description, notably from groups or institutions such as the Catholic church.

Finally, Mr. Seldes recommends that newspapermen should run the newspapers; that, he says, "would be one of the few real practical ways of establishing a free press." He suggests ten tests for a free press, among which are the following: giving equal space to the political parties; giving the consumer a square deal by telling the truth about advertising and consumers' goods, which includes telling the truth about cigarettes and automobiles. He would have the newspapers also give labor a square deal and print both sides of a controversy. These ten tests came to him, he writes, "on the spur of the moment." Others, I think, might suggest themselves after more deliberation. But whatever Mr. Seldes's faults of omission and haste, his book will again help to focus public attention on the press, whose freedom was never more vitally necessary than in the present worldwide emergency.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Medieval Fantasy

THE SWORD IN THE STONE. By T. H. White. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THERE is an excellent chance that this book will be one of the most disliked of the year, and one of the best liked too, among those to whom "The Crock of Gold," "The Worm Ouroboros," and Twain's "Connecticut Yankee" seem of enduring importance. There will be some to read riddles into it where none are intended, and there will be many to chafe at its outright nonsense, discovering no allegory at all nor any index of immediate social significance. Yet it is a wise book, in part a satiric fantasy of life in medieval Merrie England when King Arthur, known once as the Wart, was growing up. The Wart was tutored by Merlyn, who lived backward in time, who ran out of magic occasionally, knitted his beard into his skull cap, and prepared the lad for kingship by teaching him in curious ways that true education was dependent upon an understanding of nature. Thus the Wart, clothed in magic, viewed the world through the eyes of a fish, a badger, a snake, and a bird, and proved his mettle among them. So too he encountered the giants of man's mind ("They're hard to capture," said Sir Ector, "when they run out of scent") and the evil and exquisite Madame Mim (Pianoforte, Needlework, Necromancy).

The author has a scholar's knowledge of ancient economy, and the adept's delight in the precise, prescribed ritual of falconry and jousting and the hunting of the boar, however he may mock it. King Pellinore in pursuit of the Beast Glatisant, the Wart licking his puppy's nose, the knight hiccuping "Hic, haec, hoc!" are tenderly drawn though they may be fools. And underneath this sheerest nonsense there is a respect for both the time and the legend that makes "The Sword in the Stone" one of the soundest and most delightful fictions of early England that we have had. It is a wondrous tale, full of humor and beauty, with no plot and no sermon, and should serve well as a prophylactic against the dyspeptic news of our own day. HASSOLDT DAVIS

Englishman in Revolt

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By Robert Briffault. Simon and Schuster. $2.

THIS is the most hostile and pitiless book on England and the English that has been written for many years. Of course the author is an Englishman. For only an Englishman can describe his own people and their history with so much hatred as Briffault shows. The dull, superficial, conventional forms of English society do not have any real importance. Many independent men and women of England have looked on their society with an easy tolerance or have enjoyed it. But others think that they must break the fetters of convention; they liberate themselves and then they raise the flag of rebellion against England and the English.

The line of famous English rebels against England goes down from Lord Byron to Parnell, and Briffault follows these illustrious predecessors. Briffault was born in London of British parents. He lived many years as a surgeon in New Zealand, wrote a number of remarkable books, served in the British army during the Great War and received several British decorations, which he returned to King George on October 1, 1938, under the fresh impression of Chamberlain's betrayal of European democracy.

The strong side of this book is its exposure of the political methods used by the English governing class since the time of Queen Elizabeth. Briffault is a brilliant historian, and some small mistakes in details do not lessen the force of his argument or of his penetrating judgment. The weakness of his book lies in its use of the results gained by a thorough criticism of the English governing classes against the British nation as a whole. General judgments on a nation are usually a mixture of prejudice and misunderstanding. Remarks on "the English" as a unity are not truer than the usual characterizations of "the Jews" or "the Germans" or "the Americans." If Briffault had avoided exaggeration in his attacks on the English people as "English," his power to convince would be much stronger.

Nevertheless, the thanks of all the friends of progress and democracy are due today to every Englishman who shows that he really understands the fateful political course which brought Mr. Chamberlain to Munich. Briffault makes an extremely important remark on a principal change in European politics since the end of the Great War. Pre-war politics were concerned with purely political issues. They were motivated by national rivalries for power or economic advantage. British capitalists before 1914 wanted to foil the plans of German capitalists without much interest for the social struggles within Germany itself. Nobody in England or France in those days suggested sparing the Kaiser or allowing him better opportunities for colonial expansion because he was such a valiant fighter against the Socialist labor movement.

In post-war Europe purely national aims are subordinated to the bearing they may have on social issues. The English and French upper classes are ready to accept every humiliation from Hitler or Mussolini not because they are cowards or weaklings but because they look on the fascist dictators as their present or future allies against Soviet Russia and the labor revolution. Briffault gives a very clear description of the "ostensible and abnormal" pacifism which the governments of England and France always confess. This pacifism is only a pretext serving to confuse the issues and to deceive world opinion. Chamberlain and his friends hope to get a four-power alliance against Russia and the revolution, but there is danger that Chamberlain's politics will make the British Empire weaker and weaker and the fascists always more adventurous. Perhaps Hitler will come to the conclusion that it is better business to destroy finally the ridiculous British Empire than to attempt a crusade against Moscow.

Briffault tells a story which at this moment cannot be proved, but which may be true. During the Abyssinian War, when the situation of Mussolini looked desperate because of the economic sanctions of the League of Nations, suddenly the King of Belgium went to London to "consult a dentist." Really he was the bearer of a message from the King of Italy begging that Mussolini be spared; for if Mussolini were defeated the monarchy would be destroyed in Italy and a Socialist republic established there. The English government understood the danger to European capitalism of a Socialist victory in Italy, and the fight against Mussolini was dropped.

Briffault's publisher tells us that the author of this anti-English book is now living either in France or in the United States. But if Briffault should like one day to return to England, it is very improbable that anybody would hurt him on the streets of London. He could also go to Oxford and address a big meeting of students, and most probably the meeting would pass a vote of thanks for the courageous speaker. The English cannot be so bad as long as such independent and stubborn fighters as Briffault are being born on their island. ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Logical Empiricism

EXPERIENCE AND PREDICTION. AN ANALYSIS OF THE FOUNDATIONS AND THE STRUCTURE OF KNOWLEDGE. By Hans Reichenbach. University of Chicago Press. $4.

IN THIS book one of Germany's most eminent scientific philosophers presents his views to the English public. Professor Hans Reichenbach, formerly of the University of Berlin and of Istanbul, and now, happily for this country, at the University of California (southern branch), is well known as cofounder of the school of logical empiricism and editor of the Nazi-proscribed *Erkenntnis*. His critical exposition of the foundations of relativity theory and his development of the frequency theory of probability on a more ambitious scale than has hitherto been attempted represent contributions of the highest importance. Professor Reichenbach is an anomaly in the German philosophical tradition. His bias is definitely empirical. He is aware of the conventionalistic elements in the theory and practice of modern science but stresses the material and procedural contexts within which they function and are controlled. He resolutely closes the door to a priori metaphysical constructions in his philosophical analysis. The American reader will be impressed by the fact that he seems to have developed views which are close to the probabilism of Charles Peirce. The most distinctive feature of his present work is the non-technical restatement of his "solution" of the problem of induction, presented here in the context of a new probabilistic theory of meaning and truth.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to epistemological questions, including grounds for belief in the existence of the external world, which pragmatic American philosophers with whom Reichenbach claims kinship have dismissed as meaningless. Professor Reichenbach's absorption in traditional epistemological problems, combined with his operationalism and frequency theory of probability, creates some puzzles that will stir many American philosophers to criticism and dissent. But his work will undoubtedly have a fructifying influence. On any theory of probability it is extremely likely that he will leave a distinguished mark not only on contemporary American philosophy but wherever thought is empirical, logical, and free. SIDNEY HOOK

So Great a Man

NAPOLEON: SOLDIER AND EMPEROR. By Octave Aubry. Translated by Arthur Livingston. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.75.

ENGLAND'S YEARS OF DANGER. By Paul Frischauer. Oxford University Press. $2.75.

BONAPARTE's trouble, it has been well said, was that he thought he was Napoleon. Here are two more books to prove it. Admirers of M. Aubry's "St. Helena" will wish to read the extended introduction to that work—which is what his present volume necessarily amounts to. Handsomely set up, with what looks to be a representation of Charles Boyer on the dust jacket (remember "Conquest"?—Garbo was in it), and translated with spirit and some useful editing by Arthur Livingston, this book follows in the main the reported facts of Napoleon's years of action as set down by the French memorialists of his era. Belliard and Bourrienne, Ségur, Caulaincourt, Fouché, Marmont, and the rest—all make revealing contributions to M. Aubry's chapters, in which there is a good deal of thunder but very little blood. The thunder, of course, is furnished by the protagonist: and there is an oddly modern roll to some of it. For example, this, from Napoleon's address to the Council of State on the eve of Ulm and Austerlitz:

> I go to crush the odious House of Austria which I should never have spared. . . . While I am engaged in far-away Germany the nation must be responsible for itself. . . . It must revive its old energies. It must show all Europe that it is one with its leader. . . . I am the nation's work. The nation must uphold me.

M. Aubry, however, does not labor such points as this. He belongs, as much perhaps as any Frenchman can when dealing with Napoleon, to the school of "objective" historians who set up the materials for historical analogies but leave readers free to draw their own.

For devotees of that instructive pastime, here is also the other side of the Napoleonic medal—Herr Frischauer's documentation of England's years of peril during the last world war but one, when they plowed up the green fields of the tight little island into breastworks against the Corsican ogre who never got there, but who pursued, instead, into the deceptive sunshine of a Russian autumn the chimera of Russia's temporary imperial ally *perfide Albion,* thus opening the way for himself to end his days in protective custody.

Herr Frischauer has already been widely praised for this skilful and judicious assembling of direct quotations into a running commentary by small and great persons upon the course of polity in their world during the years 1792-1815; from the National Convention, that is, to the last of the Hundred Days. All students of the period will wish to own his book. Typical quotation (it closes the book):

> If the Duke of Wellington declares himself against Napoleon being put to death, he is thinking and behaving like a Briton. Great Britain has no greater obligations to any mortal on earth than to this ruffian [Napoleon]. For through the events which he has brought about, England's greatness, prosperity, and wealth have risen high. She is the mistress of the sea, and neither in this dominion nor in world trade has she now a single rival to fear. . . .

The writer was Gneisenau, chief of the Prussian staff at Waterloo. GEORGE LIBAIRE

Shorter Notices

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO. By Rachel Field. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Rachel Field's great-aunt was Henriette Deluzy-Desportes, governess to the children of the Duc and Duchesse de Praslin, the woman who pleaded her own case in a murder trial that helped to drive the French king from his throne. Freed, she came to America and later married Henry M. Field, brother of Cyrus Field, who laid the Atlantic cable. The author has written her book with the loving care of one recording a family annal. Henriette is treated realistically enough, if a bit too tenderly, to be completely believable, especially in her role of a French woman trying to fit into the life of a New England village and of the hostess of a house in Gramercy Park in the nineteenth century. The novel as a whole is good reading; Rachel Field's style is well adapted to the telling of a romantic and amazing tale. Interesting details of social life in America, drawn doubtless from family letters, are given with humor and charm, and it is easy to forgive a grand-niece for idealizing somewhat so interesting an ancestor.

EUROPE REHOUSED. By Elizabeth Denby. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

Miss Denby, who comes to us with a well-deserved introduction from Professor Gropius, had long been actively engaged in public housing in Britain before setting out on an intensive study of the same field in Europe. This book deals specifically with progress made in six countries—Sweden, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and France. In spite of widely differing conditions all these countries in the last twenty years have been forced to employ public funds in meeting desperate housing needs. Not that the problem was anything new; actually slums and overcrowding became a chronic evil with the rapid growth of populations which accompanied the industrialization of the Western world. The cessation of all building during the war called dramatic attention to the situation in Europe, just as the stoppage of practically all building during the depression opened the eyes of

WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT ARISTOCRATIC TAXATION?

The most appalling instrument of oppression in human society is the Fiscal Power, which is deliberately employed to *penalize* productive industry with burdensome taxes while at the same time *subsidizing and promoting speculation* in the value of improved and vacant land. This is why productive enterprise finds itself "on the spot" between rising taxes and inflated ground rent.

Industrial machinery and the ground on which the machinery is located are totally different economic factors. The machine and its products are values arising from Management and Labor. These values are *over-taxed.* But on the other hand, ground values are unearned increment caused by the presence of society; and these values, in comparison, are *under-taxed* in such a degree that vacant land can be held idle on speculation; while occupied land is used for extracting ground rent from over-taxed productive business.

The fiscal methods prevailing in modern civilization are a hang-over from feudal Europe. Bearing down heavily upon production while protecting the special privilege of unearned increment in land values, the existing system of taxation is lop-sided and aristocratic; *and it constitutes a formidable but invisible drag on democracy.* No democracy can permanently endure under the pressure of lop-sided, illogical taxation.

Machines and the ground on which they stand were mistakenly identified as "instruments of production" by Karl Marx. This confusion at the basis of Marxism goes clear up through the socialistic-communistic philosophy, just as an architectural blunder in the foundation of a house goes clear up to the roof.

Today's Marxist crusade against what is called "capitalistic exploitation of labor" is merely promotion of uncritical economics. The energy employed in Marxist propaganda simply increases today's widespread confusion when it could be spreading light by attacking the most vulnerable point in the economic problem, —lop-sided, aristocratic taxation. *Marx knew nothing about the historical significance of taxation; and he had no conception of the Fiscal Power with reference to the phenomenon of ground rent.*

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

[Begin on opposite page]

More light on this question has been given by Henry George than by any other economic writer. But the deductive, a priori method of his "Progress and Poverty" needs to be supplemented by inductive, historical economics. The work of Henry George two generations ago has given rise to endless argument about the merits of an exclusive tax on the value of the land. Whereas the historical approach to the problem results in emphasis, not upon land, but upon capital and labor as victims of lop-sided fiscal methods introduced for the purpose of protecting ground monopoly against the advance of democracy. The term "single tax" could be eliminated to advantage.

Modern Democracy is an unfinished politico-economic structure which results from compromise between capitalists and ground landlords; the latter, in return for the bribe of complete, or partial, exemption of land values from taxation, having grudgingly submitted to lowering of the franchise from the largest property holders to the middle classes and thence to the laboring masses. *Democracy is not a product but a process.* Almost none of the present-day writers on political science tell the real story of popular government; how it actually originated; and what its actual meaning is in terms of historic realities. (For confusion on the problem, see, among many other works, "The State," by Woodrow Wilson; "Parliamentary Government in England," by H. Laski; article "Legislative Assemblies," in the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences; etc.).

[Material prepared by Louis Wallis]

this country to the crying urgency of the housing problem. Miss Denby's book should prove of intense interest not only to those engaged professionally in meeting that problem but also to socially minded laymen. It is well illustrated with photographs, plans, and graphic charts and supplies a great deal of detailed information without ever becoming heavily technical.

THE SURVIVORS. By René Béhaine. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

For thirty years now René Béhaine has been a dark horse in French letters. In all likelihood he is destined to remain so until he becomes eventually forgotten. Living in seclusion in Provence and doggedly continuing his interminable "History of a Society," he is periodically discovered by some enthusiast or other and likened to Marcel Proust, with whom he has very little in common, or—as Ford Madox Ford does in the preface to "The Survivors"—to Balzac and Flaubert. In reality he has a closer affinity with such honest and unassuming artisans of the novel as Edouard Estaunié and Georges Duhamel. Mr. Ford tells us that René Béhaine has performed the feat of remaining at once royalist, atheist, and pacifist. "The Survivors" concerns almost exclusively "the class from which the real royalists are recruited," the decaying nobility of France living parasitically in a dream world. The author's atheism makes itself abundantly apparent in the restrained irony with which he describes the dead crust of Catholicism that covers the useless lives of the members of that class. In fact, the criticism is never more than implied as he coldly depicts in detail the religious education of the demoiselles de Laignes and de Chappes, the processions, the scapulars, the convents, and the sewing societies for the African missions. An American Catholic will find nothing offensive here and indeed nothing new, unless it is a greater measure of austerity. The "History of a Society" as a whole simply records the union of a survivor of the old regime with a rather puny representative of the upper middle class, and "The Survivors" establishes the background from which Catharine de Laignes comes.

DEAD NED. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The hero of this tale becomes before the book closes a resurrected corpse who goes off with a bloody captain to take part in the eighteenth-century slave trade. Before that occurs, however, as a young man apprenticed to a doctor, he is accused of a murder and hanged. The yarn is a very good one, exciting and full of robust characters. Masefield proved in "Sard Harker" that he could write the adventure story par excellence. In this new tale the action is rapid, the historical setting vivid and interesting, the comment on eighteenth-century medicine and practices very amusing. But primarily "Dead Ned" is a romantic picaresque novel, with the good rogue for a hero. The story is based on two factual occurrences recorded in the annals of surgery. Perhaps the most interesting part of the tale is yet to be printed, since Masefield excells in stories of rough life at sea, and Ned, after being supposedly quite dead, is resurrected and just setting sail when this book ends.

DRAMA

Here Come the Ghosts

FOR some years now cognoscenti have occasionally referred in awed tones to Sutton Vane's eerie comedy "Outward Bound." It has just been revived at the Playhouse with an excellent cast, and it promises to achieve today a popular success as great as that which it once enjoyed with those who took their theater seriously. Perhaps this implies some vast improvement in popular taste, but it may, I think, be accounted for more simply by reference to the fact that at present the general public is conditioned to the supernatural. During the two or three years just past there have been more ghosts of one sort or another on the New York stage than trod its boards during the whole of the preceding decade, and even tired business men who used to reach for their hats at the slightest hint of allegory or symbolism have learned to take disembodied spirits as a matter of course.

Even so, "Outward Bound" seems to me to put a considerable strain upon one's power of suspending disbelief. The subject is death and judgment; the method consists in attempting to inspire credence by making everything as completely matter-of-fact as possible. As you will remember if you were intellectual enough to have seen the play when to admire it was a mark of distinction, the entire action takes place in the smoking-room of a liner and concerns a group of passengers upon whom the realization gradually dawns that they are all dead. Obviously this is a good idea for a ghost story, but like so many ghost stories "Outward Bound" cannot reach a rational conclusion except by way of an increasing explicitness that gradually dissipates the eerie atmosphere upon which it depended. In the end Rhadamanthus appears in the guise of a bluff customs inspector who examines the spiritual baggage of the passengers and assigns each to the task of remaking his life. Thus what began as a ghost story ends as an allegory which might appropriately be concluded with a quotation from one of Mr. Browning's most fatuous pieces.

Much of "Outward Bound" is undoubtedly clever and more than acceptable as theatrical entertainment. In fact, a good half of the running time is occupied with the straight comic treatment of the humors of sea travel, and much of the material would be just as effective if the scene were supposed to be the SS. American Banker instead of Charon's Ferry and if the passengers were no more ghostly than they look. But as I remarked in connection with Philip Barry's recent "Here Come the Clowns," I find it difficult to understand why many persons assume, as they do, that even the most elementary allegory is somehow "deeper" and "finer" than anything else. Like Mr. Barry's play, "Outward Bound" is an ingenious novelty, but that the thesis of either play plumbs any hitherto unexplored depths I defy anyone to maintain. The piece is, however, rather unusually well performed by a cast which includes Vincent Price, Helen Chandler, Bramwell Fletcher, and two old-timers—Florence Reed and Laurette Taylor. Miss Reed is excellent as the snooty passenger who has difficulty in adjusting herself to intimate association with even the ghosts of her social inferiors, but I think that the highest honors should go to Miss Taylor, who gives so admirable an interpretation of the role of a mild-mannered charwoman as to make one wish that she would emerge more often from retirement.

"Spring Meeting" (Morosco Theater) is a London success which New York also shows signs of taking to, and it may therefore serve to relieve somewhat the strained relations at present existing between the two capitals, which have recently been exchanging acrimonious So-that's-the-sort-of-thing-you-like-is-it's across the ocean. Nevertheless, the play is actually one of the most British of British domestic comedies, dealing this time with an eccentric Irish baronet and his equally eccentric family. The tart old maid, the comic servants, and the flapper daughter frankly desperate for a man are all there. So too is that atmosphere suggestive of a family joke which Britons adore and which Americans generally find slightly embarrassing. Yet I found myself, like the other members of the audience, very pleasantly entertained. Perhaps an unusually agreeable cast headed by Gladys Cooper and A. E. Matthews accounts for the fact, but I suspect that something in the writing has a good deal to do with it also. The authors seem to stick pretty close to familiar formulas, but the formulas work even better than usual, and for once the family joke gets across to an American audience —even though the piece is unmistakably what the English call a "jolly" play. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

A DELICIOUS pie, with flaky crust, raisins, and a good touch of rum, has been cooked again by first-class chefs and is served excellently in "The Beachcomber." W. Somerset Maughan is the *maitre de cuisine:* Erich Pommer, the pre-Hitler chef of the German UFA, prepares the dish; the waiter and waitress are Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester (in private life married to each other); the restaurant Paramount.

Recipe: Take a drunkard and an inhibited virgin. Make the contrast between them as sharp as possible. Let them—he is a beachcomber, she a teacher—represent two opposing philosophies of life, which, of course, they must not really have. Mix them. Let the mixture become bitter—till they fall in love. Then out with the sugar box: marriage and the decent life of petty innkeepers somewhere in England. He never touches a drop again except to sell it, and she says, "Let's hit the hay." To make the whole plot difficult to compare with everyday life and thus more believable, let it take place 10,000 miles from the Western world on a Far Eastern island; this also adds spice. Fill it with the raisins of sharp psychological observations and witty bits of dialogue—and most guests will eat the confection with delight.

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I did so myself, up to a certain point. Charles Laughton creates again one of his vital characters, which one cannot forget because they are individuals and not the usual types which populate the screen. In this picture, if he had been permitted to follow the fate of the outcast beachcomber through to its true end—to be drowned in the surf and washed away—he might have given us the greatest piece of acting in his career so far; and the whole picture would have been an outstanding movie instead of only first-class entertainment that is, nevertheless, too subtle in spots to have the box-office appeal for which it obviously tries.

Elsa Lanchester is perfect as the drunkard's puritan foil. She is best when, rising above the level of successful theatrical routine, she gives chaste notice that she is falling in love with the man she is supposed to despise. In the jungle night (death is looming among the palms) she has moments which also make one wish for a tragic development so that she might show the whole range of her talent. Instead the film fizzles out into an ending of domestic happiness.

In comparison, "The Lady Vanishes," directed by Alfred 39-Steps Hitchcock (Gaumont), is, on a lower level, the better picture. Precise and without pretensions, it is the best spy thriller in a long time: growing suspense from beginning to end, no empty threats, no sticky romantics, no stupid explanation, no misleading clues—every minute is used to advance the plot, which has an almost mathematical logic. Of course, a whole arsenal of old tricks is employed, but with authority and irony. By this quantity is changed into quality. About the excellent use of the comic relief provided by two English sport enthusiasts one could write an essay. Besides being an excellent story, presented with technical perfection, the picture vividly conveys the ruthless, machine-like methods of an organization which has the features of a modern totalitarian system. Our compliments to Mr. Hitchcock: the thriller addict leaves this film not only highly satisfied but with no pricks of conscience at having been taken in again by trash.

"The Foolish Virgin" (Film d'Art) produced by Henri Diamant-Berger after the old play by Henri Bataille, presents a new actress, Juliette Faber, whom we shall look forward to seeing again soon. She plays the difficult part of a young girl falling in love with an elderly man and conveys her passion with such an economy of expression that her love becomes most natural and not at all foolish. This newest French picture, though it ends rather awkwardly in the old-fashioned manner of Henri Bataille's last acts, is worth seeing if only to make the acquaintance of Miss Faber.

FRANZ HOELLERING

NEXT WEEK IN *The Nation*
A Last Conversation with Karel Capek
by Erica Mann

IN EARLY ISSUES
"The Wild Palm" by William Faulkner
reviewed by Robert Morss Lovett
"Unforgotten Years" by Logan Pearsall Smith
reviewed by Odell Shepard

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RECORDS

ON Columbia's December list is one of Brahms's best works, the Variations on a Theme of Handel (three records, $5), which has been available only in an unsatisfactory performance by Moiseivitch. I don't agree with Egon Petri's idea of Variation 22 and his telescoping of Variations 23 and 24; for the rest, however, he does an excellent job. Wiener and Doucet give a performance of Mozart's D major Sonata for two pianos (two records, $3.25) in a style polished and refined down to the point where the music hasn't the vitality and sparkle that it has in the Timely recording by Castagnetta and Kaye. Schubert's Sonata in A minor for 'cello and piano, beautifully played by Feuermann and Gerald Moore (2½ records, $4.50), gives us the qualities that are Schubert's, but in a work of minor stature. As for Bach's Sonata No. 2 for harpsichord and viola da gamba, well done by Ernst Victor Wolff and Janos Scholz (two records, $3.25), I find it as dull as the Sonata No. 1.

Columbia's orchestral releases include Respighi's enjoyable "The Birds," well recorded by Defauw with the Brussels Conservatory Orchestra (two records, $3.25); Beecham's fine new version of the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" (two records, $3.25); and Deems Taylor's "Through the Looking Glass," played on four records by the Columbia Broadcasting System Orchestra under Barlow. Columbia, which thinks $1.50 a record is enough for Beethoven or Mozart, thinks also that nothing less than $2 a record is enough for Taylor; but there are any number of things that would be better value for someone with $8—or even $2—to spend.

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Victor's most treasurable December release is the record ($2) of the closing scene of the performance of "Boris Godunov" at Covent Garden on July 4, 1928, with Chaliapin as Boris. On its two sides it gives the music that is on the last third of the A side and the entire B side of Victor 6724, but this music with the life, the dramatic potency it acquires from the pace, the atmosphere of the performance—to say nothing of the better orchestra and recording (the two sides of 6724 seem to have been done at different times, with Chaliapin's voice badly recorded on the B side).

Then there is the album (four records, $6.50) of Christmas carols sung by the marvelous Vienna Choir Boys. It reached me after Christmas, but the singing of these boys is for all months of the year. Included among the songs from various countries is an American Indian song that I am sure no American Indian would acknowledge in the arrangement in which the boys sing it.

I dislike the music, but the performance and recording of the passages from "Parsifal" in the set (two records, $4.50) made by Melchior with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy are excellent. Yella Pessl's performance of the A major Sonata of Scarlatti, on her single ($1.50), is quite good; her performance of the C minor is heavy. Brahms's "Feldeinsamkeit" and Reger's "Waldeinsamkeit" and "Zum Schlafen," on another single ($2), are well sung by Maria Müller; but I do not care for Reger's songs. And an outstanding vocal record on Victor's special list that I reached a little late is Eide Norena's of Handel's "Care Selve" ($2).

I doubt that Byrd would accept Stokowski's translation of his Pavane and Gigue into the lush sonorities of the Philadelphia Orchestra ($1.50). And I fear that if Wagner heard what Stokowski makes of his "Tristan und Isolde" (five records, $10)—the falsification of the sense of the work by the rearrangement of material, the manner of performance—he would express his disapproval homicidally, with a second bullet for the gentleman who in the accompanying booklet refers to Wagner's own ending of his work as "the conventional ending" of concert versions, and who translates the second-act duet into a night of *True Story* love.

From my examination of the New York *Post's* records of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony I conclude that they offer a new recording made especially for the purpose. The performance is good; the surfaces are quiet (what they will be like later I do not know); the recording is clear but without the richness of present-day orchestral recording—as though care had been taken to give no more than was being paid for. You get that much if you paid 93 cents with your coupons; but if you paid $1.93 for a so-called Philharmonic Transcription—which means the same records with a few gaudy labels and an album that Victor charges 50 cents for—you do not get your additional dollar's worth. As for the record-player, a good one which, linked to a first-class radio amplifier and speaker, will produce the sounds described in the *Post's* promotion copy costs about $40.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Lift the Embargo!

Dear Sirs: A profound crisis in American foreign policy impends. There are the clearest indications that the powers whose pact at Munich made possible the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia have a similar dispensation prepared for Spain.

This is a matter which vitally concerns our nation. It is not merely the spread of authoritarian aggression and its consequent threat to democracies which concerns us, but the serious challenge presented to the economic security and political integrity of the Latin American republics. It becomes increasingly evident that the dictator powers are seeking to control the economic and political destinies of the countries of South America. If they are permitted to succeed, it will mean a very grave menace to our own interests and ultimately to our freedom itself. Fascism predominant in Spain, the mother country, will encourage further fascist penetration in South America.

The threat to South America has not been ignored by the United States. Plans for navy and army expansion reflect a growing concern on the part of the government. Strangely enough, our government, almost deliberately it seems, has turned away from the least expensive and safest antidote—the lifting of the embargo on arms to Spain. This step would not only aid a sister democracy but serve notice to the world that we do not intend to countenance fascist depredations in this hemisphere.

If the United States is interested in the preservation of the political and economic integrity of South America, in the preservation of democracy, in the preservation of international law and peace, the embargo must be lifted. Spain must not be the victim of a second Munich.

We urge all who value peace, democracy, and the rule of law to write at once to the President and to Secretary Hull and demand that the embargo be lifted.

DARWIN J. MESEROLE, HAROLD P. SELIGSON, WALKER GELLHORN, MILTON KOVNITZ, H. H. NORDLINGER, PAUL J. KERN, S. JOHN BLOCK, ALBERT S. BARD, DOROTHY KENYON, THURGOOD MARSHALL.

New York, December 28

Kernan—Progressive Veteran

Dear Sirs: May I express appreciation of the excellent, concise, and painstaking article in your issue of December 17 on Coughlin, the Jews, and Communism, by the Reverend William C. Kernan. Your many readers may be interested to know that Father Kernan is a veteran, a former post chaplain of the California American Legion, and a member of the Executive Board of the Council of United States Veterans. He is an outstanding example of the progressive veteran. SAMUEL ROBBINS

Milwaukee, Wis., December 30

Behind O'Connell's Defeat

Dear Sirs: As the editor of the *Western Progressive,* which brought Jerry O'Connell into political prominence in the state of Montana and gave him the build-up upon which he coasted up to the time of his defeat in the recent elections, I was quite amused by John E. Kennedy's article in the November 26 issue of *The Nation,* entitled Liberal's Defeat—A Case History.

We here in Montana know why Mr. O'Connell was defeated. When he announced his candidacy for Congress in 1936, he was serving as Railroad and Public Service Commissioner. The progressives of the state had worked hard to elect him to that office against the opposition of the corporate and specially privileged interests. He was elected to bring about a reduction in utility rates, and his term of office was for six years. He quit that office to run for Congress, and in that election he had the support of all of the corporate interests of the state. Jerry said they wanted to get him off the Railroad and Public Service Commission, and perhaps he was right. The progressives of Montana elected him for a specific purpose, and he quit before the job was done.

Mr. Kennedy's article complains that in the 1938 campaign the Catholic church, the corporate interests, Senator Wheeler, Governor Ayres, the subsidized newspapers of Montana, *Labor,* the great national paper of the Railway Brotherhoods, William Green of the American Federation of Labor, John L. Lewis of the C. I. O., and even Mrs. Wheeler were opposing Jerry. This is true. They all did oppose him, and so did a majority of the progressive citizens who had supported him in his first campaign. The moral, as one of the weekly papers of the state pointed out, was that a political candidate should have some friends.

Regardless of what Jerry and some of his associates in the East think of Senator Wheeler, we here in Montana have confidence in his honesty and integrity. Many of us differed with him on his court fight, but we never questioned his sincerity of purpose.

Of course the Communists supported Jerry, as they support most progressive candidates in Montana. Had he been able to retain the support of the Catholics of western Montana, and had he not lost the confidence of the liberal voters of the state, he would probably have been elected. The fault lies, not with Jerry's opposition, but with Jerry's own conduct. JOHN W. NELSON

Helena, Mont., December 23

The March Against Culture

Dear Sirs: Jewish students have now by a new Czechoslovakian government decree been shut out from attendance at the German university in Prague. This in itself would be saddening but not surprising. Since Hitler is now the real master of the Prague Hradschin, the German minority still remaining in the country enjoys the advantages of "coordination" without protest. But the Nazification of the university has an after-taste which is even more unpleasant. It is another milestone on the triumphant march of the new Germany against culture.

In the same Castle Hradschin where President Hacha takes his orders from the Wilhelmstrasse, there resided six hundred years ago a powerful, cultivated prince, Karl IV, of Luxembourg. Ruling the German Empire from Bohemia, this prince founded on Bohemian soil the first German university (1348) Countless learned men of worldwide reputation have since then taught and studied in the University of Prague, always the most liberal school of German speaking Europe. The *numerus clausus* against Jews on the teaching staff was never applied here, not even in the last years. And Jews have from the beginning formed a numerically larger proportion of the students than in other

German universities. It was thus no accident that the University of Prague played an important role in the struggle for democracy; the "reading and conversation room" for German students was an important secret cell of the revolution of 1848.

Later, to be sure, even the liberal University of Prague was penetrated by the popular spirit. The Sudeten German students flaunted their varicolored ribbons and caps on the streets, and the mere sight of them so aroused the Czechs that often a *Bummel* of Sudeten students developed into a street riot and the police and even mounted military had to intervene. Many a minister of Franz Joseph's fell because of the Prague students. Only under Masaryk's mild scholar's scepter was liberalism fully reestablished in its first academic seat. Now the oldest German university has followed the example of its younger sisters. The exodus of Jewish and liberal scholars has already begun. Perhaps America will be able to offer hospitality to some of the exiles as it has to so many of their predecessors.

ANTON KUH

New York, December 29

Catalonian Writers in Need

Dear Sirs: I have had a letter from my friend, Maria Manent, a poet and scholar of Barcelona, who has translated much American poetry into Catalonian, asking me to form a committee with Mr. Archibald MacLeish, to endeavor to meet the desperate needs of a number of Catalonian writers who this year are faced with actual shortage of food. It is food, not money, for which he asks. I have met many of these writers and have the highest respect for them, as I have for Maria Manent, and I wish, in my own name and that of Mr. MacLeish, to ask American writers to help in this urgent emergency. It is to writers that Maria Manent specifically appeals.

Will any writer, reading this letter and wishing to help, engage himself or herself to contribute a sum of from $1 to $10 a month for six months, with the possibility of optional renewal, the funds thus contributed being used to send food, by means which have already been provided, direct to Catalonian writers in Barcelona. Please write to me at 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, inclosing a first-month check, or to Mr. Archibald MacLeish, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

HENRY S. CANBY

New York, December 28

Careful or Cavalier?

Dear Sirs: It was illuminating to me to contrast the opinion of Thomas Mann, as expressed in *The Nation* of December 10, to the effect that "the artist . . . is of course the careful human being par excellence" with a recent talk (as distinct from "speech") given at Harvard by Robert Frost as a prelude to a reading of his own poems. In his talk Mr. Frost differentiated the artist from the scholar as one whose approach to life, to knowledge, was easy-going, nonchalant, and, in his most emphasized term, "cavalier."

Are the differences here the differences in national cultures—on the one hand the inheritor of a ponderous, metaphysical tradition, on the other the inheritor of no conscientious hierarchy of thought or, indeed, of any attitude not at least implied in Whitman's initial liberation from bookishness? Or do the differences go deeper?

JOHN HASTINGS

Cambridge, Mass., December 23

The Italy America Society

Dear Sirs: On behalf of the Italy America Society I wish to correct certain serious misinformation about us that appeared in your issue of October 15, in an article entitled Mussolini's American Agents by M. B. Schnapper. Mr. Schnapper says that "the Italy America Society serves up its propaganda chiefly in cultural guises," and he conveys the impression that our activities have political connotations. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

We were organized in 1918, long before the advent of fascism, and from the start a cardinal principle of the society has been to eschew politics completely. Charles Evans Hughes was our first president. Other founders included William Fellowes Morgan and Hamilton Holt. Our roster of presidents speaks for itself: Justice Hughes, already mentioned, Paul D. Cravath, Thomas L. Lamont, Henry Rogers Winthrop, Marshall Field, Myron C. Taylor, and the Hon. Henry Prather Fletcher, the independence of whose attitude during his ambassadorship to Italy was well known.

Mr. Schnapper seems to think there is something suspect in the Italy America Society's having connections in Italy, including "Italian noblewomen as its Italian officers." These good ladies are not in any way active in the society, but merely act at times as hostesses to those of our members who visit Italy. Most of our members are Americans. They are people who are fond of Italy and who like to study its language and its achievements in art, literature, and science. While not of the eminence of those generations of Englishmen of whom Byron and the Brownings were outstanding examples, these American friends of Italy have the same feeling for its beauty and history.

HENRY BURCHELL, Vice-President

New York, December 1

[We fail to understand how those who share the feeling of Byron and the Brownings for the "beauty and history" of Italy can fail to take a positive stand against a regime which has done that culture to death. Until the society takes such a stand, we shall continue to believe that Mr. Schnapper's inference is a reasonable one.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* correspondent in Spain, is at present in the United States.

WILLSON WHITMAN is writing a book on the TVA, of which the present series of articles is a part.

VLADIMIR POZNER, a French journalist now visiting the United States, has recently published "Bloody Baron: The Story of Ungern Sternberg."

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The Shape of Things

THE QUESTIONS RAISED BY I. F. STONE IN AN article in this issue on the challenge of the Whitney case merit the attention of Congress. The failure of the Attorney General of New York and the nationally famous "racket-busting" District Attorney of Manhattan, Mr. Dewey, to go as deeply into this case as they might cannot be corrected by Congress. But the readiness of Chairman Douglas of the SEC to declare the Whitney case closed even after the resignation of Dr. Hutchins as a public representative on the Board of Governors of the Exchange warrants inquiry at Washington. Is the SEC so anxious to fraternize with President "Bill" Martin of the Exchange that it is willing to shut its eyes to facts which disturb the carefully built-up picture of a "reformed" Stock Exchange? Are the results of past New Deal investigations to evaporate in the warm but treacherous atmosphere of an era of good feeling between the Exchange and the SEC? Is our most important market, the market in which the value of the savings of the American people is in large part established, to be left in the hands of a sham "reform" administration? The unwillingness of the Exchange to inquire into the circumstances that enabled an embezzler to serve so long as its officer is apparent. Chairman Douglas's statement to Arthur Krock, "For the SEC, as for the Exchange, the Whitney case is closed," will be comforting at Broad and Wall streets but it should raise the alarm on Capitol Hill.

NOT SINCE DREYFUS HAS JUSTICE WON SO great a victory as in the freeing of Tom Mooney. The power of California's great capitalist interests sent him to jail and kept him there twenty-two years despite the fact that three official investigations indicated a frame-up. The power of organized labor and of its progressive middle-class allies has set Mooney free by the election of a governor pledged to pardon him. Culbert I. Olson, the new Governor of California, has covered his name with glory by his historic act. The Russian Revolution saved Mooney from execution—the cry of "Muni" set up by demonstrators before our embassy in what was then St. Peters-

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burg led to the first investigation of the case and the commutation of Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment by Governor Stephens at the request of President Wilson. The upsurge of the forces that gave this country the New Deal has finally made it possible to set Mooney free, after repeated appeals to the Supreme Court proved unavailing. We salute Tom Mooney the symbol and the man.

*

UNLIKE THE EXTRAVAGANT ACCUSATIONS which preceded it, the Sheppard committee's report on "unjustifiable political activity" in the last campaign is a temperate document. It not only testifies to certain abuses; it disproves a great many reckless charges. In characteristic fashion the press has devoted headlines to the three states where such political activity in connection with the administration of relief was revealed, soft-pedaling the equally impressive disclosure that similar charges proved groundless in six other states. Despite the moderation of the committee's report, the habitual foes of a generous relief program have already converted it into a manifesto against the WPA. In citing this disparity between the report itself and the sweeping charges heard last fall, we do not propose to condone or dismiss whatever corruption has been disclosed. We do protest against the hypocritical use of these unspectacular findings by those whose main objective is to curtail relief. An aim that is politically so perilous must be camouflaged in noble phrases. Hence the proposal to return control of relief to the states, as if this would wipe out politics in relief and substitute efficiency. Walter Lippmann's extraordinary suggestion that all WPA recipients as well as public office-holders be disfranchised is more candid. In many quarters the outcry against "politics in relief" screens the desire to eliminate relief as a political issue—and thereby pave the way for elimination of a decent relief program.

*

MARTIN DIES HAS HAD HIS FLING WITH $25,000 of the public money. He has basked in newspaper publicity for several months and has hung up an all-time record for half-truths irresponsibly arrived at. Even the New York *Times* admits that the committee to which it gave such lavish space in its news columns has "made silly and vehement charges" and that its personnel should be altered if it is to accomplish any serious results. Unfortunately, however, Representative Dies has become the darling of bodies like the New York State Chamber of Commerce, and the committee, by playing on the fears of the public, has built up for itself a popular support which many politicians in Congress who privately have no respect for it dare not ignore. On the other hand, the La Follette committee, which has done such vital and careful work in investigating the denial of civil liberties, has no such prestige and is in danger of having its work cut short. Now that Congress has reassembled for one of the most momentous sessions in its history, the Dies committee should be given its walking papers. It should first be required, however, to give a financial accounting. Paul Y. Anderson charged, with supporting evidence, that the committee could not have carried on as long as it did on $25,000. The Dies committee has richly earned a thorough investigation.

*

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, THAT PILGRIM OF "appeasement," has gone to Rome with his self-imposed Munich halo showing signs of wear. His growing army of avowed opponents at home has warned him not to buy any more worthless promises with other people's cash; his parliamentary followers, still outwardly faithful, are reported to be shaking in their shoes for fear the Duce will bully him into some undertaking that will set the smoldering electorate ablaze with resentment. His friends in the French government are clearly nervous about the lengths to which his simple faith in dictatorial hearts may lead him, and we imagine there was some plain speaking over the teacups in Paris. To Daladier the extravagance of the Roman demands has been a godsend. He is enough of a French nationalist to know that Corsica is not Czechoslovakia. Mussolini left him no alternative but an emphatic negative, and he has returned from his tour of Tunis to find his domestic position much strengthened. We hope he has been able to impart some of this belated firmness to his British colleague. Obviously he had to forbid any idea of British mediation of Italian claims on France. We trust he was also willing and able to convince Mr. Chamberlain of the danger of making further concessions to Franco.

*

FRANCO'S HOPE FOR A DECISIVE VICTORY AS a prelude to Chamberlain's visit to Rome has been dashed by General Miaja's brilliant drive in Estremadura. As we go to press both the rebels' offensive against Catalonia and the government's attack in the south are making considerable headway, Artesa and Borjas Blancas have fallen to Franco, but the Loyalists have recovered Valsequillo, Granja de Torre, and Fuenteovejuna. It is difficult to estimate the relative value of the two offensives. The total rebel gains have been somewhat larger than the government's, but the Loyalists have moved more rapidly since their drive opened. Both areas are strategically important, but of the two the Estremadura mining region possesses by far the greatest permanent value. Franco has the advantage of position. With Republican Spain divided into two parts, his strategy is obviously to throw his full force against the two sectors alternately with a view to crushing them one at a time. Offsetting this advantage is the fact that Miaja's drive, if successful, will divide the rebel area into sectors. The coming week is likely to show which drive is the more significant. If the rebel offensive pushes on to a point where either Tarragona or Barcelona is endangered, the Loyalist position will be desperate indeed. But if, as is more likely, both drives are checked, the government will carry off the honors because of the greater value of its gains.

*

BARON HIRANUMA, NEW PREMIER OF JAPAN, enjoys the unenviable distinction of being the leading jingo in a nation of fire-eaters. His selection as head of the government marks the elimination of the last vestige of moderate or civilian influence in the government. Some commentators are referring to the new Cabinet as "weak" because two leading reactionaries have been dropped—Seihin Ikeda as Finance Minister and Admiral Suyetsugu as Home Minister. Weak it is in the sense that it lacks outstanding personalities, but this very fact makes it more than ever the tool of the military extremists. Except for the Premier, the new Cabinet contains only two strong figures—Baron Araki, who at one time was the recognized leader of the military clique, and Hachiro Arita, author of the Tokyo-Berlin anti-Communist pact. It is impossible to conceive that such a Cabinet will moderate the policy of conquering China or make concessions on the Open Door to conciliate the West. There is a possibility, however, that having taken all the rope, the extremists may hang themselves.

*

BISHOP MICHAEL J. CURLEY, IN REFUSING AN invitation to visit Loyalist Spain and see for himself whether the Catholic church is persecuted there, reminds us of the child who refused to eat spinach because, he said, "I might like it, and I hate the damn stuff." The fact is that the Catholic hierarchy, in Spain and out of it, is so intent on discrediting the Loyalist government that it has deliberately worked to keep churches closed in order to provide a basis for its pro-fascist propaganda. Bishop Curley's excuse that he would be murdered if he went to Barcelona is, unless he was thinking of Franco's bombs, merely a crude extension of the same technique. The Catholic hierarchy has a vested interest in the rebel cause—and it is not religious. In this country it has launched a new campaign, which has the merit of being open, for the retention of the embargo against Loyalist Spain. The President's speech is bound to intensify this campaign—which puts him under an added obligation to turn his words into action and lift the embargo immediately.

*

MONTAGU NORMAN, ALWAYS THE MYSTERY man, ended his visit to Berlin without any news leak about his conversations there. Officially the only reason for his trip was to act as godfather to Dr. Schacht's grandchild, but we suspect he was also pressed to assume spiritual paternity for the Nazi plan to sell the Jews for foreign exchange. Dr. Schacht had attempted to put over this scheme when in London recently but had met a singularly cool reception. The need for boosting Germany's purchasing power abroad, however, grows ever more urgent, as is illustrated by the coffee famine which has developed at home. Hence Dr. Schacht's hope that in the more congenial air of Berlin he could perhaps enlist the influential support of his old friend. Mr. Norman doubtless proved a ready listener, but fortunately the decision does not rest entirely with him. Even if he could induce the British government to accept the plan, American assent would still be necessary. In the light of the President's recent speech, with its suggestions of economic sanctions against fascism, we hope and believe that assent will never be given. The proper reply to the Nazi attempt to levy ransom is to intensify the boycott. The effectiveness of this weapon extends beyond the German border. Poland, Hungary, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia are all tentatively considering plans for the expulsion and spoliation of their Jewish populations. The power of the boycott acts as a check; the success of the Nazi blackmail effort would be a powerful encouragement. In this connection we welcome the organization, under the leadership of William Jay Schieffelin, of the Volunteer Christian Committee to Boycott Nazi Germany. It should prove a strong reinforcement to a growing movement.

The President's Message

THE President's opening message to Congress rang out like a bugle across the world to rally the dispirited and retreating democracies to a stand. Both its manner and its matter place it among the great state papers of our history. Glowingly eloquent, it was a long way from mere rhetoric. Its essential appeal was to the intelligence, and as such it formed a striking contrast to the frenzied demagogy of the dictators.

In the Western democracies the message should strengthen the hands of those who are working desperately to inject a little adrenalin into government policies. It will be harder after this for Mr. Chamberlain to convince his followers that the fascist wolves can be appeased by a judicious sacrifice of other people's babies.

To Americans the message was a call to recognize the crucial nature of the fascist challenge and to accept it firmly and coolly. We are asked to recognize that it is no longer a matter of altruistic and academic concern for the liberties of Europe. "We no more than other nations can afford to be surrounded by the enemies of our faith and our humanity . . . cannot forever let pass, without effective protest, acts of aggression against sister nations —acts which automatically undermine all of us."

To suggest that the President, in urging definite American resistance to aggression, was whipping up a jingo spirit is grossly unjust. As he pointed out, there are effective economic weapons at our disposal for countering the bullying tactics of the dictators. "At the very least," he said, "we can and should avoid any action, or any lack of action, which will encourage, assist, or build up an aggressor." If words mean anything this sentence stands as the strongest possible condemnation of our policy with regard to Spain. By refusing supplies of arms to a legitimate government, engaged in combating rebellion instigated and aided from abroad, we have bestowed a blessing on aggression. What is more, we have connived at the sapping of our own defenses. If fascism wins in Spain it will be in a position to control the Spanish and Portuguese Atlantic islands—a development which so sober an authority as Major George Fielding Eliot declares would be of "grave concern" to us. At the same time it will be strategically placed to redouble that propaganda in Latin America which is already cause for alarm. The President has rightly said: Words are not enough. He has the power in his hands to make his words effective by raising the Spanish embargo. Hesitation will reduce a magnificent speech to mere wind. We look to him to act and act now.

THE HOME FRONT

If we are to defend democracy from foreign encroachments we must provide it with an unshakable foundation at home. Despite reactionary sneers, there is good justification for the President's claim that the New Deal has made a genuine contribution toward that end. But there is still much to be done before our boasted equality of opportunity is given reality and before "the right to work" is rescued from its misuse as an anti-union slogan. We regret that Mr. Roosevelt should have proclaimed in effect a moratorium on reform.

On the central question of the budget his attitude is firmer. Despite the barrage directed at him by the advocates of economy, he has taken the stand that any move toward balancing the budget would be fatal to recovery. We think he is entirely right. It is not merely the unemployed who are at stake: it is even more a question of holding on to the measure of business revival achieved in the past few months and using it as a springboard to real recovery. We are told, of course, that a balanced budget would buoy up capitalist confidence. That is the theory; in practice it would certainly prove a stunning blow. For its immediate result would be to undermine purchasing power, and it has never been a capitalist habit to make new investments in the face of obviously declining demand. Are the President's critics prepared to see us go down a third time as a preliminary to our rescue by orthodox methods? Is it not better sense to pursue the present policy than to drop it just as it is showing signs of developing sufficient pressure to bring forth new industrial investment on a large scale?

We shall be surprised if many of the Congressional rooters for economy dare give a negative answer to this question by accepting the President's challenge and making important alterations in the budget. When the message placed the responsibility squarely on their shoulders the enthusiasm which had greeted previous references to economy evaporated rapidly. Republicans elected by Townsend votes were chilled at the notion of cutting pensions; those who had capitalized farm discontent shrank from the idea of saving on agriculture. The truth is that few Congressmen have the courage of their economy convictions. The economy campaign has all the earmarks of a political stunt, but the perfectly legitimate tactics of the President are likely to make it recoil on its authors.

An early test will come on the deficiency appropriation designed to carry the WPA to the end of the financial year. The President is asking for $875,000,000, a figure denounced in some quarters as grossly extravagant. Actually it is very doubtful whether this is sufficient. It means that the WPA enrolment, which was 3,112,000 in December, must not average more than 2,868,000 over the remainder of the fiscal year. This is a very considerable reduction, and unless reemployment by private industry proceeds more rapidly than in recent months, it may mean the transfer of thousands to relief. Yet some reactionary Congressmen are talking of $500,000,000 as a sufficient amount. This is a scandalous proposal, and we hope it will be promptly squelched.

Justice Frankfurter

THE good that Presidents do is often interred with their Administrations. It is their choice of Supreme Court justices that lives after them. The noisy battles of Roosevelt I still echo in the phrases he added to the language, but nothing else he did has had so much effect on our national development as the appointment of Justice Holmes. Wilson's Clayton Act and his Federal Trade Commission, of which so much was expected, stand as monuments to futility. But the Calvinistic stubbornness and righteous belligerency that crammed the nomination of Justice Brandeis down the throat of an unwilling Senate have continued to bear fruit in our constitutional law. We believe that in the perspective of history the appointment of Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court will not seem the least of Franklin Roosevelt's accomplishments.

Prophecy in this field is hazardous. Our justices, like monarchs, are unpredictable quantities, and our constitutional history is full of surprises. Marshall did not prove as incompatible with Jeffersonianism in power as Adams expected. Taney went to the bench as a champion of the new democratic ferment under Jackson and died as the hated spokesman of the slaveholders. Lincoln's Field lived to be the most effective and ingenious reactionary ever to sit on the court. Great scholars, like Story and Gray, have proved sterile on that bench; lawyers of little reputation, like Waite and Miller, creative. Wilson's trust-busting Attorney General, McReynolds, turned out to be a pillar of reaction; Coolidge's Attorney General, Stone, has developed a liberalism and a capacity for trenchant expression no one dreamed he possessed. Chief Justice Hughes, fresh from success as a Wall Street corporation lawyer, saved Herndon, de Jonge, and the Scottsboro boys. But other justices—Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo—were known quantities before their nominations and fulfilled all that was expected of them. It is in this last category that we feel safe in placing Justice Frankfurter.

Frankfurter's whole life has been a preparation for the Supreme Court, and his appointment has an aesthetically satisfying inevitability. No other appointee in our history has gone to the court so fully prepared for its great tasks. His experience in government, from his first service as an Assistant United States Attorney in New York under Henry L. Stimson through his work in the War Labor Administration under Wilson, has been a wide one. His authoritative work, "The Business of the Supreme Court," written in collaboration with James M. Landis, and the annual surveys of each session that he has contributed to the *Harvard Law Review* reveal an unequaled knowledge of the court's history, cases, and procedure. He is our foremost authority on administrative law, the law that has developed around our new regulatory agencies. He first assisted and then succeeded Brandeis as leader of the forces for minimum-wage legislation in this country. From the time he was instrumental in saving Mooney from execution to his defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, Frankfurter has shown his devotion to justice and his courage. Finally the respect and friendship he has won among people of many diverse and clashing social points of view are not an accident but the reflection of qualities essential in successful democratic government, the fruit of opinions pursued with moderation, of causes championed without fanaticism, and of controversies carried on without vindictiveness. If any man can help to lessen the asperities inevitable in an age of transition such as ours, if any one man can help to prevent a new irreconcilable conflict, that man is Frankfurter. There will be no Dred Scott decisions from a Supreme Court on which he sits.

Mr. Roosevelt gave the court new vitality with the appointment of Black; he gives it new and rich talents for conciliation, adjustment, and statesmanship in Frankfurter. We congratulate the President on having made the right and unmistakable choice to fill the seat held by Cardozo and before him by Holmes.

Sabotage in China

FOR some months reports have been current regarding the existence of an opportunist faction within the Chinese government which has deliberately sabotaged Chiang Kai-shek's efforts to weld a united nation to resist Japanese invasion. The action of Wang Ching-wei, right-wing leader and former Premier, in urging the acceptance of Japan's peace terms fully confirmed these reports. The full story of the sabotage by elements opposed to Chiang Kai-shek has not, however, been told. The following communication from Donald M. Davies, China-born Associated Press correspondent at Chungking, adds a hitherto undisclosed and disheartening chapter. We have every reason to believe that it is a true story. In interpreting it the reader must remember that it refers specifically to conditions in Szechuan, the most populous of the provinces remaining in Chinese hands. These conditions contrast very markedly with those existing around Shanghai or Hankow, where Chiang Kai-shek was long personally in control. They also contrast with those in Kwangsi, where Li Tsung-jen and Pai Chung-hsi have for years steeled the population for resistance to Japan, and in the Northwest, where the Eighth Route Army has organized the population for mass resistance. Even Shantung, where Han Fu-chu was executed for treason, has contributed its share to mass defense.

For the first nine or ten months of the war Szechuan was isolated and relatively unaffected by the conflict. Then when Hankow was first endangered last spring, the civil capital was moved to Chungking, while Chiang, with some of the more active branches of the government, remained at Hankow. During the long period before Hankow actually fell, there were many occasions on which Wang Ching-wei and his followers in Chungking appeared to be sabotaging Chinese resistance. They opposed closer cooperation with the Soviet Union, prevented the arming of the masses, and, as the following communication so clearly shows, failed to take the most elementary steps for arousing the population to China's peril. Mr. Davies's story is a disturbing one:

> What you see and what you don't see on the streets of Chungking, China's capital, give a hint of the situation in Szechuan, which is today the economic and military key to China's future. What you do see is new recruits tied with ropes being led to their quarters under guard of two or three moth-eaten provincials armed with outmoded blunderbusses, newsboys screaming headlines of late war reports, and very few people buying papers.
>
> You see refugees who are an expense to the government, which makes little attempt to use them; you see intelligent people in civilian clothes with nothing to do.
>
> What you don't see is organizers at work. In six weeks

in Chungking this writer has seen only one street meeting to arouse the people's interest in China's fight. That was one day after the fall of Hankow, and the speaker was an organizer who had come from down river and still clung to the idea that it was essential to instil some spirit into the people. He learned the custom of the interior quickly, and he has not been active on the streets since then.

There were no organized press conferences for foreign correspondents until mid-November. It took weeks of pleading and arguing by the reporters to get that. Even then, the government officials who attended gave out material which any competent correspondent had known about for weeks. The first conference was attended by representatives of the executive, finance, economic, and foreign ministries, one from the Generalissimo's headquarters, and one from the National Relief Commission. Yet this array of important people produced only two small items worth cabling.

Offices are not as well staffed as they should be. At least one government office admits this as its excuse for inefficiency and delay. It is not a good excuse when one remembers the dozens of well-educated young men and women in town who are out of work. Many of these speak foreign languages and had been competent administrators in their own communities prior to Japanese occupation.

Spirit and instruction are lacking in new recruits. Farmers and city laborers are left in the dark as to their country's need. They learn of it when some soldier with a length of rope comes along and ties them like prisoners to other conscripts.

There is a story about another Black Hole of Calcutta. A handful of soldiers were having trouble recently near Chungking. Two or three score conscripts whom they had rounded up obviously did not want to go to the front. They were locked in a single room pending orders for their disposal and promptly forgotten. Because of crowding none of them could lie down; there was no sanitation, no bedding, almost no food or water. Some of the men, not too strong to begin with, died. The rest broke through a door after a week's imprisonment, and ran. Guards shot and killed ten. Some of those recaptured were tortured, had their arms and legs cut off. The remainder, who were eventually sent to the front, managed to escape before they got there.

Peasants around Hsintu, Szechuan, it is reliably reported, were continually harassed by the soldiery, who were conscripting at random, using kidnapping methods. Outraged by the unusually cruel treatment, farmers armed themselves and attacked the town. In the riot that followed it is estimated that there were some twenty casualties on each side. An investigation is being made, but it is almost too late. The spirit of resentment is already awakened.

There is another story, confirmed, of the waste of a group of officers who had graduated from the national military academy and were ready to fill an urgent need for trained men at the front. Just before the fall of Hankow forty young officers left the Szechuan branch of the military academy ready for service. Hankow bound, they reached Ichang when the capital fell. Unable to get in touch with their commander for instructions or to obtain money with which to proceed to another front, they returned to Chungking. Here they found their superior officer, who promised to get their new orders. The forty youths wanted to go north to Wei Lih-wang's army, but their commander disappeared, leaving them stranded, without money, food, or a place to stay. What became of them—or of their superior—is unknown at this writing.

These examples of official incompetence might be explained if the officials were afraid of an aroused populace. Perhaps the distinction between officials and the common people, between governed and governors, is still too strong. The two groups must be welded into one unit bent on blasting invaders out of China. Perhaps there is fear that an aroused people might demand sacrifices or exertion on the part of their officials; they have every right to make those demands if the war is to be carried through. The Generalissimo cannot fight without Szechuan, and Szechuan must realize that. This province is about the only source of man power left. Kwangsi and Kwangtung are milked dry, Yunnan and Kweichow combined have only infinitesimal supplies of men fit for war; in the other provinces are small bands of refugees fleeing west and south. Economically, militarily, in every way, Szechuan is the key to continued resistance, and if this province collapses, the future for China is dark.

Determination must begin with chiefs of departments, government leaders, and executives in Chungking. Defeatist attitudes have no place in a country at war, and passive support is not enough. The only answer to a crisis of this magnitude is organized propaganda to arouse the people to a full realization of what they face and the enthusiasm to face it. For only under the pressure of aroused public opinion will the necessary cooperation, coordination, and discipline be achieved.

DONALD M. DAVIES

Chungking, November 25, 1938

A certain amount of disorganization, inefficiency, and even disloyalty is inevitable in war time. But it is evident that Chiang Kai-shek has something worse than ordinary war-time corruption on his hands in Szechuan. The swiftness with which the Generalissimo acted to purge the Kuomintang ranks of the followers of Wang Ching-wei, once the latter's treachery was revealed, is encouraging. We are particularly glad, in view of Mr. Davies's disclosures, to note that Chiang has named a new Minister of Propaganda to replace Chou Fu-lai, who significantly enough accompanied Wang Ching-wei to Indo-China. It is probable, however, that a further clean-up will be necessary before China's masses can be organized to put up the resistance of which they are capable. The sooner this is done, the sooner China can count on the whole-hearted support from the West to which it is entitled.

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Questions on the Whitney Case

BY I. F. STONE

I

IN RETROSPECT the most striking aspect of the Whitney case is the speed with which it was closed by the authorities in charge of prosecuting it. Richard Whitney was suspended by the New York Stock Exchange on March 8, 1938. The cell doors closed on him at Sing Sing on April 12. The most sensational scandal in the history of the New York Stock Exchange was disposed of with astonishing celerity. Had it not been for the interposition of Chairman Douglas of the SEC, who asked two weeks' delay, sentence would actually have been imposed on March 28. Men of wealth and prominence usually fight charges against them with every device that may serve to delay action or to soften punishment. Whitney placed himself under arrest. The day after his suspension he issued a statement to the press admitting that he had committed wrongful acts, declaring that "none of my partners, none of my business associates *or connections* [my italics] . . . has or had any responsibility or participation" in them, and placing himself "at the disposal of the Attorney General of the state." The Attorney General, John J. Bennett, was for ten years confidential secretary to Edward R. Stettinius, a Morgan partner, but there is no evidence that this had any influence on his handling of the case, and I do not mean to imply that it did.

District Attorney Dewey of New York County obtained the first indictment in the case on March 10. This accused Whitney of stealing $105,000 from a trust fund established by his deceased father-in-law, George R. Sheldon. On March 14 Mr. Bennett obtained his indictment for the theft of $100,000 in bonds from the New York Yacht Club, of which Whitney was treasurer. Pleas of guilty were entered to both indictments, and Whitney's counsel seems to have believed that the guilty pleas would make it possible to avoid public inquiry. "Richard Whitney," the New York *Times* reported on March 22, "was subjected yesterday to the public questioning which his counsel protested last week, as being forestalled by his pleas of guilty to grand larceny." The public questioning did not go very far. On March 21 Assistant Attorney General Ambrose V. McCall elicited the fact that Richard Whitney had borrowed $1,082,000 from his brother, George Whitney, a partner in J. P. Morgan and Company, in November, 1937. The loan was to restore securities and cash Richard Whitney had appropriated to his own use from the gratuity fund of which he was a trustee, a fund established by the Stock Exchange to aid the widows and orphans of members. Leslie Gould, financial editor of the New York *Journal,* had the courage to write in his column the next day: "The Assistant Attorney General . . . did not ask what excuse Richard Whitney had given his brother for the need of such a great sum of money. After all, it wasn't $100. Did Richard Whitney tell his brother he had hypothecated Stock Exchange securities? Did his brother know he was insolvent? Why was the firm allowed to coast along until March 8 . . . ?" Neither the Attorney General nor the District Attorney supplied the answers. It was not until March 30, before the federal referee in bankruptcy, that Richard Whitney admitted that he had confessed the gratuity-fund theft to his brother in November.

II

It is worth noting that when Richard Whitney was expelled from the Exchange on March 17, one of the five counts was the misappropriation of securities belonging to the gratuity fund. This amounted to more than a million dollars, a sum far greater than all the other larcenies combined, and involved a sacred obligation to his own deceased colleagues. The circumstances surrounding the restitution raised grave questions, and the most honorable of men could hardly object if they occurred to a District Attorney in the discharge of his duty. Section 570 of the Penal Code of the State of New York makes it a felony to take "money or property . . . upon an agreement or understanding, express or implied, to compound or conceal a crime, or a violation of a statute, or to abstain from, discontinue, or delay a prosecution therefor, or to withhold any evidence thereof. . . ." Section 580 makes it a misdemeanor for two or more persons to conspire "to commit any act . . . for the perversion or obstruction of justice, or of the due administration of the laws." Had Richard Whitney been indicted for the gratuity-fund embezzlement, the prosecuting officer might have asked himself: How many knew of the offense at the time? Did their silence constitute conspiracy to obstruct justice? Did those who accepted restitution do so "upon an agreement or understanding, express or implied, to . . . conceal a crime"?

This failure to indict on the largest of Whitney's embezzlements may make it easier to understand a curious paragraph which appears in District Attorney Dewey's report to the court on April 9, recommending a "substantial and punitive sentence" for Richard Whitney. "This memorandum," the District Attorney wrote, "does not purport to state or evaluate the responsibility, if any, of the authorities or members of the New York Stock Exchange for permitting Richard Whitney and Company to continue in business, *or the time when they acquired knowledge of its financial condition* [my italics, of course]. This matter is the subject of an investigation in progress by the Securities and Exchange Commission." This paragraph has an interesting history. The writer is prepared to state that it did not appear in the original draft as first submitted to Chairman Douglas by the District Attorney. Without that paragraph the reader of the report would assume that the conviction of Whitney was sufficient to close the case.

But an inquiry into possible violations of New York's criminal statutes is not the job of the SEC, and that body was careful to state that its public hearings would "not be directed primarily for the development of the criminal aspects of the case." It is true that the SEC in its report said that those who knew of the gratuity-fund embezzlement and failed to disclose it might in some states (but not in New York) be considered guilty of "the ancient crime of misprision of felony." But the SEC's chief accomplishment was vastly to widen our knowledge of what had actually happened. It condemned the "gentlemen's club" spirit of the Exchange and the "stubborn indifference to the public responsibility of the Exchange as . . . revealed in the testimony of Thomas W. Lamont," but it ended on a note of pious hope. "Happily," the SEC said, "a new management has assumed control of the New York Stock Exchange."

Not so happily, Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, on December 15 resigned as a "public representative" on the Board of Governors of the Exchange. "In the hearings before the Securities and Exchange Commission," Dr. Hutchins wrote, "there was evidence tending to show that members of the Exchange or their partners knew of Richard Whitney's criminal conduct or of the condition of his firm some months before its failure. The public interest, the good name of the Exchange, and the good name of the members referred to all require the Board of Governors to institute proceedings in which the question of the responsibility of these members may finally be disposed of. The decision of the board yesterday to take no action compels me to present my resignation."

III

The unwillingness of the Stock Exchange to act as Dr. Hutchins thought it should can be properly evaluated only in the light of the amazing irresponsibility with which this institution has been conducted. Whitney had been a member of the Exchange since 1912, but as a non-margin broker he was never asked to file a financial report, much less submit to an audit, until 1938. Neither he nor his fellow-trustees seemed to think it strange that he should act both as a trustee of the gratuity fund and as its broker. In the latter capacity he collected his usual fees. "Was there ever any consideration," E. H. H. Simmons, past president of the Exchange and chairman of the trustees, was asked in the SEC investigation, "as to whether it was proper to pay a commission to a trustee for business which he did for the other trustees?" "Never was discussed," Mr. Simmons answered. The trustees did not even seem to regard themselves as trustees. When the SEC examiner said to William B. Potts, secretary and treasurer of the board of trustees, "Well, Mr. Potts, do I understand that the trustees did not regard themselves as acting in a fiduciary capacity?" Mr. Potts replied, "Well, I would say no." Mr. Potts was questioned about how it was that Richard Whitney was able to keep more than a million dollars in gratuity-fund cash and securities from February to November, 1937, and turn them to his own use. Mr. Potts testified that he didn't know that the cash and securities were in Whitney's office.

> *Q.* This provision of the constitution, then, which says that the treasurer shall have the custody of all securities belonging to the fund was never consulted in the daily administration of the fund?
>
> *A.* I would say it was a dead letter.

Although Whitney's retention of the securities and cash was discussed at a special meeting of the trustees on November 22, 1937, there is no mention of the fact in the minutes, and Mr. Simmons did not appear at the next meeting, December 20, to explain what had happened and how he had got the funds back. If one is to judge from the minutes, nobody seemed interested enough to ask. Yet two of the trustees, Allen L. Lindley and Blair S. Williams, were also members of the Business Conduct Committee, which is supposed to police the Exchange. Simmons said he did not suspect criminality but assumed that Whitney had found himself "pressed for cash." Roland L. Redmond, counsel for the Exchange, testified that he also knew of the difficulty of replacing the funds and that George Whitney had helped his brother out of "a financial tight corner." On November 22 Richard Whitney told Simmons that he was too "short-handed" to send over the securities and cash. On November 23 Whitney said he was going to see his brother and would make delivery the next day. Simmons also saw George Whitney. Redmond testified that he was kept informed. He was questioned as to the discrepancy between what Richard Whitney said on November 22 and what he said on November 23.

> *Q.* In other words, you knew right then and there at three o'clock on the 23d that Richard Whitney had not told the truth to Mr. Simmons in the previous conversation?
>
> *A.* That is a fair assumption; yes.
>
> *Q.* Well, you made that assumption, I take it?
>
> *A.* No; I assumed Mr. Whitney had given a convenient excuse the first time to explain why he wished for a delay and the second time he gave an explanation

of why he was sure he could make delivery the next day.

> *Q.* Do you distinguish now between a convenient excuse and a falsehood?
>
> *A.* No; I was not attempting to.

Williams, as a trustee and a member of the Business Conduct Committee, was troubled by what happened and at one time seems to have felt that the whole affair should have been brought to the attention of the committee. His testimony on this point is interesting:

> *Q.* I am just trying to find out what reasons prompted you not to go to the Business Conduct Committee following your talk with Mr. Simmons.
>
> *A.* We felt that there was no necessity, that the whole situation had been cleaned up by the help that Mr. Whitney had received from his brother. . . .
>
> *Q.* And if he were pressed for cash, that was a matter which concerned the Business Conduct Committee very directly, did it not?
>
> *A.* Not enough, under the circumstances, when I was told by Mr. Simmons that the whole thing had been fixed up and that everything was right, and that there was no necessity of doing anything about it, and I didn't feel that there was any necessity of doing anything about it.

But Mr. Simmons seems to have changed his mind by March, for Richard Whitney testifying before the SEC on the two occasions when he had seen Charles R. Gay, then president of the Stock Exchange, said:

> *A.* One was on the afternoon of Thursday prior to the 7th of March. I called Mr. Simmons for some reason and got him in Mr. Gay's office and he said he had been trying to find me and would I come over there immediately, which I did. I was then informed by Mr. Gay and Mr. Simmons that a preliminary report had been—or knowledge, perhaps, is a better word—had been conveyed to them regarding the gratuity-fund security situation in November and the extreme seriousness of that situation.

IV

Thomas W. Lamont testified before the SEC that he loaned $1,022,000 to George Whitney in November, 1937, knowing that the loan was to enable Richard Whitney to return securities he had taken illegally from some organization of the Stock Exchange. When asked whether he felt any obligation to report the fact to the Exchange or to the public authorities, Mr. Lamont explained that he believed, "whether justifiable or not, that the Exchange people had knowledge that Mr. Whitney had been slow in his deliveries to them and they have adequate machinery for checking up all their houses of that kind." We have already seen how that machinery failed to work in November, 1937.

If the Morgan firm looked to the Exchange to do its own policing, the Exchange looked to the Morgan firm as a guaranty of Richard Whitney's financial stability and solvency. Whitney's interminable borrowings, according to one witness, were a subject of gossip as far back as 1931. One witness after another testified that the questions that might occur to them in most cases did not occur in Whitney's because of his position as bond broker for J. P. Morgan and Company and his relationship to a Morgan partner. One is compelled to conclude from the testimony of the Morgan partners that they do not find time to follow the details of their business very closely. The firm keeps no minutes of its meetings, and the partners could hardly be described as garrulous on the witness stand. But even on the basis of a meager record it is clear that there were storm signals long before Whitney crashed. I do not mean, and there is no evidence to indicate in any way, that they knew or suspected illegal actions on the part of Richard Whitney. The first to know of this were George Whitney and Lamont in November, 1937. But they do seem, perhaps because of their fondness for both Whitneys, to have asked none of those fearful questions that bankers usually put to their debtors and those through whom they transact business.

Herbert G. Wellington, a governor of the Exchange, testified that as early as 1930 or 1931 the late Thomas Cochran, then a Morgan partner, asked him to form a partnership with Richard Whitney. Mr. Wellington denied that Mr. Cochran expressed concern over Whitney's "reckless handling of money." "As nearly as I can recall," Mr. Wellington testified, "the substance of Mr. Cochran's statement to me was this: 'Mr. Whitney has a very good business, he uses very bad judgment in his investments, but he has got a very good business and he needs a good partner, somebody who isn't just an office boy, as the rest of the partners seem to be. . . .' "

Francis D. Bartow, another Morgan partner, a fellow-director with Richard Whitney at the Corn Exchange Bank, testified that in 1931 he learned that Richard Whitney had obtained an unsecured loan of "two or three hundred thousand dollars" from the bank. Bartow said he spoke to George Whitney about it. They both felt that while a loan of this kind to a director was not "improper," it was "unwise." As a result J. P. Morgan and Company, on June 29, 1931, made an unsecured ninety-day loan of $500,000 to Richard Whitney, from which it was assumed that Whitney would pay off the Corn Exchange loan. Mr. Bartow testified that he didn't know whether the Corn Exchange loan was paid off or not, but when Whitney failed in March, 1938, that ninety-day loan was still outstanding, only $16,000 had been paid off on it. Collateral was put up behind it by George Whitney on two occasions, once in the spring of 1934 when J. P. Morgan and Company was about to have, under the new banking laws, the first examination in history by a state banking examiner. Bartow testified that he and Whitney felt the loan might be questioned. In December, 1934, a $200,000 reserve was set up against the loan, and in October, 1936, when Cochran died and J. P. Morgan and Company formed a new partnership, the loan was "left behind" with the old partnership as a "slow debt."

George Whitney was as long suffering as Job in his relations with his brother. Richard Whitney owed him $2,897,000 when he failed. To ask a brother to send a brother to jail is inhuman; one can also understand Mr. Lamont's feelings as a partner. But one might have expected them to exact a promise from Richard Whitney to get out of the brokerage business and the Exchange. George Whitney did not seem to realize the full significance of the embezzlement. It is true that he discussed with his brother the liquidation of Richard Whitney and Company. But when asked, "Did you make as a condition precedent to your loaning the money [to restore the gratuity-fund securities] the condition that he would so liquidate?" George Whitney's answer was, "Not the slightest. Never mentioned the question of liquidation to him until Thanksgiving morning." Later there is an illuminating passage in the George Whitney testimony:

> *Q.* Well, now, were these some of the reasons why you were anxious to see his firm liquidated immediately?
>
> *A.* Oh, they may have been contributing causes, yes.
>
> *Q.* What would you consider to be the principal contributing cause?
>
> *A.* The one I gave you yesterday.
>
> *Q.* His handling of the gratuity-fund securities?
>
> *A.* Oh, certainly not; I never even mentioned that yesterday as a reason.

V

The fact is, of course, that if it had not been for some quite accidental circumstances Richard Whitney would probably still be a highly respected member of the Exchange and might still be misappropriating securities in all safety. A floor trader in January, 1938, thought that distress selling of Greyhound stock was emanating from Richard Whitney and Company. He informed Mr. Wellington, who informed the chairman of the Business Conduct Committee. Under new rules of the Exchange, Richard Whitney and Company would have been required in 1938, for the first time, to answer a financial questionnaire, the so-called "short form" for brokerage houses not engaged in a margin business. It was decided to send it out at once. Unluckily for Richard Whitney, there were a few debit accounts on his books. Consequently it was treated as the financial return of a house dealing in margin accounts. The firm was found to have insufficient capital for a margin house, and as a result it was decided to make an audit of the books; the audit revealed misconduct.

One Morgan partner would have liked to help Whitney even at the last. Francis D. Bartow testified Whitney revealed to him on March 5 that he had misappropriated securities belonging to the New York Yacht Club, the Sheldon estate, and a Mrs. Baird, and that Whitney asked a loan of $280,000 so that he could return these securities and "truthfully" tell the Business Conduct Committee "on Monday morning" that there were no irregularities in his office. Bartow and Randolph Mason, attorney for Whitney, went to Glen Cove, Long Island, to consult John W. Davis. Bartow's testimony on this point is very interesting.

> *Q.* What was Mr. Davis's judgment?
>
> *A.* Mr. Davis gave it to me as his opinion that neither I nor he nor anyone else should do anything or could do anything; anyone who did would run the risk of taking actions that would be misconstrued and misunderstood. He said a lot about preferences in bankruptcy. "All right," I said, "Mr. Davis, I accept your advice and counsel in that. I am glad to come to you. I want to ask one more question. Could I properly call"—I am going a little ahead. I had explained to him that from the beginning of my knowledge of Richard Whitney since January 30, I had been baffled and confused by my inability to get the information that I wanted . . . in the absence of a reliable certified-accountant's report; did he think it would be all right for me to call Mr. Gay, with whom I had previously spoken in the evening, and ask whether it would be possible to postpone for a period of twenty-four hours or even forty-eight hours the Business Conduct Committee hearing that had been scheduled for Monday morning [March 9] at 10:30.
>
> Mr. Davis gave it to me as his opinion that there was no reason why I should not do it.

Gay refused to postpone action. Certain questions arise here: if it was Mr. Davis's advice in March not to lend Richard Whitney money to make restitution because it might be "misconstrued and misunderstood," what would have been his advice in November? Why did he think it might be "misconstrued"?

The reader who compares Mr. Gay's refusal to postpone action and his expulsion of Richard Whitney with the conditions revealed by Dr. Hutchins's letter may wonder which is the "reform" administration of the Exchange—the present Martin administration or Mr. Gay's, bad as it may otherwise have been?

The ghost of the Whitney case still walks. Had the case closed with the convictions obtained by Attorney General Bennett and District Attorney Dewey, we should know only a part of what we now know about it. They were—to put it mildly—hasty. But the SEC, to which we owe most of our knowledge of the case, was too optimistic. The "reformed" management of the Exchange has done its best to write *finis* to the story. Chairman Douglas now says, "For the SEC, as for the Exchange, the Whitney case is closed." Must there be a Congressional investigation to answer questions which still remain unanswered?

The biggest question of all is why neither Attorney General Bennett nor District Attorney Dewey saw fit to indict Whitney for his greatest breach of trust.

Living Philosophies

VIII. WHY I AM A MARXIST

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

I HAVE, I suppose, been a socialist in some degree ever since the last years of my schooldays. When I try to think out the sources of a faith that has been the central conviction of my life, I find that the difficulties of sorting them out are immense. Something was due to the influence of a great schoolmaster who made us feel the sickness of an acquisitive society. Something, too, was the outcome of a Jewish upbringing, the sense it conferred of being treated differently from other people and for no obviously assignable cause. I learned a good deal from books, especially from those of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. They made me realize that a whole class of human beings was overlooked in the traditional liberalism of the family to which I belonged. And there stays in my mind a speech I heard in Manchester as a boy on the threshold of a university career from Keir Hardie, whose account of the effort of the Scottish miners to form a trade union made me begin, at least dimly, to understand the price the workers have to pay for the social reform they achieve.

I went up to Oxford with radical views, and my years there confirmed me in them. It was the first experience I had of the intensity of class division in England. It was the first experience I had, also, of the resistance atmosphere can impose upon the admission of new ideas, which are dismissed less because they have been examined than because their premises are outside the environment they seek to penetrate. My debt to Oxford is immeasurable. Contact there with the late Professor Dicey, with Mr. Herbert Fisher and Professor Ernest Barker was, on the purely academic plane, a superb experience. But they were all, if I may so phrase it, aloof from life. Oxford generally, so far as its teachers were concerned, thought about social problems in a way which suggested interest in them but not responsibility for their solution. It told you, as it were, that correct analysis was important. It did not suggest that, when the analysis was made, any obligation emerged to act upon the principles it suggested.

I devoted a good deal of time at Oxford to the Fabian Society and to propaganda in behalf of woman suffrage. These brought me into contact with two of the greatest men I have ever known—George Lansbury and H. W. Nevinson. From the first I learned the meaning and importance of equality, and from the second the meaning and importance of liberty. George Lansbury, too, gave me my first job. He was then editing the *Daily Herald*, and when I left Oxford, in the summer of 1914, he asked me to write editorials for his paper. That was a significant experience for me. It brought me into contact with a good deal of what was most radical in the pre-war Socialist movement, and it made me formulate to myself, in a coherent way, some of the lessons I had learned at Oxford. Contact with Lansbury was a great education. He was absolutely straightforward, absolutely democratic, and entirely fearless. He always meant every word he said, and it never occurred to him to say less than he meant. Through him I got my first chance to see the inside of the Socialist movement at first hand, and that at a critical time.

Within six weeks of my going to the *Herald* Great Britain was at war. I sought to enlist on the first day. I did not believe in the war, but I did believe that, on the whole, the victory of Germany would mean more evil than its defeat. I was rejected on physical grounds, mainly a weak heart. That rejection altered the whole course of my life. For I was asked, through the influence of Herbert Fisher, to take a lectureship in history at McGill University to replace an Oxford don who was anxious to serve. I accepted the invitation expecting to stay a year on the American continent. Instead, I remained there, first at McGill and then, for four years, at Harvard, until 1920.

There is, I think, a sense in which my years on the American continent were the most fundamental experience of my life. I learned there that it was my vocation to be a teacher, that, in whatever other fields I might wander, this was the activity, above all, to which I should devote my energies. I learned, secondly, that to teach political science, it was not enough to read books; one had to learn politics from actual experience of their working, and to seek to make of one's lectures an intimate marriage of theory and practice. I learned, thirdly, that the university scene in America was vitally related to the social environment. One could speculate freely, but one must not question the basic assumptions of the system. When I was at McGill, I made a speech attacking the "bitter-endism" of Mr. Lloyd George that was immediately followed by urgent demands for my dismissal. When I was at Harvard, the famous Boston police strike occurred. President Lowell immediately offered the services of the university to the city. It seemed to me that one ought to know why the police were striking before one accepted the view that the city was right. Accordingly, I took great pains to discover what had led to the strike, and found that it was the outcome of long-accumulated grievances met without sympathy or insight. I ventured to say so; and there broke about my head a storm of indignation in which I was described as almost everything from a villain who seduced youth to a Bolshevik who preached revolution. I was solemnly investigated by the Overseers of the university; and though it was decided that I was not to be dismissed, President Lowell explained to me with emphasis that a teacher limited his utility when he spoke on matters of current controversy. I was not, I inferred, to say my say on the living issues of the time if what I said was inconvenient to the rulers of Harvard. Thus though I loved Harvard and found there friendships of inestimable value to me, I was not sorry when, in the next year, the London School of Economics and Political Science invited me to join its faculty. There I have remained since 1920; and there I hope to remain during my life as a teacher.

But it was not only that I learned in America what I believe to be my vocation. I saw there, more nakedly than I had seen in Europe, the significance of the struggle between capital and labor. I learned how little meaning there can be in an abstract political liberty which is subdued to the control of an economic plutocracy. I saw, too, in strikes like those of Ludlow and Lowell, how the vast machinery of the state is used to crush any movement that questions the authority of those who own economic power. I learned from the imprisonment of Debs and the attacks on La Follette how immense are the pressures to conformity, how fragile the claims of tolerance, whenever the security of a social order is threatened. Not least, I began to perceive, in the difference in the average American attitude to the February and October revolutions in Russia, how profound is the influence of the property relation in shaping opinion. I came back from America convinced that liberty has no meaning save in the context of equality, and I had begun to understand that equality also has no meaning unless the instruments of production are socially owned. But I was still academic enough in experience to believe that this could be proved on rational grounds, and that its proof would be sufficient to win acceptance for it as a principle of social organization. I had associated in America mostly with progressive or academic people who were accustomed to give argument its due weight; and even when, like Mr. Justice Holmes, they were fundamentally conservative in outlook, they were prepared to change their views in the light of discussion. Up to 1920, I think, as I look back, that my socialism was above all the outcome of a sense of the injustice of things as they were. It had not become an insight into the processes of history.

That, I believe, is the main burden of my experience in the eighteen years since I returned to England. They have been full years. From the outset I have been an active member of the Labor Party. I have served on government committees. I have "deviled" for ministers during the two periods when a Labor government was in power. I have done a good deal of industrial arbitration. I have helped the trade unions in every important strike, especially the general strike of 1926. Teaching and the writing of books apart, most of my leisure has gone into work for socialism. I learned a great deal from five years as an alderman of a London borough. I have seen, too, a good deal of political journalism from within, not least in those four last brilliant years in which H. W. Massingham edited the London *Nation*. I have been closely concerned with the adult-education movement. Invitations to lecture abroad have given me first-hand acquaintance with the politics and the universities of France and Spain, pre-Hitler Germany, and the Soviet Union; and I have returned constantly to America.

Out of it all, the great lesson I have learned is the broad truth of the Marxian philosophy. What I have seen at first hand, no less than what I have read, has left me no alternative. I came back to England in 1920 hopeful that I was going to watch the slow permeation of economic relationships by the democratic principle. I have been driven to the conclusion that no class voluntarily abdicates from the possession of power. I have come to learn that the private ownership of the means of production makes it impossible for the democratic idea to transcend the barriers of class without the capture of the state power by the working class. The experience of Russia, the advent of fascism in Central and Southeastern Europe, the attitude of the owning class in Spain and France and the United States to all serious attempts at social reform, the general strike of 1926 and the betrayal of 1931 in England, the new imperialisms of Japan and Italy, have all convinced me that, in large outline, there is no answer to the philosophy of Marx. Men, broadly, think in terms of an experience made and unmade by their class position. Their conceptions of right action are born of the inferences they draw from the experience of that class position. Individuals may transcend it. But taken generally, all our institutions and their working are conditioned by the property relations of any given society. The dominant ideas and principles of that society will be set by the way in which, in any moment, its property relations are working. If they are working well, there will be a period of concession to the multitude, which can live only by the sale of its labor power. If they are working badly, the policy of concession will halt. A system which lives by profit must make profit. If its power to do so is challenged, the owners of the system will seek to destroy the men and the movements which challenge that power.

This is the reason for the decline of liberalism in the post-war epoch. Ours is that age, the coming of which was foreseen by Marx, in which the relations of production are in contradiction with the essential forces of production. Our time is comparable to that of the Reformation, when a similar contradiction appeared. Then as now a new property relation was essential, and then as now those who lived by the privileges inherent in the old were ready to fight for them rather than find the terms of a new accommodation. For when such a contradiction reaches its maturity, the price of continuing concession means the erosion of the privileges associated with private ownership. It means a scale of taxation fatal to the making of profit in international competition. It compels that examination of social foundations which, because it disturbs traditional routines, destroys men's ability to be tolerant in matters of social constitution. For those who have been taught by long use to regard privilege as right are rarely able to adjust themselves to the admission that their right may be built upon what other men have come to experience as wrong.

It is, as I think, in this background that all the central problems of our time have to be set. That it makes the future of capitalist democracy dubious is clear. That the inference from it, in the international sphere, is the necessary relation between capitalism and war is clear also. For, given the present distribution of economic power, the owning class is driven into the search for markets abroad in order to win profit. Thence comes the need for armament. Thence comes also the politics of imperialism, concession-hunting, spheres of influence—that whole gamut of power politics to which the world since 1919 has so grimly accustomed us. The failure of the League of Nations is built upon the fact that it demands from its members the surrender of the policy to which the whole inherent logic of their economic system impels them. We have either to find the way to a resumption of the economic expansion of the Victorian Age or enter upon—as we have already entered—a period of war and revolution. But we cannot resume that expansion unless we adjust the relations of production in our society to the potential forces of production. Unless we do so, we are bound to have poverty in the midst of potential plenty, restrictionism, that economic nationalism which, all over the world, is lowering the standard of life. Since the state power is directed by men who live by the vested interests represented by these policies, it is at least difficult, and probably impossible, to transcend them within the limits of existing class relations.

I know no other way of explaining adequately the position in which our generation finds itself. The conclusion I draw from it is the necessity of a unified working-class party able either to win political power or, if it meets the challenge of fascism, to emerge victorious from the conflict. The lesson of Germany and Italy is the clear one that division of the working class means its defeat. The lesson of France and Spain is the equally clear one that the attainment of unity at the least enables the working class to give a good account of itself when the challenge comes. And the evidence makes it plain that capitalism in its phase of contraction will respect no principle, however venerable, in its effort to retain the power of the state in its hands. That has been the experience of M. Blum in France; it has been, also, the experience of Mr. Roosevelt in the United States. Each had a great popular majority behind him. Each found that the power of his majority was largely nullified by the refusal of the propertied class to cooperate with his purposes. At the historical stage we have reached, the will of the people is unable to use the institutions of capitalist democracy for democratic purposes. For at this stage democracy needs to transform class relations in order to affirm itself; and it will not be allowed to do so if the owning class is able to prevent that achievement.

This attitude seems to me the explicit result of post-war experience, and it is, as I have said, the vindication of the analysis that Marx made of social phenomena nearly a century ago. Certain modes of behavior that I profoundly respect are, I think, ruled out of court by the inferences it involves. It is incompatible with the pacifist doctrine of non-resistance. Had that way been chosen by the Spanish government, it would now be under the heel of a fascist conqueror as brutal in his methods as Hitler. It rules out, also, the Fabian method of gradualism. That principle was the natural method to recommend in an age of capitalist expansion. In the period of capitalism's decline, its result would, I think, be to give to the owning class a supreme opportunity to organize itself for counter-attack. The real lesson of post-war Germany is the futility of trying to reorganize the economic foundations of capitalism by half-measures. That, again, is the inference I would draw from the experience of the two Labor governments in Great Britain. Each was more anxious to prove its orthodox respectability to its opponents than it was to get on with the work of socialism, to which it was committed by public profession. The result was to discourage its friends and to persuade its enemies that the price of social reform was greater than capitalism could afford. The time has come for a central attack on the structure of capitalism. Nothing less than wholesale socialization can remedy the position. The alternative in all Western civilization outside the Soviet Union is, I believe, a rapid drift to fascism, in which the working class will be at a definite disadvantage by reason of the division of its forces. That division has already cost it Italy and Germany. It may one day cost it England and the United States as well. In that event, we shall see a new iron age descend upon mankind in which the very memory of civilized living may well become no more than a traditional legend.

Democracy Wins in Chile

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

Santiago, Chile, December 30

ON September 5, 1938, an armed revolt organized by the Chile Nacista Party was put down with brutal vigor by the Alessandri government then in power, and from 61 to 100 young men were killed, most of them unnecessarily and in cold blood.

On October 25 the Presidential election was held and Pedro Aguirre Cerda, candidate of a broad popular front, was chosen President, defeating the reactionary Gustavo Ross, who was backed by most upper-class Chileans and foreign business.

On December 24 Aguirre Cerda was inaugurated, and that same night he freed the Nacistas, including their leader, Gonzalez von Maree, who had been in prison since the uprising.

The West Coast of South America is four thousand miles long, but news and rumor run from one part to the next, and what is said in Panama is repeated in Callao and so on down. From the moment the Santa Maria left the Canal on December 9 we heard one opinion expressed over and over in tones of satisfaction or resentment. "Aguirre Cerda will never come to office." "The business interests and the conservatives will never allow Aguirre to become President." "There will be some sort of a coup before the inauguration." If wishes were horses, Aguirre Cerda would have been unseated by a cavalry charge. Such comments are only the surface expressions of more solid and unpleasant facts. It is a fact, for example, and a shameful one, that North American business firms helped to finance Ross's campaign. Let this be remembered if these firms complain of "unfair" treatment at the hands of the new government.

The workers of Chile are horribly poor. It is hard to compare wages, especially where the currency is depreciated. The Chilean peso, which was formerly worth about 12 cents, now ranges from 25 to 31 to the dollar. In these terms, Chilean workers earn from as little as 5 cents a day on the farms in the south—and even less for casual labor—to about 75 cents in the best foreign-owned copper mines. Other wages can be roughly gauged by these.

The working-class districts of Santiago are dirty and dilapidated. Whole families, big ones, live in a single room, and the toilet arrangements make even an old-law tenement in New York seem sanitary by comparison. There is much tuberculosis and syphilis. Chile's ragged workers must be seen if the country's problem is to be understood and if the frenzied joy of the last few days is to have its full meaning.

On the afternoon of December 24 the stores were closed and the streets jammed. By the time we reached the doors of the Congreso where the "Transmission of the Mandate" took place, a mob of fighting ticket-holders was ahead of us. Finally the officer at the main entrance to the grounds shoved us through a barred gate, and we found ourselves pressed into a solid mass that lined the walk from the gate to the pillared portico of the parliament building. And there we discovered why cardholders—even those with the potent word *Prensa* on their tickets—were kept on the street: the people had got in ahead. All around us, on every step, clinging to every pillar, standing on benches and rails and one another's feet, was a mass of tense excited citizens. All classes were among them, but ten to one the crowd was proletarian—men and women straight from the slums of Santiago. Inside the building, when the doors opened, I saw a crowd, equally solid, with a bigger proportion of well-dressed people—officials and party workers and invited guests. But the "common man" was there too, in numbers. He didn't need to be invited; he had voted Aguirre into office and this was his show.

It proceeded with strict conformity to tradition. Troops marched up to the gates of the grounds and formed a guard of honor at the entrance. Cars arrived with representatives from all the embassies and special representatives sent by a few of the more friendly governments. None of these bore obvious emblems of their origins, but the crowd, by what seemed a miracle of intuition, knew in almost every case. The Mexicans were welcomed with shouts of approval and a sea of clenched fists; so in less degree were the Colombian delegates. But the loudest cries of *Frente Popular* and *Viva* were saved for Prieto and the Spanish Ambassador; and next to them in order of popular approval were the Chinese. The Germans and Japanese had reason to feel that they were running a gauntlet of threatening hostility; they walked by with impassive expressions. No physical demonstration was made, but a chorus of hisses followed them up the steps. The Papal Nuncio and his delegation had a mixed reception—some clapping, a few hisses, a few lifted fists, but for the most part stolid silence.

Alessandri arrived in a state carriage. The outgoing President was quitting office under the dark cloud of

September. But he had, against all predictions, allowed free elections. And he was now about to transmit to his chosen successor the Presidential mandate—not to mention the ribbon of office and the Star of O'Higgins. He was cheered by a part of the crowd when his carriage stopped at the gates, and a few people—were they followers or opponents?—lifted their palms in a fascist salute. But the majority were unfriendly and openly triumphant. He stepped out of the carriage and made his way to the Congreso through fists raised like flags. Some voices shouted, "Murderer!" He went up the steps, shoving through with the help of his attendants and the police, and was greeted by a throng inside only a little less hostile.

The end of the ceremony came soon and suddenly. The doors opened. A few carabineros struggled to force back the people. A shout went up. Then a small compact group with a small, square-faced man in the center pushed toward the steps. Roars of joy met him. "Aguirre Cerda." "Nuestro Presidente!" "Nueva Chile!" "Frente Popular!" They roared and waved their fists and filled the whole portico. The President pushed through; he was swept down the stairs by the crowd; he was hustled and mashed by people as closely packed as in a subway rush. The carabineros were no protection; they tried only to get him to the gates. Finally he reached the waiting carriage. He stood and smiled and waved, accepting the crowd and its emotion. A North American made the callous comment: "He's a Santa Claus with an empty bag." There is just enough truth in this to make the future precarious.

Two nights later Prieto spoke at a meeting of the left parties. He said that clenched fists and cheers were all right to start things off, but serious action was needed to keep them going. He said that the new government in Chile was full of promise—but Spain had had a good popular-front government, too. He said that Chile might well become another Spain; that the right would not simply resign itself to defeat. Chile must prepare to defend its new administration by strong constitutional measures so that it would not have to defend it with arms. First of all, he said, Chile must take action to remove from key positions the reactionaries that were still in office. And the parties of the left must remain united and strong and resist the temptation to quarrel over minor differences.

Aguirre had the backing of a coalition of his own party, the Radicals, and a group of parties to the left—Socialists, Communists, and Democraticos. In addition he was supported by a more equivocally left group—the Nacistas, Union Socialists, and the followers of General Ibañez, whom the attempted coup of September would have put into office. It is a confused front including many conflicting elements. Almost certainly it will crumble at the edges. If Aguirre remains in power, his main strength will rest in the Socialists and Radicals—the two largest left parties. With their support he may be able to carry on a vigorous reform administration.

One danger lies in the defeated but unreconciled right, composed chiefly of the big interests, both Chilean and North American. It is biding its time, waiting for the new government to make its first mistake or get bogged down in its difficulties. Then it probably will move—independent political observers and newspapermen seem to agree on this; but no one pretends to know who will come forward as Chile's would-be Franco.

Another danger, less clearly, lurks on the left. The Nacistas are a fast-growing party of highly dynamic possibilities. They carried through the disastrous putsch of September, but as the election returns proved, they emerged from that ill-timed and reckless venture stronger than before. In the campaign they swung their support from their former choice, General Ibañez, then in jail, to Aguirre Cerda. Although their chief surviving leaders were also in prison during the campaign, the Nacistas contributed some 25,000 votes to the Popular Front candidate.

I saw the head of the party, Gonzalez von Maree, in jail about two days before Aguirre's inauguration. He is an attractive, vigorous person with great self-confidence. He insists with every evidence of sincerity that his party has no connection, actual or ideological, with the German Nazis. He disclaims anti-Semitism; admits no sympathy for dictatorship. He even repudiates violence and non-constitutional methods, and insists that his party will loyally support the government. He proclaims as his chief aim the formation of a single left party with a program of anti-imperialism and the nationalization of agricultural lands, natural resources, and major industries. He is strongly nationalist; but nationalism seems to be a common denominator of most left parties today. It is not necessary to doubt Gonzalez's honesty. It is necessary to question his stability and judgment. Whatever he now believes, before September he was an open advocate of violence, and it is certain that if his attempt had succeeded, Ibañez would have been made dictator. For these reasons the adhesion of the Nacistas is an element of uncertainty as well as of strength to the left. In January the Nacistas will hold a convention and announce their new program; they plan also to change their name, which has become a burden in the pursuit of avowedly democratic aims. Their future importance and their relation to the new government may be decided at that meeting.

Aguirre Cerda is a homely, swarthy man with an attractive smile. He deserted his first Cabinet meeting to talk to us, and he spoke with apparent freedom. He is a moderate—socially and politically. Popular education is his chief passion; that and public health he puts at the top of his program. He intends to extend the already radical provisions for social insurance and public housing. He is, in short, a New Dealer. Unfortunately his country is poor—and New Deals seem to come high—but fortunately it has a balanced budget. Taxes are low, especially on incomes and profits from land, and it should be possible to raise money by taxing the big landowners and the industries. It should be, but will it? Added taxes are one of the chief things the rightists fear. The price of genuine reform may be revolution on the right. Aguirre knows it.

I asked him directly what his policy would be toward foreign investments. He said that his country needed capital and new industries. He would encourage foreign enterprises in Chile, "especially businesses operated by persons living in the country." He said that it was to be understood that foreign capital must accept all the conditions imposed upon domestic business; there would be no special privileges under his administration. Aguirre realizes that Chile must not make Spain's mistake of allowing rightist officials and military men to continue in key posts. This is indicated by the speed with which he displaced certain high army officers and the heads of several departments. It may prove fortunate for the new Chile that Indalecio Prieto is in Santiago during these first days.

The importance of the change in Chile is great. It is likely to be underestimated in the United States. But no one should be misled by the paucity of Chilean news in the North American press; that is just an old North American custom in dealing with our good neighbors. The change of government in Chile was a conquest by democratic methods and a left program of one of the three most important countries on this continent. In the end the only hope for democracy in our time and in our hemisphere lies in the spread of democracy; it is not to be found in ambiguous resolutions adopted under the benevolent auspices of dictatorships.

If Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull really care about ridding Latin America of fascism they will go farther out of their way than they have yet gone to prove their friendship for the new regime in Chile. Many Chileans hoped that Mr. Hull would represent President Roosevelt at the recent inauguration. His presence would have demonstrated a genuine interest and would have been enormously appreciated. It would be equally useful if our very amiable ambassador, Norman Armour, would draw into his wide circle of friends in Santiago more of the prominent leftist leaders—who include, incidentally, most of the chief intellectuals of the country. And surely the President and the State Department could make plain their disapproval of financial and political meddling in Chile's internal affairs by North American business firms. When a reactionary candidate with known dictatorial intentions is staked financially by our business men in Chile, ordinary Chileans are apt to smile at solemn warnings from Washington about "foreign propaganda" and "fascist penetration." Strangely enough, in the face of all the facts, they still trust Mr. Roosevelt, though they cannot understand how he squares his maintenance of the Spanish embargo with his anti-fascist position. But as a Chilean writer said to me just after the inauguration: "The Roosevelt Administration will soon end, but imperialism goes on."

The Press and the NLRB

BY MARY BARTLETT

THE press, says *Editor and Publisher*, "presents the daily history of the world in proper perspective." If that is the intention it must be apparent by now that at least in the case of the National Labor Relations Board an overwhelming number of newspapers suffer from a pronounced astigmatism. With the new Congress receptive to proposed changes in the Wagner Act, it is a dead certainty that this affliction will become even more acute.

Consider, for example, the different press treatment accorded two decisions on the powers of the NLRB, both handed down by lower courts before the Supreme Court upheld the National Labor Relations Act on April 12, 1937. One court ruled that the board did not have jurisdiction over labor relations in a manufacturing plant, the Jones and Laughlin Company. Another court upheld the board's jurisdiction in the case of a wire service, the Associated Press. The Division of Press Intelligence, a federal agency, clips stories on government activities carried in newspapers all over the country. A count of D. P. I. clippings reveals the following illuminating facts: stories of the Jones and Laughlin decision, which was unfavorable to the board, appeared in 128 papers, to a total of 1,428 inches; the Associated Press decision, favorable to the board, appeared in 17 papers to a total of 167 inches. In each of these cases the circuit court was deciding whether the board had jurisdiction over labor relations in a particular enterprise; it was rendering no opinion on the board's jurisdiction in other types of industry. Yet headlines on the Jones and Laughlin case ran: "Wagner Board Is Held Powerless. New Deal Labor Act Unconstitutional." Few of the newspaper stories mentioned that the decisions were subject to review by a higher court.

The astigmatism of the press is revealed in the varying emphasis which it gives to stories about the NLRB—a story unfavorable to the board is played up in editorial and news columns more than a favorable story—and in the inaccuracy of its account, news articles, headlines, and editorials often telling a tale not based on facts. When Senator Nye blasted the Labor Act in July, 1937, fifty papers in the country, according to Division of Press Intelligence clippings, published sixty-three editorials using all the rubber stamps against the board without any specific reference to the board's record. But only thirty-four of the papers covered by the D. P. I. carried any reference in news or editorial columns to Roosevelt's statement in March, 1938, that the act should not be amended this year and that it had received unfair treatment by the press.

Similarly handled were the stories of Senator Burke's proposal early last year to investigate the board. On January 27 and 28 seventy-one papers of those covered by the D. P. I. carried an Associated Press story in several columns giving Burke's charges. But only five papers used the A. P. story of January 29, which quoted a letter from the A. F. of L. opposing the investigation. And only thirteen of the seventy-five papers which carried the A. P. version of Chairman Madden's reply to Senator Burke did not cut the story down to a few scant paragraphs. The sixty-two papers which rewrote the A. P. report of Madden's scholarly reply printed a story like that which appeared in the Macon, Georgia, *Telegraph* of February 4:

> The National Labor Relations Board is not biased and has no "starry-eyed" illusions about remaking the social order, Board Chairman J. Warren Madden testified before a Senate committee today.
>
> This was his reply to frequent accusations of partiality and radicalism. . . .

When the investigation was "indefinitely postponed," only ten papers carried the A. P. dispatch, the item not exceeding three paragraphs in any of them.

Behind this distortion there often appears an intent to thwart the purpose of the act. The Columbus *Dispatch*, for instance, five days after the NLRB was upheld by the Supreme Court, commented bitterly that the verdict had not lessened labor disputes. As if to arouse feeling against the act, the Charleston *News and Courier* queried in April, 1937:

> Do not the court's decisions point the way to coerce Southern cotton mills in which only white persons work? What if groups of Negroes, instigated and financed from New York, ask for employment in Southern mills? What if this matter should be tested?

Deliberately encouraging labor disputes, the Lewiston *Sun*, February, 1938, cried:

> Employers ought to refuse to have anything to do with the National Labor Board. They ought to fight it out and fight it out even if they have to go to jail. Fight it out as one of the fundamental principles of American liberty.

Yet it is the NLRB, according to the press, that fosters labor disputes.

Among other false charges which the press brings against the board is that of partisanship for the C. I. O. "Unless we miss our guess," the Cedar Rapids *Gazette* ventured in April, 1937, "the chances are that the C. I. O. does not represent a majority in any major industry." Yet from October, 1935, to December, 1937, the C. I. O. won 452 out of the 906 NLRB elections (*Monthly Labor Review*, July, 1938). "The C. I. O.-controlled labor board" is a common press designation of the NLRB. Yet an actual count of board decisions in disputes between C. I. O. and A. F. of L., according to an article in *Fortune* for October, 1938, gives the A. F. of L. a greater number of favorable decisions.

Another newspaper charge has been that the board restricts freedom of the press. During the Hartley Barclay discussion in December, 1937, the board summoned to the witness stand the editor of *Mill and Factory*, a trade publication which had printed an adverse story on the NLRB which was subsequently reprinted and distributed to employees of the National Steel Company at Weirton. The issue was whether the article was a creation of the steel company, on trial for unfair labor practices, and the purpose of the board in calling the editor to the stand was purely informative. Yet many papers pretended to see this as an attempt to punish and muzzle an editor. The San José *Mercury Herald's* comment was typical:

> The issuance implies the publisher committed an offense in printing the article in his magazine and that the board had the power to inquire into it . . . and to inflict suitable punishment.

How quickly an editorial writer will seize upon a statement which apparently discredits the board is illustrated by an editorial which appeared in the Arizona *Republic* for February 26, 1938. Someone intrusted with reporting the news had added two ciphers to the board's appropriation, which is just under $3,000,000. Immediately an editorial cited with horror $300,000,000 as the sum.

News stories on the Burke charges reached a low for accuracy. In connection with Burke's proposed investigation Senator Neely read a statement by Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed, then Solicitor General, saying in part, ". . . I should like to bear witness that in these difficult situations the record of the board bore unmistakable evidence of careful and impartial hearings, with every protection to the rights of all contestants." Omitting this sentence entirely the Washington *Star* printed only that part of the statement which led up to the bouquet and covered the matter in a headline which ran: "Neely Reads Reed Statement Urging Reticence in Condemning Body of Bias."

Praising the board in superlatives, the Honorable Elbert D. Thomas brought his testimony to a climax with ". . . something almost miraculous has been done in the setting up of the Labor Relations Board." He saw no need for an investigation, and referred incidentally to his work with the Maritime Committee as a burden on his time. "Senator Thomas," went the Associated Press version, "told the judiciary subcommittee that he opposed an investigation now on the grounds that it would handicap the Senate-House Maritime Committee efforts to adjust maritime labor laws."

The same malicious distortion occurred last May when the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional a decision rendered by the Department of Agriculture in the Kansas City Stockyards case because no intermediate report had been issued. In cases in which prompt decisions were desired, the NLRB also had on occasion omitted a trial examiner's report. In each case the company could have defended itself in oral argument before the decision had it so desired, but in order to square its procedure completely with the court's verdict, the board withdrew five decisions so that it might issue an intermediate report. It had no intention of altering the decisions, but news reports put their own interpretation on the board's scrupulousness. Typical headlines were the following:

> NLRB Appears Loser to Ford (Buffalo *Times*).
>
> Rehearing of All Pending Cases Hinted (Evansville *Press*).
>
> Labor Board May Back Up on Big Cases (Milwaukee *Journal*).

With no factual basis whatever, a story appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune* for October 3, 1938, headed:

> "Slow-Down" Hits U. S. Agencies as C. I. O. Organizes Employees. NLRB and Labor Department Among Bureaus Whose Overworked Staffs Deliberately Run Behind; Actual Sitdowns Feared Next.

When the Washington *Post* picked up this same story, a protest from the board evoked the following apology from the managing editor:

> . . . I have no defense whatever of the original article. I believe it was a bad story in every way. . . . This story, furnished by a news service, was allowed to slip by without proper investigation.

The anti-labor interests of the press have been exposed frequently enough to show that its astigmatism in NLRB stories is superinduced. Big business has found devious ways to evade the act; the press will find more devious ways to defame the board.

In the Wind

IN DENMARK the Nazis have registered one of their most decisive victories over the press. The victim is the *Berlingske Tidende,* Copenhagen's oldest and second-largest daily. After Munich that paper's foreign editor was dismissed on direct order of the German legation, and its editorial policy became belligerently pro-German. Now a new "foreign expert" has been appointed, one Baron von Rheinbaben, a German, a member of the Nazi Party, and, of course, a publicist for the Third Reich.

CHIEFTAINS OF the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party are weighing reports they have received of a rift between the new Republican Governor, Harold E. Stassen, and Old Guard G. O. P. leaders. Stassen, like many other Republican candidates last November, indulged freely in liberal rhetoric; now, according to these reports, he wants to live up to his speeches. The Old Guard says no.

WHAT HAPPENED when Ambassador Kennedy conferred with George S. Messersmith, Assistant Secretary of State, shortly after Kennedy's return from London? The meeting, of course, was private, but when Kennedy emerged he was visibly angry. Messersmith, it is reported, displayed the same mood.

WHEN MEXICAN film exhibitors planned recently to show a Spanish-language film made in Berlin, members of the movie unions threatened to strike in protest. Finally they consented to work on condition that the first day's receipts from the Nazi film go to Loyalist Spain. They collected 3,000 pesos; the next day the picture was withdrawn.

SOME WEEKS ago Mr. M. S. Reynolds, a resident of Vancouver, wrote a letter to Neville Chamberlain criticizing British foreign policy. Shortly afterward—on November 23—Mr. Reynolds was visited by two plain-clothes members of the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. Producing a copy of the letter he had sent to Chamberlain and of another he had sent to Lord Lloyd, they warned him not to write such letters again. Mr. Reynolds reported these facts to the editors of the London *Tribune,* and added that he told his inquisitors he would keep on writing "just so long as postage stamps are available."

THE REPORT of the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures contained a protest by Senator Bulkley of Ohio against the allegedly excessive expenditures of Robert A. Taft, victorious Republican candidate. The Cleveland *Press* ran this headline on the continuation of the story: "U. S. Probers Cite Expenses of Taft Race; Report $159,451 Spent on Office." Directly below appeared a Washington dispatch headlined: "Economy Is Taft's Slogan as He Takes Senate Seat."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE President's message to Congress, though unusually eloquent and able, is the mixture of good and bad, and of facing both ways, characteristic of the skilled politician that he is. It goes without saying that his defense of democracy will move profoundly every loyal American heart, and we must be especially grateful for his complete recognition of the fact that the truest defense for any democracy against fascism or communism is a contented and prosperous people, governed with equity and justice. "Our own hourglass tells us," he says, "that we are off on a race to make democracy work, so that we may be efficient in peace and therefore secure in self-defense." Elsewhere he says: "Our nation's program of social and economic reform is therefore a part of defense as basic as armaments themselves." The latter is only half the truth. Social and economic reform is infinitely more important than armaments, which, as Calvin Coolidge said, never kept any country out of war or insured its victory.

It is pleasant to record also that the President realizes now more clearly than in the past that there are better ways of bringing pressure to bear on international wrongdoing than going to war. The passage is worth quoting here:

> Words may be futile, but war is not the only means of commanding a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. There are many methods short of war, but stronger and more effective than mere words, of bringing home to aggressor governments the aggregate sentiments of our own people.

This is what I and many others have been preaching for many years. To be logical and truthful the President should have gone on to say that the World War has clearly proved that you cannot safeguard or enforce democracy by mass murder, that no nation can win a war, that war reduces every nation to despair because of the inevitable economic collapse after the orgy of destruction is over, that every modern war gives rise to new evils which cannot be foreseen and fortifies the hold of militarism upon the peoples of the world.

Mr. Roosevelt failed to say this because, though he now realizes that there are other weapons in our arsenal besides war, he still thinks many of the outmoded thoughts of the past. He still believes that "weapons of defense" give the only safety. Not only is he now eager for armed forces and defenses, but he wishes them "strong enough to ward off sudden attack against strategic positions and key facilities essential to insure sustained resistance and ultimate victory." He adds that "we must have the organization and location of those key facilities so that they may be immediately utilized and rapidly expanded to meet all needs without danger of serious interruption by enemy attack." That is laying down a wholly new defense plan, under cover of which the country may easily run into endless expense and almost complete militarization, with a large part of industry dominated not by the needs of peaceful development but by the supposititious needs of future warfare. Finally, he declares that "no nation can be safe in its will to peace so long as any other single powerful nation refuses to settle its grievances at the council table."

This is a new and extraordinary doctrine which, like so many of his other statements, he has plainly not considered in all its ramifications. If it is true, it means that if Russia, for example, or Germany, refuses to disarm there can never be any disarmament. In that case nations are doomed to destruction, for some, as the President has repeatedly pointed out, are now expending more than 50 per cent of their national income on armaments and thereby steadily lowering the living standards of their masses. Mr. Roosevelt fails to appreciate that his armament program takes us in exactly the opposite direction of that which he urges when he declares that our democracy must save itself by raising the standard of living and vastly improving the status of the individual citizen while speeding up the processes of our democratic government.

It is the same old Roosevelt, well-intentioned, patriotic, and wholly confused in his intellectual processes and economic thinking. He cannot resist saying out loud whatever occurs to him. Years ago Charles E. Hughes when Governor of New York declared in his first term that he had already learned one thing, and that was that a man in public life ought not to voice the first thought that came into his mind. He was plainly striking out at another Roosevelt, Theodore, who also was given to just this sort of thing. That Franklin is cleverer than Theodore I do not deny. None the less, there is much resemblance between them, and as a politician Theodore would have approved of the President's political strategy in promising not to be radical on domestic issues and to be good to big business for the remainder of his term, while raising the preparedness smoke screen. His appeal for a united people against encroachments upon our democracy will be heard and followed. His demand that all criticism cease and that there be no longer any differences over his New Deal should and will fall on deaf ears.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

A LAST CONVERSATION WITH KAREL CAPEK

BY ERIKA MANN

THE death of Karel Capek, the Czech author, is a great sorrow for all who knew his work, his noble and gallant bearing as a public figure, his animation, warm-heartedness, and talented intensity as a private person. The news came as a great surprise, very suddenly, although it was not really surprising. With a consistency that has no parallel for horribleness, the best, the most spiritual persons, the true representatives of every country, disappear from the scene in that country as soon as the fascist dictatorship comes to power. They flee, they are killed, they kill themselves—or they simply die: they let any disease germ penetrate their despairing bodies; an attack of grippe which under other circumstances would scarcely trouble them carries them off. An artist of Capek's rank and convictions could not breathe in a mutilated, fascist Czechoslovakia subject to Hitler's overlordship. And since to him as his nation's greatest poet, who combined high spiritual and literary qualities with genuine and deep-rooted patriotism, to live and work in a foreign language and a foreign land was inconceivable—and since on the other hand it was clear that he could not remain any longer at home—he lay down and died.

I spent a whole day with him immediately after the Munich "peace" pact. I drove out to his house in the country in a small open car placed at my disposal by the Ministry of Propaganda, which was still on a war basis. A soldier sat at the wheel beside me—a young lad in uniform, silent and very pale. His narrow Slav's eyes had an angry and defiant expression. The streets were choked with the retreating columns of the Czech army; silent, hanging their heads, the soldiers evacuated one village, one height, after another, though no enemy was visible. The sight of these strong, splendidly equipped troops drawing back, back, back without a struggle was painful because it seemed completely incomprehensible and unnatural. I speak to the chauffeur about it; he has tears in his narrow eyes as he shows me the fortresses and explains the wire entanglements and the air-raid defenses which had been built so joyfully. "We could have held out for months—alone if necessary," he says; and his face, the face of the deceived and betrayed Czech people, will remain forever in my heart and memory. When he sets me down before the beautiful old manor house which is my destination, he asks for three hours' leave. He would like to drive to his family in the little village of X— not far from here. "We don't know yet whether Hitler will march in there," he says, "and my people are democrats—it would go badly with them."

I have known Karel Capek since the first of many visits in Prague. I know that he is very friendly with Benes, and I hope that he will be able to explain to me why Benes showed such inexplicable trust in powers which had announced clearly enough their treacherous intentions, why he had hoped and waited, as if paralyzed, like a rabbit held by the eye of a snake. Frau Capek, the renowned Czech actress Olga Scheinpflugowa, receives me. She is white as a sheet; one can see that she has been weeping for a long time. She tells me that Capek passed the night weeping and writing to Benes; never in my life have I seen so many men weep as in these days since the Czechoslovak Republic was condemned to death by its friends.

Capek, though his fine Slavic face was marked with melancholy—his dark eyes could be of a boundless sadness—was fundamentally cheerful by nature. He was a clear strong spirit who often found expression in sharp and extremely comic satire. His play "The White Sickness," which was produced with the greatest success throughout Europe, is a magnificently drawn up, aggressive, and tragi-comic indictment and exposure of the fascist dictatorship. The "white sickness" is a mysterious, revolting, and deadly disease which appears as a pestilence wherever fascism comes to power. In the end it brings down the dictator himself at the moment when, the desire and goal of his existence having been achieved, the chaos of the world war finally closes in. "The White Sickness" shows the brilliant, humorous, polished side of the poet. It shows Capek, moreover, as a fighter of quality who was able to wage war on the highest level and from the watch tower of the spirit.

"We have lost it, our battle," he says to me now. "It is all over. Of course I cannot live here any longer—but that is the least of it. I would go gladly if I might do so for good reasons." I answer that there could never be good reasons for him, Capek, to leave the country. "There could only be these abominable, vile, evil reasons." The white sickness, I say to myself, that and only that could drive this man away. "We will emigrate," says Mme Scheinpflugowa. "We will learn to speak and live where freedom still exists." The look which her husband gives her has the shoreless sadness of which I have spoken. Where? that look seems to ask; where, in all the world? We speak of America and again it is the wife who is hopeful. "America is great and free," she says, and I add that Capek will be appreciated there. Instead of answering, Capek says, "What will Benes do? He will not be able to remain either." It was two days before the President resigned, but certainly Capek, his friend, already had knowledge of it. I ask my own questions about Benes. "I know, I know," says Capek, putting me off wearily; "he could perhaps have done otherwise, ought perhaps to have done otherwise. But don't you see—his whole life, the collective conception of the Masaryk state, the Benes state, our state, stood and fell with the idea of the Western democracies. If England and France betrayed this idea they betrayed us and delivered us up. So we were lost not only in a military and practical sense but within ourselves, when everything on which we had built crashed."

"But you yourself," I say, attempting a sanguine tone, which miscarries, "surely you will come to us abroad and go on with your work. This horror will have one good consequence for us: the scattered forces of our fighters will receive great and wonderful support from the Czech reinforcements." Again he does not reply directly. "Seek recruits for us across the sea," he says, "I beg you; and when I am no longer here tell the Americans that Czechoslovakia should not be allowed to perish. We must have aid, economic aid at least, to keep alive." "But we are going, aren't we?" asks his wife in an imploring voice. "You do not want to stay here?" Capek shakes his head, but it does not look like a decisive no; this head-shaking is in final despair. "Here I cannot stay—" he says. His voice does not fall, and the sentence has the effect of being unfinished.

Even when I bring the conversation around to his books, to "The Newts" or "Hardudal," he does not cheer up. "Imagine to yourself something on the order of 'Hardudal' if I had to write it in a foreign country," he says. And, indeed, this most poetic and most moving of his books is so truly "Blood and Soil" in the best, in the real, sense of the words that the Nazis must turn pale with envy. "But 'The Newts,'" I say, "is read in many languages. The story of these sly clever creatures which were first trained by man for all sorts of uses and which finally, turning into a mob without soul or morals but with dangerous technical skill, plunge the world into ruin—this story is so contemporary and exciting, so convincing, and in addition so comical and entertaining that it wins friends everywhere." "Perhaps," he says, again with the languid gesture of denial. At the sound of this "perhaps" his wife bursts into tears.

Karel Capek is dead. He could not remain in Czechoslovakia—he said so—but neither would he have been able to live outside. The loss to the world is great. The victims claimed by the "white sickness" have been increased by one more, a heavy and terrible sacrifice.

BOOKS

Notes by the Way

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN'S "Adventures of America, 1857-1900" (Harper, $3.50) exercises the same appeal as the current play about Abraham Lincoln. It is a collection of prints from *Harper's Weekly*, with commentary, which recreate more vividly than written history the humor and tragedy of provincial America growing into an industrial nation. Like the family album it induces a pleasant nostalgia for a vanished era and a warm sense of the past. The wood engravings of Thomas Nast—which prove that the static quality so often found in woodcuts of today is not necessarily inherent in the medium—are the most striking pictures in the book. And they remind us, among other things, that although we have come to think of the present as a pictorial age, no contemporary cartoonist has matched Nast's achievement in breaking the hold of the Tweed gang in New York by his great series of cartoons directed to that end.

William Murrell, in his admirable "History of American Graphic Humor" (Macmillan, $7), of which the second volume, covering the period from 1865 to 1938, has recently been published, ascribes the decline in the influence of the political cartoon to the collapse of the widely circulated weeklies in which they appeared and to the fact that every important newspaper in the country now prints at least one cartoon a day, which perforce dies with the day. The law of diminishing returns operates in this field as well as in others, but perhaps another reason for the decline of the cartoon as a decisive political weapon is to be found in the parallel decline of American politics from a struggle between two parties fresh from an actual civil war over real issues to a mere struggle for public office. Nast, the Republican, was himself caught in this decline, as Mr. Murrell's book demonstrates, and the most powerful cartoons of this century have sprung from an opposition far to the left of both the Republican and the Democratic Party. Inevitably their circulation, and therefore their influence, has been limited by the obstinate refusal of the inhabitants of the land of opportunity to accept as real or relevant the struggle between classes, as opposed to the fight between two political parties whose basic assumptions are after all identical. The old *Masses* was propelled into the main stream of American popular thinking by its opposition to the war, and its cartoonists and editors had the distinction of being directly attacked by the government.

Since then many of our best cartoonists have labored in the obscurity to which, so far, the American public has condemned radicalism. Less radical though very accomplished artists such as Edmund Duffy, Rollin Kirby, and D. R. Fitzpatrick fit better into Mr. Murrell's diagnosis: the influence of their work has been diluted by the very ubiquity of cartoons, including their own daily output. The question arises, however, whether a left liberal weekly like *The Nation* which speaks to that fairly wide section of opinion represented by the left wing of the New Deal is not neglecting an important weapon. With the record of *Harper's Weekly* before me I am inclined to think so.

Aside from the drawings of Nast, Mr. Kouwenhoven's book contains a great variety of humorous and serious drawings in which the drama of Civil War, Reconstruction, and industrialization fills many pages—along with the fantastic costumes in which our not far distant ancestors performed their historic roles. In a picture of mixed bathing at Newport in the fifties the presumably happy bathers look more like victims caught fully clothed in a flood, and the representation of a lady tourist in the vault of the Sub-Treasury in New York inspecting gold bricks reminds us of the days when gold was gold.

The most charming pictures in the book are some early prints by Winslow Homer. His scenes in Boston Common and Central Park in New York have the quality, to be found in the paintings of Renoir of a quite different background, that reflects the existence of a homogeneous and stable, though limited and provincial, society. Great forces—the Civil War, industrialism, and immigration—broke it up. We shall not have such pictures again until our assimilation of our own extraordinary industrial and technological inventions and of the alien cultures that have reached our shores in continuing waves shall have produced a new homogeneity and stability.

Such books as "Adventures of America" and "A History of American Graphic Humor," aside from their direct appeal, are extremely valuable in this connection. They offer a perspective in which the almost fashionable despair of achieving a distinctive American culture appears, as it actually is, excessive. The task of assimilating our past, near and distant, is a great one. Henry James, in "The American Scene," wrote eloquently of the complexity and scope of the problem, especially in relation to immigration—and quailed before it. Yet its very magnitude, which implies the scale of the reward in its accomplishment, should stimulate rather than discourage the intellectual perennially searching for a function in the real world. Fortunately the past decade has seen a genuine critical movement toward the discovery and understanding of our artistic and social resources—which is essential to any intelligent ordering of our future.

On the first page of the delightful "Oxford Book of Light Verse" ($3), compiled by W. H. Auden, this couplet appears in The Song of Lewes (circa 1264):

> Richard of Alemaigne whil that he was kyng,
> he spende al his tresor upon swyuyng

Shall we now have protests from the learned societies against the swinging of Early English?

One of the most embarrassing things about the dictatorships these days is their invocation of principles and policies, usually contradictory, on which the Western empires have operated. Japan is "civilizing" China for its own good; Mussolini's only motive in invading Ethiopia was to give the natives the advantages of Italian culture. But the item which should make us cringe most is the announcement from Berlin of a "Jim Crow" law for Jews in the Reich.

MARGARET MARSHALL

A Guide to Social Thought

SOCIAL THOUGHT FROM LORE TO SCIENCE. By Harry Elmer Barnes and Howard Becker. With the Assistance of Emile Benoit-Smullyan and Others. D. C. Heath. Two Volumes. $9.50.

THIS is a huge enterprise carried out with courage and ability. The first volume surveys the history of social thought from its beginning with the preliterate peoples who, the authors point out, must have had social thought even if they could not write, up to the latest cyclical theory of Pitirim Sorokin, who, the authors do not point out, insists on writing even when he hasn't much social thought. The second volume, abandoning the chronological for the national, surveys the present trends in sociology from England to Japan, including the Scandinavian countries and including also so piquant a caption as "émigré Ukrainian sociology." Together the volumes form a short encyclopedia of social thought, more likely to be referred to than read—a collective enterprise with a far-flung authorship in addition to the two main authors, over a decade in the writing, and with a literary history so complex that an elaborate key is required to indicate who wrote what.

The authors have leaned upon every reference and research aid, but chiefly they have been influenced by the sociological tradition proper as represented by such men as Albion Small in America and Max Weber and von Wiese in Germany. Considering the scope and magnitude of the work, they have shown an impressive accuracy, competence, and discrimination. They have produced what is easily the best single survey of the history of social thought—a category that comprises probably our dreariest and dullest textbook writing. Not that they have wholly escaped dreariness and the impress of scissors and paste-pot. Often I have got more out of browsing through their voluminous bibliographical footnotes than out of reading their discussions of Adam Smith and Spengler Despite that, the book has bursts of vigor and a certain sharpness. Its weakness lies in the authors' vagueness as to what constitutes social thought. Sometimes you think they are including the whole realm of what Charles Beard has called "the discussion of human affairs." At other times they are narrowly sociologists, limiting themselves to a "central field" of inquiry.

This stricture is true especially of the second volume, whose chapter on the United States gives a dull recital of sociology instruction in various universities and the "contributions" of a long list of scholars. Why this was done it is difficult to see; no authors would dare say what they really think of their academic colleagues and contemporaries. I could quote howlers such as the one about the Harvard Sociology Department: "The prospects for extensive graduate instruction at Harvard are now good." If Harvard social science today has any prospects, they are certainly not to be found in sociology proper. Another result of the authors' cultivation of a single "central field" is that by pursuing sociology they miss the social sciences. In America, at any rate, the field o sociology has become eroded. The great names—Small Cooley, Ward—are the names of the past. It is in the marginal fields, such as law, anthropology, psychology, economics that the real creativeness of American social thought must be sought. But the authors do not seek it there.

The chapter on Marxian theory is one of the fairest I have seen in an academic textbook. Nevertheless, the authors find it necessary to point out, perhaps because they know the mentality of sociology teachers, that while Marx's name is important in the history of social thought, "we do not necessarily subscribe either to his theories or his program." There is no similar *caveat* for Burke or Bagehot or Weber or any other theorist. But if socialism has cast its shadow on these pages, fascism has not. Aside from Pareto and Spann there is no discussion of fascist sociology such as may be found in Kolnai's recent splendid book, "The War Against the West." In its fundamental conception the book predates the sharpening of the social struggle in the past decade. Yet it is out of social struggles that social thought develops.

MAX LERNER

A Mixed Bag

NEW WRITING. New Series. Fall, 1938. Edited by John Lehmann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THERE is every reason why we should be disposed to examine sympathetically a further instalment of a book whose blurb claims that "it continues to be the most important expression we have of the younger men who are determining the art of the future," but in view of the title sympathy does not exempt from disappointment at failing to find much original inspiration or imaginative power behind this particular sample of modernity. Leaving aside the few characteristic samples of tense war- and graveyard-conscious verse, the bulk of contributions to the book can be divided into critical or social essays and stories designed to make either our flesh or our nerves creep.

Mr. Spender dissects in a critical spirit the poetical dramas of W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood; Mr. Robert Herring writes with contagious appreciation of French films; and Mr. Edgell Rickwood discusses André Malraux. The sociological essay, which occupies the most space in the book, is a study of jazz and its protagonists in the cheap dance halls of industrial England, but though the author is finally discovered to be unsympathetic toward this "post-war religion of modern youth" he surveys without bringing any conclusiveness to his survey.

The stories lead off with a page or two of the American scene, and then there is a German item concerning the behavior of men trapped in a mine awaiting rescue, a plight which needs to be done very well at this point if it is to be done again, whereas Miss Seghers indicates tension by the easy device of a lack of coherence. But English writers are chiefly represented: there is a stimulating account by Mr. Willy Goldman of the Jewish novel, with special relation to the London East End Jew, and the East End comes in once more with a short story of some louts who beat up a young Jew walking out with his girl. A beating up also ends the story of two English sailors who, having to ship as kitchen hands, take it out of the unjust steward after drawing their pay. But stark realism has never been the English forte; here one may consider how much more effective is a translation from the French of Louis Guilloux of a stupid hysterical quarrel between a man and a woman which nevertheless, through the mere rendering of detail, encompasses a tender sense of humanity's irrationality. But such a tolerant sense of life is far to seek in this particular specimen of "New Writing," which, if it were representative of literature, would seem to show that we have progressed from the *Comédie humaine* to the *Condition humaine,* and lost in the transition.

NORAH HOULT

Answer to "Mein Kampf"

OUR BATTLE. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Simon and Schuster. $1.

"OUR BATTLE" is a lost opportunity, at best a Pyrrhic achievement: one more such defense of democracy and—. The more the pity because of the influence of the author as a liberal teacher. His book is a warning that not even a professional historian with a facile pen can achieve a dignified and effective product overnight. On October 12 Van Loon heard in his Connecticut home that the Mayor of the City of New York was booed, while the name of a "foreign dictator was greeted with tumultuous applause," at a Columbus Day celebration. On October 13 he came to New York to see the expressions of organized resentment by the liberal citizens. Keenly disappointed at finding that the burghers did not take seriously the mistaken loyalty of a group of ardent Latins who made up for their ignorance of American institutions and the English language by excessive and sentimental devotion to things Italian, he returned to Old Greenwich and on October 14 began his answer to "Mein Kampf." On October 21 he completed his book. Within a month his publisher had it on the counter for the American public. After reading "Our Battle," one wonders why Van Loon did not take his son's advice. But fathers never do. The young man read the manuscript very carefully and then with commendable frankness assured his parent that his "warning against Hitler" could have been reduced to a single paragraph that "every housewife would have understood."

"Our Battle" would gain immeasurably if it were written with dignity and concentrated its effort on carrying the reader to an enduring conviction. Every page is given to name-calling until the reader wonders why the author did not follow the more effective technique of the scholar—to present the facts and let them indict the hysterical dictator drunk with power. In his "Force or Reason," Hans Kohn presents a devastating indictment of the totalitarian state, but the indictment is invariably drawn by the reader, never by the author.

In the limited space of his small book Van Loon gives us the family history of both Hitler and Mussolini: Hitler's father had three wives, the Führer being a son of the third; the neglected offspring of the irresponsible father became an itinerant dauber, a postal-card artist, never a house painter or a paper hanger—details as irrelevant as the story of Rousseau's illegitimate progeny or of Franklin's philanderings in France would be in tracing the development of the concept of democracy. The author deems all this small gossip important, but his story of how Mussolini and Hitler actually seized organized governments is surprisingly brief and very hazy.

The most disappointing feature of "Our Battle" is its complete neglect of the great human gains that we may attribute to democracy. It includes a careful and detailed formulation of the great contributions of Fascism in Italy and Nazism in Germany. Pages 44-56 present at least twelve major social gains under totalitarianism as practiced by Il Duce. The list of contributions of Hitlerism, skilfully tabulated on pages 127-131, will strengthen many a critical Nazi follower in his wavering faith.

No honest student will quarrel with this presentation of the achievements of these two systems of totalitarianism. Even the devil must be given his due. But why cheat the angels? We quarrel with the author on at least three counts: for omitting an equally skilful analysis of the human gains attributable to democratic forms of control; for neglecting to present a full analysis of the social cost of the gains in totalitarian states; for failing, so sadly, to show that these and comparable gains have been achieved under democratic systems without the loss of basic human rights and all civil liberties.

The dictators have proved themselves adept at mud-slinging and name-calling when democratic communities have taken issue with totalitarian techniques of social control. Van Loon evidently decided to fight fire with fire, forgetting that fire is employed for the purpose when the use of water is impracticable. As a keen student of social evolution, he should have employed the method that is more native to one of his training and his superb gifts. PAUL KLAPPER

Italy in Colorado

WAIT UNTIL SPRING, BANDINI. By John Fante. Stackpole Sons. $2.50.

JOHN FANTE'S short stories are already known. His first novel tells the story of an Italian-American family in Colorado. The son, an Italian of the second generation in this country, is the chief interpreter of the little drama that takes place between a lusty father and a religious mother.

The characters are real; the style is excellently adapted to the presentation of a simple, untrained mind attempting to articulate and arrange ideas growing out of the contact of the Italian with an alien culture; the whole story is fully imagined and convincing. Actually the plot is very simple, being a quarrel between a husband who suddenly begins to feel important in a new situation and a wife who clings to God until her husband deserts her and then, with precise fury, has her vengeance. But it is not the plot that makes the interest of the book; it is rather the innumerable correct details of life in such a family, together with the quality of the writing. John Fante keeps himself out of the picture, but he is obviously writing about people he knows at first hand. Nothing, for instance, could be more accurate than his description of Bandini's shame when the "widow" who has picked him up puts him out. The characterization of the "widow," incidentally, was clearly the most difficult in the book, yet she is completely convincing.

Mr. Fante's quick images of people and his abrupt but rhythmical sentences bespeak more than the usual skilful novelist. "Wait Until Spring, Bandini," although it has no such powerful theme, reminds one of Silone's "Fontamara" in its use of a pruned yet at times rich prose to convey the speech of a somewhat inarticulate people. Mr. Fante clearly has deep knowledge of a folk. EDA LOU WALTON

The New Palestine

DEEP FURROWS. By Avraham Ben-Shalom. Translated by Frances Burnce. New York: Hashomer Hatzair. $1.35.

THIS little book will find a place in the enduring literature of the new Palestine. For it presents the first comprehensive description in English of the Zionist collectives which have attempted to change the psychology, the economic habits, and the status of the Jews. Because it is written with sincerity, vividness, and quiet humor, and also because the life of these colonies, many of which stand on the dangerous outposts of Jewish settlement, resembles in some respects that of the early American frontiersmen in their stockades, it should be of special interest to American readers.

The wisest and most idealistic of the young Zionists have realized from the beginning that no healthy Jewish life could be built in Palestine by exploiting cheap native labor. They insisted that Jews must do their own work in order to free themselves from the insecurities of the middle-class position which historic necessity had forced upon them. From the attempt to make the Jew a worker flowed the natural desire to create a cooperative rather than an exploiting economy. That this effort met with any success is quite amazing in the light of the middle-class psychology of most Zionists and of the competition in Palestine of vast numbers of impoverished natives ready to work for starvation wages. Only unwavering idealism and the creation of a powerful, disciplined, statesman-like labor movement enabled the Jewish workers to achieve a significant victory. Today the General Federation of Jewish Labor with its collectives and cooperatives, its housing, maritime, and public-works projects, its schools and press, dominates Jewish Palestine as no other labor movement does in any other free country in the world.

Among the strongest elements in the Palestine labor movement is Hashomer Hatzair, the Young Guard. Originally a Scout organization of middle-class Jewish boys in Poland, it became a movement to establish socialist collectives in Palestine. It has formed thirty-five of these collectives, and they are among the most successful enterprises in the land. In terms of his experience in one of them the author describes the various phases of their life, their ideology, their achievements and failures, their economic and political organization, their culture and education, their family life, the status of women, and the rearing of children.

Of greatest interest at the moment is the attitude of this group toward the Arabs. They have insisted that the interests of the Jewish masses and the Arab masses are identical and that the friendship of the latter is more important than British promises. They have even envisioned the possibility of a bi-national socialist Palestine, freed from exploiting effendi, imperialists, and capitalists, participating in a pan-Arab federation.

> The hundreds and thousands of terrorists who leaned on German rifles or Italian bayonets and spread the net of fascism from Gibraltar to Suez cannot blind us to the hundreds of thousands of starved fellaheen and exploited Arab workers who sooner or later must join us in the struggle for our common welfare. The day will yet come when this alliance will break down the walls of hate and murder erected by Muftis and Arab Effendi as well as the boundaries that have been set up by British imperialism.

Toward this end they have participated in movements to organize Arab peasants and workers, to initiate agrarian reform, and to teach the Arab how to produce more from his barren soil. These efforts, however, have met with little success. For in Palestine as elsewhere nationalism has become the ruling force. If some day class interests should predominate over national, the program of Hashomer Hatzair would hold out the greatest hope for peace.

In the meantime this group, together with all of Labor Palestine, does not give ground. Although they refuse to participate in acts of terrorism, they successfully defend themselves against Arab terrorists. No settlement has been abandoned, no land surrendered. Instead new colonies have been established on the very spots where Jewish workers were murdered, as a kind of blood bond with the soil. This is the only place in the world where Jews under attack are not running away. Under each fresh attack they sink their roots deeper into the land. Even the most fanatical Arab extremists do not hope to drive these Jews from Palestine, but only to prevent further immigration and land purchase. Their success will depend on whether nationalism or socialism will triumph in the modern world. In that struggle an important part will be played by those whose "eyes are fixed on distant horizons, for our feet stand fast in deep furrows."

PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

DRAMA

More Matter and Less Art

LAST week I remarked in passing that ghosts of one kind or another were taken as a matter of course on the contemporary stage. I might have added that what used to be called the conventional dramatic form is being abandoned with increasing frequency and that half the first nights on Broadway now reveal plays whose techniques even the patrons of little theaters would have regarded as eccentric five years ago. In certain instances the results have abundantly justified the means, but novelty is no longer novel and demands no especial consideration in its own right. Five years ago the least that one could in decency say of an unconventional play was to call it "an interesting experiment"; today there is no reason why one should not translate the phrase into what is actually an equivalent and say only that the author "means well."

I cannot find it in my heart to say much more in favor of the first of this week's "experiments," which is called "Everywhere I Roam" (National Theater). Here we have a sort of

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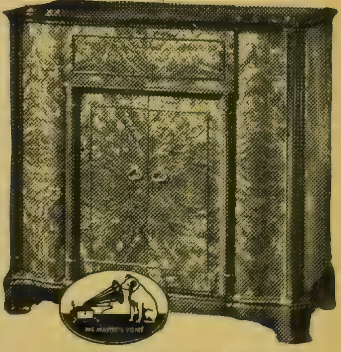

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Child's History of America in picture, story, and song, in the course of which legend is mingled with allegory and Johnny Appleseed frustrated by two sinister figures in top hats representing Finance. Others have already complained that it is hardly fair to set a sort of Currier and Ives picture of the age of innocence over against a singularly unattractive cartoon of the machine age, and the complaint is justified. Even more serious, however, is the fact that the highly stylized presentation achieves no real style and does little to charm one into the acceptance of its naivetes. Marc Connelly is set down as coauthor with Arnold Sundgaard, and it doubtless seemed to Mr. Connelly that the technique of the "Living Newspaper" might be combined with that of his own "Green Pastures" to make something twice as effective as either, but for a fairly obvious reason it does not work out that way. The non-realistic portions of the "Living Newspaper" were acceptable because the allegory served as a sort of highly intellectualized shorthand. "Green Pastures," on the other hand, was acceptable because it succeeded in creating a certain mythological atmosphere in which everything occurred in accordance with the logic of a recognizable folk imagination. But the allegory and the symbolism of "Everywhere I Roam" seem dictated by no consistent controlling principle, and the mingling of intellectual shorthand with vaguely mythological elements is made not less but more confusing by the fact that there are purely external similarities between personages proper to the one and personages proper to the other. Since no real style is achieved, such a scene as that in which the sinister financiers uproot an apple orchard one foot high is neither quaint on the one hand nor abstract on the other. It is merely very close to being downright silly. Some of the dancing is good.

The

Protestant Crusade

by RAY ALLEN
BILLINGTON

1800-1860

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Next Week in *The Nation*

THE UNITED STATES AT LIMA

By HUBERT HERRING

Thornton Wilder's "The Merchant of Yonkers," for which Herman Shumlin has leased the Guild Theater, is by no means so ambitious or technically so unusual as the same author's "Our Town," but it does come under the head of "novelties," and it suffers like "Everywhere I Roam" from a failure to achieve satisfactorily the stylized manner toward which it is obviously aspiring. According to a program note the play is "based upon a comedy by Johann Nestroy (Vienna, 1842), which was itself based upon an English original." With neither of these originals am I familiar, but it is obvious that the ultimate substratum consists of a farce, soundly constructed upon familiar old-fashioned lines, in which young lovers frustrate Old Money-Bags and everybody has frequent opportunity to hide in closets, behind screens, and under tables. The idea seems to be to play Mr. Wilder's version of this old play as a period piece, to encourage the actors to use all the old low-comedy tricks, and to emphasize the artificialities in order to heighten the generally larkish atmosphere of the occasion. Presumably Mr. Wilder is responsible for the soliloquies setting forth neatly a whimsically epicurean commentary, and these are pleasant in their own way; but so far as I could make out, most of the amusement which the play furnishes (and it is often quite laughable) is the result of the honest farce of the original author, to which neither the rewriting nor the stylized production contributes very much. On the other hand, a good deal *is* contributed by the very effective performances of Jane Cowl and June Walker.

"Mamba's Daughters" (Empire Theater) is DuBose Heyward's novel of the same name made into a starring vehicle for Ethel Waters. Miss Waters gives an impressive and full-bodied impersonation, and the singing—there is one song composed for the occasion by Jerome Kern, and a number of traditional tunes—is uniformly magnificent. So, for that matter, are the local color and the atmosphere, but unfortunately the story is neither very powerfully imagined nor very dramatically told. The action is obviously suspended from time to time in order to make a place for such scenes as that of the "love feast," and in itself is little more than a series of conventional tear-jerking situations. Such material deserves a better framework.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

"I WANT A LITTLE GIRL," which I mentioned recently as an outstanding jazz record, is one of several that the Kansas City Six—a group from Count Basie's Orchestra—made for Commodore. It is also the best; but the briefer solos that Buck Clayton and Lester Young contribute to "Pagin' the Devil" are very fine; and Clayton does beautiful things throughout "Good Mornin' Blues." Some of the big words that are slung around pretentiously for effect rather than for meaning, in this field, have been applied to Lester

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Young: "warmth and simplicity that probably have not been approached since the days of Teschmaker"; but a man who actually heard Teschmaker at close range for a long period tells me the style and feeling of his playing were completely different from Young's.

On Billie Holiday's record of "I Can't Get Started" and "The Very Thought of You" (Vocalion) are instrumental interludes by superb players who should have been named. Then there is a re-pressing of the Mound City Blue-Blowers' "One Hour" (Bluebird), with a tenor-saxophone solo by the distinguished Coleman Hawkins. And moderately good are Mildred Bailey's "My Melancholy Baby" (Vocalion) and Cootie Williams's "Swing Pan Alley" and "Chasing Chippies" (Vocalion).

As for Benny Goodman's "Swing Session" (Victor: four records, $3.50), "Make Believe" offers extensive solo work on muted trumpet, presumably by Harry James, whose playing is usually coarse, but who plays here with delicacy and sensitiveness in a style that is delightful—though I must add that his invention is not unfailing, and that some of the phrases which begin with such clear direction end in aimless profusion of notes. And Goodman himself has an exquisite solo in "Sweet Sue—Just You." But the rest is dull; and Goodman's solo in "The Blue Room," from the first note of his entrance to the last flourish of his exit, is the straining exhibitionism of the spotlighted band-leader playing with clarinet tilted toward the ceiling—horrible in itself, and disastrous to the delicate quality of the Rodgers song. Nor is this the only record in which Goodman's playing shows the effect of his recent activity, in a straining for effectiveness that he does not achieve: even in "Bumble Bee Stomp," which is fairly good, his own work is poor.

The guitar-playing of Vicente Gomez is a miracle of technical mastery and musical subtlety which can be experienced in the little album (three records, $2.75) issued by Decca. The pieces are by Gomez himself; and the best are "La Farucca" and "Sevillanas y Panaderos" on record 23068.

Sampling the 50- and 75-cent Decca records further I have encountered some that are very good: additional Handel Concerti Grossi played by the Boyd Neel Orchestra; Vera Schwarz's singing of an aria from Mozart's "Idomeneo"; the Ambrosian chants recorded by singers of the Ambrosian School of Sacred Music in Milan; Schumann's "An den Sonnenschein" and "Marienwürmchen" delightfully sung by Lotte Lehmann, the first with orchestral accompaniment, the second with piano. Emmy Bettendorf's singing of Brahms's "O wüsst' ich doch den Weg zurück" and "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" is excellent, the violin and piano accompaniments highly objectionable (imagine the effect of a treacly violin obligato in a treacly Brahms song); on the other hand the old orchestral accompaniment does not spoil my pleasure from Maria Ivogün's singing—in German—of "Ah! fors' è lui" and "Sempre libera" from "La Traviata." As for the Queen of the Night's aria from "The Magic Flute," Lily Pons sings it as she sings the Queen of Shemakha's aria from "Le Coq d'Or."

I have been informed that certain models of the Ansley Dynaphone use a German motor. The Ansley Company admits this, claiming that it cannot avoid using the motor in these models.

B. H. HAGGIN

THE *Nation* announces a series of articles of great significance to Americans by

Eliot Janeway

Beginning in the issue of January 28

I. *America in the Post-Munich World*

A summary of how radically the world has changed since the Pact of Munich, and what part the United States must play in a new economic situation.

II. *We Arm Our Potential Enemies*

We equip Japan, Germany, and Italy with the necessities of war; we enable them to create capital equipment for future military self-sufficiency. Why? Who is responsible? What would happen if we placed an embargo on such trade?

III. *A New Deal for Latin America*

Suppose Japan were to cut off our access to sources of raw materials in eastern Asia. Suppose Germany and Italy were to threaten our trade routes from the Mediterranean. Could we rely on Latin America, or does much spade work remain to be done there?

IV. *Reconstructing Our Domestic Economy*

The new isms of Europe and Asia begin to have an effect on American farmers. What can be done to help them and to bring idle capital and idle labor together, so that It Won't Happen Here?

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Letters to the Editors

Facts Are the Answer

Dear Sirs: The leading article in your issue of December 17 has again given eloquent proof that your publication stands in the vanguard of liberal American journalism. The Reverend W. C. Kernan's factual analysis of Coughlin's controversy with the Jews of this country is a masterpiece of research, fact-finding, and logic.

I wish some means could be found to give even wider publicity to the Kernan article. This is a dire need at this time in view of the campaign being conducted not only by Coughlin but also by such Catholic newspapers as the Brooklyn *Tablet,* by the International Truth Society, and by various so-called "Christian Front" organizations. Libels against the Jewish people are being circulated with great force and vigor and must be answered not by name-calling but by undisputed facts and data.

ELIHU L. PLATOWSKY

Brooklyn, December 30

Refugee Theater

Dear Sirs: Actors, directors, writers, and musicians now in exile from Austria have formed the Refugee Artist Group, which plans to open soon in New York a theater similar to the former Kleinkünstlerbühne in Vienna.

Rehearsals are about to start for the first production, with Arthur Lessack of Labor Stage as voice director. The project offers one of the very few possibilities of reestablishing refugees in their own profession. Among the sponsors are Albert Einstein, Edward G. Robinson, John Haynes Holmes, George S. Kaufman, Maurice Evans, and others.

THEO LOWE

New York, January 3

Wilson and Hemingway

Dear Sirs: As a more or less regular reader of *The Nation* I wish to protest against Edmund Wilson's review of Ernest Hemingway's new books in the issue of December 10, especially against that part in which he characterizes Hemingway as unaffected by the "butchery by Communists of the Fascists."

In my opinion, it ill becomes Mr. Wilson to criticize Ernest Hemingway, a writer who has *acted* on his beliefs; and it ill becomes *The Nation* to print statements such as this which only serve to confuse the minds of liberal thinkers at a time when Spain needs the wholehearted and unqualified support of every decent, democracy-loving person in this country. Why Mr. Hemingway, who has risked his life behind the scenes of Loyalist Spain and therefore is in a position to evaluate properly the splendid work Communists have done in organizing the Spanish people to fight fascism, should even dream of criticizing them for doing *our* work, fighting *our* battles, is more than I can understand.

MRS. EDWARD G. CLARK, JR.

New York, December 20

Louis Freeland Post

Dear Sirs: I am writing a biography of Louis Freeland Post, single taxer, editor of the *Public* in Chicago, and Assistant Secretary of Labor in the Wilson Administration. Should any of your readers possess material relating to Mr. Post I would appreciate their communicating with me, at 5211 Second Boulevard, Detroit.

STUART PORTNER

Detroit, January 4

The Teachers' Union vs. Professor Childs

Dear Sirs: The New York Teachers' Union regrets that Professor Childs mistook an article in *The Nation* entitled Twilight at Teachers College, regardless of its merits, for a statement of the union's position and made that article the basis for an attack on the New York locals of the American Federation of Teachers.

Professor Childs's statement charging "Stalinist domination" of the New York locals seems to us to do an injustice both to Professor Childs and to the New York locals. The charge is unworthy of an educator who has made Professor Childs's contribution to the amelioration of conditions among Teachers College cafeteria workers, and is unfortunate considering that unfounded charges of Communist domination necessarily today have anti-union and anti-liberal consequences.

Professor Childs's charge is unfair to the New York locals because it is untrue. The New York locals are democratically organized and not controlled by any group.

The New York College Teachers' Union has objected to the undemocratic procedure adopted in the closing of New College. But it has too much confidence in the liberal members of the Teachers College faculty to believe in the Twilight of Teachers College.

EXECUTIVE BOARD, New York College Teachers' Union
EDWIN BERRY BURGUM, President
ARNOLD SHUKOTOFF, Secretary

New York, January 3

Dear Sirs: Confronted by incontrovertible evidence, Local 537 of the American Federation of Teachers by indirection withdraws the charge of the officers of the Joint Board "that Professor Childs's interest in the labor movement ceases when educational problems on his own campus are concerned." Why was this false statement ever published?

The union complains that my charge of left-wing sectarianism is "unfounded." This notwithstanding that:

1. I attended regularly the meetings of the Delegate Assembly of Local 5 for one year. These meetings were often marked by bitter sectarian disputes.
2. Dr. Counts, Dr. Hacker, and I have described the methods of these factions at Columbia University.
3. I was invited to attend a meeting of the "Communist fraction" in Teachers College so that "I could see how constructive its activities were."
4. Dr. Langford publicly admits I was asked to discuss union problems with Mr. Earl Browder and Mr. Clarence Hathaway.

This problem of sectarianism must be faced fundamentally. I hope this controversy will help break the pernicious notion that all public criticism of Communists by liberals should be suppressed. Democracy will suffer if we fail to criticize where criticism is required. Public criticism of the tactics of Communists at Teachers College was long overdue.

JOHN L. CHILDS

New York, January 6

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THE *Nation*

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Lift the Embargo!

THOSE whose belief in democracy is more than rhetoric have no more important task at this session of Congress than to fight for repeal of the arms embargo on Spain. Hearings on the Neutrality Act open before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee on January 25, but the question of the Spanish embargo is too pressing to wait upon a general revision of the act itself. The embargo was imposed as a piece of special legislation rushed through Congress under pressure from various reactionary sources. Its repeal, too, must be specially considered. The combination of duplicity and inertia that has led the democratic powers to lend at least passive aid to the destruction of democracy in Spain is one of the most shameful crimes of the shameful age in which we live. The American people cannot afford to be partners any longer in the tragic farce of "non-intervention," and the Administration must summon up all its courage and propose repeal of the embargo or confess that the brave words of the President's message to Congress ring untrue on the hard counter of deed and fact.

It is no secret that the only real obstacle to repeal of the embargo is Catholic pressure. The leadership of the church is deliberately attempting to nullify the expressed pro-Loyalist sentiment of a majority of the American people. Few campaigns in recent years have been as hysterical or as bitter as that now being conducted to prevent the lifting of the embargo. Many leading Catholic papers are devoting their entire issues almost exclusively to the Spanish question, and despite the plain fact, revealed by the Gallup and other polls, that most Americans favor the republic, the Catholic press has the effrontery to declare that the movement against the embargo is Communist-inspired and to attempt to stigmatize all the leaders of the pro-Loyalist movement as "red." Michael Williams, in a letter published and answered in this issue, complains that we have no evidence to support our frequent criticism of the American Catholic hierarchy. The tactics being used in the campaign to keep the embargo against Spain testify eloquently to the truth of our charges.

In this hysteria Catholic leadership has overplayed its

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hand. For when the one group in America which is pro-Franco stands alone in advocating the continued application of the Neutrality Act to Spain, it is evident that that act is far from "neutral." In order to prevent this from being generally realized, the Catholic hierarchy has tried desperately to line up a few non-Catholic individuals to advocate retention of the embargo. In this they have failed. At the mass-meeting held in Washington on January 9, the Catholic "Keep the Spanish Embargo Committee" was unable to induce a single prominent non-Catholic to deliver an address. A few leading non-Catholics signed the original petition for retaining the embargo, but subsequent investigation revealed that two of the most prominent of these also signed petitions for the lifting of the embargo and had signed the Catholic petition by mistake.

The hierarchy's intransigent position on the embargo is the more difficult to understand in view of the fact that a very substantial minority—42 per cent—of the Catholic population, as shown by the Gallup poll, sympathizes with the Loyalists. This fact is not denied by the Catholic press, but is explained on the ground that a substantial number of Catholics do not read the "truth" as contained in Catholic publications. The truth is that if the Loyalists lose in Spain, fascism will have gained a powerful foothold in the West, and the effects upon the church as well as upon the democracies will be disastrous. The center from which Latin America still draws its cultural sustenance will be fascist. France, with three frontiers to defend against fascists, will be immeasurably weakened; no one can doubt that the next step against it would be to foment a civil war. The British Tories, not too democratic under any circumstances, will hasten to make their peace with fascism, and peace can only be made—as the history of Germany's smaller and weaker neighbors indicates—by curtailing basic liberties and moving toward totalitarianism. Spain's struggle is democracy's struggle; it is not too much to say that in the mountain fastnesses of Catalonia the destiny of our century is being decided.

Lift the embargo, and strengthen the forces struggling in Britain and France against Munich and surrender. Lift it, and bring aid to masses as desperate as were our Continentals. Lift it, and make possible their victory. The defeat of Hitler and Mussolini in Spain would reverse the whole momentum of events since 1931, and strike a deadly blow at the axis dictatorships. In a world dominated by them Christianity would be a mockery, and history will yet demonstrate to American Catholics that they have been fighting on the wrong side of the fence. The millions of Americans who believe in democracy for Spain as well as for America must take immediate action to counter the barrage of telegrams laid down by Father Coughlin. Wire your Congressman and Senator today. The embargo must go.

The Shape of Things

*

THE PRESIDENT'S DEFENSE PROGRAM MAY seem modest, at least by contrast with the paper schemes which have recently darkened the Washington sky. But there is in reality nothing picayune about a proposal to add another 3,000 planes to our existing total of 3,800 military and naval units and our authorized strength of 5,320 planes. The President does suggest important expenditures on other arms of the services, but he places his main emphasis on aviation, and that is the purpose for which the bulk of the money is required. One searches the message in vain to discover why. Is it just a case of turn about is fair play? Is aviation getting a big hand this year because last year the navy got the limelight and the cash? Or does the most recent Gallup poll provide the explanation? That showed eight out of every ten voters favoring a larger army and navy but nine out of ten plumping for a larger air force. Popular sentiment on this matter has perhaps been unduly affected by the supposed influence of the threat of fascist bombers on the British and French governments in the September crisis. But whatever role inequalities of air power are playing in Europe, no one can contend that this country could be directly menaced by hostile air fleets so long as the navy remained intact. In the present state of the world we do not deny the necessity for armaments in this country or even the probability that considerable additions to our existing defenses may be wise. But we do question the wisdom of letting decisions as to the type of arms we require be influenced by poorly informed popular sentiment.

*

IN TRUE POST-MUNICH STYLE THE JAPANESE press has launched a campaign against the fortification of Guam as part of the American rearmament program. One newspaper declares that "the Japanese people are determined to smash the American fleet" if the project is carried through. In this connection it is important to recall that the fortification of United States possessions in the western Pacific would probably have been carried out fifteen years ago had it not been for the naval-limitation agreement. In this treaty the United States, France, and Great Britain agreed to refrain from building new fortifications within a specified area on the understanding that Japan would abide by the 5-5-3 naval ratios and the provisions of the Nine-Power Pact signed at the same time. These latter, which Secretary Stimson declared to be interrelated and interdependent, obligated Japan to respect the territorial and administrative integrity of China and to preserve the Open Door. Great Britain's firm note to Japan delivered this past week-end points out clearly how far Japan has fallen short of fulfilling its end of the bargain. When Britain abandons its appeasement policy long enough to register a vigorous protest against aggression, it is hardly fitting for the United States to yield to Japan's angry protests. Such an action would destroy all hope of an effective democratic front against aggression in the Far East.

*

SOME THIRTEEN HUNDRED STEP-CHILDREN of King Cotton and the AAA pitched their dreary camps last week along U. S. Routes 60 and 61 in Missouri in one of the most dramatic demonstrations in the long history of Southern poverty. Under the leadership of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, men, women, and children, with their pathetic belongings and ragged clothes, hovered over open fires in winter weather along 150 miles of the public highway in an attempt to show the country the desperate situation of a large sector of Southern farm labor. Their plight is the direct responsibility of the federal government. Landlords unwilling to share with their tenants the benefits paid for acreage reduction have shifted their "hands" from a share-cropping to a day-labor basis; there has also been an increase in mechanization. As a result, within the past two or three years thousands of farm families have been evicted from the tumble-down shacks they once called home. On the plea of protecting the public health, local and state authorities removed the peaceful but stubborn demonstrators from the public view. Some have been returned to their former homes; others are being temporarily housed in public buildings in the section. Meanwhile, landowners are mumbling threats at "agitators" and calling for a federal investigation. The principal agitators in this case are hunger and despair; and certainly a federal investigation by the AAA or the Farm Security Administration or both is in order. The Tenant Farmers' Union is demanding that Congress appropriate $125,000,000 specifically for the relief of Southern farm labor. The present policy of solving the problem by ignoring it can only be disastrous.

*

JERSEY JUSTICE HAS DONE ALL IT CAN TO Joseph Scutellaro. When a jury last week found him guilty of manslaughter in the death of Harry Barck, Overseer of the Poor in Hoboken, the little unemployed carpenter, half-starved, half-dead for that matter, for he is a victim of encephalitis, stared blankly. He was, as he himself had cried out in the course of his trial, "in a fog, where I am lost. I have suffered so in that jail." On a February morning a year ago, when there was no food in his house, when both his children were sick and his wife desperate, Scutellaro went to Barck's office to ask again for relief. Barck said: "If you want money, send your wife out on to Washington Street and tell her to swing her bag." Such advice was not unusual in the case of applicants without political connections. There was a scuffle. When the police arrived they found Barck dead from a wound inflicted by a desk-spindle on which he placed relief rejections. It will never be known exactly what happened. Scutellaro insists that Barck, in attempting to seize him, fell upon the spindle. The Hoboken authorities are mainly interested in drawing the curtain, which the trial momentarily pulled back, over the terrible realities of the lives of men and women on relief in New Jersey. A death sentence would have had the opposite effect. The jury's verdict, carrying a maximum penalty of ten years, has the advantage, for Hoboken, of putting the bewildered little man back behind the bars. He will probably not outlive his sentence.

*

UNLESS GOVERNOR LEHMAN INTERVENES, five poverty-ridden youths from New York's East Side will be executed next week for the murder of a detective in a neighborhood hold-up. Too often such cases are treated as routine elements in the continuing tragedy of slum life; this time public officials, social workers, and lawyers have been stirred to protest. They have not only unveiled several dubious links in the prosecution's case, but have soberly exposed the facts about the miserable environment in which these five youths grew up. Innocent or guilty, the defendants were long ago framed by the slums. We hope that Governor Lehman will grant a commutation of sentence if only to make possible a more conclusive review of the case.

*

THE TROUBLE WITH THE LIMA CONFERENCE, a retrospective survey of which is furnished by Hubert Herring on another page, was that its preliminary build-up was quite out of proportion to its possible achievements. The yawning gulf between expectation and performance encourages cynicism, which can only be strengthened when official spokesmen, such as A. A. Berle, hail the results as "brilliant" and "far-reaching." Secretary Hull, in a statement on his return, referred in exaggerated terms to the magniloquent "Declaration of Lima"—the spacious generalizations of which thinly disguised the impossibility of agreement on a specific policy. Actually, as Mr. Herring suggests, the value of the conference lay not in the resolutions adopted but in the intangible contributions it made to understanding and good-will. In the promotion of the latter Mr. Hull's patent sincerity and high character were undoubtedly factors of importance. The delegates to the conference must have been impressed, as are the great majority of his countrymen, by his patient and hardworking idealism. Nevertheless, we are entitled to ask whether the effectiveness of that idealism would not be increased if it were clarified by a little more realism. It is one thing to accept with good grace the thin harvest of a stony soil. It is something else again to overestimate the value of that harvest, to make believe that everything in the Lima garden was lovely, and to insist that its democratic walls were proof against any serpent of intrigue.

*

CHILE'S NEW POPULAR FRONT GOVERNMENT, whose birth was described by Freda Kirchwey in our last issue, has got off to a flying start with a broad and vigorous reform program. A vast new 500,000,000-peso public-works plan has been announced; another 10,000,000 pesos is to be spent for the care of tubercular patients; and 8,000,000 pesos have been set aside to provide clothing for poor school children. A government low-cost housing program is being prepared; also a plan for distributing bread and meat at low cost to the working class. In order to increase agricultural production an impressive scheme has been devised for colonizing federal land. Freight rates for farm products have been cut by 50 per cent, and interest rates have been abolished on fertilizer loans. As a safeguard against an uprising of reactionaries similar to the Spanish revolt, President Aguirre Cerda has accepted the resignation of seven generals and a large number of other officials, including many of Chile's diplomatic representatives abroad. In addition, fifteen aviation colonels and the commanders of the military school and of all units of the Santiago garrison are slated to retire. No reform government can be safely judged on the basis of the plans announced during its first weeks in office, but at least Chile seems to be profiting by the mistakes made elsewhere.

*

AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE CARNEGIE Endowment for International Peace, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is a fiery critic of aggressor nations; as president of Columbia University he is fond of inveighing against totalitarian propaganda techniques. How does he reconcile these pronouncements with the role of unofficial social ambassador for Italian Fascist propagandists? From a trustworthy source *The Nation* has learned that Dr. Butler is now exerting strenuous efforts to brighten the impending visit of Signora Margherita Sarfatti, Mussolini's friend and biographer, whose unscholarly but warm celebration of Il Duce has won her wide recognition in Italy. Among other things Dr. Butler has written to the presidents of numerous colleges urging them to welcome her to their lecture platforms; the Signora, although she is a Jewess, will no doubt recite the recent wonders wrought by Il Duce. While Signora Sarfatti is a distinctly minor menace, Dr. Butler's astigmatism in relation to Italy has assumed major proportions. Several years ago *The Nation* exposed in detail the Fascist domination of the Casa Italiana on Morningside Heights; but the Casa Italiana remains, and so does Dr. Butler's inability to detect any link between the Rome he serves and the Berlin he deplores. We do not suspect him of anything so contemporary as allegiance to the Fascist program. It is more likely that he has been so loaded with honors by Mussolini that he now instinctively regards any friend of Il Duce's as a friend indeed. We once more insist that he choose between his role as impresario for Italian Fascist agents and his role as guardian of the world's conscience.

*

COLUMNISTS LIPPMANN AND THOMPSON have found a way out—and up. And strangely enough it is President Roosevelt, inventor of all those terrible New Deal methods, who has given them the clue. On January 9 Mr. Lippmann announced that the President's message, naming religion as the source of democracy and international good faith, indicated a "fundamental reorientation in the liberal democratic outlook upon life." It reflected a world trend, he said, and he cited the collapse of the French general strike as one of the happy effects of the reconciliation between the "democratic masses, the army, and the church" in that country. He finally landed on a fleecy cloud far from the troubles of a mundane world. The President's message, he said, "is an event in modern history comparable, so to speak, with the Communist Manifesto of 1848. For in that manifesto there were anticipated and propounded the principal ideas which have been dissolving the structure of Western society. This message contains within it . . . the outline of that reconstruction in their moral philosophy which the democracies must undertake if they are to survive." The very next day Dorothy Thompson flew up to join him. In a column entitled Thoughts After Lippmann—and Roosevelt, she said she couldn't understand why this aspect of the message had not struck her more forcibly. "And I think," she said modestly, "that the reason is that I have been living with this conception so long that I have come to take it for granted." It will be hard, substituting Frank Buchman for Karl Marx, "God-control" for the class struggle. But Lord and Lady Atlas have spoken, and we know how futile it is for him who is without syndicates to cast the first stone—or even a whole shower of mere economic facts.

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HERBERT HOOVER HAS ADDED HIS VOICE to the plea of forty-nine prominent Protestant and Catholic clergymen that Congress take steps to make possible the entrance, outside the present quota limits, of German refugee children. Great Britain, Holland, and various other European countries have already given hospitality to thousands. America can well afford to admit from 10,000 to 20,000 of these innocent victims, especially since funds for their care are assured.

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W PA and Wall Street

WHOOPED on by a large section of the press, the tories in Congress have bravely demonstrated, at the expense of the unemployed, their independence of the President. Disregarding the testimony of Colonel F. C. Harrington, WPA administrator, in support of the budget proposal, disregarding the case for a somewhat larger amount effectively presented by Mr. LaGuardia for the United States Conference of Mayors, the Appropriations Committee recommended the provision of $725,000,000 to carry the WPA through the next five months. This figure was adopted after a debate in which a handful of progressives strove in vain to hold back the reactionary tide.

It is worth noting that for all their boldness the triumphant tories took certain precautions. The original suggestion of Mr. Woodrum, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, that $500,000,000 would be ample was conveniently forgotten after it had served the purpose of establishing its author as a stout enemy of extravagance. Careful measures were also adopted to insure that no record vote was taken on the cut. A good many of the economizers found their courage unequal to letting their constituents know what they were up to. As a final attempt to cover up, the story is being assiduously circulated that Mr. Roosevelt purposely inflated his estimate knowing that Congres would reduce it and thus incur the odium of a reduction in WPA rolls which was in any case inevitable.

The weak point about this yarn is that, as *The Nation* pointed out last week, the President's request for $875,000,000 was too meager rather than too generous. The substituted figure, as the Appropriations Committee itself reported, means an average of 2,377,000 on the rolls in the five-month period. The committee suggested that the present number, which is around 3,000,000, could be brought down to 2,800,000 in February and the load progressively reduced to 2,000,000 by June. It failed to inquire whether in this period private industry was likely to produce a million new jobs, contenting itself with a WPA estimate that this possibility existed.

It is worth noting that in the past six months, while industrial production has been rapidly mounting, only a million workers have been reemployed in private industry. Moreover, the tempo of recovery shows signs of lagging. The proposed sharp reduction in WPA expenditure will quickly make itself felt and will serve as a new brake. It is significant that, despite the ideological support Wall Street gives to federal economy, the Stock Exchange signalized the emergence of a Congressional revolt against the budget by a pronounced slump. We fear that on this occasion the market's claim to be a reliable barometer may prove well founded.

Mussolini Stands Pat

AS FAR as anyone has been able to discover, Prime Minister Chamberlain accomplished nothing during his visit to Rome. For this the world can be profoundly thankful. Chamberlain's failures, as opposed to such successes as Munich, have the merit of at least delaying the disintegration of Europe. Since Chamberlain has claimed no gain for peace from his meeting with Mussolini, it is reasonable to suppose that he gave nothing of vital importance away. Another milestone has been passed apparently without the granting of belligerent rights to the Spanish Insurgents. This important result was achieved, we happen to know, not because Chamberlain has modified his appeasement policy, but because his plans to make this concession were blocked by the pressure of public opinion in London and Paris.

Although he failed to gain a victory of Berchtesgaden-Munich proportions, Mussolini doubtless looks back upon the Rome conversations with considerable satisfaction. He made no promises regarding Tunisia or his other demands upon France. Plans are reported to have been drawn up after the conference to give Italy free port privileges in Djibouti and Zeila, the one in French, the other in British Somaliland. Talk of a British loan to Italy, either directly, or indirectly through a loan to Franco, has been revived. But Mussolini's primary victory was scored with respect to Spain. Chamberlain apparently brought no pressure on Mussolini to compel him to live up to the sections in the Anglo-Italian pact on the withdrawal of Italian troops. Moreover, Il Duce completely outmaneuvered France in threatening serious complications if French help were sent to the Loyalists. Thus Mussolini has obtained Chamberlain's tacit approval of a situation in which Italy, and Italy alone, is privileged to intervene in the Spanish civil war.

This fact, coupled with the loss of Tarragona, places the Spanish government in a most perilous position. The Loyalists are desperately in need of munitions to counteract the steady flow of material help to Franco. Without such aid, the best that can be hoped for is a long back-to-the-wall struggle ending in final defeat. France is in a position to furnish this aid promptly and effectively, but it is unlikely to do so as long as the present government remains in power. The Soviet Union is far away, and has heavy commitments to China. The United States, like France, seems to have given hostages to Chamberlain, and more especially to the Catholic church. The democratic world will have its eyes fixed anxiously on Catalonia during the coming weeks. But the fate of Spain will not be determined in Barcelona, where the Spanish government is doing all that is humanly possible, but in Paris and Washington, where popular will is at the moment being thwarted.

The Catholic Church and "The Nation"

DEAR SIRS: In your issue of January 7 you cite on your annual "honor roll," as you qaintly describe it, "The Editors of the *Commonweal,* Catholic weekly, for giving expression to the democratic loyalties of rank-and-file American Catholics." As one whose name appears on the editorial page of the *Commonweal,* as its founder, and now as its "special editor" although no longer actively associated with its direction, I must promptly and firmly decline what you no doubt quite sincerely deem to be an honor, and request you, in the interest of fair journalism, to acquaint your readers with that fact by publishing this letter.

My main reason is the conclusion I feel compelled to draw after studying what you say about the *Commonweal,* the Catholic church, and the hierarchy of the church in the same number of *The Nation.* These remarks, to which I shall allude below, are similar in import to many others which you have published at other times. They seem to me to bear concurrent and consistent evidence of a policy which *The Nation* and other "left-wing" publications, organizations, and individuals, notably the Communists but including also those who without being members of that party are nevertheless willing to be allied with its policy, are now acting upon: namely, to do all you possibly can to separate American lay Catholics from their bishops. The latter, which means the church itself, for without the bishops there could be no such entity as the Catholic church, you condemn in season and out. You insinuate and assert that they, and as a consequence the church, are "reactionary," anti-democratic, allied with fascism. For example, on page 25, in your editorial, Father Coughlin and the Church, you say: "Mr. Roosevelt is the only one among the statesmen of the West to raise his voice firmly against Hitlerism, a movement profoundly anti-Catholic and anti-Christian, yet it is no secret that most of the American Catholic hierarchy is opposed to him and did their best in 1936 to spread the impression that he was 'communistic.' " What a wholly preposterous accusation! How could you possibly support it—not to say reasonably prove it, for that would be impossible? Long before President Roosevelt had spoken out against Hitlerism, the Pope, who is a statesman as well as an ecclesiastic, had condemned the root evils of Hitlerism. Are you maintaining that the American hierarchy—so many of whom had spoken out against Hitlerism before Mr. Roosevelt did—don't know or don't care about what the Pope thinks and says about the heresy of racialism and the fundamental wrongness of all forms of the absolute state, or the absolute race, or the absolute party, or class, or church, and are so "reactionary" that they oppose the Pope as well as the President?

In another place in *The Nation,* page 21, in commenting upon the article by the Reverend William C. Kernan you very properly commend its author for offering documentary proof for his assertions that Father Coughlin made gross misstatements of fact in the radio speeches in which, according to you, Father Coughlin "attempted to pin on the Jews the responsibility for communism." As a matter of fact, Father Coughlin did not do that in the speeches I heard; he accused "atheistic Jews" and exempted others. I bear no lance for Father Coughlin's latest speeches, much as I have honored him for his efforts to promote social justice; for I agree with Monsignor Ryan as to the harmfulness of Father Coughlin's methods. And these are the same bad methods which you, the editors of *The Nation,* employ against the Catholic church and its hierarchy, or at least "most of the American Catholic hierarchy," to use your words exactly. You offer no proof, documentary or logical or of any other sort. You appeal to prejudice solely. You spread suspicion and distrust and hatred of the leaders of the Catholic church in this country, while by praising and publicizing individual Catholics, laymen or priests, occasionally even a bishop, for some utterance or other that you approve of, and by constant references to "liberal" or "progressive" or "democratic" Catholic individuals, you do your best—or, rather, your worst—to drive a wedge between the bishops and the leaders, or the masses, of the laity. If a bishop says or does something that seems to you opposed to the common good in government, in social relations, or in cultural concerns—or a group of bishops, or all the bishops—of course you as journalists should say so, and attack what is said or done. But you should offer documentary or readily accessible evidence or proof of your statements. You should not offer mere suppositions if you expect to be considered jounalists acting up to what ought to be the canons of honor and responsibility of a free press, and therefore entitled to dispense honors in journalism to others. I for one do not believe that in your treatment of the bishops of my church you have observed the canons of honorable journalism. I may add that few journalists now practicing in this country, whether they are Catholics or not, no matter what religious belief, if any, they may hold, have more often publicly written and spoken in opposition to Hitlerism and all other forms of government or philosophy which deny human liberty than myself. I don't say that I have exerted much influence—Catholic journalists generally don't; but for what it was worth I spoke out my conviction, which was taught to me by my church, specifically by those who are teachers in my church, the bishops, and more specifically by the bishops in my own country, the United States. I know, if *The Nation* does not, what the doctrinal instructions of all our bishops from Carroll on have taught American citizens. So do American Catholics generally. So do an ever-increasing number of American non-Catholic citizens. I advise *The Nation* to give up tactics which have failed during twenty centuries and show no signs of permanent success; although, as in Mexico, Spain, Austria, and elsewhere, they may cause temporary trouble and spill innocent blood.

Westport, Conn., January 9 MICHAEL WILLIAMS

We are pleased to print the foregoing letter from Michael Williams because it affords us the opportunity of setting forth our attitude toward the role of the Catholic church in social and political affairs.

Chief among Mr. Williams's accusations is the charge that we are trying to "separate American lay Catholics from their bishops," that is, from the church itself. It seems to us that when high Catholic officials make statements or take actions which we consider it our function to oppose, three alternatives are open to us: First, we can maintain a complete silence, on the theory that in this way religious dissension may be avoided. Mr. Williams is too honest a journalist to overlook the cowardice and the dangers in such a course. Or, second, we can condemn the church as a whole and Catholicism generally because the policies laid down by certain bishops and priests seem to us to be a disservice to democracy and an invitation to fascism. This kind of all-or-nothing treatment we consider sheer poison. It is of a piece with the anti-Semitism which condemns all Jews because those who are not positively "bad" are guilty of failing to suppress those who are. We oppose this totalitarian approach precisely because we are not anti-Catholic.

What course, then, is left to us but this: to distinguish between those Catholic officials and laymen whom we consider to be enemies of democracy and those who are its defenders, to condemn specific offenses, while making it clear beyond doubt that we are not attacking the body of Catholic laity or the church as a religious institution?

Yet it is exactly this policy that Mr. Williams condemns as cunningly designed to "drive a wedge" between the bishops and the laity. With something less than Christian charity he suspects that any tribute we pay to a Catholic is a devious maneuver, and he doesn't like the way we refer to this or that Catholic as "progressive" or "liberal" or "democratic." What bothers him is the application of these words to "Catholic individuals" rather than to the church as a whole. Here again he would have us make a total approach. He can't believe that we honestly think the *Commonweal* has done a conspicuous service to democracy in 1938 while the Catholic church, working through its bishops, has not.

Mr. Williams feels that we have been unfair to the bishops of his church. The Pope, he says condemned Hitlerism even before President Roosevelt lifted his voice against the recent pogroms, and he wants to know whether we believe the "American hierarchy" to be so reactionary that it opposes the Pope. We believe that the Pope's stand on racism has been magnificent (we said so in the very editorial which Mr. Williams cites), and we know that many Catholic prelates have been as outspoken in their condemnation of the Nazis as he has. But need we point out to Mr. Williams that bishop after bishop, priest after priest, has used the persecution of minorities in Germany as a basis for making the most calculatingly fraudulent comparison in recent history—that false and unscrupulous parallel between the fate of the Jews in Germany and that of the Catholics in Spain? Here is one of those gargantuan distortions which seem so obviously false that no one bothers to straighten them out until they have an unbreakable hold on the public mind. Germany is a country at peace; Spain is a country in the midst of war. In Germany the Jews are persecuted and put to death solely because by chance of birth they are Jews, regardless of their political or religious beliefs; in Spain Catholics are persecuted by other Catholics because they are ranged on opposite sides in a social and political struggle. There are priests on both sides, and if those who are on the side of the insurgents are treated just as all other avowed enemies are treated in war time, it may be pointed out that devout Catholic Basques —priests as well as laymen—are not treated otherwise by the forces of General Franco. Yet it is on the basis of such deceptive comparisons that the Catholic church is waging the fight to maintain the Spanish embargo discussed elsewhere in these pages.

When Mr. Williams accuses us of bishop-baiting, let him recall Cardinal O'Connell's defense of fascism as a "wall of defense" against communism in Europe; let him remember also that worthy's bland justification of Franco's terroristic bombing of Barcelona; let him explain the scurrilous insolence with which Archbishop Curley rejected an invitation to visit Loyalist Spain as "base fraudulent trickery" and an invitation to murder; and finally let him explain why the superiors of the noisome Coughlin permit him to preach race hate as a priest of the Catholic church. The list could be sadly lengthened.

We fully believe Mr. Williams when he tells us that he learned from the church the doctrines of freedom and human dignity which he preaches. But there are many ministers of his church who, if they learned those doctrines, certainly do not preach them. These we regard as enemies of everything we value, and, cloth or no cloth, we intend to go on fighting them.—EDITORS THE NATION.

What Happened at Lima

BY HUBERT HERRING

Lima, Peru, January 1

THE Eighth Pan-American Conference has adjourned; the delegates from the twenty-one free and sovereign republics have packed and departed; the halls of the Peruvian Congress can again be closed to gather dust—as they have been closed during the past three years of President Benavides's rule; and the bystander can now pause and ask exactly what happened at Lima in December, 1938.

The obvious answer is: Not much. To which the rejoinder is: What did you expect? As a matter of fact, a lot of people in the United States expected a great deal. They had been fed scare stories about the Germans and the Japs, they had listened to Mr. Roosevelt's proposals for continental solidarity, and they half-expected that when the representatives of twenty-one republics assembled in Lima the Latin Americans would put their trembling fingers in the great firm hand of Uncle Sam, and then with one accord all Americans would say big brave words to the Führer, the Duce, and the Son of Heaven. The conference was overadvertised.

Inter-American conferences belong in the realm of faith. Ever since Simon Bolivar first brooded upon his vision of an American Continental Congress, there has been no lack of other dreamers who would resolve the dislikes and the suspicions of the New World around the conference table. If Bolivar's Panama conference in 1826 did nothing more than lift a new banner, it at least served that purpose. So, indeed, have the eight pan-American conferences which have met at various intervals since 1889.

The importance attached to the recent conference in Lima by the different nations is indicated by the caliber of the delegates which they sent to represent them. Some nations deliberately played up the conference by sending strong delegations, representative of the best thought of their respective countries. This was true of Chile, Mexico, Colombia, and of some of the lesser republics. It was true of Brazil, whose delegation was headed by the able Mello Franco. Some did not do so well. It was noticeable that Argentina's delegation was quite undistinguished.

To judge from the speeches made by Messrs. Roosevelt, Hull, and Welles, the United States took Lima very seriously and expected great things from it. But no sober witness would know it from Mr. Roosevelt's selections for the American delegation. The members were seemingly picked to convince the American electorate. Mr. Alf Landon of Kansas was on hand, a little hazy on Latin American affairs but pleasant, and delighted to read the little speeches which others wrote for him. Professor Charles G. Fenwick, teacher of international law at Bryn Mawr, had done good work at Buenos Aires and was reappointed, to the gratification of his fellow-Catholics and to the joy of believers in concord. The Reverend Mr. O'Hara, president of a Catholic college, furnished further cheer to American Catholics and was given a continuous ovation by the Peruvian hierarchy. All agreed that Mr. O'Hara was an agreeable man, even though some suggested in hotel lobbies that Roman Catholicism had better be wary in urging uniformed churchmen upon official American delegations. Labor was present, with Dan Tracy of the Electricians to represent the A. F. of L., and Kathryn Lewis to represent her father and the C. I. O. American women were represented by Mrs. Musser of Utah. Puerto Rico furnished a member of its Supreme Court, Justice Toro. The State Department furnished a couple of diplomats and a lawyer—also the Assistant Secretary of State, Adolf A. Berle, whose precocity sometimes outruns his perspicacity. The delegation was headed by Cordell Hull, who has done rather more for Pan-Americanism than any other of our statesmen. It was a notably weak delegation, despite the excellent work of Mr. Hull and several of his aides in the State Department.

The chief problem in inter-American cooperation is the relation of the United States to Argentina. Mr. Hull had already done yeoman service in persuading the former Argentine Foreign Minister, Carlos Saavedra Lamas, to play with the United States. In fact, some thought the Secretary of State overpatient in dealing with the matchless Mr. Saavedra Lamas. Thanks to Mr. Hull, the Argentine statesman had won his coveted peace treaty at Montevideo, had been given a free hand in arranging terms in the Chaco war, and at last had been awarded the Nobel peace prize. Even these favors had not persuaded Saavedra Lamas of the desirability of committing Argentine interests to the safekeeping of Washington. This was abundantly evident at Buenos Aires, where he succeeded in wrecking Mr. Hull's finely wrought plan for an inter-American consultative committee.

The agenda at Lima presented many items. But for the United States there was but one goal: Washington hoped for some new assurance that no matter what might happen in the world the Western Hemisphere would stick together against impending confusion. Some gains had been made in the two preceding conferences. At Montevideo the peace pacts had won wider adherence, the reciprocal trade treaties had been given some impetus, and a half-hearted declaration against intervention had been accepted. At Buenos Aires the consultative principle had been launched and gingerly accepted, the pledge against intervention had been strengthened, and a treaty consolidating the peace measures had been adopted. What, then, would come out of Lima? The ambitions of the United States were clear. Washington hoped that the republics of the New World might rouse themselves to the defense of their sovereignty and send a joint warning to the Old World, and that they might strengthen their regional peace machinery.

But at Lima the United States again came into head-on collision with Argentina. And Argentina had the support of some of its neighbors. The reasons for Argentina's recalcitrance are various. First, its economic ties are with Great Britain. Britain has more than two billion dollars invested in Argentina; the United States not more than $700,000,000. Britain buys Argentina's meats and grains; the United States cannot buy them. Some 95 per cent of Argentina's exports are agricultural products, which means that its market is and must be Europe. Argentina will make no commitments which will block trade in time of war. Second, there are psychological forces which hold Argentina back from regional American understandings. One-third of the population is Italian —and those Italians are entering no league directed against their mother country. Third, Argentines give considerable loyalty to the League of Nations, and are proud to have been active in its counsels. Fourth, they feel considerable jealousy and suspicion of the United States. Argentina and the United States are much alike. Argentina is ambitious, resourceful; it has an eye on expansion; it proposes to be the leader of South America, and it resents any proposal which would give the United States a position of leadership. Fifth, Argentina shares the general sense of uncertainty. With war and rumors of war in many parts of the world, it is wary of commitments. It will sign no blank checks. These are among the possible explanations of Argentina's attitude. That British interest, jealous for economic position, or Nazi or Fascist influence was behind it is an unlikely hypothesis.

Brazil, traditionally an ally of the United States, sided with Argentina at Lima. The explanation for this defection is more difficult. In fact, no satisfactory explanation has been found. Of course, President Vargas has established a kind of corporative state, on lines similar to Germany and Italy. Furthermore, Brazil's stake in trade with Germany is growing rapidly. And it is possible that there was definite Nazi influence behind certain Brazilian delegates. This was much discussed at Lima.

Whatever may have been the exact line of Argentina and Brazil, it was abundantly clear that almost all the South Americans felt that the United States overplayed the "menace" of armed attack. Nowhere, except perhaps in Brazil, is there any apprehension. Therefore, when the United States made its bid for more precise consultative machinery and more specific guaranties of solidarity, it faced many varieties of opposition. The final compromise, beaten out after hours of stiff debate behind closed doors, was the Declaration of Lima, one of those glittering documents which mean no more and no less than the several signatories mean.

It starts off with a pious apostrophe which stirs to vulgar laughter: "Considering . . . that the peoples of America have achieved spiritual unity . . . their unshakable will to peace . . . their profound sentiment of humanity and tolerance . . . their absolute adherence to the principles of international law, of the equal sovereignty of states. . . ." And so on. Decency bars footnotes. Then follows the declaration, reaffirming "continental solidarity and their purpose to collaborate in the maintenance of the principles upon which the said solidarity is based." Then comes the decision to defend these principles "against all foreign intervention or activity that may threaten them"; then the promise to make common cause, using the machinery of consultation, but "it is understood that the governments of the American republics will act independently in their individual capacity." Yes, we will all play together, but each will make his own rules. That is the highly advertised Declaration of Lima. The cynic may overdo his scoffing. No matter how empty the statement may be, it was probably worth making. It at least laid the groundwork for later agreements.

Of course, many other things happened at Lima. There was the barbed resolution proposed by the Cubans under which the American republics would have expressly repudiated "all persecution of a collective character because of racial or religious motives." This aroused Brazil, Argentina, and others to protest. They would not call Hitler names—naturally enough, for trade is precious. In heated sessions behind closed doors the North Americans and others argued for the resolution, while the charming Brazilian spokesman, Mrs. Rosalina Müller, made slashing attacks upon it. The result was a delightful compromise in words which said little, but which prevented an open break which might have wrecked the conference.

And there was the battle of the women. For years Miss Doris Stevens had fought to win acceptance of conventions guaranteeing equality to women. These conventions represented the Woman's Party point of view and contemplated the end of all special protective legislation for women. At Lima the American delegation, through one of its auxiliary members, Mrs. Quincy Wright, arranged a campaign to eliminate Miss Stevens and her committee. This was done in a resolution which praised women's rights while at the same time safeguarding the position of those who believe in special legislation.

It would be easy to dismiss the Lima conference as a profitless waste of time and money. Not so fast. In spite of the endless futile talk, there is solid value in a meeting of the representatives of twenty-one nations. They may not understand each other; they may jockey for position; they may indulge in silly speech-making. But a solid residue remains of progress in understanding and of new appreciation. That is the justification for the Pan-American Conference at Lima.

Must Democracy Use Force?

I. PACIFISM MEANS SUICIDE

BY AUREL KOLNAI

EVERYONE who observed closely the evolution of public opinion in Western Europe, particularly in France, during the Czechoslovak crisis will agree that the pressure exercised by the pro-fascist right in favor of surrender would have failed its effect had it not been for the powerful support of left-wing pacifism in its divers varieties. The teachers and other radical intellectuals who were urging the government to avert war at any possible cost (meaning at any cost), the "Committee of Anti-Fascist Vigilance" which declared it preposterous to wage war in order to preserve an "absurd" state like Czechoslovakia, the Socialist leaders who preferred being called agents of Hitler to being "promoters of war" and who "refused to choose between war and servitude"—all these worked more effectively in favor of capitulation than the plutocratic press and its financial backers.

It is of the utmost importance to give this fact due appreciation if we are still unwilling to acquiesce in fascist world hegemony, or are at least desirous of a clear understanding of the factors which bring about its realization. It is not true that "world capitalism" as such engenders world fascism and makes it possible for the fascist powers to subjugate the earth; the truth is that pacifism has every claim to be recognized as an autonomous force in the service of this object. The surrender of democracy does not in any way mean simply that the bourgeoisie abandons democracy to check the emancipation of labor; it also means that the democrats abandon democracy to avert war. The murder of democracy is grafted, as it were, on the suicide of democracy.

Of the manifold aspects of this process I shall point out a few which to me seem particularly obvious and characteristic. We may call them the fetish of peace in general, the belief in the absolute evilness and senselessness of war, the identification of war and fascism, the bogy of "ideological war," the indifference to power on the international plane, and the pseudo-idealistic or pseudo-humanitarian refusal to take account of unpleasant realities. Most of these motives are of "left" origin; an unscrupulous pro-fascist right is only able to exploit them for its own aims because left humanitarianism has largely tinged public opinion in the democratic civilizations far beyond the pales of the actual "left." Reaction mobilizes the unpolitical, inert masses for its own aims—and on grounds largely borrowed from progressive thought. To some of us this may sound very "dialectical." Nevertheless, it is true.

The accusation of being a "war-monger" makes every one of us pale. It disarms all resistance. "Are you, after all, in favor of war?" "Would you, then, have preferred war?" "Are you sorry that peace has been saved? Surely not!" The answer is invariably surrender, express or tacit. It is this interior surrender to the pacifist which guarantees our outward surrender to the fascist. We are also taught to believe unreflectively that "war is never inevitable," that it is always worth while to "save peace in the last moment," that there is no situation in which "negotiations" cannot help. Although the formula "peace at any price" is usually disliked and frequently disclaimed, it is practically the maxim of our conduct. There is no trace of material difference between it and the principle that war is never inevitable. There is, of course, a great psychological difference, which consists in the fact that the so-called radical pacifist has the courage to say honestly what he means, whereas the pacifism under which we are thriving so cheerfully takes great pains to obscure its real significance and to goad us into a false consciousness of having preserved our "honor" and our interests. We are certainly very far from being genuine "idealists," however mistaken; unlike the martyrs of outspoken pacifism, we stumble over the precipice —not war, but destruction without war—like undignified dupes. We have not made up our minds that we shall not resist evil; our faith is that it need not be resisted because, after all, it does not exist. Thus we succumb, not in sacrifice which transcends egoism, but in sheer dishonor and dishonesty, which are morally inferior even to naked egoism.

Herein lies what is most tragic in our annihilation:

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the moral surrender that completes political surrender, the relative justification which fascism draws from our behavior. The present writer is the last to affirm that no cause is intrinsically good or bad, and that the main thing is whether one stands for a cause keenly, whatever it be; but there is an element of incontestable superiority in standing for something, however evil and barbarous, in comparison with such as are unable to stand for anything. The aggressor despots pursue their objects; they are determined to get what they want. They do not stoop to the imbecile theory that war is a naughty pastime from which well-behaved little statesmen should always refrain; they do not take refuge in the anodyne fiction that war is the result of a deplorable misunderstanding between different groups of respectable liberal citizens which can surely be cleared up before they come to blows. Their government is as savage as it is vile; but, as Mussolini once put it, it is government. The democracies, on the other hand, lead their people not to defeat but to collapse without fighting. In a word, it is not war but peace which seals the doom of liberal civilization.

Day after day it is dinned into our ear that war is the worst of evils, and that to maintain peace must be the supreme aim of our policy. Nonsense; for apart from other objections war and peace do not designate integral conceptions but merely two opposite conditions of society; they are highly important and differ greatly in their desirability, but they do not imply ultimate good or ultimate evil. We could as well believe that it should be the supreme aim in individual life to avoid surgical operations; or that, whatever may happen, men ought never more to jail their fellow-men. It is urged that "war settles nothing"; that ineluctably "war breeds evil"; that whatever the issue may be, "war knows no victors, only losers." The truth, however, is that war has settled many problems in history, as far as there can be such a thing as "final" settlement; that if war breeds evil, peaceful capitulation may—particularly in situations like the present one—breed much fouler evil and in a more definitive way; that if the cause of justice does not always triumph in war, the cause of injustice always triumphs in peace, provided that the men who wield it are determined to war while their antagonists have given clear proof that they are not; that—one is ashamed to insist on such a truism, but unfortunately there is need for it—it does make an enormous difference who wins and who loses the war. The fact that the victorious side also suffers severely in no way impairs the validity of this primitive and self-evident truth. Most of us who are not "litigious-minded" can think of very much more intense and noble pleasures than the one derived from a successful lawsuit. Still, sometimes the only possible course is to engage in one, and to try to come out "victorious."

Then, of course, we are stunned with phrases like these—they are also more or less obligatory in decent society now: "War breeds fascism"; "War and fascism are children of the same spirit"; "We cannot fight an evil by turning its own weapons against it"; "We shall become like them if we fight them." The answer is that we are indeed on the way to becoming like them, not because we fight them but because we do not fight them. The answer is, further, that it is the hallmark of civilized man, not that he is unable to use barbarous weapons, but that he is able to use them in a restrained, governable, exterior, and transitory fashion. If this be impossible, then civilization is impossible except as a momentary whim of nature. If the humanitarian is really bound to be at the mercy of the barbarian, then barbarism is the inescapable law of human life. Or rather I should say it is the invariable characteristic of humanity; for I should call a man who is permeated with automatic mansuetude and unable to differentiate his reactions according to circumstance, to differentiate between his general trend and the temporary exercise of faculties less in tune with his intrinsic ideal of life, as barbarous as a man given over to the lust of cruelty and domination.

Pacifism is only barbarism turned inside out. Its outlook is not only unpractical but degrading; it lays the stress on sweet and sympathetic "states of mind" rather than on moral personality endowed with consciousness, will-power, and responsibility. It is basically fatalistic and mechanistic; thus it accounts for fascism as a "result" of the condition of war. As it happens, none of the existing fascist dictatorships, especially the chief ones, have been born of war; inasmuch as they express from the outset a determination to warlike expansion and the preparation of its means, the primary thing is spiritual decision in this sense and certainly not the technical "exigencies" of war. On the other hand, the Spanish republic has shown no sign as yet of turning fascist, although in fighting against the fascist invader it is certainly subject to the direst technical "necessities" of war. Spain will become fascist, no doubt, when its conquest by the fascist armies will be completed—for it does make a slight difference who "wins" and who "loses" the war. Finally, the assertion that war and fascism spring from the same mentality is pointless, for fascism is a conception of politico-social order while war is an event or condition in society. The insane idea that war is a magnificent condensation and culmination of life or that men at their highest are "essentially soldiers" is indeed pertinent to the fascist spirit; but war as such is not.

"Ideological war" is often considered a peculiarly naughty and indecent thing even by people who are enthusiastic for democracy and against fascism. "Imperialism" and "intervention" of any kind appear to be essentially bad. The fascists, it is true, do not wholly share this opinion; but so much the worse for them.

Not a few socialists profess this view, although they do not condemn civil war. This differentiation in their attitude throws a curious light on their internationalism: it seems that the fascists, better than they, have grasped the reality of interdependence among nations and the interrelation between domestic and foreign policy. Yet a correct revolutionist is above all anxious lest he be suspected of "patriotism" and conniving at "home imperialism." The best way to fight German and Italian fascists, he thinks, is to fight British, French, or American capitalists. He is unwilling to realize that if international capitalism today is more or less subservient to fascism, fascism is certainly the more concentrated, more self-subsistent, and more venomous reality of the two, and not at all a mere function or figurehead of capitalism. Nor will the orthodox "leftist" ever accept the sacrilegious idea that there may be a reason why some nations rather than others embark—for a longer or shorter period in history—on anti-humanitarian adventures.

Again, less revolutionary politicians and journalists never tire of assuring us that "totalitarian" and "democratic" states may quite happily and peacefully live side by side with each other. We must wait patiently till the "totalitarians," in their turn, shall equally have appropriated this simple and comfortable truth. Apart from other snags in this argument, it is to be feared that before the "totalitarians" have come to understand the aforesaid truth, no "other side" will be left for peaceful companionship. For the fascists do believe in their faith, and show little disposition to accord an equal footing to a radically hostile faith, the negation of which has been the wellspring and the charter of their very existence. Moreover, their faith happens to inclose the imperative of limitless expansion and relentless increase of power.

We, on the other hand, are hugging the complacent belief that the essence of democracy is compromise; so we book "compromise" with the fascists, of the Munich type for instance, as a triumph not only of peace but even of democracy. We only forget that there is a marked difference between compromise within democracy, which presupposes the common ground of democracy accepted by all the various competing groups of the people, and compromise with the convinced and uncompromising mortal enemies of democracy. We are extremely afraid of tarnishing the immaculate beauty of our democracy by any use of violence or display of intolerance; not, however, of compromising democracy in its integrity.

[*Mr. Kolnai's article represents the extreme anti-pacifist position in a symposium of views on the question of the necessity of force in the preservation of democracy. What might be described as a centrist view will be advanced in our next issue by Reinhold Niebuhr, to be followed by the arguments for peace at any price as expounded by Bertrand Russell.*]

Three Southern Towns

III. KINGSPORT: THEY PLANNED IT

BY WILLSON WHITMAN

MOST Southern towns just grew, but in the Tennessee Valley is a town that is supposed to show you what American business can do when it turns its hand to civic planning. Kingsport, Tennessee, was "deliberately planned for a city of industrial efficiency, civic beauty, and human happiness."

The quotation is from "Kingsport, a Romance of Industry," first published in 1928 and still to be had in abridged form from the Kingsport boosters. The book contains affecting stories of how the romance began. One tells of a visiting financier who expressed curiosity about how the sunbonneted women in the nearby hills made a living. His local informant admitted that this was a problem, but said they might learn to make hosiery, whereupon "the financier was silent for a time, studying. Then the gracious, big-hearted man replied, 'Meet me at eight o'clock in the morning and we will select the site for the hosiery mill.' "

In another tale the visitor is taken to a little school in the hills, and the assembled Anglo-Saxon children are told that this great man from the East has it in his mind to build a big factory that will bring the blessings of prosperity to Kingsport. A little boy stands up and says, "Please, mister, build your plant here." So the plant was built. This second story was repeated last summer in the *Saturday Evening Post,* and therefore must be true. It is undisputed that Yankee industry came to Kingsport because of eager, tow-headed boys and women willing to work. Or, in the words of a report to the Labor Board, "One of the chief inducements held out . . . in securing these industries was the plentiful supply of cheap labor." In telling of Kingsport's origins, the report says:

> A certain New York banker named Dennis, with railroad and other interests in northeast Tennessee, conceived the idea of building an industrial city in this section of the country. He enlisted the services of one

> J. Fred Johnson, then a small merchant in Kingsport, which was at that time but a hamlet. Johnson turned out to be a man of unusual vision and salesmanship and soon became and still remains a kind of patron saint of the community.
>
> Dennis, Johnson, and associates formed a corporation called the Kingsport Improvement Company, which purchased practically all the land in what is now the incorporated limits of the city; and beginning in the year 1917 started a real-estate development which resulted in attracting several large manufacturing establishments from the North. . . .

The city fathers have always made much of their planning; planning is all right if the right people do it. In December, 1937, the *Nation's Business* published an article explaining in detail that Kingsport was a "yardstick" of good planning, by private enterprise, while Norris was an example of bad planning by the government. As the boosters would put it, at the birth of the little city all the good fairies of industry presided. The happy parents were the Clinchfield Railroad and the land company; the fairy godparents were the Eastman Company, the Corning Glass Company, and the Kingsport Press of New York, the Borden and the Holliston mills of Massachusetts, the Mead Fiber Company of Ohio, and the Pennsylvania-Dixie Cement Corporation. Deliberate planning for industrial efficiency meant that these industries were linked together. The paper and cloth used for books turned out by the Kingsport Press are manufactured in Kingsport; the paper mill gets its wood pulp from the Eastman plant, and so on. For the industries the advantage is obvious. For the town the idea is that there shall be no dependence on one employer, as at Tupelo, or even on one industry, as at Huntsville.

As for civic beauty, private enterprise can do well enough with physical planning as long as it is willing to spend money. At Kingsport the money lasted until there had been produced a handsome common with red-brick colonial buildings reminiscent of New England or Virginia, a wide main street, and even an artistic filling station. Civic administration was also carefully planned, with a charter examined and amended by the Bureau of Municipal Research of the Rockefeller Foundation. Could anything more be done to insure that third consideration of the planners, human happiness?

You wouldn't think so to read about beautiful Kingsport or even to look at it if you didn't wander too far from the Inn or Watauga Street, where the well-to-do people live. Of course the Kingsport industries built model houses for their employees; you can read about a Borden mill village where the houses have bathtubs. In 1928 there were sixty-two houses in two Eastman villages —at that time 422 persons were employed in the Eastman plant. Afterward the number of employees grew to five thousand, and of course the owners built a beautiful new plant. They didn't, though, build a new town.

Where do the workers live? In theory they are healthfully established all over the neighboring countryside, on their own little farms, from which they drive to work in their own cars. Actually many of them live crowded together on Long Island in the Holston River, which the early settlers of Kingsport foolishly took away from the Indians. No self-respecting Indian would live there now. But plenty of Kingsport workers do; the island is built over with shacks that would do no credit to a cotton plantation, although they rent for $10 a month. They are worse than plantation shacks to live in, because they are jammed so close together and there are no sewers on the island. The healthful combination of rural and industrial life in this part of Kingsport means that you have rural sanitation with city crowding, and the real miracle is that there has been no typhoid epidemic.

Long Island folk are not pampered with fancy public buildings, either. The beautiful brick churches on the common are for those who live on Watauga Street; if the Long Island people want a church they will have to build one. Their school is a little shack so crowded that the children attend in three shifts.

What's wrong with the Long Island people? Nothing at all. But you remember that low wages were one of the industrial attractions of Kingsport. Of course the Kingsport Press has to pay some skilled workmen, though they can't expect to make what printers get up North; and the Eastman plant has to have technicians for the *Ersatz* articles it makes out of wood pulp. But the cotton mill, until the wage-hour law went into effect, had the usual $5-to-$15 Southern scale, and plenty of people in the other industries were at that wage level. They couldn't pay much over $10 a month for a house, and so they lived on Long Island.

You don't have much luck buying your own little home, in Kingsport. Of course with the real-estate company behind the town, and brick and cement and lumber among the local products, the authorities would like to see the workers invest and therefore they arrange loans and mortgages; but it always seems to work out that families trying to buy a house end by losing it. Even in Kingsport employment is irregular.

You can't expect, of course, to take the blessings of industry and reject any little discomforts that come, too, such as the pall of cement dust that hangs over Kingsport within a wide radius of the cement works, or the pollution of the Holston River by chemicals dumped by the Eastman plant. These things go along with being what the Labor Board report calls "perhaps the most completely integrated industrial community in America."

If you wonder how the Labor Board came to get a report on this industrial paradise, it must be whispered that there was actually a strike in Kingsport two years ago, in the silk mill that is closed now, and last year the T. W. O. C. called for a hearing on the cotton mill. The complaints were, as usual, intimidation and discharge of workers joining the union, efforts to foster a company union, and so on. But the NLRB examiner considered that the peculiar local conditions had a bearing on the case. He noted that instead of the familiar political bosses, Kingsport had an "oligarchy composed of the 'founding fathers' " working with the industrialists:

> Practically all real estate has been sold by the Kingsport Improvement Company, with suitable restrictions and strict selection to preserve unity and cooperation in the industrial development conceived by the "founding fathers" aforesaid, so that the latter have exercised at all times, and continue to exercise by this and other means, a very real, if not apparent, control of the government and its affairs.

To show how this works out, the Mayor of Kingsport at the time of the hearing was plant superintendent at the cotton mill. Cooperation of this kind is found everywhere, of course, but the careful industrial planning in Kingsport makes it easier to attain. J. Fred Johnson runs Kingsport just as Rex Reed runs Tupelo; only Mr. Johnson does not act for himself alone but as agent for the coordinated industries.

It is true that in the last election a little upset occurred. It seems that odd things can happen about taxes in Kingsport. Perhaps a piece of land is considered a park and not taxed, until the land company has a good offer for it; but you wouldn't expect back taxes to be collected on it then as commercial property, would you? People aren't fussy about such things in Kingsport, but they did get to watching poll taxes, as Southern minorities do, and in the last election a local lawyer who opposed the oligarchy of the founding fathers bought radio time outside the town and told what he found out. So they elected a sheriff that didn't belong, instead of the paper-mill man who was slated for the job. The sheriff's office could stand a little reform because it had had as many as seventy-eight deputies sworn in at one time. But it will take more than one election victory to change Kingsport. With everything owned up North the way it is, about the only hope lies in the intervention of the national government.

Kingsport is probably no worse than many other industrial towns over the country; what lays it open to criticism is its own claim to be a "yardstick." It sets itself up as the industrial ideal; and if it is, there can be but one answer. On a tent in a shanty section where a revival meeting was being held one of the less prosperous citizens of Kingsport lettered this excellent advice: "Ye Must Be Borned Again."

[*This is the last of a series of three articles designed to show parallel lines of development in the South of today. The other two, which appeared in the issues of December 31 and January 7, dealt respectively with Tupelo, Mississippi, as an example of a feudal town, and Huntsville, Alabama, as a Northern-owned company town.*]

Asia for the Japanese

BY ERNEST O. HAUSER

THE present phase of the Far Eastern war is marked by the incompatibility of two principles—the Open Door and the New Order in Asia. In this conflict Japan does not have to face the armed resistance of Chinese soldiers. It has to turn around to face the violent reaction of Western powers, chiefly the United States and Great Britain, rallying in an eleventh-hour effort to save what is left of their positions in China.

Despite Japanese assertions that the principle of a New Order does not necessarily conflict with foreign vested rights and privileges in China, the ideas behind this principle preclude a compromise. At the bottom of the New Order is the ambitious scheme of an East Asiatic bloc. A study of the political, economic, and cultural facets of this scheme is necessary for an appraisal of Western opportunities in the countries of this bloc.

China, from the Japanese point of view, has been a semi-colonial area, subject to various degrees of exploitation by foreign interests. Technically speaking, this is correct. Ever since the Opium War of 1839 Western powers have scrambled for the spoils of the China market, and privilege after privilege was wrung from the numbed imperial government at Peking. Once Japan was successfully vaccinated with the serum of Western imperialism, it joined the scramble and got its share.

The political basis of these privileges remained relatively flimsy. While the imperial powers succeeded in dividing the entire continent of Africa into colonies, their own jealousy prevented them from doing the same to China. Outright sovereignty was not achieved. Except for the tiny British colony of Hongkong, the complicated legal structures of various "concessions," and the privilege of extraterritoriality, the net result of the entire process was influence. And this influence was the chief security obtained for a tremendous outlay in loans and other investments. Great Britain finally emerged with the largest share of influence.

The new China, coming of age under the leadership of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, looked at the top-heavy edifice of foreign prerogatives with growing apprehension. The semi-colonial status was not willingly accepted. Various diplomatic feelers and authoritative statements on the part of the Chinese government anticipated an early discussion of the problem. There was hope that a frank exchange of opinions among all nations concerned would lead to the abolition of extraterritoriality, and there is little doubt that most of the treaty powers were ready to help China regain its full sovereignty. China, before the outbreak of the war, was on the point of emerging from semi-colonial bondage and becoming a free and powerful nation.

Within less than two years this China has been pushed back into the rough valleys of Szechuan. The puppet governments set up by Japan speak a different language, and discussions with them are hardly likely to succeed. Moreover, the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition, paralleled by similar attitudes of the League powers, prevents diplomatic intercourse with them. What is likely to happen is the monopolization of trade and influence by the Japanese, who wield more actual power in China than any other foreign nation ever did. The pawns and privileges of Western countries, under these circumstances, will become worthless.

But China is devastated and will have to be rebuilt. Reconstruction is expensive. Japan is a poor nation, and the financial losses of this war have brought it to the verge of insolvency. If foreign capital is excluded from the process of reconstruction and development, Japan will have to wait a long time before the conquered country, if, indeed, it will be conquered, can be turned into a profitable enterprise.

This is the point where a compromise with foreign interests suggests itself. Those who rule Japan, with their distrust of orthodox economics and their firm belief in the blessings of totalitarian compulsion, seem to think that Japan could succeed in "colonizing" China even without the assistance of foreign capital. An interesting controversy has developed around this question. Radical elements, especially the army and navy, which are now equally antagonistic toward Great Britain, hold that Western privileges have to be uprooted at once, even if time is lost in developing China's resources.

Moderate elements, particularly the realistic business community and most of the civilian members of the government, think it wiser to appease Western nations by leaving them temporarily in nominal possession of their prerogatives. In return for so much indulgence, their cheerful assistance in various development and reconstruction schemes will be expected. Former Premier Konoye's statement of peace conditions, softly worded, was in line with this program. The idea behind its moderation is hurry: although the present political balance of the world, heavily slanted by the Munich agreement, favors Japan's splendid isolation, a change might occur soon. And Japan wants to have things done in China before that time. A speedy realization of bloc economy requires cash. Thus even radical generals and admirals may be persuaded to tone down their attacks against the West.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this division of opinion concerns a tactical question only. There is full agreement on the principle of wholesale abolition of Western influence. China's semi-colonial status is to be ended, and the new "sovereign" China is to be a member of the East Asia bloc, unconditionally at the mercy of Japan. There will be nothing "semi" about its colonial status. This intention, despite all sugar-coating, excludes equal opportunities (the Open Door) for other nations. If Western powers will be allowed to put up all the money, the Japanese will have all the say. And China's "territorial integrity," the backbone of the Nine-Power Treaty with its Open Door pledge, has become illusory anyway.

Meanwhile an effort is made to fortify the bloc idea with a spiritual program. Inside Japan a new school of thought has arisen which busies itself with the formulation of a cultural policy. Its apostle, Kiyoshi Miki, proclaims as the foremost necessity the creation of a spiritual basis for the bloc. He finds "the spread of right ideas of paramount importance" and speaks, in numerous magazines articles, of the "challenge Japanese culture is confronted with, now that it has started to extend its sphere of influence over the Asiatic continent."

Miki, a young philosopher and writer, is no idle dreamer. The fact that most of the army firebrands are among his followers is proof of the practical implications of his cultural crusade. Miki's slogan, "Japan has to resort to the measure of influencing China by means of ideas," appeals to those elements which believe that communism is the most tangible danger in East Asia. Since China is too big to be watched continuously, the imposition of a positive ideology contrary to communism would come in handy.

In their opinion the ideology of "Nipponism," prevalent among civilian and uniformed fascists within Japan, should be expanded into an Oriental philosophy. General Araki, exponent of Nipponist ideas, in a recent interview with this writer explained that the essence of the "Spirit of Japan" should be applied to the new community of Asiatic nations. This essence is the equality of individuals and their utter insignificance as seen from the top—which is, in Japan, the imperial throne. Japan's totalitarian ideology, in other words, would have to be swallowed by the suavely individualistic Chinese. The fact that the Japanese are ready to add a spoonful of Confucianism ("the common ideological bond") is not likely to make the medicine any sweeter.

It is significant, in this connection, that General Araki continues as Minister of Education in the new Hiranuma Cabinet. The reorientation of Japan's youth along Asiatic lines is an important task. Toshio Shiratori, one of Japan's most brilliant nationalists, now Ambassador to Italy, told this writer that Japan's own revival was of primary importance within the scheme of an Asiatic confederation, and that careful selection of cultural elements not essentially Japanese was imperative. "We can't, of course, discard our battleships," he added, "just because battleships were not invented in Japan."

While there are realistic and influential people in Japan who disapprove of ideological ballyhoo in connection with the China campaign—their protagonist, Mr. Heisuke Sugiyama, has sprung from the once liberal newspaper *Asahi*—the radicals are likely to be given a free hand. Hence the penetration of conquered China with a totalitarian philosophy, made in Asia but very similar to European brands of fascism, is within reach. Hostility to the democratic ideology with its fundamental respect for the individual is thus to be an outstanding characteristic of the East Asia bloc. Its close relationship with Italy and Germany is likely to be emphasized through an early recognition of "reborn China" by the governments of those countries.

Here is an important step toward the elimination of British, American, and French influence in China. This influence was based to a very large extent on prestige. Japanese propaganda is bent on undermining this prestige. The idea that the world has been unreasonably unicentral and that it should be multicentral draws growing attention in the Japanese press: China, in this new, multicentral world, will be freed from its peripheral position and absorbed by the Asiatic center, the Rising Sun.

Under the impact of its powerful radiation the face of China is changing already. Now, as the guns are becoming silent again, structural changes of first-rate importance emerge from the debris. The pseudo-capitalism which had been created and pampered by Western business interests is disappearing. The compradore class, native go-betweens living on the fat margin of the White Man's going concern, is dying out. The Japanese have no use for them, chiefly because Japanese business is operating without that fat margin, as competition among individual firms is close and quite ruthless. The incipient native capitalism which was growing up independently in China before the war is also faced with extinction as a result of Japanese monopolization. The very groups which were dependent on the White Man, and which in turn furnished the organic link between four hundred million customers and the white trading community, are blasted out of existence.

The diplomatic struggle for the preservation of the Open Door thus shrinks to unimportant proportions compared to developments going on behind the scenes. Even if a compromise should be arrived at, even if the legal foundation of Western privileges—concessions, treaty rights, extraterritoriality—should stay intact, Western influence and Western interests in China are threatened. They are threatened by a purposeful Japanese policy which aims at destroying the narrow basis of Western activities. Political, cultural, and economic campaigns are coordinated and used to undermine the White Man's footholds in Eastern Asia. Radical dreamers in Japan already envisage an Asiatic Asia, with British influence pushed back to the Red Sea, with American influence pushed back to Hawaii.

This country, in its relationships with the Orient, has hardly made imperialism the tenor of its policy. Instead, peaceful commercial intercourse and a large measure of emotional investment—schools, hospitals, missions—have characterized our doings in the Far East. The continuation of these activities requires little more than good-will on the part of our neighbors on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. That the new bloc is to be forced away from a policy of good-will and understanding, that it is to be made to turn its back on an international civilization to which it owes so much—this, aside from the financial losses entailed, is a pity.

Pocket Guide

THE PATMAN BILL

WHAT is going to happen to the Patman bill, labeled "House Resolution No. 1," when it comes up before Congress early in the present session? God knows, but there is nothing to keep us from guessing.

Representative Wright Patman of Texas proposes to drive chain stores out of existence by levying a prohibitive tax which involves higher mathematics when the chain is spread over many states. His bill requires each store in interstate chains to pay a tax of $1,000 multiplied by the number of states in which the chain operates. For instance, if you operated a store in New York City, one in Connecticut, and one in New Jersey, you would have to pay $3,000 annually on each store. If the Patman bill should go through, you would probably close up your Connecticut and New Jersey stores; then you would not have to pay a cent.

But how about the big national chains such as Atlantic and Pacific? The tax on each A. and P. store would run up to $48,000, and the A. and P. system would have to pay the federal government about $500,000,000 a year to do business. The total charge against Sears Roebuck would be $14,000,000 a year.

Mr. Patman's idea is that the bill, if it becomes a law, will help small, independent retailers. Well, let's see about that. Several states already have similar laws taxing chains, though not so heavily. Texas, for example, has had one since 1935. It has caused the A. and P. to close down many stores, but it has done little good to the small independent retailer. Who has benefited? Why, the local chains which own ten or a

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dozen stores, all in Texas. New York State is big enough for 500 grocery stores, at least, in a centrally controlled system. The Patman bill would not touch them.

The "Freedom of Opportunity League" is a part of Mr. Patman's scheme. It has a pleasant sound, but all it promises is that boys and girls may have a chance to open little neighborhood stores and fail miserably. A similar bit of bait in Germany helped to build up the Nazi Party among small shopkeepers. Department stores and big concerns were to be wiped out. Well, they haven't been.

My guess is that the Patman bill will be defeated in Congress if it ever gets to a vote. But there is strong pressure behind it. The independent retailers are strongly organized and have lots of publicity and lobbyists. One possible reason for the defeat of the bill is that Mr. Patman's name has been mentioned in newspaper stories of the McKesson and Robbins scandal. It is said that Coster paid him to deliver a series of lectures. Mr. Patman says he "made no profit whatsoever from the addresses." But the story will go a long way to defeat his bill.

If the Patman bill is passed, the national chains may go out of business. Or they may reorganize as forty-eight separate state corporations. The statewide chains would become the really powerful group. In the mix-up the cooperatives might find their chance, though of course Mr. Patman has no desire to build them up. Far from it.

Whatever his prospects for success, Mr. Patman's activities have scared the chain stores into hysterical and vociferous public-relations campaigns.

MINORITY NEEDS

In big-scale production the minority group gets no favors. Take men's pajamas. The manufacturers did some research and learned that many men don't wear pajama trousers. They therefore designed and offered for sale a long pajama coat without trousers; this was really the old-fashioned nightshirt in a different form. But there is a minority of men, probably some millions, who would like just the opposite—a pajama suit with one jacket and two pairs of trousers, because pajama trousers wear out more quickly than coats. Big manufacturers figure that they can't afford to bother with this minority.

Among other minority needs that whisper unheard are women's low-heeled dance and dress shoes in patterns as attractive as high-heeled shoes. These are easy to get at $12 and $16 but not at a moderate price.

Years ago all women's corsets were laced in the back. For a number of reasons they became unfashionable. But it is the step-in corset that helps us to get those runs in our stockings. The laced corset stays firmly on the figure, but the step-in doesn't. It pulls the stockings this way and that until a thread breaks. Women could have fewer runs if they went back to laced corsets, but they're not likely to do that. Stout women can still get laced corsets, but if a small woman wants one that looks dainty she has to have it made to order for a minimum price of $12.

I am sure there must be thousands of such minority demands. Perhaps it would be a good idea to make a list of them. A manufacturer might come along who would do something about them. Especially I'd like to call these items to the attention of the cooperatives. HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

REPORTS ARE now current that Frances Perkins will be named United States Ambassador to Moscow when Davies's successor is chosen. This possibility is fortified by Washington's conviction that "Fanny" can't end the war between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. The appointment would no doubt have the support of conservatives, who have long urged sending her to Russia—unofficially.

SOME WEEKS ago the Chicago *Tribune,* which calls itself "the world's greatest newspaper," carried an article sensationally headlined: "C. I. O. Strangles San Francisco; Industries Die." The article "revealed" that because of labor strife "the Chevrolet automobile assembly plant, employing 3,500 men, was moved to Los Angeles." Shortly afterward the *Tribune* published a note explaining that the Chevrolet plant had never been in San Francisco.

WHEN A. A. BERLE returned from Lima, he, like Cordell Hull, hotly denied reports of "censorship" and "espionage" by Peruvian officials presumably sympathetic to fascism. In publishing Mr. Berle's speech lauding Peruvian hospitality the New York *Times* made a curious error:

> . . . I might note that the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Peru, Dr. Carlos Concha, is . . . as a matter of *face,* as friendly to the United States as you can well find.

WASHINGTON REPORTS have suggested that the A. F. of L. fight against Donald Wakefield Smith, NLRB member, stems from a mistake made by President Green at a White House conference, and that the A. F. of L.'s real foe on the board is Edwin S. Smith. This confusion is not restricted to Green. George Meany, New York A. F. of L. leader, recently exclaimed to a group, "We've got to get that man Smith off the board." Asked which Smith he meant, Meany admitted that he wasn't sure.

INSTEAD OF Mrs. Roosevelt's daily column, readers of the Kansas City *Star* recently read this announcement:

> "MY DAY" IS OUT
>
> "My Day," column by Eleanor Roosevelt, today is omitted from the *Star.* The column, entirely devoted to a visit Mrs. Roosevelt made yesterday to a reptile farm in Sarasota, Florida, contained no information the *Star* believes its readers would enjoy reading. The column will be resumed tomorrow.

BOTH RICHARD WHITNEY and F. Donald Coster were members of the New York Yacht Club. At a post-mortem on the Coster affair, one prominent club member privately commented: "It was pretty bad, but not as bad as the Whitney affair. At least Coster didn't steal from the club."

ST. DUNSTAN'S HOSPITAL in London recently reported fourteen new cases of blindness caused by the delayed effects of poison gas—gas used during the last war.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AT THE risk of repeating something of what the editors of *The Nation* said last week, I must record my profound gratitude to President Roosevelt for the appointment of Felix Frankfurter. I know of no other appointment of his as courageous and as altogether fitting as this one. Indeed, I think the last three—Frankfurter to the Supreme Court, Murphy to the Attorney Generalship, and Hopkins to the Department of Commerce—are together the most remarkable the President has made since he took office. Two of them have been much misunderstood in certain circles which wish to misunderstand. In appointing these men Mr. Roosevelt therefore renews the hope that he is recovering some of the fighting spirit of the first years of his Administration. Certainly no one can question that all three men tremendously reinforce the liberalism of the Administration.

It is true that so outspoken an opponent of the President as the New York *Herald Tribune* has warmly approved Mr. Frankfurter's selection, and that up to the time of this writing the only voices raised in protest have been childishly stupid. Still, Frankfurter has been under fire for some time past for having given a great many ideas to the New Deal and supplied many of the men needed to carry it on. To have withheld the appointment on any such grounds would have been the grossest injustice—most of all to the Supreme Court itself. I do not believe that in my lifetime anyone has been appointed to the bench who was better qualified or more truly liberal, and when I say that I am not forgetting Oliver Wendell Holmes and his long previous experience on the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. For two more reasons the Frankfurter appointment was extraordinarily fitting. First, the President could not have found any man in the United States who more nearly embodies in himself the beauty of spirit and the lofty Americanism which characterized the late Justice Cardozo; I think that is the highest compliment that I can pay Felix Frankfurter. Secondly, I have no doubt that the President welcomed the opportunity to appoint Frankfurter just at this time as another answer to the Nazi ideology—excuse me, I should have said mania. It makes me proud of being an American to have our President honor so notable a Jewish-American when even in our own country the abominable tide of anti-Semitism is rising.

The other day my clever friend Victor Ridder heard a man say in a small group: "That proves it. That Frankfurter appointment proves that the Jews own America." Without a moment's hesitation Ridder replied: "I agree with you. And the appointment of Governor Murphy as Attorney General proves that the Catholics own the United States, and that of Harry Hopkins as Secretary of Commerce proves that the Methodists own the United States." That left nothing of the man to whom the retort was directed. Mr. Murphy is a Catholic, and if I mistake not he cherishes a perfectly legitimate desire to be the first Catholic President of the United States. I don't like many things that the Catholic church is doing just now; I think it is digging its own grave in mixing into politics and exercising a censorship in various fields, but I don't think this fact has the slightest bearing upon the fitness of Mr. Murphy's appointment. No one can question his ability and his liberalism, and I want to put it on record that I honor him particularly for the actions which brought down upon him the criticism of all the superficial readers of newspaper headlines and the abuse of the reactionaries and the entire anti-labor crowd of this country.

Of course Governor Murphy could have made a grandstand play against the sitdown strikers that would have made Wall Street and State Street and the *Herald Tribune* and the Chicago *Tribune* applaud him without end—it would probably have cost many good American lives, created numerous labor martyrs, and intensified the struggle between capital and labor. He did temporize; he did show great patience which to some seemed great weakness, but if ever a man was justified by the outcome it was Frank Murphy. Today the sitdown strike is a thing of the past. I believe that that particular form of strike will and should be outlawed. But whether I am correct in that or not, I think that Frank Murphy did the right thing.

I am not competent to pass judgment on Mr. Hopkins's administration of relief. That he has made grievous mistakes is plain. He deserves censure for his political speeches when Relief Administrator, and I am inclined to think that the newspapermen who charge him with a grave indiscretion in speaking of relief and then of votes for Roosevelt are pretty near the truth. But I find it hard to believe that he himself approved of corruption of voters. I still hope that he may prove worthy of confirmation. We have had a lot of dumb business men in the Commerce office. It is time that we had a different type of man and a fresh, able, liberal mind on the job, but we don't want another politician there—not even one like Hoover, who as Secretary built up a great political machine in his department.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

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Major Eliot on National Defense

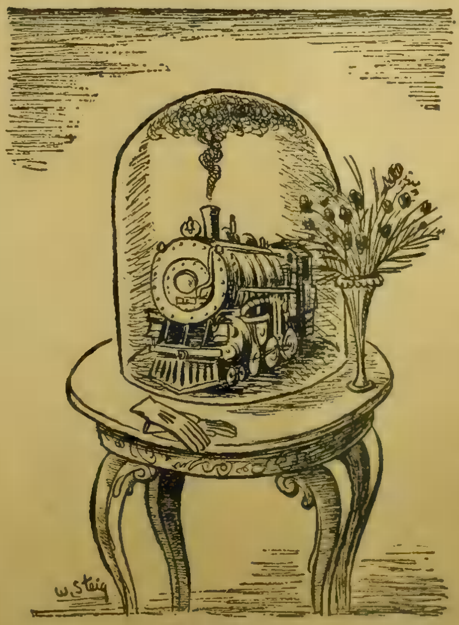
THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH. By George Fielding Eliot. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

MAJOR ELIOT'S new book will, I believe, be quoted freely and frequently during the coming months while America's defense problems are being debated in Congress. It should prove an excellent influence, for even if some of its conclusions are open to question, the general temper of the book is admirable. To a discussion usually carried on in a superheated atmosphere compounded of emotion and ignorance it offers cool appraisal of a well-ordered array of facts.

Neither the extreme pacifist nor the extreme jingo will derive much comfort from Major Eliot. He does not pooh-pooh the possibility of any attack on America; he believes that security can be achieved only by preparedness. On the other hand he is no advocate of a reckless piling up of arms. He thinks America needs a navy second to none, but not one on each ocean. He supports the naval and military air programs passed last year but rejects proposals for an air fleet outnumbering that of any other power. He examines carefully the alarmist theories about the vulnerability of the Panama Canal and concludes that the possibility of its being put out of action in a war is not very great. Nevertheless, conceding that damage or destruction is not entirely out of the question and realizing the vital importance of this link between East and West, he urges the construction of the Nicaragua Canal.

Major Eliot is not one of those military men who are indifferent to civil liberties and regard freedom as merely a good slogan to inspire cannon fodder. He strongly opposes such measures as the May bill, asking: "Why should we go to war to defend freedom if we must begin by destroying it with our own hands?" The advocates of "total militarization" in the event of war base their arguments, he suggests, on the assumption that the next war will be fought under the same conditions and by the same means as the last. But if America makes the navy the spearhead of its defense and resolves not to employ large-scale expeditionary forces, there is no reason why these conditions should recur.

In putting the navy in the center of the picture, Major Eliot makes the good point that a large navy is far less dangerous to domestic liberty than a large army. No admiral with dictatorial ambitions could impose himself on this country through command of the navy; a general disposing of extensive forces strategically placed throughout the land would have a much better chance. The American army ought to be auxiliary to the navy. To perform its functions efficiently it needs better organization but not very much greater man power. In this connection Major Eliot makes an interesting proposal for greater coordination between the regular army and the National Guard, with regiments of the former being brought up to full strength on mobilization by drawing on affiliated units of the latter. As part of this scheme he would like to see the National Guard, which is paid and equipped by the federal government, relieved of local police duties. Some governors, he says in a masterpiece of understatement, have used the guard "for purposes hardly in accordance with the reputation for impartiality and dissociation from politics which is the army's pride."



Book Review
"High Iron" by Lucius Beebe

Major Eliot is well aware of the close relation between defense policy and foreign policy, but he assumes that the latter will continue to be limited to a narrow range of objectives. There are, he suggests, three fixed points determined by public opinion which cannot be overlooked: (1) We will make no covenant with foreign powers which might involve us in a war not of our own making. (2) We will defend the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. (3) We will maintain at least the existing measures of restriction on immigration. Pursuing such aims, America can, it is claimed, follow a strictly naval policy of defense. Like Britain, before the advent of the bomber destroyed its insular security, it can remain immune from attack by maintaining an invincible navy.

At this point Major Eliot might with advantage have followed a little farther the teachings of history. In order to maintain naval predominance Britain always regarded it as essential to uphold the balance of power in Europe. For two centuries it strove to prevent any one nation acquiring the hegemony of the Continent, and toward that end employed a series of diplomatic combinations supplemented on occasion by expeditionary forces and subsidies to allies. The question that has arisen since Munich—this book was evidently completed prior to that momentous agreement—is whether America can contemplate with equanimity the domination of Europe by a potentially hostile power. Major Eliot admits that if Germany's aspirations were realized in Europe its ambitions "would shortly come into conflict with our own." German control of the Azores or Cape Verde Islands or of the bulge of West

Africa would, he considers, be a matter of very grave concern. For the first time since 1812 a potential enemy would be able to set up bases within striking distance of America.

So long as Britain and France command the eastern Atlantic, this is but a hypothetical danger. But the possibility that these powers will be either conquered or intimidated cannot any longer be ignored. It may be that Americans should ask themselves whether it would not be wise to insure against this risk. Payment of the premium would not involve a larger armament program than Major Eliot outlines. It would mean rather taking a leaf from Britain's book and supplementing naval policy by the power of the purse and the industrial machine. America has yet to realize that in the long run its economic strength outweighs all other weapons of defense. My most serious criticism of this book is that it has not done all it might to enlighten public opinion in this regard.

KEITH HUTCHISON

From Plains to Salt Water

COWBOY SONGS AND OTHER FRONTIER BALLADS. Collected by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

SONGS OF AMERICAN SAILORMEN. By Joanna Colcord. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

WHALE SHIPS AND WHALING. By Albert Cook Church. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.75.

SPACIOUSLY designed and with airs given for most of the songs, the new edition of Professor Lomax's classic collection is made for singing, and now includes "Goodby, Old Paint," "The Strawberry Roan," "Quantrell," and others indispensable for a final roundup. A few of the ballads of the earlier collection are unaccountably omitted, but on the whole these are of somewhat inferior quality, with the possible exception of a song which plays variations on that once familiar command, "Root, hog, or die."

Professor Lomax's original collection, published nearly forty years ago, made an opening wedge for the slowly developed argument that we have a native folksong. As it happens, cowboy songs were among the latest of its creations, while others of a far older lineage came much more gradually into recognition, among them the sea shanties which Joanna Colcord gathered a few years back in "Roll and Go" and which she now presents in a greatly enlarged edition in her "Songs of American Sailormen." In this volume we have the first full insistence that Americans have made their own contribution to sea shanties and forecastle songs. Since English shanties have been faithfully collected, and since American sailors undoubtedly took over many English shanties, it has been assumed that our own only followed, somewhat passively, the English tradition.

No one could be better fitted than Miss Colcord to argue the point or to present the evidence to the contrary. A descendant of five generations of deep-water seamen, masters and builders of square-rigged vessels, she knows the materials by a direct line; she spent most of her girlhood at sea on board her father's ship, on China voyages; and her knowledge and affection have led her to a thorough study of special collections of maritime material. She presents a large number of shanties and forecastle songs whose origin is unmistakably American, and others in abundance which show by their themes, their allusions, and their lingo that they were shaped as well as sung by American sailors. Not least interesting are ballads which suggest that some of the New England songs of the lumber shanties were carried out to sea and there somewhat transformed by the sailors who sang them. "Rocks in de Mountains" is obviously a transliteration of a John Henry song, and others were born out of Negro minstrelsy. Throughout, Miss Colcord stresses the infusion of Negro themes, rhythms, choruses from the days when Mobile was a great Southern port. She includes two ballads of Great Lakes shipping, "The Persia's Crew" and the well known "Cruise of the Bigler," but her real province is salt water, a sufficiently large one, and songs popular on sailing ships from Duluth to the Soo, Chicago, and Buffalo await a devotion similar to hers.

Like "Songs of American Sailormen," the volume by Albert Cook Church has grown out of long and habitual knowledge of the sea. Some two hundred photographs have been drawn from Mr. Church's truly vast collection to portray the history of whalers and the complex business of whaling. Some of them are from old wet-plate prints which had to be restored; some of the negatives had to be rebuilt from broken glass; many date back forty years or more. We could wish that half-tones rather than offset had been used for the reproductions, for sharper edge and detail, but the collection is truly an incomparable one, and we may well be grateful for what we have.

Here indeed are ships, some of which were built at the beginning of the last century. The Charles W. Morgan, nearly a hundred years old and shown in many phases, weathered the hurricane of last September, losing some of her planking and most of her copper sheathing but nothing aloft. The main stages of building whaleships are shown, as well as an evolution of types. Try-pots appear in operation. A most engaging group of pictures indicate typical masters, mates, and seamen. Mr. Church builds up climaxes by his pictures, showing whalers hove down for repairs—a truly gargantuan sight—and others breaking up after a wreck, or peacefully homeward bound. The Wanderer and the Morning Star appear in a stately series. Some of the most beautiful of the photographs are of sections of canvas or of geometrical patterns of rigging. The pictures are preceded by a brief, clear history of American whaling.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

Zoology, Illustrated

ANIMALS WITHOUT BACKBONES. By Ralph Buchsbaum. University of Chicago Press. $5.

THERE was a time when the informed public was deeply interested in the biological investigations of the day. I am thinking of the immediate sale and discussion of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Today the layman is much more concerned with the electron and its brethren than with things biological. This is due in part to the lack of good general books in the field, and also to the fact that with the exception of the theory of the gene we have been presented with no big generalizations but rather with a welter of minutiae.

Recently the advent of cheap photographic film—a development which supports Hogben's thesis of the interrelationship of science and economic progress—sent the younger naturalists afield. This book is the first example offered to the public of what is happening in the modern biology classroom. By means of pictures the student is given a much better idea of the panorama of living things than he was likely to acquire from surveying a shelf of preserved specimens.

The book is composed largely of non-technical descriptions of typical animals of the invertebrate kingdom, supported by excellent line drawings and numerous splendid photographs One only wishes that color photography were available for this kind of work. As a general résumé of the anatomy and natural history of the invertebrates, the book is excellent.

It is unfortunate to have to record a major omission, and to probe into its causes. The conspicuous absence of any mention of the fruitfly, Drosophila, from the chapter on insects led to the discovery that neither the fruitfly nor the subject of genetics is mentioned anywhere in the book. From its worldwide use for studies in genetics Drosophila has acquired a special importance in the invertebrate kingdom, and its omission is unpardonable. If the book were primarily concerned with invertebrate anatomy, it might be argued that genetics had no place in it; but it is really an introduction to general zoology based on the invertebrates, and any student or layman opening such a volume should be able to obtain an idea of the simple basic principles of genetics, and of what Drosophila is like. In contrast to the omission of genetics, a whole chapter is devoted to the subject of regeneration, based almost exclusively on the work and theories of Professor Child and his students at the University of Chicago.

This type of sectionalism is unfortunately widespread in the teaching of zoology. In recent years it has reached such proportions that a presumably general course given at one university may include very little of the material given at another. The significance of biological theories and researches is in many quarters subordinated to the status of the biologist responsible for them. "Animals Without Backbones" is written with a fine disregard for research in certain fields done at other places than Chicago. Some persons may point out that similar behavior is to be observed at other universities. This criticism will be correct; and it goes a long way to explain the doldrums in which contemporary American zoology finds itself. Such well-developed prejudices in a young scientist are lamentable, and reflect small credit on his teachers.

There is no permanent separation possible between development and heredity. It is true that in their quest for the elucidation of the gene, Bridges, Muller, Morgan, and Sturtevant deliberately disregarded development for a long time. But the function of the gene in development has to be recognized; and when, as on page 130, the author inquires into the origin of certain developmental mechanisms and ignores heredity as a possible factor, he is limiting the possible fields of investigation and negating the scientific method.

In order to keep alive, zoology has to compete with the other sciences both for financial support and for recruits. The layman of means recognizes this emphasis on personality and this preoccupation with minutiae, and turns aside. The talented recruit avoids a field in which the limits of investigation are defined in terms of local politics. The outlook for zoology, as evidenced by this book, is none too hopeful. With wider use of the camera we may expect better technical exposition and possibly a revival of interest in natural history, but general theory still lags behind instead of leading the way.

HUGH H. DARBY

Fallada Among the Nazis

WOLF AMONG THE WOLVES. By Hans Fallada. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

FALLADA'S first two books, "Peasants, Bosses, and Bombs" (1931) and "Little Man—What Now?" (1932), were works of a vigorous realist. There was a wicked and stupid world and even the good were weak, but there was also sincere sympathy with the little pleasures and the great sorrows of the under-dog. Then came 1933. Nevertheless, in 1934 Fallada published "The World Outside," which was still in the same vein, though in an apologetic preface, omitted in the English edition, he explained that the wickedness portrayed in the book was only possible under the false humanitarianism of the old system and was now happily a thing of the past. In his next book, "Once We Had a Child" (1934) —a boorish book about a boor—Fallada tried to toe the line. Not with full success, it seems, as the preface of "Wolf Among Wolves," also omitted in the English translation, mentions attacks on the score that the central character, a German peasant, was not sufficiently idealized.

Then Fallada fled into fairy tales. Both "Sparrow Farm" (1935) and "An Old Heart Goes A-Journeying" (1936) were certainly inoffensive politically; they were also second-rate literature. They were in fact feeble imitations of E. Th. A. Hoffmann and Jean Paul.

In his latest novel Fallada speaks again with his own voice; again it is the evil world in which brutes and blockheads torture the weak. But the author is forced to speak through the device of the historical novel. More recent experiences may be hidden in the convenient garb of the past. Nowadays, we are instructed in the preface (omitted), all this is remedied, but we should remember it in order "to be twice as happy about our fortunate salvation." I think Fallada does not mean it; his book is not a Nazi book.

The dollar stands at 414,000 marks when the book opens. When the hurly-burly's done—it closes on a hopeful note—the Rentenmark is established. This was to have been the history of the German inflation, but gradually it becomes the story of the reformation of an amiable scapegrace, ex-Second Lieutenant Wolfgang Pagel. After the war, in spite of his respectable parentage, the lieutenant becomes a gambler, but redeems himself by working as a bailiff on an East Prussian manor. His reward: he is allowed to study psychiatry at the University of Berlin and to marry his former mistress, Petra, an occasional street-walker with a pure heart. The child—indispensable to every full-fledged Fallada novel—is born, in this one, behind the scenes. Around Wolfgang Pagel revolves an ambitious panorama of the inflation in town and country, with countless characters and scenes through 724 overcrowded pages. Unfortunately there is never a dull one.

The background is authentic enough. I noticed only a little slip: the play "Finden Sie das Constanze sich richtig verhält?"—the German adaptation of Maugham's "The Constant Wife"—is mentioned as a great success of the year 1923; actually it was not produced in Berlin before 1928. But characters and situations show the German lack of degree and proportion. Fallada's liking for the macabre leads him too often into caricature and melodrama. The necessity of getting all his weird characters into all their weird situations forces him to overwork the mechanism of chance. (Not that I object to chance, but it should be blind; here it is mostly a malignant Argus.)

Nevertheless, there are some excellent bits, and though the book never achieves the compassionate reality of "Little Man, What Now?" though Wolf and Petra never become as real as Pinneberg and Lämmchen, it has merits. It is interesting, certainly a merit in any novel. And it betrays pity for human suffering, which is certainly a merit in a German novel today.

ROBERT VAMBERY

A Catholic in Majorca

A DIARY OF MY TIMES. By Georges Bernanos. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

GEORGES BERNANOS, Catholic, conservative, royalist, does not like the world he sees about him. Particularly he does not like a section which his prejudices might expect to find a paradise—beautiful and pitiful Majorca, where fascist groups under the leadership of an Italian general executed three thousand people in the first seven months of the Spanish civil war. "Let me remind you," he says as he tells of it, "that this tiny island can be crossed in two hours, from one end to the other. So that any inquisitive person with a car, if he took the trouble, could successfully wager that he would witness the blowing-out of fifteen wrong-thinking brains per day. These figures are not unknown to his Lordship the Archbishop of Majorca."

He does not like dictators or liars or cowards. He does not like cruelty dictated from above and turning kindly people into beasts or victims. He does not like perversion of youth under the guise of patriotism—his own son was a member of the Phalanx until the killings sickened him—or the glorifying of brutality under the name of order. He does not like terrorism stalking about to "save Spain" and "save religion." "It is a cruel thing," he says, "when what you were born to love becomes degraded before your eyes."

He says he does not like these and many other manifestations of our times. He says so violently and vividly, in a book of 265 pages that is a fine and fiery piece of sustained invective. He makes no bones about what the state of the world is, or the effect of the Archbishop of Palma "fluttering his august hands" in a blessing over Italian machine-guns. He tells their Catholic Lordships the Spanish hierarchy just what it is that they are letting themselves in for, and he minces no words.

The book is not easy reading. It goes on and on with its high-pitched prose and its sustained indignation. People who like logic, who prefer orderly development, will grow restive under the gusto with which it hurls, and hurdles, contradictions. People who like facts will want to take some of the things he says out from under the way he says them and look at them in a quiet light. But there is no escaping the searing flame of his passionate outcry. And when it is all over, and you have turned out the light and gone to sleep, you will wake up the next day with the feeling of having passed through a healing furnace. For those of us who hate violence, and who are by that very hatred rendered incapable of the violent efforts necessary to stamp it out, there is a certain catharsis in his denunciations. He says what we are obscurely restrained from saying, and we thank him for his white-hot words.

MILDRED ADAMS

Art as Expression

THE PRINCIPLES OF ART. By R. G. Collingwood. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Collingwood's name may not be known in this country to a very large public, professional students of aesthetics for over thirteen years have known his slender little volume "Outlines of the Philosophy of Art" as one of the ablest presentations of Croce's theory that have been made in the English language. The publication, therefore, of a full-sized treatise by him is to be welcomed. For in spite of the seeming neglect into which Croce has fallen, his theory of art as expression is still widely, though unwittingly, held, even by those who reject the notion of art for art's sake.

Widely accepted as it still is, however, the implications of the theory of art as expression are seldom adequately realized. It is one of the merits of Mr. Collingwood's treatise that he draws them out in their full aggressive starkness, and thus forces us to see what we are committing ourselves to when we accept it. If art is the imaginative expression of emotion, it is an activity which is different in kind from other modes of human activity, and it has no relation to craft or technique. Nor has it anything to do with representation or amusement. What enables us to suppose that craft or technique is somehow connected with art is the distinction we make between form and content or matter. This distinction, Mr. Collingwood argues, is essentially confused and unacceptable. But if art is the expression of emotion, it is a purely inward, spontaneous, imaginative activity, complete when the emotion is felt by anyone to have achieved satisfactory clarification or intelligibility; and it is therefore essentially independent of its "externalization." Again, if art is expression of emotion it has nothing to do with moral or political activity. An artist "with strong political feelings will be to that extent better qualified to produce works of art than one without." But if he is an artist, and not a magician, he will seek to clarify his emotions, not to arouse them in others. What "most of our leading young writers have reverted to" is not art but magic. For magic is not the science of illogical, primitive minds, as we have been taught, but a technique designed to arouse emotions which can be used as motive force in communal activity.

No one who is seriously interested in art will quarrel with the belief that it has little to do with amusement or representation. But anyone who is not an idealist must object radically to the distinction between the creative act and its "externalization" through the material, for mind cannot exist independently of the materials and tools which the human

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animal handles. Those aware of the lack of consistent principles in current criticism will welcome Mr. Collingwood's efforts to define art, and to distinguish it conceptually from "magic." But few will assume with him that a logical distinction entails an actual separation of the things distinguished. It is possible under unusual conditions to enjoy a "pure" aesthetic experience. But seldom is serious art free of "magical" elements, and when it is, its purity does not guarantee its value in the total human economy. Objections to Mr. Collingwood's position, however, should not obscure the fact that his book faces unambiguously some of the most central difficulties of contemporary aesthetics, and does so under the conviction that aesthetics is not a timeless science but must be relevant to contemporary art. It is the immediate incidence of this book which gives it its challenging and stimulating quality.

ELISEO VIVAS

Aragon's "Real World"

RESIDENTIAL QUARTER. By Louis Aragon. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE years immediately preceding the last World War saw a crisis in European civilization that was nowhere more marked than in France. Today that crisis is attracting the attention of many of the most distinguished novelists of the political Left Bank. To Jules Romains's and Roger Martin du Gard's and L. F. Céline's recent cyclic novels, which bring us up to the events of 1914, must now be added Louis Aragon's "Real World," of which the second instalment has just appeared in English. Whereas the authors of "Men of Good Will" and "The Thibaults" had reached manhood before the war, MM. Aragon and Céline had not yet done their military service, and it is fitting that in their novels we should view the oncoming catastrophe through adolescent eyes. Nor is it surprising if their vision is slightly blurred. In addition, their lack of maturity, even today, may explain why their message suffers from being too obvious.

M. Céline's record is the only frankly autobiographical one, for Louis Aragon has shared his own experiences between the two Barbentane brothers. Edmond, a free-thinker and realist from childhood, abandons the study of medicine for gambling, blackmail, and the career of a super-gigolo. Armand, always an idealist, undergoes a series of disillusionments as he gives up his double preparation for the priesthood and strike-breaking to become a Socialist and day laborer. One might think that there would be some point at which these two careers would cross, but the poignant meeting of the two in Paris after Armand has run away from home proves the impossibility of mutual sympathy. In fact, the Edmond-Armand antithesis turns out to be a factitious and flimsy thread on which to hang a novel, though it does offer an excuse for the fashionable multiple-plot composition. Too obvious and repetitious, likewise, are the constant satire of the middle class and corresponding defense of the masses. The truth is that M. Aragon has sacrificed everything to accomplishing those ends. Lacking in any real atmosphere, the novel is peopled with puppets.

There is no need to know that M. Aragon is an editor of *l'Humanité* and *Commune* to hear the voice of the militant

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ASK FOR BULLETIN NS-1

Next Week in *The Nation*

ELIOT JANEWAY on

America in the Post-Munich World

in "Residential Quarter," nor is it necessary to be informed of his early affiliation with the Dadaist movement to sense a certain resemblance to Cloud-Cuckoo Land in his "Real World." He has not entirely lost, either, his early obsession with the erotic. There are those who would contest the translator's assertion in the introduction that M. Aragon is easily more gifted than Jean Cocteau or Jean Giraudoux. The same readers will reproach the translation for its marks of carelessness.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

An Indian's Memories

SON OF OLD MAN HAT: A NAVAJO AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Recorded by Walter Dyk. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE influence of a definitely patterned culture upon persons is best revealed by studies of the individual in relation to a simpler society than our own. This autobiography of a Navajo, like Paul Radin's shorter but fine Winnebago autobiography, "Crashing Thunder," shows the cultural patterns of a primitive society in operation upon an individual. It is a transcript, completely unromanticized, of an Indian's memories of his childhood and young manhood, and these memories prove that in an integrated culture like the Navajo, the individual and social concerns of a young boy are the same. Not that the individual is suppressed—his observations are often unique and, to us, poetic—but the Son of Old Man Hat never thought of his ego as separate from its extension in the lives of his family and tribe or from its functioning in the culture of a nomadic, sheep-herding people. This Navajo resolves without effort all conflicts between the personal and the social. The book will interest readers who find more analytical anthropological studies of primitive cultures confusing, for here Indian psychology is shown as growing out of a society.

An autobiography offers always an excellent field for the examination of individual maladjustments. This serene Navajo's memories of companionship and loneliness, of how he came to recognize death as part of life, of his acceptance, as an adolescent, of awareness of sex as a normal experience, prove that individuality exists untroubled in a culture which does not deny but trains it.

EDA LOU WALTON

DRAMA

Two Hits

"THE WHITE STEED" (Cort Theater) is by the Irish schoolmaster, Paul Vincent Carroll, whose "Shadow and Substance" was so widely admired last season. The chances are that the new play will enjoy an even greater success, for though the theme is much the same, the terms in which it is stated are considerably more familiar to an average audience. Last year the conflict between ecclesiastical bigotry on the one hand and loving faith on the other was presented in the guise of a conflict between a proud canon

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who fancied himself in the role of an Italian prince of the church and a simple servant girl who was almost a saint; this year the same conflict appears as a struggle between a tolerant old shepherd of his flock and the puritanical young tyrant who is sent to replace him. If the two devices are, in the abstract, equally satisfactory, the second is likely to be more immediately understandable to an American audience, which has had little direct experience with either princes of the church or saintly servant girls but does know the genus reformer both as an actual person and as a villain in popular literature. "Shadow and Substance" seemed theatrically impressive but a little remote; Father Shaughnessy and his Morals Committee are easily recognized as equivalents of our own Purity Leagues.

In Ireland, at least, the new play is also bound to seem much more of a pamphlet than "Shadow and Substance" was. Its anti-clerical—though not anti-Catholic—tone is bitterer as well as more downright, there are a number of polemical passages in defense of secular government, and there are also various satirical references to the Irish habit of blaming everything on England which are obvious invitations for a shower of vegetables in the best tradition of the Abbey Theater. None of these things is directly relevant in America, but what remains is an obviously heart-warming tale of snoopers defeated and the triumph of tolerance in the persons of both the rebellious heroine and the humane priest. The fact that the issue is presented in terms which are neither very new nor very subtle is no disadvantage in the case of a play whose appeal is obviously to familiar sentiments. The audience is not left for a moment in doubt concerning which side it is on, and it is disappointed in none of its emotional expectations.

In view of the fact that there seems to be some disposition to accept the author as the latest in the succession of Irish dramatists, it might be just as well to go on record with the opinion that, charming and effective writer though he is, Mr. Carroll is no John Millington Synge and no Shean O'Casey, but an amiable and facile popular dramatist whose gift for humor and eloquence of a typically Gaelic sort he finds it all the easier to exploit because his convictions and his enthusiasms are simple and readily accepted. Thanks to a certain naivete—both intellectual and emotional—which is obviously his, he can state with all the passion of a newly discovered conviction propositions which a profounder man would find it more difficult to get excited about, and in all sincerity devise theatrical situations which would be bound to arouse the suspicions of a more sophisticated mind. But that they are effective as theater there can be no doubt, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that an audience which has been led along well-worn paths to hate a meddler should feel very happy when he is disposed of by a miracle—which may be a miracle of the Holy Virgin and may be a miracle of the will. At the proper moment the paralyzed priest rises to his feet and the career of his successor is abruptly terminated. Richard is himself again. The present production is admirable, with George Coulouris as the villain, Barry Fitzgerald (formerly of the Abbey Players) richly Irish as the paralyzed priest, and Jessica Tandy as Nora, the young girl who can't be browbeaten. Liam Redmond is also excellent as the frightened young schoolmaster whose final determina-

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tion to mount behind Nora on the white steed which brought Finn back to Ireland is perhaps more satisfying than convincing.

"The Primrose Path" (Biltmore Theater) is another play probably destined to a large success because, in addition to some other virtues, it has that of supplying in highly satisfactory form one of the things which a public wants. Based on the popular novel "February Hill," it deals lustily with the adventures of an amoral family whose members manage to combine the total depravity of the denizens of Tobacco Road with a cheerful exuberance possible only in a region free from the hookworm. The clan is led by Helen Westley, who plays the cheerful old harridan of a grandmother with fine abandon, and the play is frankly bawdy—which word, as Arthur Guiterman has recently pointed out, is never used in current dramatic criticism except as a laudatory adjective. Grandma gets herself sent to jail when she wants a rest; mother supports the family on an income derived from weekends with visiting business men; and daughter exhibits a fine talent for shoplifting. But there is, for all this, nothing grim about the play, which is sweetened by a touch of sentiment or of pathos at the right moments and proceeds merrily upon the assumption that the daughter of a shanty family has not only a good heart and lots of sex appeal but may be expected to look very well in her clothes. "The Primrose Path" is not for the squeamish or for those who demand grim realism, but it is directed in spirited fashion by George Abbott, and is a very pleasant piece of good unclean fun.

At the Martin Beck the ever-welcome D'Oyly Carte Company is paying another of its visits. There are many of the familiar faces but some new costumes and new scenery. Just for the sake of variety I might confess that the performance of "The Mikado" seemed to me ritualistically perfect but not especially spirited.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

"IT'S no use getting angry," said an intelligent-looking young girl to her friend as they walked out of Radio City Music Hall after the opening of "Trade Winds" (Walter Wanger). Her friend had obviously intended to show her something beautiful and exciting.

It's no use getting angry. I wonder. The daily reviewers seem to have followed that advice. They mocked gently at the picture and found this and that in it to praise. In my opinion it is almost the worst hodge-podge ever produced. The facts are these: Tay Garnett, the "director" of the whole, went on a world cruise and made some amateurish shots of street scenes, bars, and a horse race in the Far East. He brought back nothing usable, but the shots were used nevertheless. With the magic help of the screen process the Hollywoodians superimposed a few actors and a story for which the right adjective is stupid. A girl (Joan Bennett, with black hair in imitation of Hedy Lamarr) shoots at a playboy for driving her sister to suicide and starts around the world to evade the police. The well-equipped San Francisco police department apparently has no means of finding out that the fatal shot was fired by someone else—the girl's pistol was loaded with blanks. Instead the police have to hire a private detective (Fredric March) to catch the alleged murderess after a chase around the world. He pretends to be a heel who is only after the $100,000 reward in order to prove that a man cannot die of a wound he didn't receive.

The plot—its dulness is matched by the dulness of the dialogue—is presented as sort of prologue and epilogue to a tiresome sequence of Mr. Garnett's shots, on which is superimposed uninspired studio lovemaking that is seldom nice to look at and always painful to listen to.

There are many bad movies for all kinds of legitimate reasons, and there is no use getting angry about them week in and week out. But "Trade Winds" is a cynically dishonest production. Seldom has the discrepancy between movie technique and its corrupted use been so frivolously demonstrated. That the picture stars two well-known actors, obviously disgusted themselves, who brought only their names to the studio, and that it is launched under the good name of Walter Wanger of "Blockade" fame, only underscores the deliberate deception of the public. If your milkman waters your milk or your liquor dealer your whiskey you can send the police after them. Not so with movie producers. But you can get angry, and it might help if we all got angry together the next time.

I went from "Trade Winds" to "Arrest Bulldog Drummond" (Paramount), which is disarming in its honest execution of a successful pulp formula. It is always the same story; the producers might issue the older Drummond pictures with new titles and nobody would notice it.

At Cinema 49 is a program both delightful and touching. Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse cartoon, "Lonely Ghosts," is grotesque fantasy with surrealist touches, but it is even more profound than the wonderfully witty "Mother Goose." It is combined with a simple new French picture, "Heart of Paris" (André Daven), in which the good-hearted owner of a bicycle shop first saves, as an obstinate juror, an innocent girl from the guillotine and then takes her into his home, hiding her identity even from his good wife. After many comic and dramatic twists the family finds it out—along with his honest intentions. Raimu plays the part of the Parisian shopkeeper with the warm bonhomie of our fellow-citizen Hendrik Willem Van Loon, whom he greatly resembles. Michèle Morgan impersonates the innocent girl with such simplicity that she will not easily be forgotten. Marcel Achard has written an excellent dialogue. Here, again, is a French picture worth seeing—an essentially true story sincerely told.

FRANZ HOELLERING

In an Early Issue of *The Nation*

The Baltimore Sun Goes Down

Fact and Myth in the Sunpapers Legend

BY WILLARD R. ESPY

Letters to the Editors

Nominations for the Honor Roll

Dear Sirs: We have just read *The Nation's* Honor Roll for 1938 in the January 7 issue, and we congratulate you on your selection of the people and organizations which have fought to preserve American democracy in the past year. We were, however, keenly disappointed to see that you omitted the consumers' cooperative movement, which is growing to such an extent that it will soon be a tower of strength in the preservation of democracy.

Your readers will be interested to know that there are now two million members of consumer cooperatives in the United States, and their business last year exceeded half a billion dollars. The cooperatives in rural areas have broken the commercial-fertilizer trust, and the gas and oil co-ops have beaten down the excessive margins in gas and oil distribution. In the state of Ohio alone the cooperatives saved consumers more than two million dollars on gas and oil purchases last year. The Consumers' Cooperative Association in North Kansas City, Missouri, is completing plans for the construction of its own refinery and is now shipping oil to co-ops in France, Scotland, Belgium, Bulgaria, Esthonia, and Canada.

These are a few of the things which have made the cooperatives eligible for inclusion in any honor roll of those who are fighting the battle for economic democracy. WALLACE CAMPELL,
Assistant Secretary,
the Cooperative League
New York, January 7

Dear Sirs: As a member of the Executive Committee of the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, I was gratified to find the name of that organization included in *The Nation's* Honor Roll for 1938, along with the American Friends Service Committee and the American Red Cross. I should like, however, to call your attention to one omission which does an injustice to a large body of magnificent supporters of the Spanish struggle in America, namely, the Confederated Spanish Societies to Aid Spain. Made up largely of naturalized Spanish-American citizens, this committee very quietly and effectively raised $300,000 from May, 1937, through November, 1938, with an overhead of less than 10 per cent. From intimate contact with the Spanish societies I can testify to the amazing consistency with which their members, almost all of whom are of the working class, have given large proportions of their weekly salaries to feed and clothe their brothers in Spain.

JAMES LOEB
New York, January 8

Dear Sirs: I have read *The Nation's* Honor Role for 1938 with great interest and heartily approve of the selections. However, I believe that a niche should have been found for the New York *Post,* for the following reasons: For its brave editorial policy, its unceasing and good fight for the underprivileged, its attempt to spread culture among the masses, and its timely and brilliant exposé of the Nazi spy ring.

J. WEINSTEIN
Brooklyn, N. Y., January 11

Fingerprinting Workers

Dear Sirs: You are no doubt aware of the recent order issued by Colonel Brehon Somervell, WPA administrator for New York City, to fingerprint all educational workers who come in contact with children. The ostensible reason for the order was that fingerprinting would prevent possible sex crimes. We are, of course, in agreement that precautions should be taken to avoid sex crimes, but it is self-evident that fingerprinting will not serve as a preventive and that the sex angle is being emphasized to justify the fingerprinting of a large section of our working class.

Our suspicions have been justified by the new course the fingerprinting is taking. Carpenters, printers, clerks, technical workers, and many others whose duties never bring them near children have reported to us that they have been ordered to submit to the fingerprinting.

We feel that the present order to fingerprint educational workers is simply a trial balloon which, if successful, will lead to the fingerprinting of more than 170,000 WPA workers in New York City. This would be a most dangerous precedent for the following reasons: (1) compulsory fingerprinting provides the basis for a labor blacklist; (2) it offers an easy means for control and intimidation of WPA workers; (3) it subjects a large body of organized workers to police surveillance; (4) it opens up unlimited possibilities for frame-up and blackmail; (5) it opens the way for search without warrant and denial of habeas corpus; (6) under a reactionary or fascist regime using the pretext of national emergency, it might lead to untold persecution and might conceivably be used to destroy the secret ballot. WILLIAM LEVNER,
Executive Secretary
WPA Teachers' Union
New York, January 4

Japanese "Order" in China

Dear Sirs: The New York *Times* has recently been printing a series of columns by Hallett Abend, sent from the coastal town of Tsingtao and other places in so-called Japanese-occupied areas, in which he makes statements which would lead one to believe that the Chinese and Japanese are now a happy band of brothers, working together for a common cause, Japan's cause of course. Mr. Abend tells us (New York *Times,* November 9) that there is a trend toward orderliness in the Tsingtao area, but he does not tell us that the orderliness is of the same nature as that existing in Germany and due to the presence of the military police and the steel bayonet.

Since I have recently come from China and am returning there very shortly, I feel it incumbent upon me to write a refutation of Mr. Abend's statements, which tend to harm the Chinese cause at a moment when the need is great. I cannot speak of Tsingtao, but I know from my own experience that from other towns held by the Japanese the Chinese civilians leave in droves. I saw many thousands of innocent Chinese civilians, men, women, and children, during August and September of this year trekking over the hills, struggling day after day in the burning sun, without food and water, in order to get away from the Japanese. Mr. Abend should have visited the south bank of the Yangtze and seen the unfortunate civilians from Kiukiang and Kuling in one long sorry human stream, fleeing the kindly embraces of the Japanese.

As to the business activity of the Japanese, Mr. Abend forgot to mention that their most lucrative and most dastardly activity is the revived opium trade. Perhaps he was not shown any of this nefarious trade by his Japanese friends and guides, but he could have seen it going on if he had had his eyes open. How naive of Mr. Abend to tell us that Shantung Province is headed by the venerable old man, Ma Liang, and that he is sponsored by the Japs! Ma Liang is just a figurehead, ninety-nine years old, behind whom the Japanese stand and through whom they carry out their machinations.

Knowing the high spirit and morale of the Chinese soldier and civilian, I refuse to believe that either the guerrilla or the peasant in the north or south is demoralized, or that there can be any sort of mass feeling against anyone except the Japanese. Mr. Abend seems to put us in the same category as the duped Japanese people, who accept as gospel truth what their military leaders tell them—that they are engaged in restoring "law and order" in China.

H. TALBOT,
Surgeon, Chinese Red Cross
New York, December 15

Soviet Foreign Trade

Dear Sirs: Edward Grove, quoting from *Current History* of June, 1938, in a letter in *The Nation* for December 17, attempts to prove that Soviet commerce with Germany is undiminished. Fortunately for the unity of the world boycott against the products of fascist aggressor states, Mr. Grove's information is erroneous.

The outstanding British publication on economics, the *Economist*, makes the following statement and gives the figures to back it up: "The most recent foreign trade figures of the U. S. S. R. provide small warrant for the apparent uncertainty in Western Europe about even the general lines of Soviet foreign policy. The curtailment of Soviet foreign trade with Japan, Germany, and Italy during the first seven months of 1938 has been the most striking feature of recent Soviet economic policy abroad." The figures, cited in the November 5 issue of the same publication, which is hardly to be branded as pro-Soviet, specifically show a drop of Soviet imports from Germany from 308,463,000 rubles in 1936 to 35,038,000 in the first seven months of 1938. Even more drastic drops are to be noted in Soviet trade with Germany's allies, Italy and Japan. Italian shipments to the U. S. S. R. slumped from 42,014,000 rubles in 1936 to 52,000 rubles in the opening seven month period of 1938, Japan's drop for the same period being from 61,968,000 to 354,000 rubles.

HERBERT ROSENBLUM
Brooklyn, N. Y., January 3

True Patriotism

Dear Sirs: Dear old England has not changed. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote the following as part of a preface dated Rome, February, 1860. How contemporary it sounds!

> And if patriotism means the flattery of one's nation in every case, then the patriot, take it as you please, is merely the courtier, which I am not, though I have written "Napoleon III in Italy." It is time to limit the significance of certain terms, or to enlarge the significance of certain things. Nationality is excellent in its place; and the instinct of self-love is the root of a man, which will develop into sacrificial virtues. But all the virtues are means and uses; and if we hinder their tendency to growth and expansion, we both destroy them as virtues and degrade them to that rankest species of corruption reserved for the most noble organizations. For instance, non-intervention in the affairs of neighboring states is a high political virtue; but non-intervention does not mean passing by on the other side when your neighbor falls among thieves—or Phariseeism would recover it from Christianity. Freedom itself is virtue as well as privilege; but freedom of the seas does not mean piracy; nor freedom of the land, brigandage; nor freedom of the press, freedom to calumniate and lie. So, if patriotism be a virtue indeed, it cannot mean an exclusive devotion to our country's interests, for that is only another form of devotion to personal interests, family interests, or provincial interests, all of which, if not driven past themselves, are vulgar and immoral objects. . . . If the man who does not look beyond this natural life is of a somewhat narrow order, what must be the man who does not look beyond his own frontier . . .?
>
> I confess that I dream of the day when an English statesman shall arise with a heart too large for England; having courage in the face of his countrymen to assert of some suggested policy: "This is good for your trade; this is necessary for your domination; but it will vex a people hard by; it will hurt a people further off; it will profit nothing to the general humanity: therefore, away with it!—it is not for you or for me." When a British minister dares to speak so, and when a British public applauds him speaking, then shall the nation be glorious, and her praise, instead of exploding from within, from loud civic mouths, come to her from without, as all worthy praise must, from the alliances she has fostered and the populations she has saved.

SIRVART POLADIAN
Berkeley, Cal., January 12

More Haggin Wanted

Dear Sirs: I have just discovered that B. H. Haggin writes his column for *The Nation* only every other week. Why, oh, why don't you let him write more and oftener? I happen to know that he has a great following and that every one of us would like to read him every week instead of having to wait so long between columns. Your excellent magazine can, of course, stand on its own merits, but please do give Mr. Haggin a free rein!

JULIUS J. SPECTOR
New York, January 12

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The Shape of Things

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN CATALONIA, as we go to press, is almost desperate. Rebel forces are reported to be within fifteen miles of Barcelona. Evacuation of civilians is already under way. Although fresh troops have been brought in from the Madrid-Valencia sector, the Loyalists in Catalonia are outnumbered and seriously lacking in munitions. Food supplies, already low, have been further depleted by the sinking of a British ship laden with wheat. But though the situation is critical, it is not hopeless. Madrid has shown that a city can be made into an impregnable fortress so long as communications can be kept open. Barcelona may repeat the demonstration. The refusal of the French government to come to the aid of the republic across the Pyrenees has been met by something closely approximating a revival of the Popular Front. Large numbers of Radical Socialists have joined the Socialists and Communists in an effort to reopen the frontier before it is too late. Victory in this effort would go far toward redeeming Munich. Defeat will be even more disastrous than the betrayal of Czechoslovakia. Surrounded on three sides by hostile dictatorships, the Third Republic may be the next sacrifice on the altar of appeasement.

*

TO AMERICA'S SHAME THE SPANISH EMBARGO has been permitted to remain in force another week though the life of the Spanish republic hangs in the balance. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has postponed its scheduled consideration of the neutrality legislation. The House Committee, with Chairman McReynolds ill, has not even set a date for hearings on the most crucial matter before the United States today. Once again word is being passed around that it is too late to save Spain. Last May an Administration move to lift the embargo was shelved on the pretext that "Spain could not hold out a month." But as Senator Nye has pointed out, nine months have passed since then and Spain is still holding out. It will still be holding out three months from now, but each week that it is denied aid reduces its chance of ultimate victory. Former Secretary of State Stimson has added the weight of his very great prestige

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to the view, frequently expressed in these pages, that the President has the power to lift the embargo with or without Congressional approval. The President's silence becomes more inexplicable daily as it becomes evident that the only groups in the country desiring to keep the embargo are certain sections of the Catholic church. It is estimated that more than 90 per cent of the 1,150,000 Catholics on Long Island have been asked by their parish priests to send letters and telegrams to Washington calling for a retention of the embargo. In each of several churches four or five thousand signatures were collected for petitions supporting the embargo. It is high time for Protestants and Catholics who believe in democracy to exert some influence on our foreign policy.

*

WHILE SPAIN WAGES ITS LONELY BATTLE for Western democracy, Central Europe is the scene of uninterrupted fascist advance. There is some competitive bidding, of course, but it is between Hitler and Mussolini; this area is virtually their private preserve. Count Csaky goes to Berlin, and Hungary signs on the dotted line, becoming a full-fledged member of the "anti-Comintern" fraternity; Count Ciano is entertained in Belgrade, and Yugoslavia enters into closer relations with the fascist bloc—only six months ago Belgrade crowds were clamoring to march with France against the axis. Although it is too early to know the details, the Belgrade parley apparently contained few surprises. It was interesting chiefly as another symptom of Mussolini's deepening anxiety. For if part of Ciano's mission was to lure Yugoslavia closer to the axis, his most urgent desire was to accomplish this under Italian auspices. It is no secret that German trade with Yugoslavia has steadily increased, and that Nazi agents within Yugoslavia have performed fruitful labors. In Belgrade Ciano continued the Duce's quest for support within the fascist front which would enhance his own bargaining power with the boss in Berlin. Many rivalries are fanning this smoldering conflict, and multiplying the causes of hostility among the countries now being added to the fascist alliance. But there is no alternative for the disgruntled except reluctant submission. Once Hungary and Yugoslavia are safely "coordinated," the likelihood of further Rumanian defiance will be appreciably smaller.

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THE IDEA OF ENDING TAX EXEMPTION ON federal and state bonds and salaries has so many powerful supporters that innocent folks may have expected the President's message on the subject to be received with acclaim. Mr. Roosevelt takes the view that the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, permitting taxes on "income from whatever source derived," means exactly what it says. He has therefore suggested to Congress that the practice of tax exemption, having been created by mere statute, may be ended in the same way. Such a simple approach, however, has been severely castigated by the New York *Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and other upright commentators. Certainly, they agree, tax exemption is economically undesirable and should be abolished, but the only decent way to do it is to submit the question to the nation in the form of a constitutional amendment. They do not apparently dispute the obvious meaning of the Sixteenth Amendment; rather they argue that disregard of this meaning has become hallowed by time. This amounts to a claim that the Constitution can be altered by usage—a strange doctrine to be advocated by those who normally are the most fervent defenders of its sanctity. It is difficult not to conclude that many of the President's critics oppose tax exemption only in theory.

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ONE OF THE MOST SINISTER ECONOMIC developments in this country since the depression has been the growing tendency to build economic barriers around the different states. The illusion that it is better business to pay the local producer a little more than the "foreigner" demands has led to intrastate favoritism in contracts and even to efforts to bar products of other states by devious means. Thus laws allegedly designed to control plant diseases have been used to prevent shipment of farm products from one state to another. According to Governor Stark of Missouri, who addressed the Council of State Governments on this subject last week, "Under the guise of protection of public health, the encouragement of new industrial development, and sometimes merely as very bald protection of home industry, we of the states have been accused of Balkanizing this formerly great free-trade area. . . . States have definitely prescribed new frontiers for business. Some state legislatures have enacted much legislation concerning special privileges for local interests. In fact, these state barriers constitute a subsidy for organized minorities." We are glad to note that this confession of sins appeared to arouse the general concern of the conference. Such a disruptive movement should be promptly checked. Protagonists of states' rights might consider that efforts to destroy our great internal free-trade market make a poor advertisement for their cause.

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FELIX FRANKFURTER WAS ASSOCIATED IN the minds of conservatives with the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the Brain Trust; Frank Murphy with the sitdown strike. Harry L. Hopkins's real crime, despite the charges that he mixed relief with politics, is that he fed the hungry and provided work for the jobless. Yet while Justice Frankfurter was confirmed without opposition in the Senate, and only seven votes were registered against Attorney General Murphy, Mr. Hopkins was subjected to a bombardment of recriminations from the right, and

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his confirmation was opposed by twenty-seven Senators, five of them Democrats. So large a vote in opposition is unusual. Even the Republican leadership in the Senate recognized the impropriety of exercising the sort of veto over a nomination to the Cabinet that might be used in the case of a Supreme Court justice. That Secretary of Commerce Hopkins should have evoked more bitterness than either Mr. Frankfurter or Mr. Murphy does not throw too complimentary a light on the attitude of American conservatives. Though they dare not cut too far, those on the right seem to resent relief and WPA. The feeling still persists that relief has been used as a sort of gigantic pork barrel to obtain the votes of the underprivileged. WPA and politics have been linked in several states, but there has been no evidence whatsoever to connect Hopkins with improper practices.

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HOMER MARTIN, UNSTABLE PRESIDENT OF the unstable United Automobile Workers, is now accused by his executive board of conspiring with Henry Ford to disrupt the union and start a secession movement. Shocking as this indictment is, it comes with no startling suddenness. As long ago as last November the C. I. O. convention at Pittsburgh seethed with rumors. Not even the ardent protestations of solidarity from the auto delegates or Martin's pledges of loyalty to the C. I. O. could smother suspicions that the problem union was about to break out in a new adventure. Then the great question was whether Martin's enemies were spreading the story of the Ford conspiracy as groundwork for a coming coup or whether the story was true and was being confined to the grapevine in the hope that Martin could be controlled and the Ford campaign taken out of his hands before he did any harm. The answer to that question still is not known with finality, but the case for Martin is none too convincing. He admits that the voluntary dissolution of Ford's company union, the Liberty Legion, is a result of his negotiations with Harry Bennett. If the terms of the deal were open and aboveboard, it might well prove a downy feather in the Martin cap, but nobody knows the price Martin paid—and he won't talk. If that seems autocratic, it is normal trade-union procedure compared to what has followed. In another of his off-with-their-heads moods, Martin suddenly suspended fifteen of the twenty-four members of his executive board, locked them out of union headquarters, and removed all the records to his own hotel. Violence and impeachment followed, and it now seems inevitable that there will be two conventions of automobile workers in March. This is the saddest thing that has happened to the C. I. O. since its creation, not excluding the exit of the I. L. G. W. U. Once organized labor begins dividing in this fashion it may look forward to attaining not only the amoeba's reproductive capacity but its influence as well.

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DO REACTIONARY AMERICAN CATHOLICS subscribe to a common bureau of misinformation with the Nazis? We raise the question once more because we have again discovered a remarkable parallelism in their utterances. In its issue of December 24 the Brooklyn *Tablet*, a Catholic weekly whose statements closely resemble Father Coughlin's, savagely attacked President Roosevelt for his reported desire to lift the Spanish embargo. A long passage ascribed this desire to the President's alleged connections with the Masons—a deft bit of detective work—citing a number of Masonic groups with which he was supposed to be identified and a long congratulatory message sent to him by numerous Masonic lodges after he had denounced aggressor nations in an address at the pan-American conference of 1936. All these sinister disclosures seemed pretty hysterical and irrelevant, in the best *Tablet* tradition. More interesting is the fact that almost exactly the same passage had appeared in an article, also denouncing Mr. Roosevelt, published in the December issue of the *Flammenzeichen*, a Nazi paper published in Stuttgart. Except for a few minor discrepancies the passages are identical in wording and sequence. These word-for-word parallels—this is the third—are not psychic phenomena; and they become even more striking when the *Tablet*, directly beneath the passage mentioned above, publishes a protest against the persecution of Catholics in Germany. We think that the *Tablet* ought to explain. So, incidentally, should Father Coughlin, whose silence in the face of similar challenges has been deafening.

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WE NOT INFREQUENTLY READ OF FREE citizens of these United States who commit some petty crime for the sole purpose of getting into jail, knowing that there, at least, they will find food and shelter. In Europe in the last few years we have seen the inhabitants of whole countries submit to servitude for similar reasons. We may shout bravely, "It can't happen here," and protest that our democracy is proof against dictatorship. But if it is to remain so, we must put our house in order, guarding it not only against external aggression but internal decay. The series of articles by Eliot Janeway which begins in this issue provides an analysis of our position in a world where the fascist tide is running strongly, and suggests means both for checking the menace of foreign aggression and for reconstructing our economy on democratic lines. Mr. Janeway, of course, speaks for himself. With parts of his diagnosis and with some of his remedies *The Nation* disagrees for reasons which will be advanced in later issues. Nevertheless, we feel that the wealth of facts marshaled in this series, together with the provocative manner in which they are interpreted, makes a real contribution to the most vital debate of our time.

The Reich Tightens

HITLER'S two latest moves strike at the only remaining institutions in Germany which had not been completely integrated with the Nazi machine—the Reichsbank and the army. Both indicate a heightening of tension, economic and moral, within the Third Reich.

Dr. Schacht's removal from the Reichsbank hardly comes as a surprise. During his tenure he rendered enormous services to the regime both by his versatility as a financial manipulator and by his willingness to act as a respectable front to impress foreign bankers. But he emptied his hat of economic rabbits some time ago, and he was unwilling to resort to the final trick—the release of the inflationary hare. As a last effort to hang on to office he revived and refurbished his famous ransom plan. The intention was to provide refugees with a little of their own money in return for a great deal of foreign exchange and the destruction of the boycott. This scheme was too palpably fraudulent even for the London bankers, and when it became clear that negotiations would be unfruitful, Dr. Schacht was unceremoniously dropped.

The installation of Dr. Funk in his place places the Reichsbank at the full disposal of the Nazi government, but it does nothing to diminish the severity of the economic crisis. Last year's trade figures just published show that the credit balance of 413,000,000 marks achieved in 1937 has been replaced by a deficit of 432,400,000 marks. With sources of invisible income, such as shipping and tourist traffic, known to have shrunk, a heavy draft on meager foreign-exchange reserves must have been necessary. With exports still falling, imports must also be curtailed. But food rations cannot be cut down much farther, and smaller purchases of raw materials will react unfavorably both on the armament program and on manufacturing for export. One possible economy is repudiation of all foreign-debt payments, but this would upset the trade agreement with Britain, which provides one of the few remaining sources of free foreign exchange.

The internal fiscal situation is equally unhappy. Since Hitler came to power German national income has risen some 69 per cent, but tax collections have more than doubled and the public debt has nearly tripled. Last spring Dr. Schacht, aware that with productive capacity and labor fully employed further issues of capital-creating bills must mean inflation, attempted the substitution of long-term public loans. To some extent this method was adopted, but the exigencies of the September crisis caused not only a return to bill financing but a sharp rise in currency circulation. Several long-term loans have also been issued, but the latest was only partially taken up by the public.

In this situation Dr. Funk has three methods from which to choose. He can increase taxation, thus cutting down expenditure on consumption goods and releasing productive capacity for capital goods, including armaments. Taxation of the rich, however, is said to have reached the point of diminishing returns, while further burdens on the workers are opposed by the radical Nazis. Another possibility would be to cut down armament expenditure, but this would necessitate a relaxation of aggressive diplomacy. The third choice is to maintain superpressure on the economic engine by firing it with uncovered paper money—in other words, pure inflation. The danger of bursting the boiler by this method is obvious even to Hitler, who has instructed Funk to safeguard "the absolute stability of wages and prices."

Confronted with such slippery fiscal alternatives, the German government will be strongly tempted to take another running jump into foreign adventure. However successful, this could hardly prove a cure for economic troubles any more than did Anschluss or the conquest of Sudetenland. Moreover, there are signs of deteriorating morale within the Reich. For six years Germans have been kept at emotional fever heat. Ever under patriotic pressure, forced to work harder for small returns, their every moment organized, it would be hardly surprising if they showed resistance to new stimulants, faltered in their "spontaneity." The return of the Storm Troopers to the forefront of the Nazi movement and to closer connection with the army is perhaps an effort to tighten control and combat moral lassitude. It vindicates Captain Röhm, who died attempting to achieve this very object; whether it will provide even a temporary solution for Nazi difficulties is questionable.

Vermont Prefers Floods

THE issue of states' rights has become a favorite euphemism of American politics, a high-sounding cover-up for purposes that would command little respect in the nude. Its use in the current controversy over flood control between the governors of New England and the New Deal runs true to form, though states' rights have rarely been surrounded with as much emotionalism and hollow bombast. Governor Aiken's recent message to the special session of the Vermont Legislature on flood control might lead one to believe that he was talking not from Montpelier but from Barcelona. "It is now put squarely up to us Vermonters to decide what we want," he said. "We can submit meekly, surrendering resource after resource until we are no longer self-supporting and free . . . We can fight or we can run." The terms in which he asked an appropriation to test the constitutionality of certain provisions in the Flood-Control Act of 1938 would have come more appropriately from the late Jefferson Davis. Governor Aiken said he wanted funds "for the defense of our sovereign rights—to the end that this injustice to us and our descendants be forever prevented." One almost expected the address to close with a ringing call for secession.

It is no secret that Governor Aiken has his eye on the White House and hopes that Vermont, the tail of the 1936 election, may wag the dog in 1940. He will have to get himself a more convincing battle cry. The immediate issue between him and the federal government is whether the Barkley amendment to the Flood-Control Act is constitutional. It authorizes the federal government to condemn land for flood-control purposes without the permission of the state in which the land is situated. We see no reason why the government cannot constitutionally do so. Its authority to engage in flood control is based on its power over navigable streams; its power over navigable streams was drawn by the ingenious Marshall from the vague confines of a clause permitting Congress "to regulate commerce . . . among the several states." If the power to regulate commerce includes control of navigable streams, if control of navigable streams permits the building of dams to prevent floods, if from flood-prevention dams the federal government may produce and sell power, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to believe that the condemnation of land for the erection of the dams is also constitutional. But behind this legalistic battle lies a more vital issue—the determination of New England power interests to keep the federal government from producing power in that area.

When the thirteenth New England Conference met in Boston last November with the six governors of New England attending, its chief concern was not to prevent a repetition of the floods that caused $53,000,000 in property damage along the Connecticut and Merrimac rivers in 1936. Of the five items on the agenda of the conference, attention was focused on two: "To meet the issue of federal vs. state control of our rivers and streams . . ."; and "To meet the issue raised by the proposed incorporation of New England in an Atlantic seaboard 'TVA'. . . ." Congressman Rankin had brought the nebulous states' rights question down to an even more concrete basis at the preceding session of Congress when he showed that if New England power consumers had paid TVA rates they would have saved $86,500,000 in 1936. Those of our readers who have been puzzled by the rhetoric issuing from New England on flood control are referred to a pamphlet by Judson King of the National Popular Government League in Washington, "Why the Power Joker in the New England Flood-Control Compacts?" Mr. King's exhaustive investigation reveals the power attorneys and lobbyists who have been the moving figures in what is actually a well-planned campaign to nullify the Federal Water-Power Act of 1920, which abolished state rights over power sources. The first step toward undermining the policies embodied in this act was taken in the Flood-Control Act of 1936, which was carefully framed by the late Senator Copeland and army engineers to provide for flood control only. The second step was the New England flood-control interstate compact of 1937, which Congress properly rejected because under it each state reserved the right "at its option at any time hereafter by itself *or through such agents as it may designate*" to develop power at the dams which the federal government proposed to build according to its $22,000,000 flood-control program for New England. The third step is the present effort to maintain a state veto over flood control—and possible power production—by denying the federal government the right to condemn land for the erection of dams. For at the dams the federal government may produce cheap power, and New England's governors prefer floods.

The Kluckhohn Case

THE Mexican government has committed a serious blunder by its expulsion of Frank L. Kluckhohn, correspondent of the New York *Times*. In recent years the deportation of foreign journalists whose views did not coincide with those of the rulers of the countries to which they were assigned has been characteristic chiefly of fascist Italy and Germany. The Cárdenas administration does itself an injustice by descending to that level. With all due recognition of the fact that in Mr. Kluckhohn's case the provocation was great, it would have been the part of wisdom to have put up with his hostile and misleading dispatches rather than be classed with the oversensitive fascist tyrannies.

Mr. Kluckhohn now claims that an example was made of him as a warning to the other foreign correspondents stationed in Mexico because he "knew too much" about Mexico's barter petroleum arrangements with the Third Reich. This is childish on the face of it. If he really "knew" more than he has already printed, his deportation will certainly not prevent him from making that knowledge public. Even assuming that he was formerly gagged by the "control" of the press about which he has frequently written, it is the Mexican government itself which has now removed the gag; if the object was to silence him, this seems a very curious way of going about it. As for the other correspondents, there appears to be no evidence that Mexico has subjected them to any pressure or made demands other than that they observe an elementary respect for the facts.

The main burden of Mr. Kluckhohn's writing about Mexico in recent months has been the alleged increase of Nazi influence on the Mexican government as a result of the oil deals. It is true that an increase of trade between a dependent country like Mexico and an aggressively imperialist nation like Germany is bound to be accompanied by a corresponding growth of the latter's influence. It may well be doubted, however, that this process, deplorable as it is, has gone as far as Mr. Kluckhohn suggests. The fact is that Mexico continues to be the only country outside the Soviet Union which faithfully complies with the obligations due the Spanish Republic under every concept of international law and common decency; that Mexico is even now arranging to grant asylum to 1,200 members of the International Brigade of anti-fascist volunteers whom democratic France has refused to admit; that in the League of Nations Mexico's voice has been one of the few raised in defense of the rights of weak nations victimized by fascist aggression; and that the Mexican government has consistently gone out of its way to demonstrate its profound opposition to fascism.

If the United States is concerned over the increase of German trade with Mexico, the remedy lies ready to hand. President Cárdenas has repeatedly affirmed his country's preference to sell oil to the democratic nations. But while the United States and Great Britain, through their international oil oligarchies, have combined to impose a boycott against Mexico, the Nazis, pursuing their own advantage, have bought Mexican petroleum and helped the country to weather a difficult economic and political crisis. Under the circumstances, it would have been sheer insanity for Mexico to refuse German orders on the ground that they were motivated by ulterior purposes.

Job Insurance in Peril

QUIETLY, without the knowledge of the general public, the basic standards of unemployment insurance in New York are being threatened by employer interests. The threat is particularly serious because of the glaring defects in the law as it now stands. A very large proportion of the state's unemployment payments during 1938 were delayed for weeks. At the end of the year some 13 per cent of the total claims were still unpaid. At the same time some workers received much larger benefits than they were entitled to, and a number got several checks covering the same week's benefit.

Under the guise of simplification, F. B. Cliffe of the General Electric Company presented a program to the Interstate Conference of State Unemployment Compensation Agencies which has met with such wide favor among business groups that it might almost be called the employers' plan. It would make six basic changes in the New York law. Some of these, such as the establishment of wage classifications, are desirable. The majority, however, are definitely reactionary and represent a serious threat to the jobless of New York State. Should they be adopted in the form proposed, it is estimated that the average benefit will be 15 to 20 per cent lower than at present. The proposal to use annual earnings as a basis for calculating benefits instead of full-time weekly wages is particularly open to objection. As a plan it has never been favored by the Social Security Board. Full-time wages bear a definite relationship to a worker's living standard; annual earnings reflect the degree of his insecurity. The change would bear most heavily on wage-earners in seasonal occupations, who are also the ones who suffer the most severely from unemployment. Few workers know their annual wage; they would therefore be in no position to check the benefits given them by the state. This last is an important point because of the extraordinary number of errors made under the state's mechanized system of record-keeping.

Equally indefensible is the proposal to levy a 1 per cent tax on workers' wages. Since workers are in no way responsible for the insecurity of our present-day economic system, it would be highly ironical to impose upon them the cost of alleviating this insecurity. Already they bear a considerable part of the burden indirectly, since pay-roll taxes tend to be passed on in the form of increased prices or reduced wages. Several of the states which originally required employee contributions have withdrawn them as a result of widespread protests.

If the Cliffe proposals are incorporated in the recommendations of the State Advisory Council on Unemployment Insurance, organized labor will have to bear a large share of the responsibility. For neither the C. I. O. nor the A. F. of L. has prepared a program for the revision of the New York State unemployment-insurance system. Yet a thorough overhauling is clearly necessary if only to make sure that the jobless receive benefits within a reasonable period of time. The present system is so complicated that errors are inevitable. Decentralization would help. So also would a wage-classification system similar to that proposed by Mr. Cliffe. But more important than either would be the introduction of a stamp-book system which would simplify employers' reports, cut administrative costs, and permit each worker to check his employer's contribution and calculate his own benefit rights.

The Social Security Board's recommendations for revision of the federal Social Security Act, made public last week, contain little that bears on the major problems before the states. No changes are suggested for simplifying the state laws or liberalizing the system of benefits. Nor is any action proposed for outlawing the highly dangerous merit-rating provisions due to come into effect in many states next year. Even more serious is the evident intention of the board to retain the cumbersome federal-state system instead of proposing a unified national program of unemployment insurance paralleling the old-age system. The fact that employers can lay plans to undermine the New York law without arousing much attention illustrates the danger of leaving matters of this type in the hands of the individual states.

WPA—or the Dole

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, January 23

THE savage attack on hundreds of thousands of destitute jobless which takes the form of a drive to slash the President's deficiency relief budget is the handiwork of just one group—the reactionary Democrats. The Republicans have lent a willing hand, but only after their Democratic tory brethren made it easy for them to do so. Much as the G.O.P. boys wanted to wield the ax on WPA funds, they were too fearful of political repercussions to take the initiative. In secret caucuses they decided that taking the responsibility for a relief cut in midwinter was too risky for a party trying to stage a comeback, and that the thing to do was to withhold their fire until the regular WPA appropriation came up in the spring. In the meantime they would follow the lead of the Democratic-controlled appropriation committees. If the committees approved Roosevelt's figure, they would go along. If the committees slashed the budget, swell. The Democratic Party would get the blame from the hungry, and the Republicans could claim they had no choice, while at the same time they could tell business men they had struck a blow for economy. This was sound strategy, for the tory-dominated committees rushed in where the Republicans feared to tread.

While these diehards prated about "economy" and "balancing the budget" they seemed totally unaware that the pitiful livelihoods of millions of men, women, and children were at stake. That there was any relation between human beings and the relief issue apparently never entered their minds. All they could see was the dollar sign. The same moronic obtuseness characterized their economic reasoning. Despite the lesson of the 1937 recession, when the ill-advised cutting down of government expenditures caused a business nose dive from which the country is still suffering, the reactionary cabal insisted that a deflationary economy policy must be enforced and that a good place to start the pruning was in relief.

Vice-President Garner, between frequent half-tumbler "blows for liberty," demanded that the President's figure of $875,000,000 be slashed to $500,000,000, which would have meant the dismissal on February 1 of more than 2,000,000 WPA workers. Despite the desperate warning of Mayor LaGuardia of New York and telegrams from scores of other city officials that their municipalities were unable to assume any new burdens, "Cactus Jack," rollicking owner of two banks and thousands of acres of Texas land, blandly insisted that these authorities were stalling and that they should be forced to carry a larger share of the relief load by paring WPA to the bone. Senator Carter Glass, Senator Alva Adams, Representative Clifton Woodrum, Representative Edward Taylor, chairmen of the appropriation committees and subcommittees that handled the relief budget, all wealthy men, and others of their kind in the two chambers fully agreed with Garner. But they feared that such an extreme course at this time would play into Roosevelt's hands, and therefore held the cut down to $150,000,000.

Even this slash, however, drew such a barrage of telegraphed and written protests that worried Senators began to scurry for cover. And when Borah indignantly announced that he would fight the reduction, the Democratic hatchet crew realized they had rough going before them. For one thing the Senate is not the House; for another, the Republican minority in the Senate is much smaller and not quite so machine-ridden as in the House. More ground-giving was in order, and in this pinch Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, chairman of the powerful Finance Committee and intimate pal of Bernard Baruch, undercover master-mind of last year's successful raid on the undivided-profits tax, came to the rescue. Pat proposed a "compromise": that the $725,000,000 budget fixed by the House Appropriations Committee be retained, but with a provision that not more than 5 per cent of the workers be dismissed from WPA during the next two months; that is, only a mere 150,000 were to be thrown out on the streets during the cold-weather months. After that, during the remaining three months of the fiscal year, the WPA Administrator could discard the other million that the $725,000,000 appropriation would require to be let out—all at one time or gradually, as he saw fit. Not being a member of the Appropriations Committee, Pat was unable to have the honor of offering this generous scheme himself. Senator Jimmy Byrnes of South Carolina, chairman of the Committee Investigating Unemployment and Relief, did it for him. And a good job he did of it, too. Senator Gerald Nye, North Dakota's "progressive" Republican, who a few days previous had echoed Borah's demand for a full relief budget, executed a complete somersault and landed squarely in the Harrison-Byrnes camp.

Behind the campaign against WPA now in progress on Capitol Hill is just one thing—a ruthless attempt to destroy the President's work-relief program and to substitute a dole system instead. That's the whole story. The hullabaloo about "politics in relief," boondoggling, and the other pious complaints is just a smoke screen to mask the real objective—the destruction of WPA and the foisting of a soul- and body-wrecking dole on the unemployed. Privately the tory leaders admit this; a few of them go farther and joke about the "politics in relief" uproar. Of all the red herrings dragged out during the past six years this is the most sordid. As Senator Norris pointed out during the debate on Hopkins's confirmation as Secretary of Commerce, the only one guilty of politics in relief is Congress. Every effort that has been made to ban political meddling in relief has been balked by one or both of the chambers. At the very time that the appropriation committees were riddling the WPA budget they were also writing a provision into the bill overriding the President's action last fall in placing WPA administrative personnel under the Civil Service. And the men who perpetrated this boodle raid are among the foremost yammerers about "politics in relief."

The fate of Donald W. Smith, whose reappointment to the National Labor Relations Board is being strongly opposed by William Green, is still hanging in the balance. A few weeks ago Roosevelt decided not to renew Smith's recess appointment and to name someone else. But since then a flood of telegrams and letters from A. F. of L. unions and central labor councils indorsing Smith has caused the President to backtrack again. Smith's friends are exerting pressure on the White House to withhold final decision for a while in order to give them a chance to do some proselytizing in the Senate. The latest inside report is that certain Senators who had been opposed to Smith are now, after examining his record, for him, and that the line-up is very close. Smith's supporters feel that if they are given sufficient time they can win over enough votes to assure his confirmation. Meanwhile there is a merry undercover scramble for the job. One of the most active aspirants is Mrs. Cornelia Pinchot, wife of the one-time "progressive" Republican Governor of Pennsylvania. The chances of Mrs. Pinchot being named, should the President in the end decide to drop Smith, are remote.

America in the Post-Munich World

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

I. America Has the Power

IN 1929 the United States stopped growing. In a geographic sense, of course, we had stopped growing long before. But in 1929 our economy stopped growing; and for ten years the country has faced the enormous problems of oppressive unemployment, of increasingly acute farm crisis, and of general industrial stagnation. To business man and New Dealer alike, 1929, as it recedes into the distance, has taken on more and more the tinge of a Golden Age. Because 1929 has remained the top on so many charts—of production, of employment, of investment—we are likely to overestimate what a return to its rate of activity would offer to the United States of 1939. Even if our productive output were to regain the peak reached in 1929, and even if capital were to go back to work as energetically as in that golden year, unemployment would remain oppressive and the farm crisis acute.

Productivity has so increased in the past decade that to achieve a 1929 volume of employment we should have to attain a volume of production far surpassing the 1929 record. But if production is to soar to new heights, there must be a resumption of capital investment in building, in railroad and utility equipment, in expansion and renovation through the whole of industry. The achievement of such investment is the problem that the New Deal must solve if it is to score a victory in the time left to it. Physically, geographically, there are no new outlets for our already vast productive capacities. Our economy must develop through raised living standards, not through an increase of population. If the New Deal, or a subsequent Administration, does not have the courage and imagination to put into effect a program of increased employment through enormously increased production, that bastard of capitalism and socialism known as fascism will see that it is done—as it has seen to it in Germany.

And here, with the mention of Germany, we come to the second great change which has made the world of 1939 alien to that of a decade ago. In 1929 the United States lived in a relatively cooperative world where nations satisfied one another's needs through international trade. In 1939 international trade—what is left of it—has become gun-running. With the development of blackmail as a political weapon, world trade is giving way to autarchy and barter. Europe, the great importer, no longer buys foodstuffs and commercial raw materials in the volume of the twenties. Crisis in the farm areas of the Americas and the rest of the crop-exporting world is the result. Now the products most desired by Europe and Asia are machinery and materials for making munitions. Instead of sending to Europe commodities to feed and clothe its people, we are exporting articles which are helping fascism to transform the economic life of Europe and Asia.

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At last, out of the fog of depression and unsustained recovery, these two problems—the one domestic, the other foreign—have clearly emerged. If the New Deal is to survive, it must reconstruct our domestic economy so as to resolve the three crises of unemployment, farm surplus, and investment stagnation. But, first, it must withdraw the support it is furnishing to fascist schemes for the reorganization of Europe and Asia. We must look beyond the acts of open aggression which further that reorganization. The web of a new society, totally opposed to our own, is being spun continuously. Its makers employ now direct military methods, now economic, diplomatic, and psychological pressure. Whatever the means, the end is the same—the tightening of the fascist grip. This is a process which we, as a matter of national policy, must oppose. Fortunately the way is still open to us. The *Pax Germana* (or *Japonica*) cannot be fully realized until the dominated area is industrialized on a mass-production basis. The United States is the only country in the world which has developed the mass-production technique. And this technique, so necessary to the countries of the axis, we are helping them to reproduce. The axis powers—even Germany—are too small, too poor, too weak industrially to generate by themselves, and quickly enough, the machine power they need. Without this machine power, that is, without the United States, the axis cannot master Europe and Asia. The purpose of this series is, first, to describe the relationship of the United States to the fascist reorganization of Europe and Asia; secondly, to show how in our own farm crisis, and in the crisis of Latin America, axis economics has already cost us dear; and, finally, to elaborate a program of *democratic* reconstruction for this hemisphere—for, whether by democracy or by fascism, we are in for reconstruction.

To say that the United States is more powerful industrially than any other nation is to indulge in understatement. It is more pertinent, and more impressive, to compare the United States to all the areas now dominated, or even remotely likely to be dominated, by the dictatorships. I shall include all Europe and Asia—Germany, Italy, the British, French, Belgian, and Dutch empires, Japan, Poland, all the Ruritanias, and Russia, too—in this statistical comparison. I shall exclude only Latin America and Canada, whose conquest by the fascist powers is least likely.

In comparing productive capacity inside and outside the United States, let us forget that much of the best and most modern plant of Japan, Germany, and other industrial countries came from the United States, and depends upon our products and technology for continuous and efficient operation; and that most of the plant here is large-scale, built for mass production, while much of that abroad is antiquated, marginal, and unsuited for assembly-line production. The American steel industry can at capacity produce 72,000,000 tons of ingots a year. In 1937, when the armament race was driving the rest of the world to work its steel mills to the limit, total foreign production came to no more than 76,000,000 tons. This foreign capacity is slowly being increased. In the United States, on the other hand, there is no present incentive for an increase in basic ingot capacity. But with our engineering resources we could, with sustained prosperity, bring it up to 100,000,000 tons within two years. Moreover, for general industrial and many armament purposes the most important steel product is sheet and strip, such as is produced by our continuous mills. We have 13,000,000 tons of capacity in our continuous mills, which are about a hundred times as efficient, fast, and accurate as the hand mills in operation through the rest of the world. We have sold some of these continuous mills abroad, but no other country has as much as a million tons of capacity in operation or building. The possibility that other countries may soon design and construct their own continuous mills is utterly remote; Germany tried for a year to pirate our models before admitting defeat and paying cash. The American firm installing these models abroad says that it experienced more difficulty in introducing its methods in Japan than anywhere else except in England—the last stronghold of handicraft technique.

If steel is the basis not only of industry but of armaments, the test of a modern army is the degree of its motorization, and that of a modern industrial organization is the development of mass-production facilities in the scores of industries which make possible automobile manufacture. In 1937 the rest of the world combined produced slightly more than 1,300,000 cars of varying quality. In the same year Detroit, shut down first by strikes and then by recession, produced more than 5,000,000 cars without taxing capacity.

Omitting details of our preponderance over the rest of the world in general capital-goods production, power use, and so on, we can take one more example—oil, the production of which is a measure of fighting ability, and the consumption of which is a barometer of industrial advance. The United States in 1937 produced and consumed about the same proportion of world oil output, that is, just a little less than two-thirds—the manufacture of synthetics abroad being included. If Latin American production is added, in consideration of President Roosevelt's recent reference to hemispheric defense, American output becomes 77 per cent of the total.

As it dominates world production, the United States also dominates world finance—or what is left of it. We hold 60 per cent of the world's monetary gold supply in our coffers—a fantastic arrangement, and one we shall regret. We may bury our bullion in Kentucky rather than use it in any productive way, but that does not alter the fact that it gives us a potential whip-hand in the world's money markets as long as other countries continue to rely on it. Its value will diminish, however, as the power of fascism grows.

Finally the United States occupies a key position as a consumer of industrial raw materials. The colonial empires, on which the power of the Western democracies has so long rested, find here their greatest and most reliable cash customer for rubber, tin, cocoa, and many other products. Our purchases of such staples outweigh those of the rest of the world, and general commodity prices abroad tend to follow the course of American business. No matter to what extent the British and French may desire, or be compelled, to align themselves with the axis, they must cater to the American market as long as they retain their empires.

Thus as producer, financier, and consumer America exerts an influence greater than that of the rest of the world combined—an influence to which *Realpolitik* must adjust itself. The rest of the world knows it. The United States apparently does not. But it is not a secret that can be kept. Sooner or later, as fascism becomes an integrated world system, the United States will be compelled to use its power. The question then will be who, what group, will use it? Will an American democracy act in time to turn it against the growth of fascism, or will it fall into the hands of an American dictatorship?

It is certainly time that a reckoning be asked of the New Deal's custodians of foreign policy, of those responsible for the misuse and perversion of this power in the arming of fascism. If we do not demand it now, we may be sure that it will be demanded, after the consequences of our present policy have become clear, by the enemies of the New Deal—their ranks augmented by millions to whom the ineffectiveness, in a fascist world, of the fine sentiments of Mr. Hull has brought the first chill of disillusion. If democracy is to survive, it must use its own power now for its own ends. What we have been doing since the rise of fascism is to use this power against democracy. Briefly, we have been the chief exporter to Germany, Italy, and Japan of the raw materials, the capital goods, and the technique necessary for armament and, therefore, for aggression. But after the success of aggression must come the consolidation of conquests; and for this our products and engineering will be needed on a larger scale than ever.

In the years when world trade was flourishing, the exports which contributed most to our prosperity were farm products—cotton, wheat, and meat. But those exports have fallen by 60 per cent. With the increasing preference for guns over butter, Europe's purchases have changed radically in character. They may be divided into two categories, the first of which is capital goods. In 1937 the United States exported more electrical equipment and industrial machinery than the average for the boom years 1926-30, when private capital investment was developing commercial markets abroad. The customers for these exports were England, Germany, Japan, and Italy; Russia was a leading purchaser, too, but much of its buying was of replacements for machinery acquired in the pre-armament period. Significantly, our 1937 motor-truck exports were a third greater than the 1926-30 average, and aircraft exports were eight times greater. It is difficult to see how even diehard exponents of the advantages of international trade can take much comfort from this commerce. After all, these exports went largely to nations which will use them to attain military self-sufficiency, to nations against whom we suddenly find it necessary to arm. If fascist armament is really a menace to the United States, whose fault is it?

The second category of our exports includes strategic raw materials, which have gone to the same big four, Russia excluded. Crude petroleum exports have increased to three times the boom-period average; if exports of refined products have decreased, it is because we have been selling the refineries themselves to our customers. Though they have increased their purchases of steel-making equipment, the fascist powers have found their need for steel so desperate that their purchases of iron and steel products have increased by 77 per cent over those of 1926-30. Scrap purchases have increased sixteenfold. Exports of industrial chemicals have also increased. Automobile exports have fallen slightly, because machinery imports and self-sufficiency programs have been oriented toward the increase of automobile production within the arming states. That these programs have succeeded to any extent is due to American machinery.

Imports of capital goods are vitally important to the arming powers. Japan needs American motor trucks and railroad equipment if it is to conquer China; Germany needs Detroit-style assembly-line tooling if it is to industrialize inner Europe; England needs extensive industrial overhauling if it is to remain in the arms race; and, most important of all, all the arming nations need the machinery and materials which will allow them to do these things themselves. What do these exports mean to American economy?

Although exports of armament necessities reached record proportions in 1937, the course of the American business cycle was unaffected. Simultaneously with this increased export trade the United States was experiencing the sharpest production decline in its history. The very industries in which recession was most rapid and drastic —steel, oil, the automotive industries—were those to which Europe and Asia were giving their biggest orders. For big as these orders were to the countries placing them, they were small compared to the routine operating schedule required by American industry for prosperous activity. Our internal economy experienced both boom and collapse in 1937. In a typical industry like steel our exports amounted to about 7 per cent of the year's production—or about three weeks' work for our mills at the average rate of steel production. Our productive capacity is simply on a different scale from the consuming ability of the rest of the world. Only four steel companies bother with orders for export at all. Steady and increasing production depends on domestic orders.

This is true not only of the steel industry. Oil exports to the arming powers increased 74 per cent last year over 1937. But this did not prevent a price war and production curtailment, and the depression which hit the oil industry last year continues. The only industry in which export orders really managed to produce some prosperity during the disastrous last half of 1937 was machine-tool manufacture. Here the investment stagnation of the last decade has had its effect. With the shrinkage of new investment and the decline of replacement and modernization, the industry has not only failed to attain mass-production levels but has actually contracted. Should investment revive, reopening an enormous field for modernization, the machine-tool industry, like the rest of American business, would find that foreign orders were miniature and marginal.

Foreign business is too small to insure profitable operation to our industry under any circumstances. Nor can it balance the shrinkage that years of autarchy have caused in the great traditional exports of the United States—cotton, wheat, and meat. In 1936 our total exports, having recovered from depression lows, were still little more than halfway to the 1926-30 level. In 1937 they were only about two-thirds of the 1926-30 average, in spite of the boom in armaments exports. Farm exports—the only ones really important or profitable to us—had decreased twice as much as the general average. As long as the farm market fails to recover from the blow dealt by this collapse of overseas demand, no possible profits to individual manufacturers or industries can compensate our economy. This is clearly recognized by industry. The vice-president of the General Motors Overseas Corporation declared in a recent speech that "the number of motor vehicles sold in the agricultural areas of the United States is far greater than the number sold in all our export markets combined. We have no illusions, in the last analysis, as to where our greater interest lies." Between automobile exports and farm exports, this head of an automobile export division said, the automobile industry will choose farm exports every time. From a commercial standpoint, then, industrial exports are a doubtful proposition, as industry itself is ready to admit. From the standpoint of the national welfare they are highly unprofitable.

[*This is the first of a series of four articles intended to show the economic role of the United States in a world drifting toward fascism and the potential ability of this country to check that drift. Next week Mr. Janeway will show how the foreign trade of the United States is strengthening its possible enemies.*]

That Franco-Soviet Pact

BY GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

Paris, January 10

MANY Frenchmen say that their government, through its shortsighted policy toward Germany, is responsible for Hitler. Many Germans, if they were permitted to express their views, would say that Hitler is responsible for the Franco-Russian pact, the only political alliance which inspires any fear in the Führer. As a matter of fact, the idea of making this pact was born in a line of "Mein Kampf": "We will never allow two Continental powers to exist in Europe. It is our right and even our duty to prevent by all means . . . even by force, if necessary . . . the maintenance of a military power on Germany's frontiers." As long as the Franco-Russian pact remains in force, Germany must anticipate a war on two fronts, that is, under the same conditions as those in which it was beaten in 1918.

It took certain factions in France years to understand that a Russian-German alliance would put France and England in a position in which it would be impossible for them to maintain their places as world powers; and the Franco-Russian alliance of May 2, 1935, from the beginning encountered heavy opposition. This became particularly marked after the Popular Front came to power. The new and militant attitude of the working masses embarrassed the more conservative supporters of the alliance. The presence of the red flag and the resounding strains of the "Internationale" at official gatherings made the financiers, the big industrialists, and the aristocrats think that France was moving toward communism and that the Franco-Russian pact was the instrument which would bring about social revolution. They did all they could to discredit the alliance in the reactionary press. Aided by German propaganda, and the disfavor with which the English always viewed it, they made it impossible for the government to strengthen the pact by military or other conversations. Soon many who had favored the pact could no longer stand the idea of being "sold to the Soviets." Finally the Popular Front leaders themselves, under pressure from the big financiers, without whose aid not even their government could carry on, were forced to allow the agreement to sink into the lethargy in which seemingly it languishes today.

Many reasons were advanced for condemning the Franco-Russian alliance, beginning with the argument that its effectiveness depends on the Council of the League of Nations. It was pointed out that the Council includes members of small countries which are rapidly coming under the influence of the authoritarian states and so might be considered anti-Russian. Almost from the signing of the pact, its opponents demanded its abrogation on the fallacious pretext that it prevented the reconciliation of France and Germany. They argued that as the Franco-Russian alliance of 1892 had brought about the war of 1914, the pact of 1935 would surely lead to another world war. Delbos, the Minister of Foreign Affairs from May, 1936, to March, 1938, adhered to a policy which can only be characterized as "timid" toward Russia, and his successor, M. Bonnet, has always considered the Franco-Russian pact an obstacle to a four-power pact, which is more to his taste.

As for the Moscow end of the agreement, the external policy of the Soviets is surrounded with so much mystery that only its broadest outlines can be seen. But the firm attitude of Russia during the last crisis indicates that its policy has nothing in common with politics as played by other nations. It seems clear for one thing that the Soviet government does not believe that any European war can be localized. It wants peace passionately, and diplomatically it fights with energy to maintain it. In pursuing this policy Soviet diplomacy gives proof of a profound understanding of the realities of the situation and an extraordinary agility. Above all, it stands by the principle that it must never submit to the "blackmail" threat of war which has coerced France and England.

In 1927, after the official break between Russia and England, and in the middle of the Franco-Russian crisis, Stalin wrote in the *Izvestia,* "The Soviet government must pursue its policy of peace without taking any notice of the pinpricks which may hurt its prestige." With French foreign policy in the hands of those who, like M. Bonnet, would like to escape the traditional forces which make friendship between the two countries indispensable for each, the U. S. S. R. has had to suffer many of those pinpricks. France, for example, has never taken the trouble to inform its ally of the diplomatic decisions it was making. The U. S. S. R. was not even told the text of the Franco-German accord until the evening it was signed! Nevertheless, the Soviets have been a faithful ally. Diplomatically they have consistently sided with the French, even when French policy conflicted with immediate Russian interests.

Certainly in the crisis over Czechoslovakia the Soviets stood ready to abide by their obligations. On September 21 M. Litvinov declared that Russian "military authorities were ready to take part at once in a conference with the military chiefs of France and of Czechoslovakia . . . to consider the measures which should be taken in view of the situation." And on the fateful evening of the Munich agreement M. Litvinov again warned the powers: "It will not be in the spirit of the League to avoid today a problematical war in order to have a definite one tomorrow—above all, when the appetite of insatiable aggressors is to be satisfied at the price of annihilation or mutilation of sovereign states." In ending he added. "The Soviet government is proud that it has nothing in common with this kind of politics and has no intention of deviating from its policy in the future, being convinced that under the conditions which exist today it is impossible to guarantee a true peace by leaving this path It is to this road that we invite the other nations to return." The Russian advice was rejected, and the Soviets were not even consulted in the new partition of Europe; nevertheless, they did not renounce the French pact.

Since Munich the Germans have done their best to kill the pact once and for all. When Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop came to Paris on December 6 to sign the Franco-German agreement, his hidden purpose was to bring about the annulment of the Russian pact. But such is its potential strength that even those French ministers who like it least must maintain it to preserve the balance of power in Europe. These ministers have hoped at times that their behavior toward Moscow would force the Kremlin to denounce the understanding. But the Russians are too canny. Ribbentrop returned to Berlin without having obtained a "free hand in the East." And this may check Hitler's plans to organize a campaign against the Polish and Russian Ukraine.

On November 26 Poland renewed its non-aggression pact with Moscow. What is more, arrangements concerning armaments were concluded between the two countries. For the first time a French Foreign Minister saw Poland reconciled with the U. S. S. R. Here was a golden opportunity for France, but the Quai d'Orsay turned a deaf ear. The industrialists, financiers, and aristocrats now found another slogan—"If Germany is occupied in the East, it will not attack us on the Rhine." Thus the Polish ambassador pleaded in vain with M. Bonnet to negotiate a spectacular renewal of the Franco-Polish alliance.

For all of the French failure to seize the opportunity, the Poles did not give up. On January 5, 1938, after six weeks of strain in German-Polish relations, Colonel Beck went to Berchtesgaden. He persuaded the Führer that war would be inevitable if the Reich attacked the Polish Ukraine, that the U. S. S. R. would defend Poland, and that France could not in such an eventuality adopt the same attitude it had taken toward Czechoslovakia. Since

Ribbentrop had not brought back from Paris the certainty that France would not honor its pledges to Moscow and Warsaw, Hitler was after all compelled to give way before the Franco-Soviet pact. Instead of moving east he may find himself compelled to turn his attention toward the Mediterranean and the colonial question.

Thus, whether certain French ministers want it or not, the Franco-Russian pact, invisible but ever present, dominates the European situation. It may well be that it will save the peace. The French people are unanimous in wanting to fight for their colonies, even those received by the Treaty of Versailles. If Germany presses its claims to the utmost, it will have to attack France on the Rhine, and that will call the Franco-Russian pact into effect. It is therefore entirely possible that after a lively campaign of "blackmail," reinforced by mobilization of air, naval, and military forces, Germany, seeing that France is determined to fight, will renounce its claims out of the old fear of becoming engaged in a world war in which it would have to defend itself on two fronts.

Must Democracy Use Force?

II. PEACE AND THE LIBERAL ILLUSION

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE capitulation of Munich was obviously caused in part by the fact that the oligarchy which holds the strategic positions in our capitalistic democracies does not really intend to protect democracy against fascism if such a defense would lead to the destruction of fascism and a consequent social revolution. On the other hand, the tory oligarchs, for whom Chamberlain, Daladier, and Bonnet were the typical spokesmen, could not have succeeded in an essentially treasonable policy if a healthy spirit of opposition to their program had not been enervated among the general populace by political and moral confusion. These confusions, which are, broadly speaking, liberal confusions, have their source in the basic cultural presuppositions underlying democratic life. The crisis of Munich therefore raises the question whether democracy as a political technique has an adequate cultural foundation for meeting the challenge of fascism.

The cultural foundation of fascism is Nietzschean romanticism, with its glorification of force and vitality as self-justifying, combined with primitive romanticism, with its substitution of racial and tribal particularism for liberal universalism. The cultural foundation of Western democracy is eighteenth- and nineteenth-century liberalism. This liberalism rests upon rationalistic optimism. It believes that it is comparatively easy to "substitute reason for force" and that mankind is embarked on a progressive development which will substitute "free cooperative inquiry" for political partisanship and social conflict. It regards the peculiar ambitions and desires of races and nations as irrationalities which must gradually yield to universal values, generally recognized and established by reason, that is, by some kind of discarnate reason of pure objectivity. Democracy, in other words, rests upon a faith in the essential goodness of man and the possibility of completely rational behavior. Is it possible to meet the challenge of a civilization which glorifies force if the relation of force to reason in political action is understood no better than liberalism understands it? Is it possible to maintain any degree of universalism against tribal fanaticism and particularism if the relation of the organic unities of race and nation to a civilization which transcends them is not comprehended in more dialectical terms than it is by liberalism? Is it possible to resist a civilization organized for war if the forces which seek to guide mankind to a pacific way of life do not understand that political tension and friction between contending political wills are normal, or at least inevitable, characteristics of national and international life? Is liberalism, in short, not too simple a creed to suit the complexities of our tragic era?

It would be sad indeed if democracy in political life were to succumb to fascism because the liberalism which supports it creates confusion in critical hours. For democracy in politics is a perennial necessity; and liberalism may prove to be no more than a passing middle-class illusion in a brief period of expanding capitalism. Democracy is a perennial necessity because justice will always require that the power of government be checked as democracy checks it; and because peace requires that social conflict be arbitrated by the non-violent technique of the democratic process. Democracy as a political system is important precisely because liberalism as a culture is not based on truth, that is, because its interpretation of human nature is fallacious and too optimistic. Power must be held under democratic restraints because irresponsible power is always dangerous. It is dangerous because a dominant oligarchy always pretends a false identity between its interests and the general welfare. Methods of arbitrating conflicting social interests must be found precisely because various social groups cannot be expected to have perfect, rational conformity of interests. A non-violent expression of the claims and counter-claims of politics is important precisely because political arguments are never merely rational arguments. The threat of force against recalcitrant minorities is always implied in them. If this is not understood, the liberal is in danger of betraying the essentials of a democratic civilization for the sake of loyalty to democratic principles, that is, for the principle of arbitration with the foe. If the foe happens to represent a civilization which incarnates war as the ultimate good, the liberal may sacrifice the institutions of peace for the sake of a peaceful settlement with a foe who intends to destroy them. Thus peace is lost for peace's sake, because it is not understood that there are moments in history when the covert threat of force which underlies all political contention must be brought into the open. If it is brought into the open by a foe who may be weaker than you but who glories in the threat and pretends to desire overt conflict, he will have the advantage of you despite your greater strength. If you have given publicity to your moral scruples and your political confusion, he will have the greater advantage. He will make impossible demands because he knows that you have been foolish enough to draw an absolute moral distinction between the threat of force which underlies all political conflict and the overt use of force into which it will occasionally develop.

It is necessary to repeat that we do not accuse Chamberlain and Daladier of having worked under the disadvantages of such scruples. But it is apparent that they could be celebrated as apostles of peace and of the "Christian method" only because such confusion existed. Throughout the crisis the London *Times,* for instance, accepted the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia with equanimity. Indeed, it suggested the idea of such a settlement at a time when the governments were not ready for it. But it insisted that Hitler would have to enter Czechoslovakia in a gentlemanly and decent fashion. "To the nations of the free Western tradition," it declared, "no solution is tolerable except the way of reason." By this it meant nothing but a demand that the victor hide the nakedness of his sword as he brandished it over the vanquished. Hitler must enter the prostrate democracy according to a time table. Political realities, such as the shift of power which would result from the dismemberment of the unhappy nation, were obscured. The *Times* called for a "judgment upon the plain merits and demerits of the German demands" and insisted that this judgment, to be "utterly realistic," must exclude "speculative opinions whether Herr Hitler can be made to yield without fighting and whether his regime can face the strain of a war." The *Times,* in other words, believed, or pretended to believe for the sake of its moralistic readers, that there is a transcendent perspective in politics, fortunately located in Britain, where the "plain merits and demerits" of the case could be judged; and it also pretended to believe that the assessment of German strength and weakness which occupied every chancellery of Europe was an irrelevance. The *Times* hailed the peace of Munich as a triumph of "reason over force." It grudgingly recognized that this political argument was not an exercise in pure persuasion. "The gathering urgency of persuasion," it admitted, "was reinforced with unmistakable proofs of resolution for defense"; but fearful lest this admission of the horrors of politics might spoil the picture of triumphant reason, it hastened to add, "These things were not a threat, nor is it to be supposed that the German Chancellor would yield to threats; but there is no doubt that the evidence that Mr. Chamberlain offered concession from strength and not from weakness won him respect that might not otherwise have been accorded."

It would be unfair to regard the *Times* as a typical spokesman of the liberal creed. Its blandness is too perfect to be honest; and its function as voice of the British aristocracy suggests that it was consciously hiding the political realities of Munich rather than unconsciously obscuring them. But the letters which poured into its correspondence columns prove that among its readers were many who honestly believed that Munich represented a triumph of the methods of peace, of democracy, of civilization over the threat of war. Meanwhile Czechoslovakia lay prostrate under the heel of the conqueror, and a few days after Munich, Hitler spoke at Saarbrücken and thumbed his nose at the democracies, who were supposed to have won his respect because they made concessions from strength and not from weakness.

The liberal culture which is unable to assess the relation of force to reason, to understand the coercive element in all political life, and to appreciate the "ideological" taint in all human reason when the interests of the reasoner are involved is compounded of the characteristic prejudices of academics and business men. In this compound is usually an admixture of denatured Christian perfectionism. This religious perfectionism has reduced Christian pacifism, which in its pure form knows martyrdom to be its end, to a counsel of prudence. It promises that the way of non-violence will in the long run gain a more certain victory over your foe than the way of violence. But it is indefinite about the length of the run. This kind of Christianity prompted the Archbishop of Canterbury to hail the victory of Hitler in Austria because it was "bloodless."

To the culture of liberalism eighteenth- and nineteenth-century academics—and many belated colleagues in the twentieth century—contributed the idea of an increasingly discarnate rationality which would finally rise above the welter of human conflict and decide all contentious

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issues according to the "plain merits and demerits" of the case. The business men contributed to the illusions of liberalism for two reasons. For one thing they were the first oligarchs who held their dominant position in society by the exercise of covert, or economic, rather than overt, or military, power. As Bertrand Russell has recently observed, economic power does not kill but merely starves to death. Thus it meets the Archbishop of Canterbury's test of bloodlessness. Secondly, in the last two hundred years the wealth of the industrial nations increased and their political influence expanded so greatly that the realities of social conflict were obscured until the decay and contraction of this latter day set in. For the same reason the illusions of liberalism are more stubborn in America than in any other country, with the possible exception of Britain. The wealth of this nation and its geographic isolation have contributed to illusions which prompt our statesmen to lecture Europe on the advantages of "reason over force" while building a larger navy.

There are those who insist that Marxism has added to the confusion created by liberalism and who even believe that Marxist parties helped to enervate the resolution of the democratic nations in their recent hour of trial. This charge must be refuted, at least in part. The inadequacy of a man like Léon Blum in the crisis obviously stems from his liberalism rather than from his Marxism. Marxism has in fact been denatured to a considerable degree by liberalism in all Western democratic nations. The fact is that Marxism, in its pure form, has been the most potent critic of liberal illusions. Who understands the pretensions of "rational objectivity" in social conflict better than a real Marxist? Or for that matter the invalidity of an absolute distinction between the covert and the overt use of force? Yet it must be admitted that the provisional realism of the Marxists may quickly result in new illusions and confusions. Since capitalism is regarded as the root of all injustice—rather than as what it is in fact, the most potent source of economic injustice in contemporary society—the Communist Marxist inclines to regard Russian diplomacy as, by definition, a force of pure disinterestedness in international affairs and to dismiss charges of political injustice in Russia with incredulity. The Socialist Marxist, on the other hand, seeking to take the position of uncompromising opposition to capitalism vacated by the Communist opportunists, insists that since all evil comes, by definition, from capitalism, it is an error to make any distinction between British imperialism and German fascism. Thus he makes common cause with the liberal who will not defend democracy because it would cease to be democracy if he defended it. The Socialist will not defend democracy because it is not pure democracy but is corrupted with capitalistic injustice.

If to the liberal illusions of the middle classes and the simplicity of Marxist judgments we add the dishonesties of the capitalistic oligarchs who prefer fascism to an extension of democracy, we have a cultural situation which, if not corrected, is bound to lead to the complete triumph of fascism. It is certainly the principal explanation for the fateful inability of democratic civilization to resist fascist aggression up to the present time.

Nietzschean morality perversely transposes all values and raises the disease of social life, conflict, to the eminence of the criterion of all values. If it is to be defeated, the civilization which defeats it must be informed by a culture which understands that though disease is not normal, its perils are constant, and that some of the best medicines are poisons taken in moderation. A liberal culture does not understand man in the unity of his body and soul, in the urgency of his physical needs, in the interestedness of all rational processes when they are concerned with his vital wants. It does not understand, therefore, the necessity of coercion for the sake of securing social cooperation and the necessity of resistance to power for the sake of securing justice. It habitually hides its covert brutalities from its own conscience and sickens at the thought of protecting what is still valuable and genuine in its culture from the overt brutalities of a resolute foe.

It may be that democracy is too intimately bound up with these liberal prejudices to survive their destruction. This is a pity. For if democracy dies it must be born again. There is no way to justice without it.

[*This is the second of a series of three articles on the role of force in the preservation of democracy. The anti-pacifist position was set forth by Aurel Kolnai last week, and the peace-at-any-price argument will be offered by Bertrand Russell in an early issue.*]

Study in Relief

By McALISTER COLEMAN

ON the morning of February 25 last, J. Romeo Scott, lieutenant of police of Hoboken, awoke and ate a hearty breakfast. He spelled out an article in the local paper stating that New Jersey, and Hudson County in particular, was showing the rest of the country how to run relief. In Hoboken, thanks largely to the economizing policies of Harry Barck, overseer of the poor for the past forty years and now in charge of direct relief, hundreds were being dropped from the rolls. There was an estimate that Barck had cut the number of recipients from two thousand down to a few hundred. This good work was submitted as a standard for other relief agencies. No one was being coddled in Hoboken.

On that same morning, in an old two-story frame house in the Italian section of Hoboken, Joseph Scutellaro awoke to face anew a desperate situation. He was an unemployed carpenter thirty-seven years old, a frail little man only five feet high and weighing 110 pounds. He was afflicted with encephalitis, the brain ailment which entails delusions, fears, apprehensions—what Scutellaro called "funny ideas," such as various ways of committing suicide. He was living with his wife and two children, Marie, aged seven, and Joseph, aged four, in a house that belonged to his father, where the older people also lived. The depression had struck fiercely at the Scutellaros. The old man, who had been a small contractor, lost his business. The son could find no steady work. By doubling up, the two families had managed to hang on to the house. But on that morning the father had but $20 in the bank, and the son had no money at all. In a way it would have been better if they had not owned the house, for the story had gone around Hoboken that the Scutellaros were not so badly off. Didn't they have the house and wasn't it likely that the old man had stowed away something? This story had reached the ears of Barck. He accepted it, without investigating. That made it harder for the Scutellaros to get relief.

The carpenter went down to the cellar to chop up a wooden basket he had found near the empty coal bin. There had been no coal in the bin for a long time. Nor was there any gas or electricity in the house. There was one bottle of milk, and the driver had said he wouldn't deliver any more until the back bill was paid. Scutellaro borrowed 50 cents from his father, bought three rolls, and gave the change to his wife. Then he heated some coffee for himself and his wife over the kindlings from the basket, gave the milk to the two children, who were in bed suffering from colds, and started off on a trip he had taken many, many times. It was to the office of Harry Barck in the City Hall.

A month ago that office had mailed the Scutellaros a check for $5.70. But on his recent visits Scutellaro had received nothing but application blanks to fill out. Barck had yelled at him, as he yelled at most applicants who were not in the good graces of the administration, to "watch the mails" for another check. Some time back, Scutellaro, surmising that the overseer believed the story about his father's hoarded wealth, had brought his good-looking young wife down to Barck's office to confirm the story of their destitution. Barck had said at that time that Mrs. Scutellaro should be riding in a baby-carriage and that she had better not give any cash to Joseph because he would be spending it for guinney wine.

That was the way the overseer had with the poor people who came to him for help. Barck was seventy-two years old, a bitter and arrogant old man, with a deep contempt for reliefers. The men were to him "goddam guinney loafers, kikes, and mokies," and he told them so. The women were easier to look at, and Barck looked, but they were undoubtedly prostitutes at heart. Barck reveled in the power he had over these people, who had no one to turn to but him. He was proud of his purging tactics. He gloated over his reputation for being the most hard-boiled poormaster in Jersey. One of his favorite lines was to tell the women that if they wanted money they should go out on the streets and solicit.

The men hated Barck and the women feared him. All sorts of fights went on every day at the office. Barck could still handle himself all right. He was six feet tall and weighed 210 pounds and was handy with his fists. But for extra precaution he had a policeman stationed at his office door, and he bought a police whistle to blow in emergencies.

When Scutellaro took his place in the line in front of Barck's office, there was a fight going on inside. Presently the policeman came out, wrestling with a woman who was screaming with rage. Barck had practiced his wit on her, and she had spit in his face. The poormaster was wiping off the marks of the struggle when the little Italian came in alone. "Watch the mail, watch the mail," Barck shouted without looking up. "Next applicant, next applicant," he went on. And then, as he saw it was Scutellaro, "Tell your wife to go swing her bag."

Scutellaro said at his trial in Jersey City that, hearing these familiar words, he struck at the overseer, who rose behind his desk and reached out to seize the Italian by the lapels of his coat. Scutellaro said that he backed away and that the old man, still pawing at him, fell over the desk, impaling himself on a spindle on which he filed rejection papers. There was no one else in the room at the time. People running in from other offices found Barck crumpled up behind his desk, dying from a wound in his heart. The twisted spindle was lying near him on the floor. Scutellaro was sitting in front of the desk staring straight ahead of him.

Now Lieutenant J. Romeo Scott took Scutellaro in his big hands. The officer testified at the trial that he was not in the building when the fight occurred, but that he heard about it and went up to the chief's office, where they were questioning Scutellaro. The little Italian was repeating over and over in a flat monotone that Barck had fallen on the spindle. "He's lying," said Chief McFeely; "take him away, Romeo."

Lieutenant Scott took his prisoner down to a long dimly lighted corridor in the City Hall basement. There he put the nippers on his prisoner. These consist of a single handcuff on a chain, with a little bar at the end which can be twisted to tighten up the cuff.

Samuel Leibowitz, lawyer for Scutellaro, had Scott sweating when the latter testified at the Italian's trial in Jersey City two weeks ago. Scott denied that in that dark corridor he had twisted the nippers, and that he had shouted, with his fist under Scutellaro's jaw, "You goddam guinney, if you don't come through like the chief said, I'll knock all your teeth down your throat." He swore that Hoboken police never give suspects "the business," that he was not in charge of "bulldozing" relief applicants and the underprivileged generally around headquarters, and that he had never seen a Hoboken cop treat a prisoner rough.

Scott took Scutellaro away at ten in the morning. Five hours later, upstairs in the chief's office, Scutellaro, dragging his legs, mumbling incoherently, "in a fog," as he said, "from all that suffering," signed a statement that he had stabbed Barck with the spindle. Scott stood beside him when he scrawled his name on the paper handed him by the police stenographer. After he had signed, Scott threw an arm over Scutellaro's trembling shoulder. "Good boy, Joe," said Scott, "you done what the chief told you."

At his trial Scutellaro was a poor witness for himself. He seemed in a daze. When he looked at Scott and Chief McFeely sitting in the front row near him, he wept. And under cross-examination he fainted dead away. He was found guilty of manslaughter.

I commend study of the full record of the Scutellaro case to those who would take one million Americans off the WPA rolls and turn them back to the mercies of local authorities.

In the Wind

SO FIERCELY and insistently have fascist propagandists proclaimed that President Roosevelt is a Jew that they have apparently convinced themselves. The daughter of George Roosevelt (he's related to F. D. R.) is married to an Italian nobleman and resides in Italy. Recently a fascist official told her she would have to withdraw her daughter from the school she was attending because of the new anti-Jewish decrees. Bewildered, she asked the officials how the decrees affected her child. "Well, aren't you a relative of President Roosevelt's?" the official retorted.

IT'S NO secret that Supreme Court Justice McReynolds has never been friendly with liberal court members, and an encounter which he had with Felix Frankfurter many years ago is not likely to alter that attitude. McReynolds, acting as government prosecutor in an anti-trust case, was arguing a technical point of procedure with his associates. Young Frankfurter—then Henry L. Stimson's "bright boy"—was called in, and he sharply criticized McReynolds's position. "But I wrote the law governing that point," insisted McReynolds. Whereupon Frankfurter demonstrated that Justice McReynolds was misconstruing the law which he had written himself.

THERE IS no doubt that Secretary Ickes erred in charging that the whole press had boycotted the report of a Johns Hopkins biologist on the harmful effects of smoking. Some of those most critical of Ickes's speech, however, are on shaky ground. The Washington *Star*, for example, boasts that it did not exclude the tobacco story from its columns, but though the Associated Press released the story on February 24, 1938, the *Star* first mentioned it on March 29, and then in a column headed: "Stars, Men, and Atoms."

IN PARIS they are saying that France is now safe—because this time M. Bonnet has been bought by the French government.

THE INSTITUTE for Propaganda Analysis, which has just published a summary of native fascist activities, has obtained possession of a private letter written by George Deatherage, leader of the American Nationalist Confederation, in which he says:

> . . . We are delaying further reorganization in the hopes that we can get General George Van Horn Moseley, recently retired, to head a national Christian organization that we can all back. If all interested will write him requesting such action, it will help a lot. . . .

SIGN IN a Prague store window: "We exchange gas-masks for German dictionaries." The New South Wales Labor Council's radio station has been closed down because it carried appeals for a boycott of Japanese goods. . . . If the Dies probe goes on, it is expected to direct heavy fire against the new "Films for Democracy" project, sponsored by many liberals. . . . To protest against the proposed Chaplin film caricaturing Hitler, Chaplin's spokesmen reply: "Chaplin has had this character since 1913. It's Hitler who looks like Charlie." . . . The aluminum trust trial is receiving virtually no press notice; meanwhile the Aluminum Company of America has signed contracts with sixty-six Sunday papers for a continuation of its "institutional advertising"—launched almost simultaneously with the government prosecution.

NAZI PROPAGANDA by German exchange students in this country has been frequently exposed. In recent months, however, at least three German students have turned anti-Nazi and refused to return to Germany.

A PRIVATE letter to an American from a Prague resident furnishes this light on the "new" Czechoslovakia:

> German-speaking citizens of Czechoslovakia, asked to exchange residence with Sudeten Czechs, have shown no disposition to do so. . . . On the other hand the pride of Czechs remaining in the Sudetenland is humiliated by not receiving the honor of being enrolled in the German army. . . .

MARIAN ANDERSON, distinguished Negro singer, was scheduled to appear in Washington, D. C. In anticipation of a large audience, her sponsors sought to rent Constitution Hall, the only spacious auditorium in the city. They were informed that the owners of the hall would not rent it for a performance by a Negro. The hall is owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAVE been reading William Allen White's "A Puritan in Babylon: The Story of Calvin Coolidge" (Macmillan) with profound interest. I am greatly impressed by the labor and research which have gone into it. Mr. White has had the use of the unpublished William H. Taft correspondence and has diligently corresponded with men who contributed to the rise of Coolidge and were associated with him. In addition, he gives us the benefit of his own knowledge of Coolidge and utilizes still other new data. His effort to write the definitive life of Coolidge is plain.

What we have in this solid volume is not merely his interpretation of Coolidge but a painstaking and faithful picture of the social and economic and political scene in Massachusetts during Coolidge's rise from obscurity to the governorship and then, on a broader canvas, a portrayal of the swinish, orgiastic rush for wealth during the "Coolidge prosperity"—a prosperity unparalleled in history and bringing in its train dire disaster from which the innocent are still suffering more than the guilty. Both back-drops are painted with greater care and success than I have seen anywhere else. Throughout the book Mr. White considers Coolidge "a perfect throwback to the primitive days of the republic, a survival of a spiritual race that has almost passed from the earth." But he is not consistent there, for he also calls him "a Yankee throw-back to McKinley's era," and it is hard to see how Coolidge could have been both.

That he was contradictory and enigmatic goes without saying. Mr. White once dared to ask Coolidge if he might peek under the mask he wore and see the man behind it. Mr. Coolidge replied: "Maybe there isn't any; I don't know." It is extremely doubtful if there was. Yet he had flashes of wisdom and of a thin New England humor much magnified in the retelling. If he said anything humorous or worth repeating, people marveled much as Samuel Johnson did when he saw a dog waltzing on his hind legs. When something came out of nothing, it was a phenomenon, a marvel. Mr. White leads me to believe that this timid little Mr. Milquetoast among Presidents cultivated his taciturnity as assiduously as he penuriously saved his pennies—in order to avoid the mistakes of the loquacious. He also proves that while Coolidge's rise was favored by luck to an astounding degree, he was uncannily shrewd in playing his cards and as selfish and self-centered and "sot" in doing so as it was possible for a human being to be.

Not only has Mr. White illuminated the man and his time; his kindliness has made him say everything favorable to his subject that it is possible to record. No future biographer can treat him more generously. I, for one, could never write about Coolidge with such Christian forgiveness or put him under a miscroscope with such detachment. Not that Mr. White does not seek to be both judicial and objective; he obviously tries to be both. I cannot agree with his conclusions as to Coolidge's attitude toward the Boston police strike, but I admit that Mr. White has gone into this important question with far more care than I. Also I miss any reference to that vicious series of articles signed and sponsored by Mr. Coolidge when Vice-President, portraying the alleged red menace in our colleges. It would be valuable to know who wrote them and how much Coolidge received for this prostitution of his name and office.

Yet Mr. White does not gloss over Coolidge's obvious faults and sins. He admits that he stood in with lobbyists and accepted their aid and favors, though not their cash, that he rose by grace of big business and cultivated those rich men who could help him to rise. He had spasms of wishing to aid the welfare of the workers, but as Mr. White says, he was essentially middle-class and never once showed that "he was conscious of any other class than the middle class." Still, Mr. White feels that he was "never the conscious protagonist of the predatory powers." To which my reply is that those powers today are entirely correct in praying for the reincarnation of this "unconscious" protagonist of theirs. Had he been consciously their ally, what would have been left of America? He himself was completely satisfied by society as it was. He encouraged stock speculation—through dumb ignorance of what he was doing—as no other President ever dreamed of doing, and after he left office his mean, grasping, penurious soul rejoiced when he was put on one of J. P. Morgan's favored lists and allowed to make a lot of money by buying stock well below its market value.

I repeat, Mr. White has done a very valuable job—even if he is repetitious in places. I wish he had been able to include in his book Mrs. Coolidge's remarkable confession to Henry L. Stoddard (in his "It Costs to be President") that he, Stoddard, knew her husband better than she did on his political side. To me Coolidge remains a sinister, repellent, utterly cold, stupid, unenlightened President, whose regime did the country infinite harm economically and spiritually and precious little good. An example for American youth to shun.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Pure in Heart

THE DEATH OF THE HEART. By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MODERN fiction of the subtler kind when written by women is likely to depict at length the trouble resulting from unsuitable and complicated people falling in love. The stays and obstacles once provided by difference in social position, family feuds, missent letters, and trumped-up misunderstandings have narrowed into drama arising from the fact that the lovers have neuroses that do not match, are in love for the wrong reasons, in love too late or too soon, or are incapable of love at all. Elizabeth Bowen in her previous novels has described such combinations, and Madame Colette has worked with them for years. Miss Bowen has also probed with great thoroughness into the reaction of sensitive children, sometimes the offspring of mismatings, thrown into situations of which they hold only one or two clues. "The House in Paris" successfully brought off an atmosphere of emotional tension, resulting when the past, present, and future converged on such a child, who was caught, between journeys, in rooms full of the tragedy to which he owed his being. The present book turns on a girl of sixteen, the product of a misalliance, who, when introduced into the "edited life" of her half-brother's smart London household, throws upon it the full glare of her innocence, breaks through its surface, and shows the lack of human feeling on which it is based.

Miss Bowen's young Portia Quayne is the daughter of a late second marriage, following an impulsive liaison, between a middle-aged conservative Englishman and a silly but warm-hearted widow. The first Mrs. Quayne with rather mean nobility divorces her husband and casts him off. Mr. Quayne, cut loose from his pleasant country moorings, is forced to live shabbily on the Riviera with his new family. After his death and that of Portia's mother, his son Thomas takes the child into his home, knowing that his father wanted some settled, decorous English experience for her. Portia, still feeling grief for her mother, enters a household built up with great taste and care by Anna, Thomas's wife. Everything in the exquisite house overlooking the park—the aquamarine curtains, the furniture rubbed "so that you can see ten feet into the polish," the ritual of beautiful food, the series of delightful effects—depends upon Anna. Even the family friend—called St. Quentin and a novelist—is choice and seems picked to match the wallpaper. Portia's brother, sunk in the depths of passionate cravings which marriage has not solved, is Anna's. And Eddie, the neurotic, charming young hanger-on, to whom Portia gives the full weight of her innocent affection, is Anna's—not her lover, but her amusement and her foil. It is Anna who at once instinctively ridicules the child, as she ridicules anyone of awkward human worth. Portia, learning of an ultimate betrayal, runs first to Eddie, who of course, although he has worked off some of his warped tenderness on her, rejects her; then to Major Brutt, another misfit in Anna's *décor.* Major Brutt telephones the house and tells Thomas that Portia demands that they come to some decision about her. In a masterfully done scene the three disabused adults—Anna, Thomas, and St. Quentin—thrash the matter out at the dinner table. ("This evening the pure in heart have simply got us on toast.") They come to a decision. They send a servant, Mrs. Matchett, Portia's only confidant in the household, to fetch Portia back in a taxi, as one would send for a lost parcel.

Miss Bowen has elsewhere spoken of "the limitations of English narrative prose, with its *longueurs* and conventions dangerous to truth." In her novels she has taken every precaution to reduce these conventions to a minimum. The strokes come close, and every stroke tells. Miss Bowen is particularly good at reflecting one character in another, always making it clear that some see things partially while others take in every detail. Matchett, the self-contained upper servant, with her toughened sympathy and snobbery and her pride of the good artisan, sees everything. Eddie sees everything—in his way—and himself, "at once coy and insolent," only too well. Matchett can sum people up. Of the "sacrificing" first Mrs. Quayne she says: "I couldn't care for her; she had no nature"; of Anna: "Oh, she has her taste and dearly loves to use it. Past that she'll never go." Eddie says of Anna: "She loves to make a tart out of another person. She'd never dare to be a proper tart herself." Thomas has an occasional moment of insight into the society about him: "self-interest, given a pretty gloss." But Portia, not yet absorbed into "the guilty plausibility of the world," sees more than everything. She detects the impossibility of a natural human relationship between these people who write letters, go to dinner parties, talk at tea—always "stalking each other." She watches "thoroughly"; she tries to shake some human response out of Eddie; she importunes; she nags with the implacable fury of first love. At the end she gives the show away to simple, kind Major Brutt. "Anna's always laughing at you. She says you are quite pathetic. . . . And Thomas thinks you must be after something. They groan at each other when you have gone away. You and I are the same."

Miss Bowen's talent is so rich and so searching, and this novel stands so far outside the class of novels which resemble packaged goods put up for the trade, that one is tempted to give her nothing but praise. She sees deeply, but not widely enough. Corruption has not lately entered the class of which she writes; the heart is not dying in these people; it never lived in them. And her tone, too keyed up, never lets down for a moment; the *longueurs* are deleted to such an extent that they are missed. Beautifully done descriptions of times of day and the weather edge the action—to a tiresome degree. The backgrounds for emotions are chosen with care: one, an empty seaside boarding-house on a Sunday morning, is almost unbearably appropriate. Miss Bowen can cook the vulgar English to the same crispness to which she treats their betters. But "The Death of the Heart" is too packed, too brilliant, for its own good. What Miss Bowen lacks is a kind of humility. She has forgotten more than many novelists ever knew, but what Turgenev, for example, knew, and was chary of expressing, she cannot quite deal with. Once in a while the reader hears the accent of self-satisfaction, if not display, in the novelist. But for all that, "The Death of the Heart" deepens our view of the horrors experienced by open innocence up against a closed world.

LOUISE BOGAN

Medical Care in Britain

HEALTH INSURANCE WITH MEDICAL CARE: THE BRITISH EXPERIENCE. By Douglass W. Orr and Jean Walker Orr. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE authors of this revealing book had the wit to go direct to the producers and the consumers of medical service—rank-and-file British doctors, workingmen and their wives. Even the investigations of two royal commissions which have issued elaborate reports on health insurance during the twenty-five years of its existence never included direct testimony from those whom the British call its beneficiaries and the American Medical Association would describe as its victims.

> The social worker would call on Mrs. Caldwell whose husband works for the L. M. and S. Railway, and Mrs. Caldwell would serve a cup of tea while telling the story of her family's experiences with sickness and with national health insurance. The doctor would meet a group of employed men at one of the settlements and get a discussion started on the whys and wherefores of the "panel system." The men enjoyed it because they in turn could bombard us with questions about Chicago and Hollywood.
>
> Of course we interviewed doctors as well, doctors in private practice as well as doctors in official positions and officers of the British Medical Association. Nor did we neglect civil servants, members of Parliament, and others.

British workers say, "Yes, and more," when asked if they want medical service and health insurance. "Yes," they like what they get now, incomplete as it is. They want "more" care, a fuller service.

British doctors also say, "Yes, and more," when asked what they think about health insurance. This testimony came from everyday doctors and is also the officially expressed opinion of the British Medical Association. Considering that the American Medical Association has for twenty years portrayed health insurance as a failure from the standpoint of the British physician as well as of the public, this testimony is pertinent and overdue.

Official and other literature is drawn on for an account of the structure, history, and problems of British health insurance, tax-supported medical services, hospitals, clinics, and public-health work, but the meat and spice of the book lie in its accounts of what doctors and patients say. Dr. Orr, a young Western physician, did the work on a fellowship from the National Federation of Settlements; his wife, an experienced social worker, shared his responsibilities in collecting information and writing.

Their work is careful although impressionistic, with enough history to give perspective and enough forecast to stir the imagination. British health insurance is a very partial answer to the problems of medical care in Great Britain because it covers only the services of general practitioners, not specialist or hospital care, and only employed persons, not their families. Moreover, a network of tax-supported medical services, voluntary and governmental hospitals, school medical services, and public-health work has also grown up under local and national auspices in Great Britain. The result cannot be called a system because neither is it organized as a whole, nor are its parts coordinated with one another. The Orrs' last chapter, summarizing the British experience and suggesting some applications to our own country, assumes too much and demands too little. It is not enough that we avoid Britain's mistakes. In the United States we can start from a higher level of facilities and resources toward a better goal than the "general medical service for the nation" now proposed by the British Medical Association.

MICHAEL M. DAVIS

Capitalism: A Diagnosis

SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION. By John Blair. Covici-Friede. $4.

THIS sober and careful analysis of the functional weaknesses of capitalism is an admirable index to its subject. Mr. Blair has assembled a massive body of evidence to show that capitalism breaks down because of its inability to observe four axioms. It fails to maintain the army of the employed, and reduces the wages of those whom it continues to employ. It raises prices without a proportionate increase in wages. It distributes too great a proportion of the national income to those in the upper brackets. It needs a power to expand continually which it is unable to achieve. In a sense, Mr. Blair's account is a magistral statistical demonstration of the well-known thesis that while capitalism has solved the main technical problems of production, it has proved unable to solve those of distribution. To prove his point, he has ransacked the available literature for illustrations, so that his volume really becomes an invaluable guide both to the government documents of the last twenty years and to the large number of commentaries with which the economists and statisticians have provided us.

Mr. Blair considers in some detail the methods by which the proponents of capitalism seek to meet the difficulties involved. He rightly emphasizes the fact that their care is the need on the one hand to lower prices and on the other to raise wages. But he shows, I think conclusively, that what he calls the "aggravating trends"—the costs of distribution, for example, the centralization of capitalism, and the disappearance of frontiers—make it extraordinarily unlikely that these difficulties can be transcended. He arrives, in fact, by a route akin to that which the orthodox economists follow, at the conclusion that the contradiction at the heart of capitalism is too profound to be surmounted. The pathology of the system has become so integral a part of its life that the normal concepts of which its exponents dispose have neither relation to nor validity in the system viewed as a going concern. This, of course, raises the essential question of the power of capitalism to survive; and it is, I think, a fair inference from Mr. Blair's impressive evidence that this is not merely highly dubious but, even more, a prospect which offers us the certainty of continued, and even of increased, social tension.

Mr. Blair would, I imagine, be the last to claim either that his thesis is new, or that the manner of his argument is in any sense novel. Its value lies rather in the massive detail by which it is surrounded, and the care with which he has tested the classical assumptions on their own ground. From these angles, the virtue of his treatment is great. He is skilful in the selection of his data and careful in his arrangement of them. Writers like Professor Robbins in England, or Professor Viner in this country, are here presented with a pattern of actuality which calls into fundamental question the validity of the ground they have chosen to occupy in their defense of the existing order. To have done this so clearly and so persuasively is a great merit. It will be interesting to watch the course of the debate to which Mr. Blair's timely volume is bound to give rise. HAROLD J. LASKI

Painter of Pittsburgh

SKY HOOKS. The Autobiography of John Kane. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

SOME day Carl Sandburg should write a poem on John Kane, the workman-painter whose autobiography, "Sky Hooks," is now presented four years after his death. An Irishman born in Scotland in 1860, Kane began to push cars of shale in the mines when he was only ten years old. When he emigrated to America ten years later he again found employment as a miner. He was also a steelworker, a street-paver, watchman at a railroad crossing, construction-gang foreman, munitions worker, master carpenter, and fist-fighter of some renown. It was in the midst of these various occupations that he resumed the drawing a harsh schoolmaster in Scotland had interrupted many years before.

In his early thirties Kane lost a leg in a switchyard. Unwilling to sue, he continued gamely to seek his living with his own hands. He became a house painter; hence the title, which is derived from the grapnels by which a painter's scaffold is fastened to the side of a building. In this pursuit—indeed, it was while he was painting freight cars on his first big contract—he suddenly began to make landscapes which he later covered over with another coat. More and more of his time he gave to drawing. Sundays he painted for his own enjoyment. His interest in painting was enhanced by his sorrow for the death of his only son. During the severe depression of 1907 Kane wandered through Ohio and Pennsylvania, enlarging and tinting photographs. But always he returned to his beloved Pittsburgh and particularly his home in the "Strip," the city's worst slum. Here he did the views of cobbled streets, smudged brick buildings, busy bridges and gray rivers and puffing smokestacks for which he is best known. "Why shouldn't I?" he once retorted. "I helped to build Pittsburgh's mills and homes; I paved its streets, made its steel, and painted its houses. It is my city; why shouldn't I paint it?"

In 1927 the Carnegie International hung one of his industrial landscapes. Soon the dealers came. But Kane continued to be an "outdoor painter" almost to the end of his life. His work is chiefly dependent upon subject matter, though a combination of Gaelic fancy and a most touching wistfulness almost imparts life to his forms as such. A strong, hard, simple man, fighting his way along, he has left at any rate a beginning of the translation of "smoke and steel" to canvas. His book is therefore a significant document in the story of democratic culture. JEROME MELLQUIST

Marxist History of England

A PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By A. L. Morton. Random House. $3.

MR. MORTON has written a Marxist interpretation of English history. Marxism is both a science and a metaphysics. As a science it explains historical phenomena in terms of systems of production and class conflicts. As a metaphysics it goes beyond the facts by assuming that causation in human affairs is, in the last resort, always economic, ideological factors being derivative; and it interprets history teleologically, regarding it as a process toward the predestined end of communism. Marxist science provides the historian with a method of great value; Marxist metaphysics, on the other hand, results only in propaganda. Both these aspects of Marxism are exemplified in Mr. Morton's book.

This is probably the best one-volume popular account of English political and economic history which has appeared. Its style is forceful and vivid, it is based on the most recent research, and it is refreshingly free from that air of patriotic self-congratulation which most British historians assume when they approach such sacred themes as the empire and government by Parliament. Mr. Morton is aware of a number of facts—such as the long oppression of Ireland—which rarely find their way into the official histories; yet at the same time he does not succumb to the temptation to shower abuse upon any character who does not happen to belong to the proletariat. He does not lean too heavily upon the prophets of the Marxist faith; he dutifully inserts a few long quotations from Marx or Lenin, but having paid his respects to holy writ, he then proceeds to ignore it. The only instance in which he allows himself to be led astray is in his repetition of the theory, borrowed by Marx from David Urquhart, that Palmerston was in the pay of Russia. For the most part Mr. Morton takes his facts from competent authorities; and by interpreting them in terms of class conflicts he succeeds in illuminating many episodes in English history—the dictatorship of Cromwell, for example—which, in the hands of more conservative historians, have seemed almost unintelligible.

But if this book exhibits the value of Marxism as a science, it also illustrates—though less obviously—some of the dangers of Marxism as a metaphysics. In the first place, it deals exclusively with politics and economics. Ideological influences are ignored. Mr. Morton devotes one paragraph to a description of Puritan theology, but he says nothing about the social implications of Puritanism or the reasons why Puritanism became the creed of the English bourgeoisie. The great exponents of bourgeois liberalism—John Locke, Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham—are not even mentioned. Mr. Morton's Marxism is too often of that vulgar variety which treats human beings as governed directly by economic motives; he displays no comprehension of the importance of climates of opinion, which may be strongly influenced by economic factors but are never wholly determined by them; or of how these climates of opinion may often be so pervasive as to govern the behavior of individuals even in violation of their economic interests.

In the second place, Mr. Morton brings to history a theory of value. Certain forces—the bourgeoisie in the seventeenth century, for example—are praised as "progressive"; other forces not so. The Marxist criterion of progressiveness is economic productivity, and this conception unduly narrows the scope of history. Certain non-economic achievements would appear also to be worthy of commendation, even though they cannot be fitted into any chain of events having communism as its end-product. Thus the English bourgeoisie of the seventeenth century was not only economically progressive; it also created a system of individual liberties, based on the rule of law, which appears—now that it is in process of being destroyed—as one of the essentials of civilized living. To this, however, Mr. Morton makes no reference. He mentions the Habeas Corpus Act only to call attention to the fact that early in the nineteenth century it was temporarily suspended. H. B. PARKES

Philanthropic Money

MONEY TO BURN. By Horace Coon. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

MR. COON'S subtitle reads "What the great American philanthropic foundations do with their money," and this phrase is an accurate description of the contents of his essay. The title "Money to Burn" has almost no specified meaning, and is merely another example of how an author may write a book for one purpose and select its title for quite another purpose. There is nothing extravagant about Mr. Coon's facts, his contentions, or his interpretations regarding the way foundations use their money. The total amount appropriated by foundations in each calendar year is not large. I doubt whether it has ever gone beyond one hundred million dollars even when amounts donated by those foundations which appear to operate in semi-secrecy are included. One-tenth of a billion dollars is a comparatively small amount of money in these days. But the problem of philanthropic foundations is important regardless of the comparative size of their capital funds or their disbursements. Mr. Coon's book indicates where this importance lies, and his essay is by all odds the most comprehensive treatment of this problem which has thus far found its way into print.

Why, if the quantitative factor is waived, are foundations important? A complete answer to this query would constitute a critique of American society, and consequently I shall select only a few items for special emphasis. In the first place, foundations and their expenditures reveal something of the quality of mind of the great accumulators of wealth. It is important to know how Messrs. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Russell Sage, Duke, Milbank, Rosenwald, Harkness, Davidson, Filene, Baker, et cetera, have acquired their fortunes, but it is much more important to know what conception of social value dominates their minds. If one disagrees with their interpretation of American life and its underlying values, one does not thereupon raise a personal issue with any of these gentlemen, nor does one resort to the childlike procedure of personal blame-fixing. On the contrary, one assumes, as does Mr. Coon in most instances, that these men are the products of a complex national economy, and that consequently if this economy remains what it is, there will always be men who will interpret life and values in their manner.

In the second place, foundations are important because of their direct and indirect influence upon the policies of educational, social, and religious institutions. The amount which the foundations may contribute to these agencies may be small in comparison with total budgets, but the foundations' appropriation is not scattered; it is an aggregate and it invariably arrives at a strategic moment. Also, foundations make a practice of contributing, not to the whole program of an institution, but rather to a selected fraction which represents the foundations' interests. In this manner foundations exercise an influence upon these agencies which is far out of proportion to the size of their contributions.

Foundations are important, in the third place, because many critics, among them Mr. Coon, appear to believe that they constitute an undemocratic "lump" in American society. To claim the right of doing what one pleases with vast accumulations of surplus wealth which could only have been produced by the labors of many persons seems to these critics to be an unjustifiable presumption. If these large surplus accumulations are to be allowed to continue, so say the critics, then the disposition of such funds should be made through taxation and governmental programs of public welfare, or the foundations should submit to democratic methods of control. Still another of the undemocratic consequences of foundations results from the fact that they so largely control social and economic research. Those who believe in democracy assume that one of its basic necessities is free access to relevant facts, but this cannot be the case if the major research undertakings depend upon foundation grants.

These three spheres of importance do not by any means exhaust the tabulation of reasons which should impel serious students of American society to give attention to philanthropic foundations. As intimated at the outset of this review, anyone who attempts to understand these American foundations and their role will find himself wrestling with the deeper paradoxes of American culture. When, as in the case of Mr. Coon, he discovers how much good has been done by foundation grants, especially in the field of health, he will find clear-cut judgments difficult to make. Mr. Coon, who is certainly one of the severest critics of foundations, their donors, and their executives, closes his essay with a paragraph which begins thus, "There is no point in trying to pass a moral judgment on foundations." And the paragraph ends with this sentence, "It is, in short, a question for public opinion to decide."

Mr. Coon's book should then be viewed in the light of these two summary questions. He is occupied first of all with presenting to the public the essential facts about the larger foundations, and in this respect his performance is excellent in spite of his obvious bias. He offers no proposals for the future control of foundations, although he assumes that they will increase in numbers and influence. He believes that foundations represent primarily a device for protecting

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the privileges of the rich or for evading taxation. Mixed with these two incentives are valid intentions of doing good, and in spite of the suspected motives much real good results. This conclusion may seem to some readers to be equivocal because it appears to say that good ends justify their means, but as a fellow-inquirer in this area of mixed motivations, I ask such readers to suspend judgment and read Mr. Coon's essay in the mood which he suggests, namely, as a prelude to a more enlightened public opinion.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

Shorter Notices

THE CARNIVAL. By Frederic Prokosch. Harper and Brothers. $2.

In one of his stanzas Frederic Prokosch writes:

> And so on this windless morning, forgive,
> Lord, my superfluous words and narcissus
> Athletics. Hunger, control, the Eye, and the endless
> Longing to love and discern: let these be my power.

Perhaps the Lord will forgive him, but there is no apparent reason why critics should. He is so completely a literary poet, facile to no end, without any clear vision, and certainly without any distinction or originality of style, that one can only put him down as decadent and romantic. In poem after poem he has a chance to be something else than narcissist, but he remains that and nothing more. The sad young man on the flying trapeze of rhythm and rhyme is anything but unique today. And consider this approach to the modern world:

> The burglars in the prison
> And the beggars in the park
> Drew their arms across their faces
> And cried into the dark
> "O love whom you wish, no matter,
> Love is a silver stream
> That leaps and finally wastes away
> On the wrinkled sands of dream!"

Every phrase is trite, an echo of a vague, decadent romanticism—with the sound but not the significance of poetry.

THE OLD CENTURY. AND SEVEN MORE YEARS. By Siegfried Sassoon. The Viking Press. $2.75.

For a young English aristocrat the Edwardian period must have been one of the nicest if not the best of all possible worlds. In "The Old Century," the first volume of his autobiography, Siegfried Sassoon writes the mellow story of a good boy, a happy society, a fortunate era. Was it all really, the author somewhat uneasily asks, so amiably experienced? "And I feel the unbending visages of the realists reproving me for failing to imitate their awful and astringent example." Confronted by an attitude so disarming, a polished craft, a sensitive if not always a strong artist, one cannot quite level criticism at this pleasant garden of English sensibility. To complain about "The Old Century"—with its horses, tutors, and cricket matches, its pre-Raphaelite paintings and distinguished family connections—would be to display ourselves as strangers at a literary banquet which is, in fact, beautifully served. Yet such a stranger at such a banquet,

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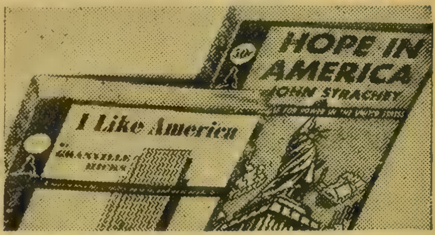

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might he not mutter to himself that this meal is mostly appetizer and dessert? Lacking the vitality and wit which distinguish the best of his previous work, Mr. Sassoon's new book is almost too unassuming. Appearing so sedately and politely amid our other contemporary chronicles of turbulent adolescence, "The Old Century" reminds us of nothing so much as Mr. Pinkerton among the young Lonigans.

THE SILVER BRANCH. By Seán O'Faoláin. Viking Press. $2.

"These fifty-odd poems"—drawn from Irish medieval literature—"are but a tiny proportion of masses of technically admirable but otherwise inconceivably dull, dish-waterish drivel such as can have pleased no one but the pedants," says Seán O'Faoláin in a brief but leisurely introduction. They were a product of the bardic schools where poets underwent a training of from five to fifteen years; and by their quiet intimacy they overturn a good many theories. Surely such poetry, so rich, so secure, must have come from a broad movement; it didn't. Schooling must have killed the poetic impulse altogether, particularly since the poems were concerned mainly with nature, but the impulse survived. Seán O'Faoláin says that this was the first poetry west of the Danube to treat of nature as a friend, and he contrasts its objective qualities with the broad symbolism of English verse. The argument might be carried farther, but no one will contend against such poems as The Sleep Song of Diarmuid or The Blackbird of Derrycairn or the sequence on Sweeney the Mad, which makes a miniature cycle. This is not a bold but a tempered poetry, achieving its effect syllable by soft syllable without apparent effort, sturdy, dramatic even, yet undramatized in the conscious, heroic modes.

DRAMA

Cucumber Sandwiches

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST" has reached that dangerous age at which literary works are unmistakably outmoded without having become, so far at least, unquestionable classics. It has, however, just received an elaborate revival at the Vanderbilt Theater, and it survives the test rather remarkably well. The audience was not—if I am any judge—an audience of literary historians, and it sat rather dubious through the opening scene during which Algernon and Jack exchange epigrams. But before the evening was over, it was laughing that laugh of pleasure which is so easily distinguishable from the laugh of those who are performing their cultural duties. And that, after all, is the test.

Estelle Winwood, who plays Lady Bracknell and who staged the piece, seems to have approached her job with a clear perception of what the difficulties are. On the whole, the epigrams may be left to look after themselves, since time has tarnished them remarkably little. But the danger is that a modern audience may disallow even the slender claims which "The Importance of Being Earnest" makes to being a play, and that it will become no more than a series of bright remarks. If it is to be saved from this fate, it must be given an artificial style; but if it is also to be saved from another and worse fate, this style must be recognized as one inherent in the play itself, not one imposed in condescension by a modern director.

One cannot, in other words, successfully play it as a period piece. Oscar Wilde is "sophisticated" or nothing. He cannot be made quaint and survive; any tendency to laugh at rather than with him is utterly fatal; any silliness must be obviously the kind of silliness he intended. For all of these reasons there are dangers inherent in giving the play in the costumes of the period, and I was, in fact, seriously alarmed when the first full-bodied laugh of the evening was won by the riotous pattern of the trousers assigned to Clifton Webb in the role of Jack. That way, I said, lies disaster. But that way is not followed; there is no attempt to spoof the play; and it gets its effects by remaining what the author intended—a "smart" fantasy which provides its precious dandies with the only kind of world in which they could successfully function.

Wilde played at being a socialist. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is fantasy rather than satire in the graver meaning of the term because Wilde, like Congreve before him, had a sneaking admiration for the dandies whom he ridiculed, and infinitely preferred such irresponsible exquisites to dull though useful citizens. The fact, nevertheless, remains that the charm of his fools and the charm of all the dandies from Congreve on is subject to an economic interpretation. The privilege which they enjoy of "treating serious things trivially and trivial things seriously" is the result of the enviable freedom which their security confers upon them. If (*pace* Veblen) one wears gloves to indicate that one does not have to work, one talks nonsense to prove that one does not even have to think. Wilde's greatest achievement in this particular play consists in his perfect imaginative realization of the ideal toward which the fashionable exquisite is tending and his creation of a realm in which his dandies can flutter through life successfully.

If this seems no very difficult achievement, try to remember other comedies in which the trick has been turned with complete success. I can remember but one successful play since Wilde's time which belongs to exactly the same genre—Benn Levy's "Springtime for Henry." And that reminds me that though the present production is rather remarkably well played by Miss Winwood, Mr. Webb, Hope Williams, Derek Williams, and Florence McGee, I still cherish a desire born at the performance of "Springtime for Henry." I should like to see Nigel Bruce, as Jack, playing opposite Romney Brent, as Algernon.

"Dear Octopus" (Broadhurst Theater) is a spacious, rambling, and somewhat drafty family play by Dodie Smith, the Englishwoman who was responsible for the highly successful "Call It a Day" of a few seasons back. That play, it will be remembered, held its episodes together by assuming that each was participated in by a member of a family which had been struck all of a sudden by the awakening of spring. "Dear Octopus" is also about a family, but this time the three generations of its members gather for a golden-wedding celebration and stay long enough to give everybody a glimpse of their history as well as to reveal their characters. Nothing is so very different from what one would anticipate. For instance, one of the daughters has grown fat and motherly, one has been living uncomfortably with a married man who cannot get a divorce, and one has got a bit neurotic by devoting herself too whole-heartedly to a career. Neither is the thesis very surprising, since it boils down to the contention that if families are not quite what they used to be they haven't changed so very much after all. The play is, nevertheless, entertaining enough provided one is in the mood for a tranquil evening, and it is well acted by a large cast of well-known players, among whom the most striking is certainly Lucille Watson as the bossy but sensible matriarch. Lillian Gish is also well cast as a mousy "companion" to the old lady and gets in the end a proposal of marriage from a bachelor son—to the great surprise of no one except the young man himself.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

IF YOU approach the Columbia record ($1.50) of an excerpt from Berlioz's "Childhood of Christ" with the accepted notion of Berlioz as a sensation-monger who used noise to cover up melodic sterility, you will be surprised by the delicacy of this music, the rich, sustained flow of what is not the less melody for being highly individual in the way that Berlioz's musical thought is. The playing of the Paris Symphony and the singing of Planel under Ruhlmann are excellent (someone who knows the work very well has pointed out that the two allelujas sung at the end by Planel should be sung by chorus); and the record is accompanied, as every single record should be, by a little sheet with an English translation of the text, but without the original French that should have been given as well.

A few Victor single records are also noteworthy. One ($2) gives Toscanini's delightful performance with the B. B. C. Symphony of Rossini's Overture to "La Scala di Seta," which falls considerably short of his miraculous performance with the New York Philharmonic. Another ($1.50) gives Mozart's youthful Overture to "La Finta Giardiniera," in which there is the same extraordinary rush and impact as in the youthful letters I referred to in my review of Turner's book, and which is well done by the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter, with the mature but less interesting Overture to "Titus" on the reverse side. Then there is a version ($2) of that soprano's battle-horse, "Ozean, du Ungeheuer!" from "Oberon," which acquires distinction from the way it is done —the superb playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy in support of the singing of Flagstad, whose musical feeling and taste are as impressive as ever, and whose voice is still remarkable though not what it was. Play one of her first records—e. g., the finale of "Tristan"; and though it does not fully reproduce the splendor of the voice of four years ago it will enable you to hear in the record of "Oberon"

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how much that voice has lost through the excessive use it has been subjected to by managers' greed and Flagstad's recklessness—such things as the four Wagner performances in seven days, the three in three days, as compared with the two performances a week that Caruso never exceeded.

In Strauss's Symphonia Domestica—and in the brilliant recording by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (five records, $10)—one has dazzling evidence of the prodigious technical powers which, after "Don Quixote," continued undiminished while the quality of the musical thinking they served deteriorated in appalling fashion. In contrast to this decay clothed in luxuriance is sterility clothing itself in the liveliness and other mere externals of inner vitality: Hindemith's String Quartet Opus 22, well played by the Coolidge Quartet (three records, $6.50). And in contrast to both works, in its charmingly melodious expression of genuine feeling, is Smetana's "Die Moldau," of which Victor issues a new recording in a set (three records, $5) with "From Bohemia's Meadows and Fields," another beautiful work from the same symphonic cycle. The performances are by the excellent Czech Philharmonic, conducted not too effectively by Rafael Kubelik.

The new Victor set of "La Bohème" (two volumes, $19.50) gives you Gigli, with iron replacing the velvet that is gone from his voice; it gives you the acidulous Mimi and Musetta you are likely to hear nowadays, and a good Marcello; it gives you a performance with no style other than the mannerisms of Italian singers uncontrolled by a Toscanini. Or even a Beecham, whose version of Act IV not only is better sung and played but bears the impress of a distinguished and forceful musical intelligence. The brilliant dances from Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat" are brilliantly played by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Fiedler (two records, $2.50); Cortot does a good job with Liszt's "St. Francis Walking on the Water" ($2), which I find a negligible work; and Elisabeth Schumann's singing of passages from "Hänsel and Gretel" ($1.50) is charming. As for Hertha Glatz, her contralto is not one of great sensuous beauty, but its limitations are less apparent in Schubert's "Frühlingstraum," which she sings with greater taste and restraint than his "Gretchen am Spinnrade" ($2).

Even the early arranged portion of the Benny Goodman Orchestra's performance of "My Honey's Lovin' Arms" (Victor) is delightful in pace and style (except for the meaningless and irritating staccato interjections by the brass that are part of the Goodman formula); and in the second half good solos by Goodman (particularly his second entrance) and Bud Freeman lead into an extended development of the tune by Stacy that becomes exciting as his invention becomes richer and more intricate. And "Farewell Blues" on the reverse side has a fine solo by Goodman. Altogether it is an outstanding record; and another that is quite good offers performances of "Louise" and "It Had to Be You."

Stacy's emotional soundness and health and rich imagination are to be enjoyed in his solos in Commodore's "Swingin' Without Mezz" and—on another record—"Blue Room" and "Exactly Like You"; but with them is too much playing by Freeman—straining improvisation by a man without ideas. Very fine is Commodore's "Three Keyboards," with Stacy, Willie Smith, and Joe Bushkin. B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Lift the Embargo—or Else

Dear Sirs: At a moment when all Spain is making the supreme effort for the defense of its integrity, it seems incredible that its friends in the United States should deliberately make its sacrifices futile. Yet this is happening—and it seems impossible to stop it.

Lifting the embargo in the United States is the key to the defeat of fascism in Spain. By itself, this single act will enable the Loyalists to neutralize Franco's great superiority in airplanes and armaments. Nothing else will do the trick.

For a variety of reason the White House has been the main force in inspiring and continuing the embargo. It was a special Presidential message to Congress that evoked the almost unanimous approval of the Embargo Act of January, 1937; the embargo was continued in force through the Administration-sponsored Neutrality Act of May 1, 1937; finally, when an aroused America demanded the lifting of the embargo in May of 1938, the entire campaign was smashed by Secretary Hull's letter to Senator Pittman demanding that the embargo be continued.

Any campaign to lift the embargo must face these facts and be guided by them. Rockwell Kent summed up the situation bluntly at the Washington Conference to Lift the Embargo when he declared that it was about time that the advocates of lifting the embargo announced that, unless action was forthcoming, the support they had given to the Administration would be withdrawn.

Nothing like this has been done. From those strange friends of Spain who have their axes to grind comes the hysterical cry, "We must not embarrass the President! The President will lift the embargo; let us not embarrass him!" Let us be honest enough to recognize that a "Lift the Embargo" campaign conducted with the idea of exerting real pressure and forcing action from the White House will embarrass the President only if he does not intend to lift the embargo. Let us be honest enough to recognize that we are sacrificing the Spanish people so that we may not "embarrass the President."

SAMUEL ROMER

New York, January 18

Good News

Dear Sirs: It is not often that I write in to *The Nation*, and still less often that I find occasion to write in a festive or happy mood concerning any event of importance, but I know you will not mind my rejoicing with you over the freedom of Tom Mooney. Indeed, there has been such a succession of good news—Frankfurter, Governor Murphy, the President's utterances about the *Boches*, and now Mooney—that a belief in Santa Claus is entirely justified.

The Nation has played a big part in this happy ending to the Mooney story—your many articles have carried proofs of his innocence that have been the basis of thousands of arguments on the part of your readers, and have been responsible for much of the money contributed to the cause. It affects me, personally to the extent that I shall now enjoy a visit to California, having long ago sworn never to set foot in the state so long as Mooney was in prison.

It is gratifying to read in the kept press of this country that not once is the least question raised of any possibility that Mooney might have been guilty, and even the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* gave him the first three columns of its front page.

Let me take this opportunity to wish *The Nation* a very happy and influential New Year. I have been with you for many years now, and I have yet to see you on the wrong side of any question.

C. C.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, January 9

Obituary of a Jew

Dear Sirs: The Italian publisher, A. F. Formiggini, committed suicide on December 1 last by leaping from the Ghirlandina tower of his native city, Modena. In his pockets were found 30,000 lire, which he bequeathed to the poor, and several notes of biting irony against the regime.

Formiggini was never a conformist. A man of independent spirit, a humanist whose smiling skepticism concealed a frank and often ingenuous goodness, it was inevitable that he should clash with the regime's intolerance and corruption. All his editorial enterprises, aiming at the defense and elevation of Italian culture, found in fascism either open opposition or insidious resistance. From his "Chi è?" the Italian "Who's Who," he was ordered to suppress the name of anyone whom fascism considered *persona non grata*. Several volumes of his collections of literary studies, "Profili," were removed from circulation. Publication of *L' Italia che scrive*, Italy's outstanding bibliographical magazine, which he founded in 1918, was made increasingly difficult.

Although all this had embittered him, he was not completely disheartened. The crowning blow came with the anti-Semitic campaign, the artificial character and ignoble baseness of which filled him with revolt.

His death was a protest against the senseless brutality of racial persecution. But no newspaper dared to print the news of his death, for the names of Jews, even in obituary notices, must no longer contaminate the columns of the Fascist press.

MICHELE CANTARELLA
MAX SALVADORI

Northampton, Mass., January 17

Seldes vs. Villard

Dear Sirs: The same conspiracy of silence which followed the publication of Mr. Sinclair's "Brass Check" in 1920 follows my "Lords of the Press." Of the more than a hundred big papers criticized only one has published a fair review, and only two or three have mentioned the book in terms of abuse, self-defense, or evasion. On the other hand, a hundred of more liberal-left-labor publications have published fair and honest reviews.

Mr. Villard's review in *The Nation* (January 7) is more puzzling to me than the silence of the big press or the praise of the liberal press. It does not make sense. It consists of three paragraphs. The "lead," in which Mr. Villard expresses "disappointment" and cites the case of David Stern and the November, 1938, Pennsylvania elections, is obviously unfair, if not ridiculous. The book was in *The Nation's* office before November 1; it had been completed in August, and although Mr. Villard mentions the probability of it having gone to press before the election, he still in the main part of his review deals with an episode which occurred after it. Is this fair newspaper work? Incidentally he says the book "is composed in part of articles contributed to magazines." This is not accurate. The two chapters on Scripps-Howard are different from my *New Republic* article; the Treason on the *Times* chapter is double the magazine article; the Journalistic Noblesse chapter, which appeared in *The Nation*, has a new beginning.

Paragraph 2 accuses me of using the attitude of the press to the New Deal as a measure of liberalism and reaction. This is not quite so. The book states that the press has attacked every liberal, progressive, and reform measure, and especially every law and idea which might reduce its cash profits. The New Deal is one example; there are many others. The cockeyed quotation in this paragraph is from the Baltimore *Sun* although in the review it appears to be mine. Mr. Villard complains that there is no factual description of the collapse of the Hearst chain. Hearst was held down to a short chapter because he has been overdone in the magazines. Mr. Villard says he missed the story of the "marked decline of the Scripps-Howard dailies." He should have read the two chapters, pages 76 to 103, the longest single subject in the book.

In paragraph 3 Mr. Villard quotes me as saying that my ten tests of a free press came "on the spur of the moment" and suggests that others "might suggest themselves after more deliberation." Why did not Mr. Villard continue reading down to the bottom of page 388, to this paragraph: "The following tests of a free press have been suggested by newspapermen, editors, and school-of-journalism professors who have read this manuscript"? There follow five more tests of a free press. A score of notable persons in journalism contributed to this chapter, and a hundred newspapermen helped supply the book's stories, facts, and documentation. Mr. Villard's remark about "more tests after more deliberation" is so unfair that he should apologize or explain.

GEORGE SELDES

New York, January 16

Dear Sirs: I am sorry to have puzzled and disappointed Mr. Seldes, whose studies of the American press I value highly and have often praised, but I cannot alter my review. I even dissent from his new charge that the entire press "has attacked every liberal, progressive, and reform measure . . . which might reduce its cash profits." There *are* fine exceptions. I did read the pages he cites. That "scores" aided him does not change my opinion that more tests of a newspaper could be worked out after further study.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

New York, January 18

Dr. Langford's Advice

Dear Sirs: In a letter published in your issue of January 14 Professor John L. Childs says: "Dr. Langford publicly admits I was asked to discuss union problems [meaning problems of the Teachers' Union—H. D. L.] with Mr. Earl Browder and Mr. Clarence Hathaway." I have nowhere admitted any such position; I have never stated it or held it, either publicly or privately.

In view of Professor Childs's reiterated personal attack I am obliged to restate the gist of my conversations with him, in order to clarify my position beyond the possibility of misinterpretation. It should be made clear from the start that in my conversations with Professor Childs I was not acting as the official representative or envoy of any group, but as a private individual, engaging in a friendly conversation.

Categorically, I did not say or imply to Professor Childs (contrary to his statement in the New York *Post* of December 29) that a "factional bloc" existed in the Columbia chapter of the Teachers' Union. Secondly, I did not ask him to discuss Teachers' Union problems with the Communist leaders. I did suggest to Professor Childs that since he had questions as to how Communists work in trade unions generally, the best way to clear up his doubts would be to go to original sources, just as someone seeking authoritative information about the Republican Party might be directed to Hamilton or Hoover.

I neither stated nor implied that Professor Childs should discuss Teachers' Union affairs with Mr. Browder and Mr. Hathaway.

HOWARD D. LANGFORD

New York, January 16

Excitement in Vermont

Dear Sirs: Much excitement is raging here in Montpelier, and doubtlessly throughout the electric-power industry of the state, over the prospect of a flood-control dam being constructed by the federal government within the bounds of this state that might be utilized to produce electric power for public consumption. I can see no real cause for excitement other than that such a piece of engineering might slightly lessen the income of the Green Mountain Power Corporation, a subsidy of the New England Power Corporation.

If the government can build a flood-control hydroelectric structure in this state, or any other, and obtain efficiency in both these directions; sell the electricity produced at one-third to one-fifth what we now pay for it; and make the enterprise pay for itself in a few years—well, to me it is inconceivable that an intelligent person would object.

They did it in the Tennessee Valley—why can't it be done here? The real trouble is that "certain ones" are afraid it *will* be done here.

RICHARD W. CRANE

Montpelier, Vt., January 19

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The Shape of Things

THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF TVA IS BEING established on a piecemeal basis. In 1936 the Supreme Court, with Justice McReynolds alone dissenting, held that the TVA was within its rights in acquiring the transmission lines of the Alabama Power Company, and that the federal government might sell electricity developed as part of a flood-control, navigation, or national-defense program. By a vote of five to two, Justices Butler and McReynolds dissenting and former Solicitor General Stanley F. Reed abstaining, the court has now ruled that private utilities in the TVA area have no right to protection from government competition. Justice Roberts, speaking for the majority, said that "local franchises, while having elements of property, confer no contractual or property right to be free from competition either from individuals, other public-utility corporations, or the state or municipality granting the franchise." In answer to allegations made by the fourteen private power companies which brought the suit, the Supreme Court upheld the finding of the District Court that the TVA "has not indulged in coercion, duress, fraud, or misrepresentation in procuring contracts with municipalities, cooperatives, or other purchasers of power; has not acted with any malicious or malevolent motive; and has not conspired with municipalities or other purchasers of power." The court declined to enjoin the TVA from building more dams, generating more power, or marketing power in the territory of the plaintiffs. There was a time when the Supreme Court could be depended upon to provide a convenient legalistic stockade against projects such as the TVA. That time is no more. Mr. Roosevelt's court battle was lost, but it begins to look as if a war had been won.

*

THE SENATE TORIES HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER the President and the unemployed and are now basking in the sunshine of press approval. It is true that in upholding the $150,000,000 WPA cut they added two conscience-saving amendments. Dismissals during the next two months are to be limited to 5 per cent of the rolls on February 1; and the President may apply for an

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additional appropriation if he can show that an emergency exists. Neither of these amendments suggests that the economy bloc has great faith in its claim that private industry will provide new jobs exceeding WPA dismissals. Business, it is argued, has received from Congress the gesture it has been awaiting and will now go ahead with expansion plans. We hope this forecast proves accurate, but we note with misgiving that since January 1 the recovery curve has flattened out. Moreover, a spring recovery will hardly be assisted by the dismissal of hundreds of thousands of relief workers in April and May, as must occur under the amended terms of the appropriation. Analysis of the Senate voting lists on the cut reveals some interesting facts. The actual population represented by the majority was some 8½ millions less than that represented by the minority. The Democrats who deserted to the tory ranks were nearly all from farm states. We wonder if they were wise to use the overweighted representation of the rural areas to attack the unemployed, and whether their zeal for economy will still be manifested when farm relief comes to a vote.

*

BOTH ON ITS MERITS AND AS A SIGN OF THE President's state of mind, the nomination of ex-Congressman Thomas R. Amlie to the Interstate Commerce Commission is an encouraging event. The picture of Mr. Roosevelt as a fellow-traveler consorting with like-minded leftists has been luridly drawn by his enemies; it is a grossly inaccurate one. In fact, while groping toward economic reconstruction the President has often been surrounded by aides as treacherous as they were half-hearted. In his recent appointments, culminating in the choice of Amlie, one detects a belated but serious attempt to rally a corps of associates who have manifested a consistent faith in New Deal objectives. The anti-New Deal coalition, so fierce in its denunciations of the White House "purge," is therefore renewing its own "purge." Against Amlie it has invoked the customary charge of communism, an accusation which any reader of the Communist press would find especially grotesque. The Wisconsin legislature has embodied this falsehood in a special resolution of protest, an extraordinary sign of the reactionary undertow in that state. The fight against Amlie's confirmation will undoubtedly be more ruthless than that against any other recent appointee; the vote will be a token of Administration strength.

*

WE GO TO PRESS WITH THE ECHOES OF Hitler's speech still sounding on the air waves. It was not an easy speech to follow. The Führer talked for almost two and a half hours and covered a vast area of boasts, future plans, vague threats, and defensive arguments. Out of the sea of words a few major points emerged; others will probably bob up to the surface during the next few days. Hitler asserted flatly that he would support Mussolini in any war in which Italy might be involved; he did not tell how far he would back Italian demands that might lead to war. He also announced his determination to get back the former German colonies. They were not, he said, of major importance to the country before the World War; now they are necessary to supply the Reich with raw materials which it cannot buy. In the face of foreign doubts he asserted the soundness and stability of the Nazi economy; but in the next breath he admitted that the German farmer had about reached his productive capacity, that the Reich would have to import food, and if it could not buy it for lack of foreign exchange, the German people would take it by force. He did not specify when or from whom. He sneered at democracy as a dying system. He hailed the "victory" of fascism in Spain, but did not discuss his own future relations with Franco. The cultural agreement just signed by Germany and the Spanish rebels indicates clearly enough, however, the degree to which a fascist Spain would be expected to gear into the Nazi system. His speech as a whole was that of a dictator who is feeling his oats. Without announcing any definite program of action, Hitler managed to be both truculent and threatening. Those newspapers in France and England who have already announced their gratification at his "moderate" tone are, we think, either fooling themselves or their public. We find no hint of appeasement in his speech anywhere.

*

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR OFFICIALS last week rewarded William Randolph Hearst for his long years of service to the anti-labor movement. The Chicago Federation has now undertaken the organization of "scabs" into an exclusive club called the Chicago Editorial Association, designed to put a crimp in the Chicago Newspaper Guild strike on the Hearst papers. Achievement of this organization took some months of effort, but the labor was rewarded when the Hearst-owned Chicago *Herald and Examiner* benignly signed up with this group. A similar suicide pact for labor is now being prepared on the Chicago *American*. Naturally the event has stirred rejoicing among publishers everywhere, inspiring many of them to break the long silence maintained by their news columns on the Chicago strike. These shabby moves of the Chicago Federation should not be given exaggerated significance, for the strike's status is virtually unaltered. Hundreds of men and women remain out, Hearst's Chicago circulation is falling, advertisers have been persuaded to withdraw, and popular sentiment in behalf of the strikers is impressively strong and representative. More than ever it is clear that Chicago is a testing ground for a national publishers' offensive against the Guild. It is also a laboratory for one of the A. F. of L.'s most brazen experiments in dual unionism.

THIS IS THE ERA OF THE LIE. GOING ON THE theory that the more outrageous the deception the more surely people will imagine that it has at least a kernel of truth, the Fascists and the Nazis lay down an incessant barrage: democracy is decadent and crooked; only dictatorship is truly democratic; only the saber-rattlers want peace; food sent to the Loyalists is insolent intervention in the Spanish war, while the boasted participation of armed Italian legions is non-intervention. But the lie has not triumphed yet, and it may not triumph at all if the people of the democracies recall the truths on which political democracy rests and make them their guiding principles. To stimulate this "quickening impulse" the *Survey Graphic* has just published a special issue entitled "Calling America." Under the editorship of Raymond Gram Swing, this issue is divided into three sections: Consequences of Modern Despotism Abroad, Tests of Democracy at Home, and Democracy in America. Mr. Swing and his colleagues are clearsighted enough to realize that democracy will not be saved by rhetoric but by concrete social and economic achievement—"Its health is its only propaganda." But they know too that no one can prepare a blueprint for democracy, that democracy is "an attitude, not a solution." The will to save it must come first. We congratulate the *Survey Graphic* and hope that this excellent issue has the wide distribution it deserves.

*

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS AT seventy-three ends a career as distinguished for preeminence in his special art, poetry, as it is astonishing for its versatility. For the historian, his intimate connection with the Irish nationalist movement, not only in literature but also in politics, for he served as Senator, will buttress the intensity and magnitude of his poetic achievement. Having founded, with Lady Gregory, the Abbey Theater, Yeats was for thirty years its mainstay, as much through his vital influence on Synge as through his own plays. His other literary activities, in philosophy, in essays, in autobiography, are witness to a life spent in constant and passionate toil, without compromise or concession. Publishing verse over a period of fifty years, Yeats never exhibited any complacency. A survivor of the nineties and the *Yellow Book,* he kept ahead of each successive movement, and the best poets in this country and even in England now acknowledge his leadership. Although his first style was well formed soon after 1900, he remodeled it during the following period when the Nobel Prize came to him in 1923. "The Tower" in 1928 and "The Winding Stair" in 1933 represent the height of his achievement. But he continued with undiminished powers to the very end; two of his finest poems, "Parnell's Funeral" and "A Prayer for Old Age," appeared when he was seventy. Yeats was the greatest poet of our time; he takes his place "with Landor and with Donne," as long ago he hoped he would.

IT TAKES TEMERITY TO DISAGREE WITH omniscience, but a sense of virtue lends us courage. On Monday, Walter Winchell announced in his most categorical manner: "The editors of *The Nation* have checked and learned that their recent blast at Ambassador Kennedy (for being anti-this or that) was 100 per cent wrong." In equally clear terms we must assert that Mr. Winchell is 100 per cent wrong. *The Nation*'s dispatch describing Ambassador Kennedy's apathetic attitude toward the refugee problem was written by an experienced correspondent who had every opportunity to know the facts, and the facts as he gave them have never been refuted.

After Barcelona?

WITH the fall of Barcelona the fascist powers passed another milestone in their drive for world dominance. The significance of this milestone seems to have been appreciated much more clearly in Rome than in Paris, London, or Washington. The crowds that milled around the Palazzo Venezia cheering the Duce and clamoring for Corsica and Tunisia correctly appraised it as Mussolini's greatest triumph since the League's abandonment of sanctions after the capture of Addis Ababa. For those who cling to a belief in law and justice, the loss of Barcelona was a major setback, second only to Munich. In terms of human lives, the Barcelona disaster was greater. But at least there was resistance, and the fight still goes on despite overwhelming odds.

The fall of Barcelona threw financial circles in London and New York into panic, not out of sympathy with the Spanish people, but because it was felt that the event would mark the beginning of a new stage of the fascist offensive. Everyone is asking where the dictators will strike next. In anticipation of Hitler's Reichstag speech, speculation ran rife. It was suggested that he would demand immediate colonial concessions, that he would ask for a return of the ten billion dollars paid in reparations, that he would announce an immediate drive for Ukrainian "independence," or pledge his support of Italy in its demands on France. He did in fact demand colonies, and he proclaimed a virtual military alliance with Italy. While he made no immediate threat, there was nothing in his speech to calm the fears of a jittery Europe.

It is probable that no drastic action will be taken until the fascists have obtained undisputed mastery of Spain. Mussolini indicated as much when he urged his followers to put away their flags until after the fall of Madrid. Once the remainder of Loyalist Spain is crushed—as it will be unless support comes from the outside—Mussolini may be expected to push his demands against France. He will almost certainly act while his troops remain in

Spain. Just how far he will go is difficult to say. He can scarcely expect to obtain Nice, Savoy, and Corsica together with Tunisia and Djibouti. But he will doubtless demand all that he thinks he can get without war.

Hitler's statement that Germany will fight in support of Italy is scarcely news. The axis stands as the basis of German foreign policy. We can be sure that Germany's military might will be at Mussolini's call when the time comes to cash in on Italy's investment in Spain, especially since Hitler also has some promissory notes to collect. These claims, in most instances, must ultimately be paid by France. Not four months have passed since France repudiated its treaty with Czechoslovakia on the ground that the German demands against that country did not immediately threaten French security. Today it is French territory that is endangered, and France has thrown away the assistance of thirty-four divisions of Czechoslovakian troops, and may be confronted with a hostile army on its frontier in the Pyrenees.

That England will do nothing to aid its ally may be inferred from Chamberlain's amazingly inept Birmingham speech. It is true that the British Prime Minister echoed Roosevelt in declaring that the democracies must inevitably resist a demand to rule the world by force. But the very formulation of what was interpreted in the press as a stern warning to the dictators indicates that Britain has no intention of opposing the fascist policy of gradual encroachment. It will be recalled that a similar "stern warning" preceded capitulation at Munich. Britain's lack of concern over the threat to France is startling in view of the long-established Franco-British alliance. It can only mean that Chamberlain is willing to let France become useless as an ally, and is pinning his hopes for the security of the empire on agreements with the fascist states—assuming that they will strike toward the east. Insane though this may seem, it is fully consistent with the policies pursued by Chamberlain in the past two years, especially at Munich.

Despite the wire-pulling of Mr. Chamberlain, France has not yet been finally defeated. Nor, for that matter, has Spain. As long as the Loyalists have a veteran army of four to five hundred thousand men well intrenched in Madrid and Valencia, European democracy has a fighting chance. Even the defeated Catalonian armies could be saved and reestablished if France would lift a finger in its own defense. Daladier's victory in the Chamber last week appears to preclude such action, but there have been times when it seemed as if the least push would unseat him. Where that can come from is difficult to see. Hope may be found in Ribbentrop's failure to win the Poles to the support of the axis. If a firm stand is ever to be made against the fascist advance, it is important that it be made while Poland and Rumania are still free from German domination.

It is evident, however, that the resources of democracy are running dangerously low in Europe. Unless some dramatic reversal occurs within the next few weeks, both Spain and France will suffer the fate of Czechoslovakia. The event best calculated to revive democratic strength would be the lifting of the American embargo against Spain. For American action would not only make possible direct aid to republican Spain but by destroying the farce of non-intervention enable France to act in time to protect its own frontier. Lifting the embargo would also counteract the disgraceful outcry over the sale of American airplanes to France and give the European democracies reason to hope for prompt revision of the Neutrality Act. It is too late to save Barcelona. But it is not too late to save Spain, Europe, and the world from fascist domination. Another six weeks, and it may be.

Our National Defense

IN HIS first article on America and the post-Munich World, in last week's *Nation*, Eliot Janeway illustrated the extent to which American economy overshadows that of the rest of the world; in his second he shows how that economy is being placed at the service of our potential enemies. We are feverishly engaged on a new arms program—admittedly inspired by fears of Japanese, German, and Italian aggression—but at the same time we blithely supply these powers with the machinery and war materials they need to build up their armaments and turn their conquests to account. If there is a threat to the security of this continent sufficiently serious to warrant our rearming, then surely we must be insane to help make it more formidable.

Unhappily this is not the only example of self-frustration suggesting that our conduct of foreign affairs is solely regulated by slogans and traditions which tend to cancel each other. The most poignant illustration is the way in which we have recently campaigned against fascism in South America while helping it to obtain in Spain a base for new transatlantic adventures. With our right hand we attempt to take the dictators by the scruff of the neck; with our left we bestow a blessing.

The basic principles of our foreign policy, such as it is, are, first, the avoidance of foreign entanglements and, second, the Monroe Doctrine. From the one springs the Neutrality Act; from the other the Presidential declaration of hemispheric defense. Throughout most of our history there has been no great conflict between these two main principles, but when they are put in juxtaposition to make a policy for 1939 they invoke thoughts of bows and arrows rather than of bombers and submarines. Most Americans have developed since Munich at least a presentiment of increased external danger. They are alarmed by the rise of powers bitterly hostile to democracy, fanatic in their efforts to spread their doctrines, intent on the magnification of the state both as a supremely desirable end and as an organic necessity. Any physical threat by such states to America may still appear remote. The more immediate danger is their attempt, by propaganda and the contagion of superficially successful ideas, to undermine our democracy—to them both an irritant and a subversive example.

Speaking at Munich on March 14, 1936, Hitler said: "I do not believe there can be peace among the nations until they all have the same law and system of law. That is why I hope that one day National Socialism will extend all over the world. This is no fantastic dream but an achievable object." It is only the fascist apologists in our midst who claim that democracies and totalitarian states can exist peacefully side by side. Dictators know that if the world is to be made safe for autocracy the germs of liberty must be stamped out.

To ideological onslaughts on our system arms are an ineffectual barrier. Our democracy will best protect itself by providing security without curtailing liberty; by devising means whereby the full use of our resources will make possible a full life for all. If it can do this it need not fear the infiltration of alien dogmas. But the fear that prompts our armaments is of more than fascist ideas; it is fear of eventual direct assault on the integrity of this continent. If this fear is baseless, there is no justification for our present arms program; if it corresponds to a realistic appraisal of the facts, it suggests that our foreign policy is woefully inadequate.

At its present strength our navy ought to be able to ward off the attack of a single power. The danger for the future is possible simultaneous action by both Japan and the axis either against us or against Latin America. That cannot happen until Japan completes its conquest of China and the axis consolidates its power in Europe. Clearly, then, we have a direct interest in the failure of these aggressive powers to achieve their immediate objectives. Nevertheless, we pursue an economic foreign policy which brings that achievement nearer.

Again it is obvious that fascist domination of Europe to an extent dangerous to us will come only when Britain and France have been either defeated by the axis or bulldozed into joining it. It is here we part company with Mr. Janeway, who assumes that these countries are already in effect linked to the fascist system. True, Chamberlain and Daladier have consistently played the axis game, but can they make further concessions without risking overthrow at home? Democracy may be ailing in Britain and France, but it still lives. Our interest is to see that it recovers its vitality, remembering that so long as Western Europe provides a buffer there can be no military threat to the integrity of this continent. Mr. Janeway's proposal to boycott Britain and France as well as the fascist powers seems the surest way to force a coincidence between the Paris-London and the Berlin-Rome axis and thus create the very situation which we ought to strive to prevent. It would be more realistic to offer Britain and France economic assistance while refusing further aid to the fascist war machines.

Isolationists of all stripes will assert that any such intervention in European affairs involves us in the risk of war. We do not deny this. But we would remind those isolationists who are in favor of a great arms program that the threats they visualize can only mature after fascism has won new victories in Europe. Is the risk we would run by throwing our economic weight against aggression now as great as that we will incur by letting it advance unimpeded?

This argument will not appeal to believers in unarmed isolation. We would remind them that the present popular demand for armaments is the consequence of Munich. Can they imagine how much louder that demand would be were Europe to become a solid fascist bloc?

The Nation does not believe that in the world today pacifism is practical politics or that America can afford to neglect its armaments. But we have two other lines of defense. We can strengthen our democracy by making it more of a reality at home: we can make the full weight of our economic power felt abroad. While these weapons remain to us, to put the whole stress of our defense policy on armaments is as dangerous as it is unintelligent.

Not-the-Law Hague

THE victory over Mayor Hague won in the Circuit Court in Philadelphia will be nullified if Jersey City's dictator succeeds in having one of his own men appointed to the vacancy left on the federal District Court by the elevation of William Clark to the Circuit Court. The enforcement of the injunction obtained by the C. I. O. and the Civil Liberties Union against the Mayor will be in the hands of the new judge, and if he is as completely under Hague's thumb as most of New Jersey's state judges, the injunction may well prove worthless. Norman Thomas, in a letter to Attorney General Murphy, has called attention to the importance of the appointment, which will be a real test of the New Deal's sincerity and courage. An obscure gentleman named Walker is Hague's candidate.

Meanwhile the higher this case goes in the courts the more drastic are the defeats suffered by Mayor Hague. Judge Clark's opinion in the C. I. O.'s appeal for an injunction to enforce the Constitution in Jersey City was a rather equivocal document that would have permitted the establishment of censorship by Hague's police. The Clark decree wisely discarded this innovation in American constitutional law and gave the C. I. O. an almost complete victory. The Circuit Court in Philadelphia has now gone a step beyond Judge Clark. Indeed, if the New York *Times* report is to be believed, the Circuit Court has even gone beyond the expectations of counsel for the C. I. O. and the Civil Liberties Union. Judge Clark's decree did not hold Jersey City's street-meeting ordinance unconstitutional, but merely enjoined Hague's police from refusing permits to the plaintiffs unless they were prepared to forbid meetings of any kind on any of the public thoroughfares. The Circuit Court ordered this qualifying clause struck out of the Clark decree and held the ordinance unconstitutional. The clause struck out, according to the *Times,* was written by counsel for the C. I. O. and the Civil Liberties Union.

The forceful language and reasoning of the Circuit Court will certainly be upheld in the Supreme Court. It disposes finally and authoritatively of the peculiar doctrine by which both the Jersey City police and Judge Clark in his original opinion would have established a right to gag or censor speakers. The street-meeting ordinance says that permits may be refused only "for the purpose of preventing riots, disturbances, or disorderly assemblage." Judge Clark's opinion suggested that police might require submission of speeches in advance in the case of applicants for permits who had previously held meetings marked by breaches of the peace. The Circuit Court holds this whole idea unconstitutional since it permits "the imposition of previous restraint" on the right of free speech and assembly; it declares that the ordinance, if strictly applied, would lead straight to one-party rule, and points out that the function of the police "is not to prevent speakers from presenting their views, but to preserve order while they speak." Judges Biggs and Maris took a realistic view of these "disturbances" in Jersey City. "Mayor Hague and his associates, reversing the usual procedure," they said, "troubled the waters in order to fish in them." Judge J. Warren Davis, who did his best to set up a five-man court in Philadelphia that would have been more favorable to Hague's case, dissented.

Labor's Fifth Column

THE future of the New Deal may hinge on the battle opened by the introduction of Senator Walsh's bill to amend the National Labor Relations Act. Whatever the intentions of Senator Walsh and the leaders of the American Federation of Labor who are supporting him, they have made themselves part of a well-planned campaign to gut the New Deal under the pretense of making a few modifications in the Wagner Act. This effort to emasculate the act is a logical aftermath of the New Deal's reverses at the polls last fall; it is notice of the opposition's intention to turn the Administration's setback into a rout.

In permitting themselves to be used as a front for reactionary business interests the A. F. of L. leaders are betraying their own followers. The evolution of the A. F. of L.'s attitude toward the Wagner Act shows how far events have driven them in an anti-labor course. On December 20, at a meeting of legislative representatives of the A. F. of L. and the railroad brotherhoods, it was decided to ask for two amendments of the act. One would deprive the Labor Board of the power to decide the unit for collective bargaining; the other would take from the board the right to invalidate contracts between an employer and an independent union. Representatives of the A. F. of L. had opposed inclusion of the first restriction in the act when it was being written. Francis Biddle, chairman of the old Labor Board, summed up the case against it when he said it would "invite unlimited abuse and gerrymandering" and "defeat the aims of the statute." As for the second provision, the A. F. of L. convention in 1937 had voted it down after J. Warren Madden, chairman of the board, showed the delegates that it would create a "happy hunting ground for the company union."

The leaders of the A. F. of L. were not satisfied with the decisions of the December conference. On January 8 it was revealed that they would ask seven more amendments of the act. These were procedural proposals that seemed of minor importance, though it was obvious that they might be used to hamstring the work of the board. It was also clear that general rules laid down by the courts already provided ample protection on these points. But the amendments introduced by Senator Walsh on January 25, with the support of the A. F. of L., went far beyond the proposals of January 8. The new amendments in the Walsh bill are openly designed to protect employer interests and do not have the remotest connection with the controversy between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. The most important of these innovations are (1) the amendment permitting employers to express opinions "on matters of interest to their employees or the public, provided such opinions are not accompanied by acts of discrimination or threats thereof," and (2) the amendment permitting a district court to take jurisdiction in any case and issue writs compelling "the board, or any agency or agent thereof, to perform its functions and duties." The former might permit an employer to "persuade" or even to "coerce" an employee in union matters so long as he did not "discriminate" against him or threaten to do so. The second would certainly permit the federal district courts to intervene at any point in a Labor Board proceeding, thus breeding interminable litigation and providing the delays that are the employer's strongest weapon. There will undoubtedly be further amendments in committee and from the floor, now that the A. F. of L. leaders have themselves let down the bars.

America in the Post-Munich World

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

II. America Arms Its Rivals

FOR the first time in years national security has become an issue in the United States. The army and navy are asking for a defense program that will make this country stronger than any possible combination of enemies striking simultaneously across the Atlantic and Pacific, and the country apparently supports them. We are laying down battleships to be launched in 1943. We are planning to double our air force—this will require at least two years. But even while such plans go into operation we steadily continue to export to the rest of the world—and principally to the fascist powers—munitions and machinery for making munitions which are nearly as efficient as our own—and much more efficient than the products of these countries themselves. As long as we do this we can know no real security.

We may well ask, Is there no regulation of the munitions trade? Are manufacturers allowed to export their products without regard to the ultimate effect upon the safety of the country? The truth is that such exports are regulated, and surprisingly enough by the same army and navy which clamors for more armaments at home. This policy of military regulation was begun after the war, when many munitions makers went out of business. The military and naval services, justifiably enough, were concerned to maintain the nucleus of a munitions industry capable of expansion to meet war-time needs. The easiest way seemed to be to encourage private manufacturers to enter the export trade in order to keep them in business; particularly since Congress refused to approve funds for "educational orders." With the recent changes in the world's political balance one would expect restrictions to be placed on these exports, especially as educational contracts have now been sanctioned and, in addition, real orders for armament have been greatly expanded. The approval of munitions exports, however, still continues. Last June, for example, the joint Aeronautical Board issued a statement on "Release Policy for Aircraft and Aircraft Equipment" in which the War Department regulations were clearly set forth. A few of the more recent designs for army and navy equipment are withheld for a certain length of time, but the manufacturers are encouraged to export the general run of their products. The services have assumed the right (under the Espionage Act of 1917) to veto the export not only of aircraft, an official munitions category, but of all other machinery—even though it is not officially "munitions"—the export specifications for which are held to duplicate too closely the models used for our own armament. Actually, the army and navy are somewhat inconsistent in their vetoes: planes having a cruising range of 2,000 miles may not be sold to Japan, but machine tools and alloyed metals for building planes with a cruising range equal to that of our best models may be exported. And in spite of the money spent on anti-espionage, foreign inspectors supervising work on orders for their countries have access to plants where highly confidential production is under way for our own use.

With "war babies" booming on the stock market in anticipation of orders from our army and navy, it seems absurd to continue to act on the theory that exports are necessary to keep these same "war babies" in business. Moreover, why should only the newest and most efficient equipment be denied to our rivals? Why should we not keep our margin of superiority as wide as possible by refusing to export any machinery or materials which will in any way increase the efficiency of these powers?

The results of our present policy are painfully clear. The war in China is our baby. The story of how we fueled Japan's war machine during the conquest of coastal China has been told before. Most of Japan's steel shortage is made up by United States shipments. All of its special steel alloys come from this country. We supply over 90 per cent of Japan's oil, copper, and scrap imports. Its 1938 scrap purchases, thanks to 500,000 tons bought after Canton fell, will closely approximate the 1937 record of 2,000,000 tons. Its copper buying in ten months of 1938 exceeded that for all 1937. Its oil purchases were three times as great. The lubricating oil needed to run its complex, high-speed American machinery, like the high octane fuel required by its American airplanes, cannot be bought or refined in Japan; we have not yet sold our latest refining equipment, which derives airplane fuel from low-grade crude oil like that available in the Netherlands Indies.

Now that Japan is trying to absorb and industrialize half of China, it needs us more than ever. Unless it can obtain from the United States machinery for the manufacture of steel and automobiles, to name only two kinds that it needs, its dream of a modern continental empire must be long deferred. Japan cannot manufacture this machinery itself; before its recent purchases here it had not even facilities for making steel sheets wide enough for automobile bodies, much less for increasing its steel capacity. It cannot obtain such machines from its ideological ally, Germany. In 1937 it bought six times as much machinery from us as from Germany, and in 1938 Germany experienced shortages that made it refuse to export the kind of machinery that Japan wants. But we have been furnishing Japan the means of armament—high-speed metal-working tools—at a rate 75 per cent above the 1937 record. Japan has been lucky indeed to have obtained such cooperation in its effort to turn China into a private preserve.

The year 1938 also saw the United States emerge as a basic prop of the new German empire. Our contributions to Nazi armaments in earlier years, aside from raw materials, consisted largely of patents for airplane motors,* electrical equipment, chemical processes, and machine tools. But Germany, like Japan, is now facing the problem of developing a continental empire. Hitler's achievement, before Munich opened up the vista of an elastic frontier for German industrialism, was to put industry to work within the narrow confines of the Reich by his armament program. Before the end of 1937, however, the pace of armament production had proved too hot for German machines. It was then that the Reich began to turn to us. It has never been dependent upon us in the sense that Japan has been; even today, so long as it stays within its present confines, our aid is not absolutely essential. But the continued strength of National Socialism depends upon continued expansion, and that threatens to overtax the capacity of German industry. Existing production schedules have been geared too high, and if the burden of absorbing and arming first one and then another backward country in Southeastern Europe is added, Germany must either find outside help or collapse into industrial chaos under the weight of its own ambitious schemes. It can only function on the new scale required by its imperial program if it multiplies its capacities until they really begin to rival our own. We are assisting it to do this.

We are making available plans and parts for our continuous strip mills. The famous "people's auto," so much publicized as promising "strength through joy" to loyal Germans, is to be made by American machine tools, like the Opel cars and the motorized trucks for the infantry; German buyers have been active in Cleveland and other machine-tool centers for several months. In spite of credit difficulties orders have already been placed for nearly a million dollars' worth of high-speed special-purpose equipment. With an ideal of a people as well as an army on wheels, Germany requires increasing quantities of gasoline. It is producing about half of the oil it needs, synthetically, from coal, but this domestic product is low-powered, inefficient. To process it into adequate high-powered gasoline, Germany has now purchased from us a complete oil refinery. If Hitler succeeds in absorbing Europe, we shall be responsible.

Meanwhile, the Reich is purchasing here not only machinery for the expansion of its industry but also the raw materials which it needs to carry on at present. Its oil takings have increased; the monthly rate of its copper buying has more than doubled, the Guggenheims participating with the others in the trade. German industry must gear itself to produce on a scale that present European supplies cannot satisfy. It is therefore installing in the Hermann Göring Werke equipment to utilize low-grade sandy iron ore. By this means it expects to obtain half of its iron ore from domestic sources, instead of only 16 per cent. The equipment is being provided by the Brassert Company of Chicago. Pending completion of the installation, Germany's purchases of scrap from us have leaped from nothing to half a million tons a year. It has been buying on joint account with Italy and England, and many of our sales of war-scare days, supposedly intended for England, are now being passed on to Germany.

It is high time that we ceased to accept uncritically the assumption that in the battle between democracy and fascism we shall find England "on the right side when the day comes." Many people apparently believe that the survival of democracy in the United States depends upon our supporting England against the axis. Yet, we may well begin to wonder whether England will ever give us the opportunity to come to its aid against the fascist powers. May it not have been a suspicion of this kind which prompted the President's alleged retort to the enthusiast who remarked that we might soon have to send an army to march down Unter den Linden—"We'd have to get past the British fleet to do it"?

Any prospect of a change in policy through the advent to power of Anthony Eden is extremely nebulous. The dashing Captain was so far misinformed about the attitude of one high American official toward the Chamberlain policy as to tell him in confidence that the Premier's policy was the only one for England to pursue, that there was no real opposition to it on the part of Eden or his friends, that Chamberlain would continue to retreat, and that he, Eden, would soon be back in office. There is apparently no anti-appeasement movement in England able to overthrow Chamberlain.

It is to be hoped that the tragedy of Spain will dispel any illusion we still have about the wisdom of following England's lead. Spain was the victim of a deal, pure and simple—embargo here, "non-intervention" there. No matter how complacent the British lion may feel, we should take more seriously the loss of Gibraltar's effectiveness. For with fascism established in Spain—already there are rumors, from military sources, of a German naval base in the Canaries—the German threat will become something more than a bogy. German domination of the South Atlantic would be really menacing. If we are to have the national security which is the only justification for armament, we must be prepared to offer opposition to fascism by ourselves.

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* See "We Built the Nazi Air Force," by M. M. Fagen, in the *New Republic* for November 23, 1938.

Committed as it is to a policy of non-intercourse with Russia, its only possible ally, except France, against Germany, it is reasonable to suppose that England does not want to stand up to Germany. For if Germany's is a small-scale economy beside our own, it is an industrial colossus beside England's. Germany's aircraft production is so much greater than England's that it will shortly have several thousand planes more than England. Its steel capacity is nearly twice as great, and its engineering and machine-tool industry is so much larger and more efficient that until it ran into its present shortage crisis it was refitting many of England's key armament plants. Compared to Germany, and certainly to the United States, England's entire industrial structure is antiquated and hopelessly inefficient; right down to the spark plugs on its automobiles and the engines and frames of its bombers English industry is incapable of producing on a standardized and mechanized basis. To be of any use to the general staff, English industry must be rebuilt from scratch.

Considerable rebuilding is in fact taking place today under American engineering auspices. England is buying two continuous mills, duplicates of one of the largest in this country. It was our largest purchaser of machinery and machine tools in 1937, and its orders were even larger last year. We are providing talent, equipment, and patents for reorganizing the English automobile, aircraft, and oil-refining industries. England bought 400 planes in one batch last year, and has been inducing American aircraft and engineering firms to set up branches in Canada, as in 1917.

Our foreign trade is really a war trade arming our enemies. Although our foreign policy is oriented toward maintaining a market for our exports of the traditional wealth-creating type, we are actually underwriting the fascism which is closing the world market to free trade. If this insane foreign policy continues, democracy must realize that it is cutting its own throat. Fascism in Europe and Asia is closing to the outside world impressive colonial areas which it promises to develop with American industrial methods into integrated economic empires that will really threaten the supremacy of the United States. When we have helped fascism to do this we shall wake up to the necessity of playing power politics. The New Deal now has its last opportunity to use the economic power of America. Our exports of raw materials and capital goods to the axis and its backers can be stopped. The corporations carrying on this trade sell far more to the United States government than to foreign governments, and they dare not risk losing the good-will of this large and, with rearmament, ever more important customer for the sake of a marginal export business bringing them into public disrepute. Let the government see to this when contracts are awarded under the new armament schedule.

[The third article of Mr. Janeway's series, on our relations with Latin America, will appear in an early issue.]

Bewildered Britain

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, January 18

THE British public's reaction to the negative results of Chamberlain's visit to Rome has been that of a young lady saved from paying too heavy a price for a lapse from virtue. At any rate there have been no "consequences"; relief—pathetic or comical, as you please—is widespread that Mr. Chamberlain made no fresh surrender and that the Duce apparently refrained from embarrassing his guest with point-blank demands. No great cause for cheers? Granted. The subdued gratification felt at this diplomatic exercise in political birth control is significant in that it reveals the extent to which popular faith in "appeasement" has evaporated since Munich. Few people in this country believe any longer that Europe can be genuinely "pacified" by negotiation. The question which exercises the mind of the man in the street is how tactical policy should be directed in the face of the imminent menace of general European war.

Italy is not regarded here as the potential aggressor-in-chief or, indeed, as a formidable opponent on its own account. In the clubs and the "pubs" alike, opinion is unanimous that the Duce is a very junior partner in the axis, and that the decision as between peace and war lies with Hitler. Belief is general that Germany is planning a fresh external adventure in the spring or early summer of this year. What worries people here is that there is nothing to show whether the coming move will be eastward or westward.

The riddle of the Führer's intentions remains anybody's guess. All that the average, politically inexpert Britisher knows is that, after Munich, the Prime Minister promised him that "it will be all right now," but that Civilian Defense Minister Anderson has just declared that "the government is working on the assumption that there is a risk of war within a comparatively short time." Pardonably, the plain citizen is bewildered. He does not trust Hitler, and his belief in the durability of peace is rapidly diminishing. But though Mr. Chamberlain's political stock as the prophet of appeasement has fallen, it would be an error to suppose that the position of the government is precarious either in Parliament or in the country.

In the face of a fifty-fifty chance of European war this year, foreign policy has become for Britain an issue in which party allegiances are inextricably confused. In the Chamberlain camp there is a curious medley of forces, deriving both from the right and from the left. First, one can discern the small but economically influential upper-class group, the "opposite numbers" of M. Flandin and his friends in France, who really believe that security can best be found for Britain—or, say rather, for their own social class—by enrolling in the anti-Comintern front. Obsessed by the "menace of Bolshevism," they cling to the idea that an accommodation can be reached between Britain and the axis powers—at a price worth paying. A few colonial concessions to Germany would doubtless have to be made—preferably at the expense in the main of Portugal and Holland—and, to facilitate agreement, some modification of "democratic license" might have to be accepted in British institutions. But between the ruling classes in Berlin and London, they argue, there is a fundamental solidarity of purpose. Wishful thinking? Of course; but these people are quite sincere, and it is oversimplification to call them "traitors," as the left is inclined to do. They are merely being loyal to their prejudices and their own narrowly conceived interests. Mr. Chamberlain, more democratically minded but equally hostile to the U. S. S. R., goes perhaps half the way with them.

Next, in ascending order of importance, come the advocates of "no war at any price," divided into three distinguishable groups: (1) the pure 100 per cent pacifists, who regard with aversion the rearmament aspect of the government's policy but would rather have a hundred Munichs than one war; (2) the anti-imperialists (represented, for example, by the Independent Labor Party), who would use arms only in the defense of socialism and would applaud "appeasement" if Mr. Chamberlain gave away the entire British Empire; and (3) the isolationist followers of Lord Beaverbrook, who would fight, at need, for the empire, but would have Britain remain neutral even though the swastika flag flew in every European capital. Diametrically opposed to one another on most political issues, these three groups unite tacitly in preferring that Mr. Chamberlain, rather than a Churchill-Eden "stand-up-to-dictators" administration, should be in Downing Street. Chamberlain, they agree, is at any rate less likely to involve them in a war of which, for different reasons, they would disapprove.

By far the most numerous section of Chamberlainites, however, is made up of those whose desire is, not to "surrender" or pay indefinite damages, but simply to put off the evil day. The policy for Britain, they argue, should be to gain time. Germany may march east and become embroiled in a ruinous struggle with Russia; the economy of the axis powers may crack under the financial strain of armaments; dictators are mortal; given another two years, Britain's defenses may be made impregnable; and until it happens war is never inevitable. In a plebiscite this body of opinion would probably be the largest in Britain today and the most solid. It is divided only by degrees of insistence that the present somewhat leisurely tempo of British armament must be accelerated.

In the opposite camp there is, first, the comparatively small but resolute phalanx of militant anti-fascists who hold that the second world war began long ago in China and Spain, that it is a fight to a finish between irreconcilable political ideologies, and that the only thing for Britain to do now is to join in the fray—side by side with the U. S. S. R.—before everything worth fighting for is lost. It is a point of view which commands respect—the more so as many of its adherents have laid down life for it in the Spanish republic's International Brigade—but it is not the attitude of the majority of the Prime Minister's opponents in relation to foreign policy. The main body of the opposition—comprising dissident Conservatives mobilized by Mr. Churchill, the remnants of Liberalism under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George, and the "official" Labor Party forces—takes its stand on the thesis that concessions to totalitarian blackmail do not pay, and that with each surrender the democracies grow weaker and lose friends, while the dictatorships wax stronger and greedier in their demands. The case for a "firmer" foreign policy is argued by its various proponents in differing tones. Some still make a shibboleth of the blessed words "collective security" and would have Britain believe that, with bold leadership, a new League, or rather Group, of Nations could be recreated sufficiently powerful to curb the aggressor states—particularly if, as they hopefully hint would happen, the United States joined the "active" democratic front. Others admit that the League idea has sunk beyond hope of salvage, but contend that a compact Anglo-Russo-French alliance would still have a sufficient preponderance of resources to call the dictators' bluff. Others, again, no longer attempt to dispute the strength of the axis powers' position, particularly in the air; nor do they deny that "firmness" would probably precipitate general European war. Their argument is that, with every month that passes, the democracies are allowing the dictatorships' military superiority to increase, and that since a conflict is ultimately inevitable, it is better to make a stand, refuse any sort of concession, and risk war at once, before Germany has obtained control of Rumania's oil, and before submarine bases in Spain, the Canaries, and West Africa have fatally jeopardized Britain's sea communications.

This school is gaining recruits. The man in the street is profoundly uneasy at the appearance of governmental drift, and is shocked by the discovery that Czechoslovakia is now, to all intents and purposes, a German colony. But this is not to say that these anti-Chamberlainites are near getting a majority of public opinion behind them. There is far too much jealousy and suspicion as between their various political leaders: Churchill, Lloyd George, and Attlee make an ill-assorted team. The peace-loving citizen, who hopes to see the roses in his suburban garden bloom next June, does not believe that "firmness" at this stage could successfully call Hitler's bluff; and to vote for a "preventive" war—which is what the opponents of Chamberlain are accused of meaning—requires a high degree not merely of courage but of conviction that the cause is just and that it will triumph.

In Britain today it is difficult to find either the courage or the conviction. This is not true of the "man in the pub." He is increasingly ashamed of what was done in his name at Munich, and is getting, vis-a-vis the dictators, into very much the same angry mood as that in which his forbears defied Napoleon. But Britain, for all its trade unions and its big Labor Party vote, is still a remarkably feudal country; the influence of the higher bourgeoisie is enormous. And in that social stratum the spirit of defeatism is dominant. The crisis of last September shook to the core the "comfortable" classes in this country. They are well aware of the danger to British interests of axis domination in Spain; and they view with dismay the destruction of British trade in the Far East. In their own minds, however, the recollection of their Rolls-Royced evacuation of London four months ago is so painful that, psychologically, they are not prepared to go through another crisis at any price. Their psychology is infectious; under its contagion mass opinion in Britain is perplexed, irresolute, and more than a little frightened of what the future may hold. John Bull is essentially a sane, kindly, and courageous person; but at the moment he is in danger of becoming the victim of jittery bewilderment.

The Baltimore "Sun" Goes Down

BY WILLARD R. ESPY

"DEMOCRACY?" said H. L. Mencken, "I never have believed in it. I wrote a book against it fifteen years ago, and I'm not the sort of man to change my mind." But he does believe in free speech, he went on, and in limited government; and anyhow his anti-democracy in no sense reflects the views of the Baltimore Sunpapers, with which he has been connected for thirty-two of his forty journalistic years.

Mencken is a bright-eyed, graying, broad-grinning little man, astonishingly Hooverish-looking. The extent of his explicitly anti-liberal influence on *Sun* policies is of interest because the Sunpapers have long enjoyed an international reputation for progressiveness. It was the *Evening Sun* that tore the hoods off the Ku Klux Klan, poked fun at the anti-red campaigns of post-war days, and sent the Socialist New York *Call* $500 for legal defense when Postmaster General Burleson barred it from the mails. The humanitarian ideals of John Haslup Adams, editor of first the evening and then the morning *Sun* from 1910 to 1927, created a legend that is still current. The alliance between the *Sun* and the Manchester *Guardian* is part of that legend. A *Sun* telegram urged Governor Fuller of Massachusetts to appoint an impartial legal committee to study the Sacco-Vanzetti case just three days before the two men were executed. Publishing minority opinions has been a *Sun* tradition.

There are those who charge that after 1930, and most flagrantly after 1936, this background was betrayed. Since Roosevelt's reelection, in which the Sunpapers opposed him, they are said to have become second only to the Chicago *Tribune* or the Los Angeles *Times* in their anti-Administration hysteria. It is charged that they have been consistently anti-labor, especially anti-C. I. O., and that their baiting of red-baiters has been replaced by an attitude which found expression in their adjuration to the Dies committee of January 8 that "of the extremist groups the Communists are incomparably the most important," and their objectivity in foreign affairs by the bias of Mencken's remark in the same issue that "it must be a dreadful jackass indeed who believes that . . . the gang of Communists, anarchists, and other such vermin now operating in government Spain is democratic." Nor have they hesitated, the accusation runs, to pervert or suppress news in furtherance of their altered aims.

Any clarifying evaluation must decide not only whether the Sunpapers are anti-liberal now but whether their present policies belie their history, and if so, what factors have impelled the change.

Historically, the morning *Sun* is a conservative news organ. When Arunah S. Abell published its first penny issue on May 17, 1837, the bank riots had given Baltimore a dread of democracy that it was long in losing. Abell's journal avoided politics like the plague. Except for objecting in 1856 to the "wilful and impractical theorists" who asserted that slavery was a national issue, it took no sides on public matters until the War between the States, and then its sympathies were with the Confederacy.

Even the stink of Baltimore bossism in the seventies could not interrupt the *Sun's* post-war political indifference. Only when Arunah's son, George W. Abell, grew to be the dominant figure on the paper did it plunge into local politics in the 80's, crippling the Gorman-Rasin political machine and initiating Maryland's remarkably high judicial standards. Again in 1895 the *Sun*, shamed into disowning the corrupt Democratic state machine, was instrumental in disabling it. Nationally, however, the Abells were content to back Cleveland for twelve years as a man who could be "trusted." They supported McKinley in 1896 because of Bryan's sixteen-to-one heresies, and again in 1900 because they suspected these heresies remained in the back of the peerless leader's mind, not to mention his socialistic advocacy of government ownership of railroads. When the first Roosevelt was the liberal and Parker the conservative, in 1904, the Abells backed Parker, as in 1908 they stood behind Taft. After that the majority ownership changed, and in 1912 the *Sun* and Bryan together were largely responsible for Wilson's nomination. From 1912 through 1932 the Sunpapers supported every Presidential nominee of the Democratic Party.

During most of this period the principal editorial writer was John Haslup Adams, a thoroughgoing liberal who, according to "The Sunpapers of Baltimore," a Mencken-edited history, "saw a great modern newspaper as largely, if not mainly, an engine for rectifying injustice." Van Lear Black, genial business man who took charge of the Sunpapers in 1914, let his editorial staff strictly alone except to throw rip-roaring parties for them. Adams died in 1927, and Van Lear Black disappeared from his yacht at sea in August, 1930. The Abell Company's twenty-year experiment with liberalism was drawing to a close.

In a front-page editorial printed on September 11, 1936, the *Sun* revealed that it would not support Roosevelt for reelection. The editorial declared in part:

> The *Sun* stands for competitive capitalism. It is the system which most effectively uproots the unfit, the unworthy, the lazy. It is the system which gives place to the vigorous, the competent, the purposeful. . . . When government controls one's property, government controls one's vote. It is the economic freedom of competition which guards political freedom.

From that day on the constructive aspects of the New Deal ceased to interest the Sunpapers, which saw in it only the evils of unbalanced budgets and bureaucratic centralization.

This enmity has brought about not only perversion of news but reversal of traditional loyalties. In 1910 the editor of the *Sun* persuaded David J. Lewis to run for Congress, and in 1916 the *Sun* supported him for the Senate. When he was defeated in the latter race, he received, said the Maryland Merry-Go-Round for last August 13, a telegram which read, "Never mind, Davey, you'll come back." It was signed by Frank Kent and John Owens, the same Kent and Owens who in 1938, as chief political writer and chief editor respectively, knifed Lewis in his campaign against Senator Millard Tydings, one of their chief targets all through the twenties. When state police estimated the attendance at a Lewis rally at 3,000, the *Sun* estimate was 1,400. When a New York *Times* editorial criticized Roosevelt's intervention in Democratic primaries, the *Sun* reprint omitted the first sympathetic paragraphs. A Lewis statement detailing alleged financial links between Tydings and certain of his campaign subscribers was ignored. A *Sun* reporter, Louis O'Donnell, won the confidence of Lewis men by indicating his desire to quit newspaper work and go into politics as a Lewis protege. Using their friendship to discover where possible replacements in the Maryland federal set-up were contemplated by Lewis, O'Donnell—whose nephew, it was charged later, Tydings had appointed to Annapolis—wrote a story of a projected Maryland "purge."

On the refugee problem, as generally on straight questions of civil liberties—for example, the dictatorship of Mayor Hague—the Sunpapers remain progressive. They attack lynchings unrestrainedly—Mencken's description of the members of an Eastern Shore lynching party as morons who loved the smell of burning Negro flesh lost the *Sun*, temporarily at least, thousands of Eastern Shore subscribers—and have reluctantly favored some sort of effective anti-lynching law. Until recently, however, no photographs of Negroes were allowed to appear in the *Sun*. When the "Sunspot" column, which was singling out prominent local citizens for feature stories, ran out of worthy whites, a reporter was sent to interview some distinguished Negroes, but before any of the sketches appeared the *Sun* mysteriously abandoned the idea, and the reporter had to telephone apologies to each of his subjects.

The *Sun* has been noticeably hostile to the C. I. O., whose statements and public letters, according to Frank Bender, regional director for Maryland, "are as often suppressed as printed." Bender told me, too, that the *Sun* seized on a street bombing and tunnel explosion as excuses to attack the C. I. O., though no evidence was ever adduced to connect it with either occurrence. The Sunpapers' accounts of the recent C. I. O. crab-pickers' strike at Crisfield were practically incitements to mob violence against the strikers.

"I believe good reporters should get more money than they do," Mencken told me, "but I don't see why they should fuss over the wages of understrappers." Mencken was negotiator for the A. S. Abell Company when it presented its unit of the American Newspaper Guild with a contract that would have prohibited political activities on the part of employees. This move, it may be said, was probably impelled as much by the Sunpapers' traditional paternalism as by any desire to thwart the Guild. Under the Abell regime it was understood that employees, failing some horrendous sin, held lifetime tenure; and the salaries of ill employees continued sometimes for years.

At the time of the Guild's formation, Mencken, returning from a European trip, graciously approved the new union and went so far as to say he would join it if asked. He was sent a membership card afterward, and held a series of telephone conversations on the subject with a Baltimore member. Jovially, bit by bit, he hedged. "I'm no Communist, you know," he chuckled over the 'phone. Assured that his interlocutor was no Communist either, he then expressed doubts as to his own eligibility. "When I was a starving reporter," he said, "the *Sun* gave me a little stock instead of a raise, thinking it wasn't worth anything; but it fooled 'em." He ended by writing a letter refusing to join.

About a year after the birth of the National Labor Relations Board, the *Sun* pressroom formed a local organization. It faded away, but not soon enough to prevent the Abell Company from being haled before an NLRB examiner on the charge of sponsoring a company shop. The *Sun* and the Los Angeles *Times* are, incidentally, the only large news enterprises still failing to recognize the International Printing Pressmen's Union.

The position of a newspaper may remain idiosyncratic, and therefore incomprehensible to the dogmatist, until an issue meaning life or death to it is involved. A Maryland Congressman complained to me, "The *Sun's* always been liberal until it came to the pinch; then some mysterious, faceless being taps an editorial shoulder, and the policy shifts." The sources of these significant shoulder-tappings may be tangled, but they are hardly mysterious.

About a quarter of Baltimore is Catholic. Among that quarter are the descendants of Arunah S. Abell, himself a Protestant. Cardinal Gibbons, the gentle old Archbishop of Baltimore, whose very enemies loved him, was a close friend of the Abells, and often spent his summers with one branch or another of the family. Malcontents whispered that the *Sun* ran the archdiocese. But on the accession of Archbishop Curley in the early twenties, the picture changed. Curley believes that cooperation with outsiders is a device of the devil, and that the madder the rest of the world gets at the church the better it is for the church's unity. He resented the influence of the *Sun* in local Catholic circles, and from time to time his discontent emerged into print.

In 1934 S. Miles Bouton, a Mencken find who as *Sun* correspondent in Germany had been Hitler's friend in the beer-hall days, quarreled with his erstwhile intimate, and left for Baltimore under a Nazi cloud. As Mencken tells the story, Bouton soon was commissioned by the *Sun* to do a series on Germany. In one article a paragraph six fathoms deep compared Hitler's fanaticism to Ignatius Loyola's. The analogy prompted a mild complaint from the Jesuits, but an editorial letter soothed them. Then Curley, who had been away nursing (in Mencken's phrase) "plethoric shingles around the belly," was apprised of the insult. The Archbishop burst into a thousand blazing little pieces. He demanded an immediate and utter apology, and when every formula that the *Sun* put forward failed to satisfy him, he had the journal denounced from all the parish pulpits in the archdiocese and initiated a Catholic advertisers' boycott. The attack continued for months, until—on the hinted advice of a Washington priest that there was no statement the *Sun* in self-respect could make that Curley would approve if consulted—the *Sun* issued an unapproved apology, going as far as it could; and the furor died down.

The incident allowed the Sunpapers to feel painfully the weight of the church's hand. Though Mencken declares that subscriptions slumped very little and that only one minor account was dropped by a Catholic advertiser, other estimates set the circulation loss at 50,000. Since 1934 the *Sun* has dealt tenderly with the Catholic church. A Protestant minister complained to me that the *Sun* gives from two to four times as much space to Catholic activities as to Protestant. Part of this disproportion may be because the Catholics, for their number, are more active.

It is reasonable to assume that the Curley attacks of 1934 may have affected *Sun* policy on the Spanish civil war. Shortly after the revolt started, a *Sun* man wrote an article in which he assessed the opposing forces greatly to the moral detriment of the rebels. From Catholic pulpits and from the columns of the *Catholic Review*, warning shots were fired across the *Sun's* bows; and a few days later the editorial staff received from the hand of John Owens a note signed by Paul Patterson stating that henceforth articles on Spain must be read by Mr. Owens (read Patterson) before going into print. This order, ending the *Sun* boast of free expression among its competent and informed staff, aroused a bitterness that has yet to vanish from the editorial rooms. *Sun* columns since that time have displayed pro-rebel sympathies, and Mr. Mencken has outdone Coughlin himself in excoriating the "Barcelona convent-burners," the scoundrels "imported from Moscow" by "Red Spain."

Fear of the Catholic church only partly explains the spots on the *Sun.* It is after all a virtual monopolist in its field, facing only the competition of Hearst's *News-Post,* and it could, if it chose, ignore the Catholic pressure without fatal results. Still another explanation lies in the interests and connections of those who control the enterprise. A search for the persons behind the views of the Sunpapers narrows quickly to five men: Frank Kent, political columnist; John Owens, editor-in-chief of both dailies; Harry C. Black, who owns the largest single block of stock and is also chairman of the Maryland Fidelity and Deposit Company; Paul Patterson, president of the A. S. Abell Company and publisher of the Sunpapers since 1919; and H. L. Mencken, who admits to holding no editorial position whatever.

The views of Kent, one of the first vociferous deserters from Roosevelt (a wealthy man in his own right, he aroused criticism during the last Roosevelt campaign by broadcasting political comment under the aegis of a Baltimore bank), obviously coincide with the *Sun's,* as do the views of Owens, who is a tired liberal but a civilized gentleman. Neither of them is in a position to impose policy.

Before Van Lear Black's death, the stock interest in the Abell Company owned by Harry C. Black, his brother, may have passed 30 per cent, and even if part has been sold, it is now doubtless more than that. But Harry Black is of the same stripe as his brother, who was a close personal friend of Roosevelt. He may be anti-New Deal, but not in the hysterical fashion of his newspapers. Like Van Lear before him, moreover, he leans backward to avoid influencing editorial policy.

The dictator of the A. S. Abell Company is Paul Patterson, who worked up through one newspaper after another until he was made managing editor of the new-born *Evening Sun* in 1911. Eugene B. Casey, a Washington contractor who opposed the *Sun's* policies in the election campaign, said over WBAL last September 9:

> Patterson used to tell his friends that the secret of successful news publishing was in being independent, in having no stock ownership in the paper. But when Van Lear Black died, Paul Patterson borrowed from the banks a total reputed to be $3,000,000 in order to buy out Van Lear Black's stock. This ranks Patterson with Harry Black as the biggest stockholder, and it also puts him under tremendous obligation to the banks.

It is certain at least that while under Van Lear Black's will his Abell Company stock was left to his brother, Paul Patterson was given control through a voting trust. Shortly after his accession to power one of his star reporters, Drew Pearson, was relieved of covering a Senate banking investigation when his stories began to carry a sting, and in 1931, when he reported the freezing of Chase National Bank and other credits in Germany, the *Sun* gave a two-column spread to Aldrich's denial, though events were to prove that Pearson was tragically right.

The last of the five suspects is muddled, fascinating H. L. Mencken. Mencken is pervasive on the *Sun.* He is a member of the board of directors. He has no editorial post, yet he sits in on every important editorial meeting. Mencken, Patterson, and Harry Black were the committee that reorganized the Sunpapers in 1919-20. Mencken and Miles H. Wolff were the original members of the liaison committee that was formed in 1934 between the morning and the evening *Sun.* Mencken and the chief editors of the morning, evening, and Sunday *Suns* faced the Newspaper Guild negotiators. Mencken listened to the 1934 Catholic grievance committees. So *ad infinitum.*

When Paul Patterson entered the office in 1911, his desk adjoined Mencken's. The two men became friends. Patterson not only is fond of Mencken but believes him to be a genius. Moreover, Mencken is a celebrity, and the publisher, like many another small-town-boy-who-made-good, to the tune of $85,000 a year, beams on celebrities. In the *Sun* office Mencken's pungent comments on the social scene live again a few days later on Patterson's lips. Disclaiming editorial influence, Mencken remarked to me that after 1910 he served a while as a "kind of prime minister without portfolio." A more exact summation of his present position could scarcely be voiced.

In the last analysis recent alterations in the tenor of the *Sun* don't go below the second or third layer of skin. The Sunpapers of the twenties were as vehement as the Sunpapers of the thirties against laws, state or federal, to limit child labor. On the other hand, the *Sun* of 1938 is still able to approve Hull's liberal tariff policies. In its palmiest progressive days the *Sun* abhorred woman suffrage, holding that ladies wouldn't vote and women who weren't ladies shouldn't. Centralization of government, government extravagance, and soak-the-rich taxes are no more of a *bête noire* now than they ever were. The *Evening Sun* in 1925 objected:

> Observers sometimes make the mistake of referring to the *Evening Sun* as liberal. This the editors emphatically deny, for according to their definition, "A liberal is one who stands for more laws, more jobholders, higher taxes, and, in consequence, less liberty." They maintain rather that the *Evening Sun* is an old-fashioned conservative. . . . In line with this conservative policy it howls against "spies, snoopers, and agents provocateurs," and deplores the Paul Pryism of income-tax publicity.

From time to time the Sunpapers, and even H. L. Mencken, would put in a lick for reform in the good old days when reform and communism weren't synonymous, and whenever practicable they still retain their traditional respect for civil liberties. But Sunpaper liberalism, like the magic ass's skin that shrank each time it was wished on, has come to cover a very small area indeed.

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Living Philosophies

IX. ONLY SYMBOLS MATTER*

BY EMIL LUDWIG

I BELIEVE in the wisdom and beneficence of nature; but she does not give everything to all. I believe in the power of the gods; but they give the main chance to the strong. I believe in the dictatorship of fate; but fate favors the creative man.

To clarify this statement I must first sketch the path by which I came to this belief. Son of a naturalist and humanist, I was brought up neither by the precepts of Moses nor by those of Jesus. I learned the Ten Commandments, indeed, but the foundation for a respectable way of life was laid in the example of my parents. The widest tolerance toward all forms of belief was exemplified in my father, who as physician devoted himself to his fellow-man and as scholar trusted nature well. He showed his children that over us rules a power which is always the same, though called by many names. Brought up to distrust force and to reverence the spiritual and beautiful, I learned to venerate, besides the Greeks, two prophets—Goethe and Beethoven.

At the same time I learned responsibility. We did not acquire the habit of taking refuge behind the Fatherland or behind our race, least of all behind the suffering of a prophet said to have died for us all. The whole structure of my world would break down were I to believe that another than myself could save me.

And why salvation? From what? The thought of man's fall and his original sin as the medium between God and me, as well as the whole conception of a transfigured Son of God who will save me from the hell burning beneath paradise, is alien to me. I have never disturbed this belief in others, nor have I envied them it. To me Jesus—whom I was later to represent as a great fighter and prophet—is as worthy of reverence as Socrates, because he died for his truth, as men are doing again today.

All development since my youth I owe to one alone. Goethe has served as my leader not only in all the realm of thought and deed but throughout the different decades of my life. Goethe and Nietzsche remain the only philosophers whom I have read; none among my contemporaries is known to me. My philosophical studies, thus limited, set my feet in the right path and left my mind free to approach God through contemplation of his works as found in nature, in music, and in great characters.

Problems of guilt and expiation have no meaning in my life. My point of view is that we sin in falling short in the efficiency which nature can expect from us according to her gifts to us. On this account I do not believe that there is such a thing as thwarted genius, or that a man may die before his time. Nature soon recalled great creative geniuses like Mozart, Schubert, Byron, and Giorgione when they had given all that lay within them. Goethe, Beethoven, Shakespeare, and Leonardo were given a longer time, in order that they might complete their work according to the more measured tempo of their lives. I have no sympathy for the baffled poet or statesman who blames the misunderstanding of the rest of the world for his failure.

In fact, my sympathy for the higher forms of mankind steadily wanes, while my sympathy for the animal world increases. I cannot feel for a vanquished dictator, but my sympathy goes out to any dog struck down by an automobile. However, I do not hold the exercise of sympathy to be a service for which anyone may recommend his soul to God. Nature puts upon no man an unbearable burden; if her limits be exceeded, man responds by suicide. I have always respected suicide as a regulator of nature. But a believing or philosophic man who has pondered upon God should call upon the sympathy of man, or upon that of God, only when in the direst extremity. When I do this, I am unable to determine whether my prayer may still be termed monotheistic.

But it is of little importance, for whether I pray to a single power or to the many manifestations of it, the difference is not great enough to warrant the war of words or weapons that men have waged. What I worship is the creative power, and that alone. Goethe called it *Gott-Natur*, seeking a way out by this compound expression. In the prime of his life, Goethe voiced this concept in an ode. For twenty years it has hung on the wall beside my bed.

> Nature! By whom we are surrounded and enfolded, powerless to step without her limits, impotent to sink deeper within her. Unbidden, she takes us up and carries us along in the cycle of her dance, until we weary and fall from her arms. . . . Although we continually influence her, we have no power over her. She is manifest in her countless children—this mother. . . . She is pleased with illusion; she punishes, like a harsh tyrant, him who destroys it in himself or in others. But him who follows her trustfully she presses close to her heart. Her children are without number. She is miserly toward

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* Translated by Grace McConnaughey.

> none, but she has favorites on whom she spends lavishly and for whom much is sacrificed. Her protection is given to the great. Her drama is ever new, because she continually provides new spectators. Life is her most wonderful invention, and death a master-stroke whereby she may have much life. She envelops man in darkness and spurs him eternally toward the light. She makes him dependent upon the earth, slow and heavy, yet always is stirring him up. . . . She is generous; praise be to her and all her works. She is wise and calm. . . . She has brought me thus far; she will lead me out. I place myself in her hands without reserve. Do with me as she may, she will not spite her own creation. All lies at her door. She alone is culpable, and she alone is deserving of credit.

Since I have not the systems of the philosophers and lack the commentaries of the theologians, I can reconstruct my faith only from the feelings which possess me when I contemplate God's works. It seems possible, indeed, to draw near to him without a systematized belief or form of thought. Goethe has said it in the cold sentence: "Let us seek nothing behind the phenomena; they themselves are the lesson."

This acceptance of the world through the sensuous apperception of it is possible and bearable only to one who is daily conscious of the reality of death but nevertheless makes out his program for days and years to come, as if he were immortal. This paradox is similar to that in which we stubbornly postulate freedom of the will and at the same time believe, perforce, in a fate which must some day cross its path. It was only by virtue of these paradoxes that Goethe justified to himself his constant activity as an escape from demoniacal powers. Belief and accomplishment were so closely allied in him that at eighty years of age he spoke the daring words, "The conviction of my continuation after death springs from my belief in action. For if I work ceaselessly until my death, then nature is obliged to give me another form of being when the present one can no longer house my spirit."

The force of this argument impressed me even in my youth, and I have arrived at similar sources of a faith which rests, fundamentally, upon realistic forms. On this account my belief is all the more easily associated with a pantheism which sees God in all manifestations of nature, whether it peoples nature with discrete gods or sees one all-inhering spirit. Nature seems to me to be filled with a universal rustling which I need not personify.

From so deep a feeling of the animate quality of all things there comes of itself a belief in the symbolism of all being. The symbolic character of every happening shines with overwhelming power into the heart of him who sees each creature as the representative of others and to whom all appearances are but the varied play of the same creative will. Here, for me, ends every question into the future.

Goethe's final wisdom, "All mortality is but a symbol," gives me a similar feeling of peace, for it takes the shock from occurrences without destroying their illusory charm. When I have learned to see the negative and unsuccessful aspects of my work, my environment, or my country as symbolic, then I have learned to bear them. When we look upon the events of our life, in their rise and fall, their ripening and withering, their success and failure, as among the experiments of one and the same creator with millions of his creations, we cannot but feel ourselves encompassed by a circle of circumstance which we cannot break through.

The more definitely a belief in the wisdom of nature took shape in me the less I admired the ascendance of one man over another and the more I admired man's victories over the elements, which I attempted to portray in writing. Not only my excursions in history but those through the woods and mountains have essentially changed in character. The thirty years of my life spent in the country brought this about.

Out of such feelings I have come, in the historical world also, to be conscious of an unseen destiny, of a necessity. It is this that I have tried to express in my biographical studies. One should never represent a man simply as an individual but always as the symbol of a human type, an aspiring child of the gods in battle with himself. To me, at least, individual destinies are interesting only as such symbols. For character is nothing other than the Biblical pound which the master gave to his servant that he might invest it. The amount of the gift is less important than the purpose and strength to make something of it. In my researches, whether in the immediate present or in the past, I have always found more talent that rusted through lack of character than strong characters that failed to advance through lack of talent. Out of this has developed my *moral* concept of history as opposed to the modern "dynamic" or economic interpretation.

Never, however, have I taken the way of the psychoanalysts, who, it seems to me, overshadow the colorful abundance of life with their systematized doctrines until it is a sorry figment indeed. Contradictions are to be found in every human soul, beyond question, and whoever attempts to unravel them by some abracadabra only destroys their fascinating configurations. That childhood and sex are fundamental experiences of mankind was known and shown by Plutarch, but in no one attribute or stage of development have I found the key to character. Sex and ambition are important motives of action, but the play instinct is just as vital, whether in men of action or in men of reflection. It is the interplay of motives that is decisive; from this springs the morality of a person.

A man's contribution to human welfare is important in the light of history, the forum of humanity, but before God the greatest is he who brings his abilities to their highest point, he whose personality penetrates most deeply the lives of others. Out of this contradiction there has arisen for me a problem which I have been unable quite to solve.

While I pay homage to the man who, through ingenuity, healing, and helping, adds to the happiness of mankind, and while the conquest of cities and countries seems to me to be unimportant for the land of my birth or for any other country known to history, nevertheless, I am most strongly attracted by powerful creative natures, the men of action and the Platonic, who know how to enforce their will upon others and so to raise themselves a step nearer to divinity. The creative power of conquering heroes is not negated by a thousand deaths for which they may have been responsible upon their way, for such men, as Goethe says, "step beyond morality; they are elemental forces like water and fire." So it is that I am ever more drawn to those who are heroes in the old sense of the word, and that my interest in the saints lessens, although it is the latter, not the former, who contribute to human progress.

But neither by this romantic preference for the great adventurers nor by a recognition of the symbolic am I led to approve the amoral activity of our times. Conquest of lands and peoples has lost its beauty. The mastery of time and space accomplished by technical advances has made the subjugation of one people by another absurd. Mechanized warfare and conscription have similarly rendered absurd the pathos of classical heroism. I grew up in a land of inborn obedience, but even as a youngster I could not but recognize the madness of modern war. I saw the union of peoples, of all Europe, as a necessity demanded by the interdependence of all upon all, just as the radio, bringing us news of the most distant occurrences, instantaneously unites our intelligence.

It was the war that really brought home to me the decadence of our social system. What I saw in Germany of the shallow vanity, arrogance, self-interest of the ruling classes fostered defiance against everything supported by the inheritance of rank, title, or money. For me the only hero to emerge from this war was the Unknown Soldier. Yet here, too, arises a contradiction. An individualist, anarchical by nature, feels himself in opposition to the friend of man who is always working for justice. This contradiction, familiar to Nietzsche, allows me to feel the power and beauty of masterful, highly gifted characters who dominate in the world of men just as there are certain outstanding individuals among animals and plants. But I feel that there are limits to an aesthetic view of the world, and I am dedicated to the destruction of all false privilege, based on inheritance or cunning, until society be so completely reconstructed that everyone has the opportunity to reach the goal to which he is entitled by talent and character.

For the sake of this reconstruction, this equalization of classes, there must be sacrificed from time to time a bit of personal freedom, but never at the arbitrary command of a state. With world commerce making neighbors of the chief cities of rival peoples, the epoch of the national state enters its decline. The sacrifice of the life and peace of a people to so-called national honor or greatness is absurd today, for no people disputes the honor of another, and "great powers" no longer exist, in the higher sense of the term. Since culture has become accessible to all peoples, the question what flag waves over a government building is far less important than what is being done in that building toward the equable distribution of goods. I do not like this leveling, but I bow to a new necessity in the faint hope that a world once made free will afford the spirit more room and peace in which to spread its wings.

But I do not perceive in this struggle the essence of the age, nor would I in any sense sacrifice my life to it. Necessary as it is, and much as I agree with it in principle, yet I know that only the material fortunes of men will be improved as a result of this battle of the classes. The chance which we would give the poor and lowly to learn and to become what they will is bound to raise the average, but it cannot advance the highest achievements, which in all times have had their source in gifted and creative characters without distinction of birth or possession. No more than any one race has any one class a monopoly of the finest exploits of mankind. For among the creative and enlightened figures of history, the great prophets and artists, philosophers and inventors, popes and emperors, there are those who were born slaves, bastards, sons of peasants and the proletariat. The spirit is always autochthonous and not to be brought into being by breeding or by the elevation of a class.

And only the spirit matters, for it is that alone which connects us with God. The smallest discovery in nature is of more importance than a shifting of the balance of power in Europe. Biologists, physicians, and engineers, the true builders of our age, compete to outlaw sickness, to master the elements, and to lengthen life, ever striving toward, and in some degree achieving, the very opposite of that effected by the statesmen preparing for war. And even when nothing practical is accomplished, when only new knowledge of the nature of the stars, or of the ocean depths, or of the atom is won, we come nearer to God.

Therefore, I do not believe in the ideal state, since the ideal can never be sought in the state. I do not believe in salvation through an idea, because every idea must perish as it succeeds. But I do believe that the imagination and the thirst after knowledge have the power to bring me closer to the wonders of the world as symbols of the Godhead.

I recognize God in the construction of a crystal, no less than in that of a Bach fugue. I see Him in the revolution of our times which seeks to wipe out old injustices and in the end achieves a modicum of justice. I see Him in the master-hand of Leonardo, as he fixed an unearthly smile upon the lips of his divine creation, and in the caricatures which he made of men's features. I recognize God in the inspiration which He sends me as if in a dream, and in the long labor by which I must carry it out.

Pocket Guide

CO-OPS AND COMMON SENSE

ARDENT faith is beautiful to see, but it is not much help in running a retail store. To build up a cooperative you need the same equipment that you need to run any independent retail store. You've got to know the ropes, you've got to count the pennies, and you've got to like fussing with details.

That truth jumps out at you from two new books about the cooperatives, probably the best that have yet been written. Ellis Cowling's "Cooperatives in America" (Coward-McCann, $2) is short and compact. "Consumers' Cooperation in Great Britain" (Harper, $4) is long, thorough, and scholarly. The story of the cooperatives in America has been one of dramatic ups and downs. It has seesawed with prosperity—up when times were bad, down when times were good. Now it is going up and going up fast, and on a sounder basis than ever before.

Mr. Cowling is an evangelist for the cause. He thinks the cooperatives will cure everything. For him labor unions and the ballot count little. He is so sure that cooperatives are a universal panacea that the reader is tempted to jump to the other side and think that all they can do is reduce the cost of living, make wages go farther. Mr. Cowling himself says of the movement, "It does not offer labor an immediate defense against wage cuts, lengthened hours, or bad working conditions—it doesn't offer the farmer an immediate relief from low prices for his farm produce."

He believes that cooperatives are not socialism nor communism nor a middle road between the two, but that they work toward a better social system by teaching people how industry is run—and by making the ordinary person a property owner. When you own property, people will listen to you. "Those who own—control." In short, it is not the aim of the cooperatives to fight against capitalism or for socialism but to fit the working class into the present order.

In a general way the authors of "Consumers' Cooperation in Great Britain," a group of twelve well-known economists and writers not connected with the cooperative movement, agree with Mr. Cowling. It happened that I read Mr. Cowling's book first and the other later, and I think that is the right order. The British book is packed with information—facts and figures.

All the figures about the British cooperatives are dazzling. Their wholesale system is the largest single food-distributing business in the world. Their flour mills are the largest and most modern in the British Empire. Their banking department is second in financial strength to the Bank of England. They do one-sixth of England's retail business.

The American cooperatives of course make no such exciting picture—the chains and the department stores got in ahead here—but they are at the moment in a better position than ever before. They will profit from the quarrel between the chain stores and the independents. They have the advice and help of the Cooperative League of America. And they have learned that a cooperative business, to succeed, has to stick rigidly to certain rules. Every cooperative in Great Britain that didn't stick to these rules failed. I have room to mention only three of the most important.

The first is that cooperatives must not cut prices in competition with other stores. Instead, they must use the rebate system—that is, give the profits back to the customer at the end of the year. The next is that no matter how many shares of stock a person owns he must have only one vote. The reason for this is obvious: it is the only way to keep democratic control. The third is that money must not be used for outside political and organizing purposes.

Until recently the most successful cooperatives in the United States have been in the Middle West, and have been those which deal in gas, oil, farm supplies, lumber, and staple groceries, products unaffected by fashion, taste, or whim. Now there are rapidly growing cooperatives in other fields, and the fastest growing ones are in the East. They are even beginning to do well in New York City. The first national grocery cooperative in this country, the Great Lakes Central Wholesale Grocery Cooperative, does a business of $3,000,000 a year and has 140 retail outlets.

But the movement still faces great dangers, and what some of them are is made perfectly clear by these two books. Both agree about the tough problem of wages and hours. How can cooperatives pay higher wages than private industry and shorten hours and yet compete? Except in Scotland British cooperatives do not pay higher wages or have shorter hours. But they would like to be able to, and they know that the only way they can do so is by forcing wages up and hours down in whole industries. This they are trying to do by legislation. As to their attitude toward labor unions, in the 1926 general strike the co-ops were forced to be on both sides of the fence. Many of their own employees were striking, while they were supporting other strikers. But there is this to be said—the chances for promotion and the conditions of employment are far better in English cooperatives than in privately owned stores. In England as in the United States the co-ops encourage unions among their employees.

Another danger: it is easy to oversell a community on the idea of a cooperative when the push comes from the outside. The healthiest cooperatives are those which grow out of a local need. In Madison, New Jersey, according to an article in *Fortune*, a group of people got tired of paying too much for coal and out of this grew a healthy cooperative.

It may seem to you that I'm pointing out too many weaknesses. But this is a movement that can be made successful only by those who go into it with their eyes open. J. P. Warbasse, president of the Cooperative League of America, says that in proportion there are more failures in private business than in cooperatives. Certainly the cooperative movement, whether it is going to lead to Utopia or not, is growing faster in the United States today than ever before and on a more solid basis.

HELEN WOODWARD

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAVE just returned from a visit to Washington, where I was startled to find a general feeling of depression and discouragement, particularly among New Deal officials, such as I had not noticed since 1932. For example, I talked with two friends who hold important offices, though not of first rank. Their first question was, "What do you see ahead for us?" They looked gloomy and they were gloomy, and I could not add very much to their cheer, for I was depressed by what I had heard, in the course of a flying trip to Ohio, about the conditions in Cleveland and in Kentucky. Cleveland, with 200,000 people still out of work, is an alarming spectacle; the financial resources of the city are practically exhausted and the authorities are at their wits' end to know what to do. From Kentucky comes the report of a considerable increase in petty crime due to hunger and suffering; one judge is said to have refused to jail a man of otherwise excellent reputation who had broken into a store to get food for a starving wife and children. The Mayor of Chicago has telegraphed to Washington that there will be "chaos" there if the city's WPA appropriation is cut. It seems to me that the last outburst of spending has not produced the results that were hoped. I know there are some encouraging figures, such as increased car loadings and much improved railroad earnings. Still, one hears everywhere of the large army of unemployed and of the failure of new industrial enterprises to appear.

But to return to the New Deal. The discouragement in Washington is due to a number of things besides the slow return of prosperity. The Administration is worried about the growing breach with Congress and the latter's refusal to vote the necessary sums for the WPA, which in my judgment it will have to vote later if it does not do it now. The anxiety is also due to the European situation and the lack of vigorous leadership in the White House. It is in part due to dissension within various departments and a general feeling of weakness of administration, not to say maladministration. There is no doubt that the government has the jitters about the situation in South America, even though the consensus of opinion is that something was actually accomplished at Lima—non-official observers hold the contrary view. Finally there is the outlook for 1940. The men I have talked with are seriously and honestly concerned about the continuance of a liberal government. They do not wish to violate the third-term tradition, and yet they are more and more compelled to fall back upon Franklin Roosevelt because of the lack of promising material in the party. All the people I talked with are bitterly opposed to the Paul McNutt boom. They know that the President does not have control of the National Committee and that he could not possibly put over Ickes or Hopkins or Wallace—Hopkins continues to be his favorite. Everybody seems befogged as well as worried.

One of the curious stories I heard was that Farley is working for a Hull and Farley ticket for 1940. Some think that would make Farley the next President of the United States; at least there are many who feel that a man of Mr. Hull's years and not over robust physique would be likely to go down under the terrific burden of the Presidency. The lesser New Dealers, by the way, are convinced that Mr. Hull is no more in sympathy with the New Deal as a whole than is Vice-President Garner. One still hears a good deal about the Garner boom, but that is obviously a smoke screen, and what people are eager to find out is who is being groomed for the Presidential race under cover of the Garner boom. Senator Clark tells people that he is not and will not be an active candidate, and it is true that he is following some lines of procedure which will detract from rather than add to his popularity in Missouri.

The sad thing is that the responsibility for the lack of efficiency in Washington goes straight back to the White House. The President's followers are uneasy because his wobbling on policy is more in evidence than ever. For example, a year ago he was demanding a two-ocean fleet; after abandoning that, he toyed with the idea—though he denies it—that we should have a tremendous armament program. Now he is limiting himself to a demand for 8,000 airplanes in army and navy, but no one believes that he is interested in that chiefly because of our own needs. It is believed that he wants these airplanes in order to have them on hand for the use of the Allies if they are suddenly attacked, for Washington doubts very much whether England and France will ever be able to catch up with the Hitler lead in the aviation race. In this connection I have seen a letter from an unusually able and intelligent American who has been spending months examining conditions in England. He finds that the heads of great plants believe that it will take England from two to three years to be fully prepared, and they expect a war much sooner. So apparently does the President. It is the hour for bold leadership in Washington, and it is not forthcoming.

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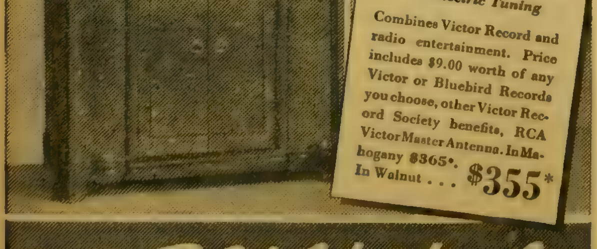

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In the Wind

UNNOTICED BY the press, one of Hjalmar Schacht's most intimate friends slipped into the United States about a month ago. To private groups here he confided that he had fled in despair, and he forecast Dr. Schacht's troubles, which had not yet become front-page news. He said that Schacht's parting words to him were: "I'm glad you're getting out now. When I finish my work I don't know whether they'll build a monument for me—or a scaffold."

MOST NEW DEALERS regard the Strecker case, in which the government is pleading for deportation of an alien Communist, as an explosive affair. If the government wins, the New Deal probably loses, since the victory may unleash a large-scale offensive against pro-New Deal labor "militants." A reported dialogue between Attorney General Frank Murphy and Solicitor General Robert Jackson reveals the uncertainty in official circles. On assuming his new post Murphy expressed eagerness to argue a case at once. Jackson is said to have replied hastily, "Why not start with the Strecker case?" In equal haste Murphy explained that he was very busy. Jackson is arguing the case.

ON THE campus of Northwestern University Edward G. Woods, Chicago counsel for Hearst, and H. Richard Sellers, international representative of the American Newspaper Guild, were bitterly debating the merits of the Guild strike in Chicago. When Sellers denounced the management's use of thugs against the strikers, Woods lost his poise and his logic. He roared back, "We have never hired thugs—and furthermore they're all discharged now."

APPEARANCE OF a six-page newspaper edited by anonymous Communists on the staff has created a flurry at *Time,* Inc. It is called *High Time,* contains considerable "inner office" dope, even private memos by executives, and includes the following story. Before leaving for the opening night of "Kiss the Boys Goodby," a play by Clare Boothe, who is the wife of Henry R. Luce, publisher of *Time,* Louis Kronenberger, dramatic editor of *Time,* said to his associates sadly: "If I don't like the play, I'll call my review 'Kiss the Boss Goodby.'" After the review was written it was sent up to Luce's office, and didn't come back for three days. When it did, this memo was attached: "H. R. L. has not read this."

IN INFORMED political circles it is said that two recent blasts against Mayor LaGuardia's administration are traceable to last fall's campaign for the governorship of New York. One was the attack on the police force by Councilman Joseph C. Baldwin; the other was Thomas E. Dewey's charges of tremendous thefts in the subway turnstiles. Designed to show the "inefficiency of LaGuardia's rule," both charges are reported to have been inspired by the anger of the Young Republican organization at LaGuardia's failure to indorse Dewey for governor. Both attacks, it appears, have backfired.

[We invite readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item submitted during January goes to Ruth Rosenwald of Washington, D. C., for the item about the Kansas City Star *published two weeks ago.]*

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Ferocious Faulkner

THE WILD PALMS. By William Faulkner. Random House. $2.50.

RECENT developments in fiction show various attempts to escape from the basic characteristic of the novel, its linear narrative form. One example is the structure which Professor Beach calls "breadthwise cutting," practiced by Waldo Frank and John Dos Passos, in which a number of characters and series of events are connected only in time and place to give a cross-section of life, instead of being strung on a single thread, or several threads combined in a plot. Another is Aldous Huxley's calculated violation of the chronological order in "Eyeless in Gaza." In "The Wild Palms" William Faulkner's experimental genius devises a pattern consising of two stories, entirely unrelated in substance, presented in sections, which the publisher describes as an orchestration of the "major themes of flight and refuge." The reader must be grateful for a clue to a pattern which otherwise would remain in doubt until the last word.

As a composer or orchestra leader Mr. Faulkner relies chiefly on the brasses. There are few passages of tenderness or sympathy which might be assigned to the strings or woodwinds. Seduction, adultery, starvation, abortion, death, are the phases through which the young interne Wilbourne and Charlotte Rittenmeyer pass in their flight; high water, the rescue of a pregnant woman, landings forbidden by shooting, childbirth on a muddy flat, naked battles with alligators, are the episodes in the search for refuge of "the tall convict," otherwise unnamed. Wilbourne is seduced by Charlotte, and later in their distress is persuaded to perform a criminal operation on her, for which he is sentenced to prison for not less than fifty years. "The tall convict," sent on a rescue mission, wanders for days on the face of the waters in the unwelcome company of a woman and her baby, to find refuge at last within his prison walls. On a last ironic touch of Southern justice he is given ten more years of prison for attempting to escape. " 'Women—!' the tall convict said . . ."

The artistic intention, as always with Mr. Faulkner, pervades the entire book. Of the characters Charlotte is drawn in the round, physically and mentally, a fully realized woman who takes Wilbourne for the joy of "bitching." She is explained by her husband, Francis Rittenmeyer, who stands as a flat symbol of the meekness and forbearance that is more terrible than violence. His appearance to plead for Wilbourne in court, and finally to supply him with poison, puts himself in jeopardy. " 'I'm not doing it for you,' Rittenmeyer said. 'Get that out of your damned head.' " Wilbourne remains throughout undeveloped, a blank wall on which Charlotte writes her lovely but fatal hieroglyphs. He explains his helplessness by the fact that he restrained his sexual impulses until he was twenty-seven years old, too late to understand or control them. In the other story "the tall convict" shows the same ineptitude in crime as Wilbourne in love. His crude attempt to rob a train he vaguely attributes to a desire to decorate a sweetheart as well as to reading legends of Jesse James; his failure to make a good opportunity of escape excites the mirth of comrades and jailer alike. Nevertheless, he has a personality formed within prison; so that the environment is necessary to his self-consciousness. A Thomas Fuller might describe him in the character of The Good Convict. He too has his foil in "the short plump convict" who acts as interlocutor. The woman remains just that and nothing more.

The symmetry of this arrangement of characters is carried out in the natural background. The active fury of the flood which sweeps the tall convict and his unknown protege for days amid the flotsam and jetsam of the ruined countryside is balanced by the passive fierceness of the cold in which Wilbourne and Charlotte endure a winter at the mining camp to which poverty sends them. In these descriptions Mr. Faulkner's power is seen at its highest, portraying the grim cosmic ferocity of nature against which the pitiful melodrama of human life seems more than ever vain and futile. It is possibly a sign of his contemptuous realization of this contrast that leads Mr. Faulkner to tell his story in a style that suggests at times the inchoate turbulence of nature, and again a burlesque of Henry James.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Personae and Masks

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. The Macmillan Company. $5.

DESPITE the chronological order of W. B. Yeats's autobiographies, and despite the unity of their smokily undulating prose, they tend to scatter into the separate forms of "reveries," anecdotes, personal recollections of men and places, diaries, and occasional essays. Perhaps the only actual unity to be found in this latest collection, which includes the recently published "Dramatis Personae" (1936) and starts with the earliest of the childhood reveries, is the all-abiding presence of Mr. Yeats's genius. I use the dreadful word "genius" advisedly, because it may be applied to the writing of W. B. Yeats with greater appreciation of its original meaning than to the work of any other contemporary poet. Even his prose, which carries within it the lambent phrase and imagery of his early verse, and which bears few marks of the development that distinguishes the lyrics of "Words for Music Perhaps" from the poems included in his cycle of "The Rose," is sustained by it.

Much has been said of W. B. Yeats's individuality, much that is pertinent and true of his essentially protestant attitude in a country dominated by the spirit and temper of the Irish Catholic church. Yet the "Autobiography," as well his later "Collected Poems," contains more markedly the many aspects of his personae, and the key to their multiplicity may be found in the twenty-third selection he has made from his diary of the year 1909: "All my life I have been haunted with the idea that the poet should know all classes of men. . . . He will play with all masks."

We need not be surprised then at the many choices and rejections which are implied or made explicit in the fifty-odd years that he brings to mind in his autobiography. We need not be surprised at his entry into politics when he and the Gaelic League were young, and his withdrawal from them, or at the wide discrepancies in his appreciation of painting, architecture, and philosophy, his contemplation of Blake's system for a universe and his rejection of Hegel, his turning an edge of malice against George Moore and finding praise for Oscar Wilde. In his verse perhaps no living poet has inhabited or at least walked through so many schools and movements to his own advantage. It may be said that at one time he was a disciple of Mallarmé, another time of Pound, quite as in his younger days he wheeled from the influences of the extreme Blakian spectrum of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood to the extroverted, athletic medievalism of William Morris, and then turned back again. Traces of Lionel Johnson's diction may be found in his elegy "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory" and the poetry following it, and his reentry into political thinking, if not practice, is in his introductions to "Wheels and Butterflies" and "The King of the Great Clock Tower." As he predicted in 1909, "he will play with all masks," and all masks are fitted to the resources of a felicitous imagination.

In the "Autobiography" there is always present that side of W. B. Yeats which veered so closely to the very image of charlatanism and yet escaped that charge by the true merit of his poetry and the power of his imagination. How far his prejudices may be said to have distorted facts can be seen by comparing his commentary on George Moore with Mr. Hone's admirable "Life." It would be a mistake, I think, to regard Mr. Yeats's recollections of his long life as a record of his experiences: it is the quality of each experience that Mr. Yeats remembers and not its literal being as it may exist in memory. Perhaps it is his tendency to write prose with a touch of ornament that is at once the mark of a style and the sign of a mannerism which so often makes his autobiographies lack the reality to be perceived in the best of his poetry. Almost every anecdote that he tells has its reality in a truth understood by readers of his verse, a truth in which the mask he wears is one of the several personae of his being. His prose, relaxed from the discipline he has imposed upon his verse, "stern color and that delicate line/That are our secret discipline," suffers its lack of specific name and place and time; only the remembered sounds of its noises, only the selection of its more abstract lines and colors, only the fragments of its conversations remain.

All this is not to say that Mr. Yeats's "Autobiography" has forfeited the kind of honesty peculiar to all his work: here again we see, if we do not fully realize, how his imagination so often leaped ahead of and sometimes usurped the powers of his intellect, how he was among the first to hope for an Ireland "freed from provincialism by an exacting criticism, a European pose," how he possessed through his wide acquaintanceship and reading an early knowledge of the importance of Ibsen, Madame Blavatsky, Fabian socialism, symbolism, Shaw, and W. E. Henley to the closing years of the nineteenth century. The conflicts and doubts occasioned by Mr. Yeats's traveling with both hare and hounds are clear enough to everyone who has eyes to read. And I know no better example of its kind of literary history than Mr. Yeats's chapter on The Tragic Generation, that generation which came of age in the eighteen-nineties and was to extend its influence throughout Europe until after the World War.

We leave Mr. Yeats full of as many of his seventy-three years as he chooses to remember, and if his quarrel with George Moore does him little honor, since Moore is dead and cannot answer him, the comparative dignity with which he accepted the Nobel Prize in 1925 restores that quality of mind which has made him one of the most distinguished spokesmen of his own "tragic generation." Now that his autobiographies are bound together in one volume, it is to be hoped that an index will be made for them and that a one-volume edition of all his prose will be forthcoming.

HORACE GREGORY

Friend of Rulers

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART: JOURNALS AND LETTERS OF REGINALD, VISCOUNT ESHER. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two Volumes. $7.50.

IT SCARCELY does justice to the memory of Reginald Baliol Brett, second Viscount Esher, to call him an *éminence grise,* as Professor Laski does, or to underrate the power of his personality by naming him a go-between, as another less merciful reviewer of his "Journals and Letters" has done. He was, no doubt, an *éminence;* but far from being gray, he was a multi-colored and multifarious personality with definite views which he never concealed either from his sovereign masters or from the king's ministers and paladins. Issue of an old family, Lord Esher was made Deputy Governor of Windsor Castle and Keeper of the King's Archives in 1901. From the memoirs it does not appear whether it was his office which made him a friend of two rulers and of nearly all leading post-Victorian statemen and generals or his inherited family position. But whatever pushed him into prominence, his ability as an officer, his great knowledge, his undeniable charm, wit, and humor, and, before all, his unselfish patriotism made him well deserve these friendships.

Refusing successively the Secretaryship of War, the Viceroyship of India, an earldom, the editorship of the *Daily News,* in short, everything that would have given him command over men, he used his great influence always *for* someone, never *against.* And he used it, regardless of personal friendship, for what he thought was best for the country. Though he served for a while (1880-85) as a liberal M. P., he could rightfully claim that he never had been a "party man." He was a Tory in his social leanings and thought democracy "just a rhetorical expression, a word of passion," yet in the coal strike he sided with the miners because the coal-owners were "fighting only for their high rates of interest." And he believed that the "middle class which came into power in 1832 had its day. You cannot mop up the tide of the workers."

In spite of Lord Esher's unbending character and his harmonious life, the personality emerging from this self-supplied evidence is not entirely devoid of contradictions. Recognizing that "individual and personal liberty both of thought and speech has been the fountain-spring of England's growth into a worldwide empire," Lord Esher complains, nevertheless, of the undue power of the press and has but little respect for "popular government" as a safeguard of civil liberties. In his opinion politicians ultimately depend on soldiers, yet he believes in civil power controlling the military. Probably the duality of his ego explains these contradictory views. By reason of his birth and education he became a refined type of literary gentleman whose skeptical mind was at variance with his military training.

During the war blundering diplomats strengthened his belief in the superiority of generals. "All that can be said for them [the statesmen] is that they possess the gift of putting into words, eloquent and heartstirring, their reasons for not doing the most obvious things." He expresses nearly unlimited respect and sympathy for Lord Kitchener, though admitting Kitchener's failures in his judgment of men, and the most unkind criticism of President Wilson, whom he calls "the seagreen incorruptible character that produces cataclysms," "an idealist, vain and 'swell-headed,' who thinks he can succeed where Buddha and Christ have failed." He is much more lenient in his estimation of Hindenburg, who is "a fine old boy" and "one of the real 'characters' of the war"—an excusable opinion since in 1920 Lord Esher could hardly foresee what this "fine old boy" would do in 1933.

The most conspicuous trait of Lord Esher's character is his faithful devotion to his royal masters. However, far from being a courtier, he was always frank and outspoken.

Even more interesting than his personality, as thrown into relief by his journals and letters, is his "inside history" of the World War. Whenever in Britain or France a personal conflict of leading statesmen and commanders-in-chief occurred, Lord Esher, because he stood high in the confidence of the parties concerned, acted as an intermediary. His record of the endless intrigues and rancorous schemes will forever remain an unparalleled source of information; later events in most cases confirmed his opinions. ("War is a tragedy," he wrote in 1918, "Peace Congress the farce that follows." The Paris conference, he said, at any rate succeeded in this, "that a future war upon an even bigger scale becomes inevitable.")

His views about the League of Nations in 1919 have been similarly corroborated by the pitiful agony of this misborn body:

> The more I think of the League of Nations the more hopeless it seems to impose this political arrangement on European nations unless you cut deep into all pre-conceived notions, that is, monarchy, hereditary aristocracy, military ascendancy, "patriotism" (meaning some nation or other *über alles*).
>
> However impracticable, some serious effort should have been made to organize a League Police Force.
>
> Human nature cannot be controlled by documents to which a Great Seal is attached. Only the Franciscan monks, barefooted and ascetic, can lure the wild animals to sit on their shoulders.

All this he wrote a good many years before the ascent of "the wild animals" to power. And Chamberlain lures them in vain. If statesmen would read or scholars could act, Lord Esher's memories might become a most useful first reader. History, according to Hegel, is the schoolmaster of mankind, but so far as we can see, it has had very inattentive pupils.

Notwithstanding this regrettable fact, Lord Esher's son, who edited the first two volumes of his father's memoirs (*not* published here), and his brother, who edited the last two (the first of these, by the way, is marked Volume III), cannot be blamed for disregarding the author's "wish to leave no record." No modesty or other desire to shun publicity would justify the withholding of these masterpieces from posterity. Odds and ends of the "Journals and Letters" are similar to fragments of a mirror reflecting the universe. They reflect the author's universal knowledge, the clarity of his spirited mind, his sense of beauty, in short, the divine spark which never fails to evoke the delighted response of those who indulge in the real pleasures of life. Whatever else Viscount Esher was—a statesman, a highly educated soldier, an author, a court official, a witty critic—his memoirs reveal him as *artist*. "The captains and the kings depart," but an artist's work is immortal.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

History of Labor

AMERICAN LABOR. By Herbert Harris. Yale University Press. $3.75.

AN AUTHOR who tries to compress the history of American labor into the pages of a medium-sized volume faces insuperable obstacles. Inevitably important events will be casually treated, and many groups and movements scarcely mentioned. This is the principal defect in this lively, intelligent, and objective study. The first ninety-five pages are given over to a general description of the history of the labor movement. Many of the high spots are touched, but many others are left unnoticed. The next seven chapters trace the rise and progress of seven different unions, presumably on the theory that they represent typical groups. These chapters are in general very well done, but in many spots they are too sketchy, and they occasionally fail to deal adequately with union institutions. Also the steel industry deserves more than casual mention, and the virtual neglect of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers may only be justified on the theory that this overadvertised union has already received more than its share of space. Yet this represents a serious omission, for the problems of the Amalgamated are quite different from those of the other great garment union, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, which receives an entire chapter. One might also take issue with Mr. Harris's opinion on the causes of the failure of the I. W. W. to establish a permanent organization. It seems to me that this question requires further examination. The difficulties of the "wobblies" were perhaps due to the specific industrial environment and the type of worker they were seeking to organize. In fact, the T. W. O. C., with infinitely more human and material resources, has scarcely had more success in many areas in which the wobblies once had a foothold.

"American Labor" has much to recommend it. In addition to the liveliness of its style, its most striking characteristics are its balance and fairness. The author cherishes no mystical hope that unionism might be the vehicle for bringing in the new society. He is too aware of difficulties and too well acquainted with the facts to engage in leftist preachments. However, he is not an apologist for the shortcomings of the leaders of labor. In fact, Mr. Harris has few illusions, even about the more recent heroes. He shows the various leaders in their union setting, reacting to the wishes of the members. Even Hutcheson of the carpenters, though his conduct and character are described, is treated with justice. With characteristic fairness the author fails to join in the charge that the labor movement is beset by widespread racketeering. He recognizes that the evil is largely confined to certain trades and is a result of peculiar conditions.

I noted only one minor slip. Mr. Harris implies that David Dubinsky led the fight against the Communist wrecking crew out to capture his union in the twenties. Mr. Dubinsky is rightfully praised for his altruism, ability, and farsightedness; but his role in the struggle against the Communists was secondary to that of the veteran Morris Sigman, whose heroic efforts saved the union from destruction. The author recognizes that then, as now, left-wing factions were a serious internal problem, and he points out that such groups by their energy and eagerness create a whole set of difficulties in labor organizations which have very few politically conscious members. "American Labor" is written with a recognition that the American scene differs essentially from the European, and those who object to "exceptionalism" might ponder the reason why the most highly developed capitalist nation has never been fertile ground for a labor party. Mr. Harris has done an outstanding job. His book fills a long-felt need for a readable and authoritative one-volume labor history. It deserves examination by all who are interested in the subject.

PHILIP TAFT

Personal Legend

THE FIVE-FOLD MESH. By Ben Belitt. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

IN DESCRIBING the arrangement of his twenty-five poems Mr. Belitt submits "a discipline of integration," "a problem in orientation," "a sequence which, beginning with simple responses to the natural world, moves on to an awareness of the personal identity, and attempts finally to establish relations between the personal and the contemporary world." This is not a novel program among the serious young poets of our time—or any other—but it expresses an attitude, a complexity of consciousness, and the obstacles to lyric self-assurance that are more typical of recent than of pre-war years. However much an orientation of this kind has been a recognized obligation of the romantic tradition, it has been thrown into new and dramatic relief by the disorders of the current scene, where blundering events and ideas have multiplied the poet's range of moral relationships to the point of making them either a new means of escape from selfhood or, in the guise of beliefs and cults of action, an often spurious form of responsibility that results in deceiving the poet and the public with the pretension of doctrines too ponderous or impersonal to have any exact poetic utility. But poets who are courageous enough to face their personal world and to make way through it, with its ordeals of sensibility and moral judgment, toward the acts and decisions of modern life are still few enough to make Mr. Belitt's scale an impressive one. He emphasizes the "highly tentative" character of his notations, "the expanding record of change" into which his present lyrics may ultimately fit. In doing so he admits the empirical nature of his problems. He also shows the humility of knowing what severe labor and self-criticism they may entail and how distant may be the final results of his search. Meanwhile he has published a book of serious and, in its best pages, impressive poetry, less inclined than the usual first volume to trade on the styles and mannerisms of current verse, and showing both in its difficulties and merits a critical intelligence that should enable him to grow out of his uncertainties without allowing his positive merits to suffer the ingrowth and humiliation that often go with such discipline. He has the advantage of seeing maturity as a mark to be aimed at, not as an assumption to lay claim to at the outset of his career.

The poems in "The Five-Fold Mesh"—whose title is an initial error—are printed in two groups of lyrics and two of speculative verse. The speculations easily show the pitfalls of the author's approach and method. The first group—five sonnets called "In Time of Armament"—deals with a kind of oracular abstraction that encourages rhetoric and easily lapses into trite sententiousness; the scope of the idea is so general that exactness and sincerity of feeling must struggle to be heard and usually end by compromising on wordy adjectives and nouns. The second—"Many Cradles," a more poignant and atmospheric personal legend—is threatened by another kind of rhetoric, that of homiletic pathos and memory, interrupted by a passage of stanzas in the charged style of Rimbaud and Crane, two masters who alone among modern poets succeeded with this type of disciplined violence and whose model shows up too obviously behind Belitt's lines. It is "Many Cradles," however, that defines the experience out of which his book has come and suggests the phases of personal growth that may be traced in his lyrics.

These lyrics are of sharply varying quality. Some—Orlando's Song, Song of the King's Huntsmen, John Keats, Surgeon—tend toward a literary preciosity that perhaps marks a period of juvenile poetic enthusiasm and seldom rises above cliché of style and rhythm. Others—Scherzo, From Towers of Grass, This Our Grief, The Duel—combine hortatory devices with fanciful imagery in a way that makes for an inert sort of lyric dignity, stiff with obvious stanzaic design and formal emphasis. A similar derivative restraint appears in Canticle for Innocent Comedians, a poem of subtle perception made awkward by too much straining for style and metaphor. There are sensitive lines and figures in these lyrics, but they too easily fall into pastiche or harden into didactic effort, and it is not until one reads the book's finest achievements—the lyrics Colophon, Tarry Delight, Charwoman, and especially Death as Basilisk—that one finds these virtues meeting their real test and vindication in four poems of true and credible intensity, where ecstasy and terror condense into exact allegory and find their proper images and their true form. These lyrics are the heart of Mr. Belitt's book, and from them he must step forward, out of his derivations and prophecies, into the specific labor that will gain his the sight of a baby being born but have nothing against cho nspiring influence of wholesale massacres, may be only no mptom of the cultural level on which the great industry wo its mentors operate. Provided it is hypocritically dis-mo ed, the appeal to the lowest instincts is still legitimate an ness.

here is only one plausible character in the picture—the ers are inhuman dummies—Gunga Din, the dumb water-carrier whom the Hollywood merchants of death borrowed from Rudyard Kipling's poem. Sam Jaffe plays him with the touching smile of the stupid Hindu who falls for the "regimentals" of India's oppressors. One would like to see more of him, but Gunga Din does little more than give a name to the picture and provide an anticlimax. It is not only a bad joke to have Kipling, who saw his first battle as Boer War correspondent in Africa, appear at the end and write his poem in time for the commander to recite it over poor dead Gunga Din; it is a cynically intended, pseudo-serious trick that puts over the whole fraud.

So much for the content of "Gunga Din." In form it is a technically perfect show (directed and produced by George Stevens), in which fist fights, cavalry charges of thousands of riders, and artillery barrages are flawlessly represented.

The same company, RKO Radio, provides entirely different fare in the production of "Boy Slaves" (direction: P. J. Wolfson, script Albert Bein and Ben Orkow). A proletarian youngster runs away from home in order to make money which he can send back to mother. On the road he is forced to join a gang of homeless kids, neglected victims of society, who steal to keep alive. They are caught and handed over to an honest citizen who gives them jobs on his turpentine farm, where he works them to exhaustion. The kids revolt and are only saved by state troopers from being killed by their exploiter in defense of his property rights. After the final trial an enlightened judge sends them to an institution where they will be educated, and puts their accuser in jail.

I sketch this vague outline of an excellent script deliberately so as not to give away a story which is full of life and more exciting in its dramatic developments than a dozen adventure pictures. The theme is timely—the deadline for this column coincides with the deadline for three young boys in Sing Sing; it is true; and it concerns us all. Moreover, it is treated with honesty and real feeling, and is played in an admirably realistic style; the youngsters are better than the "Dead End Kids," not touched yet by Broadway. Special mention should go to Roger Daniel, James McCallion, and Anne Shirley, who escapes seduction and tells a lot with chaste reticence. Certain shortcomings, especially the lack of explanation for the inhuman behavior of the boys' exploiters, could have been easily overcome if more producer's zeal and money had been invested. Nevertheless, this Class B picture triumphs over the Gunga Dins with real suspense, tragedy, and appealing hope. Every friend of the movie art should see it—for his own good and to encourage Hollywood to do more honest work of this kind.

"The Great Man Votes" (RKO Radio) rises above Hollywood stereotypes, but only on feeble wings, ending its flight before it really gets started. John Barrymore gives an interesting comic character study.

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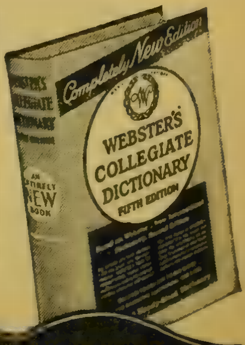

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Letters to the Editors

Would Have Us Go Farther

Dear Sirs: Michael Williams's letter in *The Nation* for January 21 struck me as being just about as confused as any defense of the Catholic church, especially during the present world crisis, is likely to be. But *The Nation's* reply to it seemed to me to be equally, and a good deal less pardonably, confused.

One does not have to be much of a Marxist to realize that the position of the Catholic church, particularly in regard to social and political affairs, has always been determined by policies of expediency. With this in mind, it is not difficult to understand how the Pope can issue encyclicals against Hitler at the same time that he is sending messages of encouragement to General Franco. The Catholic church will support any regime, fascist or otherwise, which does not seek to destroy its power or to curtail its financial resources. According to *The Nation,* "the Pope's stand on racism has been magnificent." But we can all be sure that if Hitler, tomorrow, were to order every German citizen to become a member of the Catholic church, Nazi storm troopers could beat up all the Jews in the country without fear of another "magnificent" reprimand from the Pope.

You state that you are compelled "to condemn specific offenses, while making it clear beyond doubt that [you] are not attacking the body of Catholic laity or the church as a religious institution." How can you possibly make such a distinction? Do you believe that these individual Catholic officials and laymen whom you rightly condemn have been speaking only for themselves? Of what significance are their utterances unless they are supported by the policies of the church itself? And how many among the laity or the priesthood have come out in open denunciation of these policies? Those who have deviated in any respect from what we may call the Catholic "line" have in no way influenced that line; those, for example, who have openly supported the Loyalist cause have not prevented the Pope from rendering spiritual, or the majority of lay Catholics throughout the world from rendering material, assistance to Franco. No, it is not individual laymen, priests, and bishops but the church itself which must be attacked and exposed, over and over again, if certain ideals are to be realized and certain causes are to survive.

HELEN NEVILLE

Brooklyn, January 26

A Service to Religion

Dear Sirs: It is very disturbing to observe a continuous don't-dare-criticize-us attitude among prominent clergymen and laymen of the Catholic church.

Since the early days of the joint Nazi-Fascist military assault upon the Republic of Spain statements and opinions concerning that affair by persons belonging to the Catholic church have displayed unconcealed fanatical hostility toward all whose views do not happen to be in full accord with their own.

Another characteristic of the writings of these persons is a clearly distinguishable bias in favor of fascism, which they rarely condemn and then only with obvious reluctance.

The editors' reply to Michael Williams's letter of protest in *The Nation* of January 21 deserves the warmest approval from every fair-minded person. By promising to fight those whom they regard as enemies of everything they value, they are rendering a great service not only to the Catholic church but to religion in its universal and most noble sense, which, in agreement with Thomas Paine, I take to be: "Believe in one God, and no more; hope for happiness beyond this life; believe in the equality of man; believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy."

A. GARCIA DIAZ

New York, January 24

Welcome Aid

Dear Sirs: The delegate of the Sanitary Services at the Central Armies has just received from the representative of the C. S. I. the ambulance sent by the readers of *The Nation.*

I am glad to write again to thank everybody for their valuable help. Any material that contributes to the welfare of our men is a most useful gift. They are fighting very hard for the liberty of Spain, and the aid of our friends in America is always welcome.

J. PUCHE ALVAREZ,
Head of the Sanitary Services

Barcelona, December 30

World's Fair Poem

Dear Sirs: A National Poetry Contest is being conducted by the Academy of American Poets to select the official poem of the New York World's Fair. Poems submitted must be on the subject of "the world of tomorrow," the original work of an American poet, and not previously published. A first prize of $1,000 and five additional prizes of $100 each will be awarded. The judges are William Rose Benét, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and Louis Untermeyer. Further information and entry blanks may be obtained from the Academy of American Poets, 435 East 52d Street.

MARIE BULLOCK, Director

New York, January 15

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The Shape of Things

THE COLLAPSE OF LOYALIST RESISTANCE IN Catalonia came with such tragic suddenness that it is impossible to guess what the next few days will bring in Spain. Negrin and Del Vayo, in conference with the British and French ministers, have drawn up peace terms for submission to Franco, but as we go to press, it appears certain that the rebel command will hold out for unconditional surrender. In that case resistance in the Madrid-Valencia sector may go on. It is reported that the army and the trade unions are opposed to yielding. We doubt, however, that their stubborn courage will prevail in the face of the disaster in Catalonia and the peace negotiations already under way. But if Franco refuses even the minimum demands of a humane settlement, if he insists on carrying out reprisals against his defeated opponents and refuses to guarantee the expulsion of Italian and German forces and agents, then the war may go on. In that case it will become, more than ever, democracy's war; but we have no confidence that Great Britain and France will recognize it as such.

* * *

ONLY AN OPEN, AGGRESSIVE STAND BY THE axis powers would be likely to convince Chamberlain and his French satellites that their very hope of existence lies in resisting rather than conniving at fascist encroachments in Spain—as elsewhere. Mussolini came close to taking such a stand when he allowed the *Popolo d'Italia* to proclaim Italy's determination to keep its forces in Spain until a political as well as military victory was completely assured. While no official reaction has come from the British Prime Minister, he is reported to have found the news disquieting. His assurance that "any threat to the vital interests of France" would evoke British "cooperation" is a reluctant acknowledgment of the danger. But meanwhile in Spain the fascist lines move swiftly toward the French border, and little time remains to translate fear into effective action. It seems likely that again the Western democracies will allow the destruction of a vigorous ally in the hope of appeasing an implacable foe.

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THE NEXT BRITISH GENERAL ELECTIONS, almost certain to be held this year, will be a turning-point in this generation's history. If Chamberlain maintains his supremacy, the result can only be disastrous. So plain are the alternatives that growing numbers of British anti-fascists are desperately striving to rally a common front of anti-government forces, embracing Laborites, Liberals, Communists, and even dissident Conservatives. That such a coalition would encounter manifold hazards is widely appreciated; but no other proposal has been put forward which seems as realistic or as satisfactory. Yet the leaders of the British Labor Party continue to maintain an unyielding and intolerant opposition to such a course; the executive committee has now expelled Sir Stafford Cripps, one of the staunchest advocates of a unified opposition. When the party officialdom spurned his newest appeal for unity Cripps submitted a detailed and persuasive memorandum to local party branches, where the urgency of the crisis is more deeply felt. His move was a violation of party discipline perhaps difficult to condone in ordinary times. But it is the essence of Cripps's stand that these are not ordinary times. In expelling him, the National Executive denounced those heretics who urge a common front and expressed anguish at the thought of "diluting" the party's "socialist program." Such protestations, coming from the cautious leaders of the Labor Party, sound singularly unconvincing. Their rhetoric merely obscures the crucial argument advanced in Cripps's memorandum, which is that labor's chances of winning a majority without allies in the next election are almost non-existent. Do the party leaders hope to do better in the 1945 elections—if there are any?

*

THE PURPOSE OF TVA, IN MR. ROOSEVELT'S vivid language, was to provide both a yardstick and a birch rod. Under the new agreement reached between the TVA and Commonwealth and Southern, it will still be a yardstick with which to measure the rates charged by private utilities but no longer a rod with which to discipline private companies. In buying Commonwealth and Southern's electric properties in Tennessee, the TVA has taken another step in the direction of replacing government competition with government ownership. It does so under pressure, not from socialistic theorists but from the utility industry, whose leaders, like most of our business men, would rather talk about the virtues of the competitive system than exercise them. There is much to be said for the relative efficiency of an outright government monopoly, but there is little excuse for giving Wendell L. Willkie more than his properties are worth. He asked for $86,300,000; TVA offered $55,000,000; the sale is now made for $78,600,000 in cash and $3,000,000 in other assets, enough to pay off bonds and preferred stock at par and still leave better than fifty cents on the dollar for the book value of the common. This involves recognition by the TVA for the first time of such slippery metaphysical terms as "good-will" and "going concern." Under the former Mr. Willkie included "the value of having the highest ratio of household usage and the lowest domestic rates in the United States." He neglected to add that his Tennessee properties possess these valuable assets only because they had to lower their rates in order to compete with the TVA.

*

M. MILAN STOYADINOVICH, YUGOSLAVIA'S Premier since 1935, has not been able to enjoy very long the electoral victory he won in December. Faced by insurrection within his own Cabinet over the Croatian question, he has resigned and been replaced by Dragescha Sevtkovich, who has formed a mixed ministry in which seven Serbs are offset by two Croats, two Slovenes, and two Mohammedans. The Croats, however, are apparently not members of the Croatian Party headed by Dr. Matchek, who commands almost unanimous support in his native province, and it remains to be seen whether Matchek will be willing to cooperate with the new Cabinet. To satisfy Croatian aspirations, more than petty reforms are needed. Revision of the constitution on federalist lines to give a large measure of autonomy to the Croats and other minorities is needed; and this would necessarily end the semi-dictatorship which has ruled in Yugoslavia since 1929. Solution along these lines may conflict with the foreign policy pursued by M. Stoyadinovich, who sought to maintain a precarious balance between the axis powers. Recently, alarmed by the German drive toward a trade monopoly in Yugoslavia, he has been cooperating more closely with Rome. Count Ciano visited Belgrade last month for one of those shooting parties which form such a favorite and appropriate background for fascist diplomacy. One result was a movement toward reconciliation of Yugoslavian and Hungarian differences which, if successful, will bolster Italy's waning influence in the Balkans. As the new Foreign Secretary at Belgrade has been Minister to Berlin and was formerly at Rome, he may be expected to carry on the balancing policy. But the Croats and other democratic parties are more favorable to the Western powers, and if they succeed in their domestic aims, they will probably also attempt a reorientation of foreign policy.

*

IT WOULD BE HARD TO THINK OF LESS auspicious circumstances for launching a conference of reconciliation than those which attend the opening of the Arab-Jewish parley in London. So fierce is the antagonism that the two delegations will be kept apart, with the honest brokers of Britain shuttling back and forth with proposals and counter-proposals. There is no sign

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of a truce in Palestine even during the discussions, and the delegations are all set to insist on the most extreme and uncompromising demands. The Arabs want permanent stoppage of Jewish immigration and of land sales to the Jews, complete abandonment of the idea that Palestine can ever become a national Jewish homeland, and an autonomous Palestine governed by Arabs with minority status for the Jews. All that the Jews ask, on the other hand, is complete adherence to the Balfour Declaration, with Palestine to be regarded first and foremost as their national homeland, abandonment of even temporary restrictions on immigration, full freedom of land purchase, and assurance that they will never be forced to accept a minority status. To add to the dismal prospects, there is nothing like unanimity even within the respective delegations. Zionists and anti-Zionists will represent the Jews, each in their own way; and as for the Arabs, it will be all the British can do to keep the terrorist followers of the Mufti, some of whom come straight from the penal colony on the Seychelles Islands, from the throats of the more moderate members of the Palestine Defense Party. Chamberlain plans to allow only a few weeks for the discussions. Viscount Gort, chief of the Imperial General Staff, is already busily establishing a new military base in Palestine, and in the remote contingency that no peaceful solution is reached in that time the British will forget all about appeasement and force their own Palestine plan on Arab and Jew alike.

*

IN ANNOUNCING THE THIRD FIVE-YEAR PLAN with a new emphasis on consumers' goods at a moment when most countries are immersed in rearmament programs, the Soviet Union has struck a blow for sanity in a world rapidly going mad. When the First Five-Year Plan was released some ten years ago, it was greeted with a storm of derision by the outside world. Experts of all varieties rushed into print to assert that it was utterly impracticable and unattainable. The Second Five-Year Plan, calling for even more striking advances, was received much more respectfully but with a certain anxiety by the capitalist world. By now we have become so accustomed to the Soviet's spectacular economic growth that it is no longer news. But it is a testimony to the Soviet Union's growing sense of security that for the first time a significant degree of attention is to be given to the light industries as well as to those turning out producers' goods. Altogether industrial production is scheduled to advance 88 per cent from 1937 to 1942. Output in the capital-goods industries is to rise 103 per cent, that of the consumers'-goods industries 69 per cent. Agricultural output is scheduled to be increased by more than half. Much more emphasis than ever before is placed on means of improving both quality and productivity of labor. While he would be a rash prophet who would assert that the Soviet Union is certain to have five years of peace to work out its plan, it is encouraging to find that the government is still willing to build on this expectancy.

*

A POLITICAL EARTHQUAKE MAY BE THE END result of the physical shocks which have taken such a frightful toll in Chile. The new government was faced with unprecedented tasks of relief and restoration only a month after it took office. The first reaction of all parties was one of support. For a time it looked as if the common disaster had softened political antagonisms. But this mood was short-lived. Already the parties of the right—which control both houses of the national congress—have rebelled against President Aguirre Cerda's announced plan to raise 2,500,000,000 pesos to reconstruct the devastated provinces and get production under way. On the left, Jorge Gonzales von Marees, leader of the new Socialist Vanguard Party—formerly the Nacistas—has demanded that foreign-debt payments be suspended immediately so that the necessary funds can be raised. Other left groups favor heavy taxes on income and profits and a levy on the gold reserves of the Bank of Chile. The immediate issue may be compromised. But the earthquake has precipitated a sharp political struggle which in any case could not have been long delayed.

*

THE DUPLESSIS GOVERNMENT IN QUEBEC continues to emulate if not quite to equal the methods of its Nazi model. On January 17 Colonel P. A. Piuze, Provincial Commissioner of Police in Quebec, sent a letter to Louis Fineberg of Montreal, informing him that if the apartment occupied by his son-in-law, Taub Muni, a member of the Communist Party, was not vacated within four days, the whole tenement, of which Mr. Fineberg was the proprietor, would be padlocked. Under the provisions of the padlock law any premises used for the purpose of disseminating Communist propaganda can be peremptorily padlocked without court order. Until recently the police have been content to shut down meeting halls, printing plants, and organizational offices; while private homes were raided and ransacked, the right of the occupant to his place of dwelling was not challenged. The first eviction from a private residence occurred last July when François Xavier Lessard with his wife and two children was forcibly ousted from his home by the Quebec police. Lessard and a comrade were later arrested and convicted for reentering the premises. The police have now refined their technique. Instead of enforcing the evictions themselves, they send notes of warning to landlords whose premises are occupied by radicals or trade-union leaders. The case of Taub Muni is only one of many. That the people of Quebec are not quite as enthusiastic about the padlock regime as Quebec's little

Führer would have us believe was demonstrated in the recent Montreal elections when the Duplessis candidate went down to ignominious defeat. The federal government has refused to disallow the padlock law or to refer it to the Supreme Court because it does not wish to alienate the Catholic church.

*

HOLLYWOOD HAS TAKEN THE LEAD IN WHAT promises to be the most vigorous peace drive this country has seen in recent years. Aroused by the recent invasion of the community by two fascist representatives—Vittorio Mussolini and Leni Riefenstahl—and by the sight of cargoes of scrap iron and oil leaving San Pedro harbor to arm the fascist powers, a Committee of Fifty-Six has drawn up a "Declaration of Democratic Independence" for signature by the people of the United States. Composed of leading producers, directors, actors, and actresses, the committee calls upon the President and Congress to sever all economic connection between the United States and Germany "until such time as Germany is willing to reenter the family of nations in accordance with humane principles of international law." Committees of Fifty-Six—the original number of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—are being formed in cities and towns throughout the United States with a view to obtaining twenty million signatures as rapidly as possible. Nor has Japan been overlooked. A group of forty-four leading actors and actresses, including many members of the original Committee of Fifty-Six, have dispatched a telegram to President Roosevelt urging an embargo against Japan as a violator of the Kellogg-Briand pact. Circulars have been issued calling for the boycott of silk and other Japanese products. Nothing that the American people can do will rally the forces of democracy more effectively than to back the movement so vigorously launched in Hollywood.

The Doctor Dilutes His Prescription

THE present world situation is too tense for us to continue to pursue an ambiguous foreign policy. It is time we made up our minds as to whether we can safely remain indifferent to what happens in the outside world or have a direct interest in preserving European peace and, if that proves impossible, in insuring that the fascist powers do not win control of the Continent. There are many signs of a growth of public sentiment in favor of taking the second position. But if the issues are to be clarified, leadership is required, and since Mr. Roosevelt is known to have formed definite opinions on the part America should play in world affairs, we have the right to expect that leadership from the White House. Instead, every time the President has stated a firm and clear policy he has quickly nullified it by explaining he meant something rather different. What effects he intends to produce by such wavering we do not know; its actual result is to confuse the public mind and afford aid and comfort to the enemies of democracy at home and abroad.

Most of the furor over the case of the French air mission might have been avoided if the matter had been handled in a simpler and more straightforward manner. It was a mistake in the first place to attempt to keep the mission a secret. Such secrets are hard to keep, and their premature leakage inevitably gives them a sinister air. This aspect of the affair, however, was undoubtedly seized upon and exaggerated by the opposition. Clearly the President did nothing he was not fully entitled to do. A much greater error was made when the President summoned the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate to the White House for a conference without making clear how secret the proceedings were to be kept. If he did ask for pledges of silence, it is incredible that he should have believed they would be observed. He ought to know his Senators and their inability to resist reporters better than that. The legitimate inference was that he wished to follow Hitler's speech with the strongest possible warning to the dictators. In the light of subsequent events one can only conclude that he was equally concerned with leaving open a line of retreat.

The general tenor of Mr. Roosevelt's remarks to the committee seems tolerably clear. He told them that the situation in Europe was dangerous—which any intelligent newspaper reader knows. He impressed on them the obvious fact that our interests would be seriously affected if Britain and France were overwhelmed by the fascist powers. He suggested that it would be a wise policy to give these countries all the economic support possible, and perhaps added that it would be well if the Neutrality Act were revised with this end in view.

If after the meeting Mr. Roosevelt had issued a summary of his talk in some such terms it would have taken the wind out of the sails of his political opponents, prevented that distortion of his remarks of which he now so bitterly complains, and had a most salutary effect in Europe. Even as it was, the leakage from the Senate brought a hysterical reaction from Berlin and Rome, indicating quite clearly a fear lest an American stand against aggression force them to make serious revisions in their plan of attack.

But once again, after waiting three days, the President decided to dilute to the point of vagueness his realistic prescription for a foreign policy. Such tactics must have a deplorable result in Europe, encouraging the dictators to believe America politically divided on foreign issues and unlikely to interfere with their adventures. The manner of the Presidential climb-down was undignified. The press is often enough unfair to Mr. Roosevelt, but on this occasion there is no reason to suppose that it inaccurately reported the Senators from whom it obtained its information. If the Senators garbled his remarks, it is partly his own fault for giving them the opportunity. His attack on the press was all the more uncalled for because his general line of foreign policy—when he sticks to it—receives a great deal more newspaper support than his domestic policy.

Much more serious was his restatement of foreign policy in four points which not merely seem to deny what he is said to have told the Senate committee but were much weaker than the passages on the same subject in his New Year's message to Congress. On that occasion he said that we can and must avoid "any action or lack of action which will encourage, assist, or build up an aggressor." If, starting from this point, Mr. Roosevelt has the courage to pursue a policy designed to put the economic weight of this country behind the defense of democracy, we believe he will obtain general support. Given strong leadership, we see no reason why revision of the Neutrality Act—admittedly futile in its present form—should not be carried through Congress. But shilly-shallying will inevitably play into the hands of the isolationists at home as well as into those of the aggressors abroad. We cannot evade the fact that we have great power in the world—by far the greatest economic power. By the exercise of that power we have a more than hopeful chance of avoiding the necessity of converting it into military power and engaging in war to save our independence. It is in no spirit of knight errantry that we should take steps to check fascism in Europe. We are prompted to do so by a realistic appraisal of our own welfare and future safety.

The "Fink" Racket

IT IS doubtful whether any Congressional investigation has ever uncovered a more fetid situation than that revealed in the report on strike-breaking prepared by the La Follette Civil Liberties' Committee. That professional strike-breaking agencies exist is not in any sense a new discovery. But the report of the La Follette committee shows that they carry on a racket of almost incredible proportions which is closely tied in with legitimate business. The report mentions more than 108 plants at which strike-breakers of one type or another have been employed in the past five years. The profits of the business are huge. Remington Rand paid $145,000 for "services" in the 1936 strike. No fewer than thirty-five regular strike-breaking agencies are listed; some of them, such as Bergoff's, the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Pinkerton's, and the employers' associations, Associated Industries and the National Metal Trades Association, are organizations of considerable size. An appendix lists the names and criminal records, where known, of some 150 strike-breakers or strike guards, the agencies for which they worked, and the strikes in which they participated. Some of these men are known by affectionate nicknames—"Chowderhead" Cohen, "Boilermaker" Williams, "Snake-Eyes Kid" Steinie, and "Stinkfoot" McVey. About a third of the men have criminal or arrest records, their crimes including burglary, rape, larceny, and other assorted acts of violence.

Three distinct categories of operators are listed—ordinary strike-breakers, or "finks," who take the jobs of the strikers; strike guards, who are hired ostensibly to protect the property of the company but whose actual function is in most cases to stir up violence; and "missionaries," or word-of-mouth propagandists, whose job it is to break down the morale of the strikers by spreading confusion and dissension among them. The tactics used by the "missionaries" are revealed in a letter of solicitation from W. Howard Downey and Associates to the Republic Steel Corporation. On paper with the letterhead "Specialists in word-of-mouth propaganda since 1915," the firm announced, "We have a whole kit of expressions and remarks accumulated by us in the last twenty years that have proved themselves in the handling of industrial disturbances time and again. . . . After hearing a few remarks that we have up our sleeves you should see how apprehensive a striker becomes." The committee found that strike-breakers are rarely bona fide workers, and that "guards" are seldom interested in protecting property. The sole function of both these groups is to break strikes, and there is a heavy premium on their using violence to achieve this purpose.

Sixteen states have attempted to curb these practices by legislation, but the results have been far from satisfactory. The Colorado law, for example, did not prevent the Ludlow massacre. Strike-breaking is an interstate business connected with large corporations which are themselves often interstate in character. It can only be controlled effectively on a national basis. Regulation of the strike-breaking industry through registration and restrictions on detective agencies and employers' associations would necessitate extensive and cumbersome administrative machinery. For this reason the La Follette committee very properly believes that the most feasible approach to the problem is through legislation forbidding employers to engage agencies which resort to the methods described above. Such legislation would naturally fall within the sphere of the newly established civil-liberties section of the Department of Justice and should be relatively easy to enforce. It would not interfere in any way with the right of an employer to provide legitimate watchmen or guards for his premises. But it would subject him to heavy penalties for acts of terrorism, intimidation, and deception such as have been almost accepted practice in American industry. Congress has a chance to make at least partial amends for its disgraceful action in knuckling to Dies by immediately enacting into law the proposals now being drawn up by the La Follette committee to curb these outrages.

Decline of Homer Martin

NO MAN ever deserved a vacation more than Harry Bennett, Ford's personnel manager, and the growing uproar in the United Automobile Workers of America must provide a pleasant accompaniment to his present trip to South America. For the third successive season the Ford company has managed to escape an organizing drive, and no small part of the credit goes to Mr. Bennett's skilful manipulation of factional differences within the union. When the sitdowners came out of the General Motors plants in February, 1937, they carried banners reading, "G. M. Today, Tomorrow Ford"; but tomorrow is still around the corner. The beating of Richard Frankensteen and Walter Reuther at the gates of the Ford plant in Dearborn in the fall of 1937 focused public attention sharply on the totalitarian methods that govern the factories of our foremost collector of early Americana. A return engagement was scheduled, and plans were made for a great Ford organizing drive to reach its culmination in January, 1938, at the peak of the production season. But it was clear that whoever organized the 80,000 employees of Ford's River Rouge plant would probably control the U. A. W. A., and jealousy came to Ford's rescue. Homer Martin and his supporters called off the distribution of leaflets and passed a motion instructing Reuther to remain in Milwaukee at an executive-board meeting on the day the return engagement had been scheduled to take place. The drive was wrecked.

With the other major motor companies asking, "Why don't you organize Ford?" new preparations were made for an organizing campaign this winter. The C. I. O. stepped in and arranged a peace—or at least a truce—between the contending factions in the U. A. W. A. The C. I. O. convention in Pittsburgh voted to boycott Ford if he refused to recognize the union. The U. A. W. A. on the advice of the C. I. O. set up a Ford organizing committee consisting of Reuther, Delmond Garst of St. Louis, and Charles Millard of Canada. Six million pieces of Ford boycott literature were prepared and printed. Once more internal dissension saved Ford, but this time it is clear that the weakness of the union lies not merely in political "factionalism" but in the egotism of Homer Martin. That Martin ignored the Ford organizing committee and his own executive board in meeting secretly with Bennett is clear, though the Martin and the anti-Martin forces differ in their accounts of how the meetings were brought about and what happened at them. Testimony before the Dies committee revealed disquieting relations between Martin and the anti-labor demagogue Coughlin; and the forces opposed to Martin suggest that the radio priest was the intermediary who brought Bennett and Martin together. The Martin version is hardly less damaging, for on his side it is claimed that the go-between was John Gillespie, former Detroit chief of police, a curious figure who seems to appear and reappear in Ford labor negotiations, making agreements on behalf of the company, only to be disowned by it later. It is significant that Martin's desire to keep his relations with Coughlin and Bennett secret, at least for a time, was betrayed by both. The first had stenographic reports made of what he had promised Martin would be "off the record" talks before meetings of priests. At the "secret" meetings between Bennett and Martin, a suspicious coincidence occurred: reporters happened accidentally to be at just the right place in the well-guarded Ford plant at the moment when Ford himself accidentally dropped into Bennett's office while Martin was there.

The relations between Martin and the Ford company have now been made the occasion for charges filed with the National Labor Relations Board. The Ford company, Harry Bennett, John Gillespie, Homer Martin, and his four supporters are accused of unfair labor practices in that they acted to convert the union "into an organization supported, controlled, and dominated by the Ford Motor Company, Harry Bennett, and John Gillespie, their agents and representatives." The account given by Percy Llewellyn, president of Ford Local No. 600, of what took place is most disquieting. According to Llewellyn, Bennett offered to place the notorious Ford Service Department at Martin's disposal, to rehire only workers who swore allegiance to Martin personally and could prove they were not Communists, and to deal with the union only through Martin. Company unionism pure and simple is no longer possible in the automobile industry; Ford needs an "independent" union that he can control.

Countering the NLRB charges, Martin has filed a bill of complaint with the Detroit Circuit Court accusing John L. Lewis and other C. I. O. officials of conspiracy to destroy the U. A. W. and take over its membership. He also charges his opponents on the executive board with plotting to turn the union over to the Communist Party.

Martin, who had an overwhelming majority of the executive board with him a year ago, is slipping badly; the prestige of an honest agreement with Ford is his last hope of remaining a power in the labor movement. It will be interesting to learn what really happened between them.

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"War Plots" and Politics

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, February 6

TO A considerable section of the press, domestic as well as foreign, President Roosevelt marched to the Rhine last week and then beat a hasty retreat back to the Potomac: first he authorized the sale of bombers to the French and then repudiated the notion that he had entered into some sort of secret European military alliance that would take the United States down the path to war. That there is a difference between a military alliance and a decision to sell, for cash, desperately needed defensive equipment to one of the menaced European democracies failed to penetrate the intellects in editorial front offices, or if it did, the distinction was deliberately ignored, as it was by leaders of the Senate isolationist bloc. In any event, the public here and abroad was informed by the President at his press conference on February 3 that he was still against entangling alliances.

Actually, the President's four-point pronouncement on foreign policy changed neither his position nor his direction. He had said in his annual message to Congress four weeks earlier that he proposed to give force to American ideals by action stronger than words but short of war. He had informed members of the Military Affairs Committee at a private conference on January 31 that he intended to sell planes to France. As far back as his Chicago quarantine speech in 1937 this policy had been in process of formulation. Only a few weeks before the historic press conference, it had been invoked in both a positive and a negative sense—by the sale of fighting planes to Great Britain and by public exposure of an airplane company which sold equipment to Japan in the face of a request not to. There can be no doubt that the President will go through with the French plane deal, exercising his authority as commander-in-chief of the armed forces and his constitutional prerogative of dealing with foreign powers. His Senatorial critics may tear their togas to ribbons in protest, but they cannot stop him.

Why, then, the commotion? Most of the explanation emerges from an examination of its sources. Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota was the first to get his breath after the President had given the lie direct to the "boob" responsible for the story that he (Roosevelt) had spoken of the Rhine as our new defensive frontier. Nye was one of the five Senators through whom the story of what went on at that conference leaked out, but he was not responsible for the application of Stanley Baldwin's phrase to the Roosevelt policy. (No one in Washington was responsible. It first appeared in dispatches from Europe giving the reaction to the news of the secret conference.) Nye's somewhat self-conscious answer was the counter-question: Where, then, is our new frontier? It must be remembered that the North Dakota Senator is a professional neutral. He lectures on the subject throughout the country, and it is good advertising for him to jump into every controversy over it. Only once since he made himself famous as the munitions investigator has he abandoned strict isolationism. That was just before his 1938 campaign when he advocated lifting the Spanish embargo, aroused Catholic opposition, and thus created an issue which helped him win reelection.

With Nye stands Bennett Clark of Missouri, a more consistent and able isolationist, who dreams of pushing Roosevelt into a Wilsonian position and riding past him into the White House. Clark seems to be willing to stake his political future on the bet that public opinion, in a showdown, would support isolationism as against cooperation with the democracies to check the Western dictatorships. Third in the triumvirate of isolationist leaders is Hiram Johnson of California, who suffers from severe nostalgia for the days when he amounted to something as one of the little band of wilful, finally victorious, battlers against Wilson and the League of Nations. These leaders have gathered to themselves most of the Roosevelt haters, who will join any opposition claque.

William E. Borah of Idaho has been removed from the scene temporarily by illness, a circumstance that accounts in some measure for the confusion on Capitol Hill. George Norris of Nebraska, another survivor of the League fight, one of the two men left in the Senate of those who braved ostracism to vote against war in 1917, has indorsed the President's policy without reservation. Why not equip the French and British to resist Hitlerism at the Rhine? he asks. How better can this country fight the Nazi fire, which he considers far more devastating than the imperial German kind? How better prevent war in the first instance and American entry in the second? His example is having its effect on Senatorial opinion.

Just how public opinion divides no one quite knows, not even the President. While he gave no ground in his press-conference statement of policy, he did give the impression of partial surrender by bowing to the Senatorial demand for clarification of his policy. Contrary to the interpretation some newspapers placed on the affair, there was nothing impulsive about his talk to the correspondents. He was cool and deliberate, particularly in delivering his sharp rebuke to the press, which, by and large, had not been particularly unfriendly to the democracy-arming project. Roosevelt is determined to keep the newspapers in the opposition camp, where they will not be mistaken for neutrals or heeded as non-partisans. He knows they will be against him 90 per cent of the time anyway. Having lost his power over Congress in domestic affairs, he is playing for control in the foreign sphere. At his Friday press conference he was again the leader.

If there was fumbling at the White House, it was in the over-cautious moves leading up to the declaration of policy. The accident which revealed the presence of an official of the French Air Ministry aboard a Douglas bomber imparted an air of secrecy to the airplane deal. This was thickened by the subsequent delay in informing Congress and by circulation of the unverified but generally credited story that Chief of Staff Malin Craig opposed sale of the bomber to France because such a transaction would violate the War Department rule against selling a newly designed military plane to a foreign power until a year after the second of its kind had been produced. Criticism might have been silenced by arguments for selling to France planes of a design that would equal German ships and for giving to Douglas experience in mass production before the start of the American rearmament program. But these arguments were withheld from the public while the isolationists dinned into its ears their charge that France was receiving unprecedented and unjustified preference. (Even the British bought only planes of a type already in production.) The final mistake was in trusting a full Senatorial committee to let the substance of a White House discussion leak out in ungarbled form.

At his press conference the President resumed command of a situation that had got out of hand. There is every indication that he will continue to run the foreign-affairs show in his own way. He may change the tempo occasionally to suit public response, but the script, calling for assistance to the democracies in their efforts to arm, will be followed. There will be no quantity sales of aircraft equipment to the dictatorships regardless of how loud the Republicans shout for impartiality. The Senate will have small opportunity at this session to make effective its opposition, however strong this becomes. The President is not likely to court defeat by asking that the Spanish embargo be lifted or that the Neutrality Act be amended to give him more latitude in following his chosen course. He has all the power he needs to cope with the current problem—that of strengthening France and Great Britain in the air in the hope of averting another Munich.

Dope for French Nerves

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, January 23

GREAT BRITAIN and France sit tight, some people hoping for the best, some preparing for the worst. In the lobbies of the French Chamber of Deputies the propagandists have been preaching optimism as energetically as they can: "The Spaniards hate the very sight of an Italian. . . . The Italians are sure to be kicked out of Spain once Franco has won the war. . . . Terrible rows between Spaniards and Italians at Tarragona. . . . Spanish women emptying their chamber pots on Italian soldiers as they march past. . . . There aren't any Italian soldiers in Spain, really. Seventeen thousand. The *Jour* says so this morning. The *Matin* says so. . . . *Votre Chamberlain n'est pas un imbécile.* . . . Penarroya, Rio Tinto. . . . A signed agreement with Franco already in his pocket. . . . Reconstruction loan—la Cité de Londres. . . . Mussolini will want some too. . . . Once the Spanish war is over there'll be no more spitting on France. He'll eat out of our hand. The Italians are really frightened of Germany. The Brenner, the Brenner. . . . Dr. Schacht—very good, excellent. Inflation in Germany. It'll demoralize the Germans completely. A thousand million marks for a toothpick. They can't fight a war under such conditions. . . . *Tout va tres bien, tout va tres bien.* . . . Very sad, very, very sad about Barcelona. Such heroes! But it may be all to the good."

For a couple of days France was acutely worried. Mr. Chamberlain had just come back from Rome with nothing to show except a firm and frequently repeated promise from the Duce that his troops would be withdrawn from Spain as soon as Franco had won a complete victory. This promise was emphasized to M. Daladier with great vigor from the British end, as was also the fact that Mr. Chamberlain believed in the good faith of Signor Mussolini—even though Signor Mussolini had signed the non-intervention agreement, and had agreed to withdraw his troops from Spain, and had given a thousand other promises all of which had been broken. And now he said in effect: "I signed the non-intervention agreement, but my troops are in Spain and there they shall remain until final victory, and heaven help

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the French—on whom I spit—if *they* dare to violate the non-intervention agreement." Mr. Chamberlain no doubt agreed, and wrote to Mr. Attlee that we must all stick to non-intervention or else there would be grave danger of an extension of the conflict, and that it was no use discussing the matter in Parliament just now.

A week ago a lot of Frenchmen were pretty worried, among them M. Daladier. Here he was, just back from Tunis and Algiers, very popular as a result of his successful tour, which had been not only a personal success for him but a brilliant demonstration of the idiocy of the Italian claims on Tunis and Corsica. Not a single Corsican, or Tunisian, or Algerian wanted to become Italian. Even the Italians in Tunisia had hastened to apply for French citizenship—25,000 out of about 95,000 in the last two months—since the row in Rome started. The French empire had never displayed its loyalty to France with greater vigor. It was a great triumph for M. Daladier. Not an inch of territory. And no legal quibbles, please, about territorial and non-territorial claims. Everybody seemed very pleased; even M. Flandin must have been pleased, for was it not he who had said a year ago that France should become an "empire power" rather than a "European power"?

And then last Sunday, the day after Mr. Chamberlain returned from Rome, M. Daladier presided over the Petit Congrès of the Radical Party. The delegates were all hot and bothered about Spain. Senator Berthod, who two months earlier, at the congress at Marseilles, had advocated a revision of the Polish alliance and the Soviet pact, and who also seemed to think that France should become predominantly an "empire power," now declared that this empire would be *fichu* if the Italians remained in the Balearics. The whole congress cheered with impressive unanimity. Good old Radicals! One almost expected them to shout, after the manner of the Communists in 1936, *"Des avions pour l'Espagne!"* They did not go quite so far. They had always been ardent non-interventionists, but now they had become alarmed and angry. A little late in the day, but still. Some of them booed at the mention of M. Bonnet, and they unanimously adopted a resolution which, among other things, said: "In spite of the obligations entered into by the Non-Intervention Committee, Italy has not ceased, according to her own admissions, to support General Franco with war material and soldiers. By establishing herself lastingly in Spain, in the Balearics, or in Spanish Morocco, Italy would constitute the gravest danger to France's Mediterranean routes; and the Radical Committee calls on the government to examine the situation with great vigilance."

Courtesy *l'Humanite*

Mussolini

It may be taken for granted that both this resolution and M. Berthod's speech were fully approved by Daladier. On the previous day he had received a visit from M. Blum, who talked to him about Spain; and M. Blum seems to have left with the impression that M. Daladier was not satisfied to allow events in Spain to "take their course," and was at least willing to "relax" the frontier control. But there was this awkward problem of Mr. Chamberlain: for if Mr. Chamberlain wanted Franco to win quickly and get the Spanish war over, any French help to the Spanish government would obviously be in contradiction to British policy; and Mussolini would then have the satisfaction of being able to say that he had driven a wedge between England and France. Thus, while feeling very sympathetic toward the Spanish government, and perhaps willing to do a little bit for them, and also rather worried about his empire routes, M. Daladier could not quite make up his mind what to do; and at the Radical Congress he simply refrained from speaking about Spain.

Daladier

M. Bonnet, however, had no doubts on the subject. He returned from Geneva on Tuesday, after seeing Lord Halifax, who had told him all about the Rome visit. Lord Halifax was not particularly pleased with this visit. But M. Bonnet thought it was all right, and adopted whole-heartedly Mr. Chamberlain's point of view. And what is more, he persuaded the Cabinet to adopt it. No doubt objections were raised and misgivings expressed, but on the whole M. Bonnet's point of view prevailed. Only on one concrete point, according to the *Jour*, was he unable to get the Cabinet to follow him, and that was when he proposed the immediate appointment of a diplomatic envoy to Burgos. But there was to be no real aid to the Spanish government.

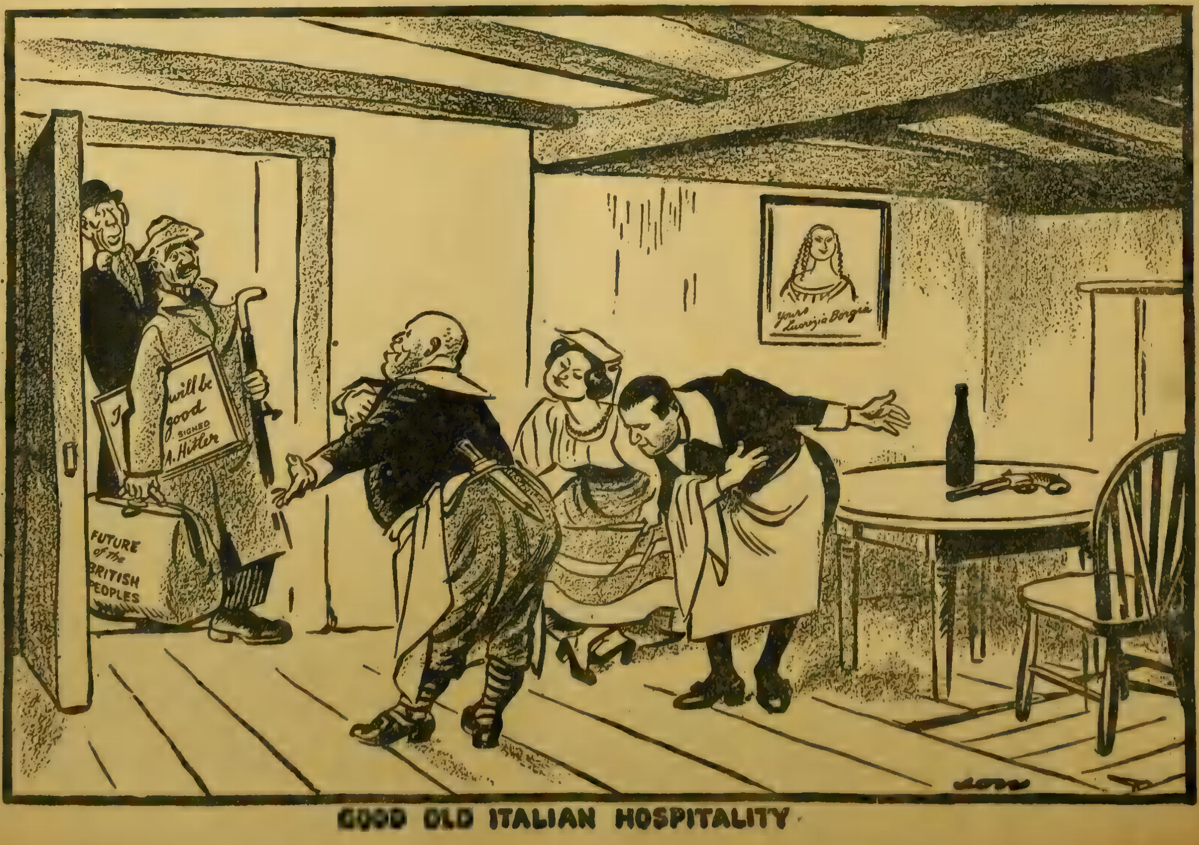
The arguments used by the officially inspired press are similar to those used by the propagandists in the Chamber lobby, which I have already quoted. Another argument is that France has no guns or munitions or airplanes to spare; and if it starts sending armaments to Spain, Italy will send twice as much and there will be no end to it; and finally a European war will develop.

Mr. Chamberlain said so. And M. Emile Roche in the *République,* one of the great pro-Munich papers, has been trying to show that Mussolini's Spanish war has all been due to economic difficulties: Spain is only a financial bargaining counter; he will stay in Spain until he gets enough money from London and is in a position to prop up his regime at home. According to the same writer, the anti-Jewish laws in Italy are also entirely due to economic difficulties. So all will be well.

It is only fair to credit M. Bonnet with a rather impressive consistency. It will be remembered how disappointed Mr. Chamberlain was last April and May when, partly as a result of the armaments which the French had allowed during a few short weeks to reach Barcelona, the Spanish government held up completely the great Aragon offensive. At Tortosa France got stuck. On May 20 the diplomatic correspondent of the *Times* wrote a very illuminating article in which he spoke about the "depression" and "anxiety" caused in British government quarters by the failure of the Republicans to allow themselves to be beaten, a failure which was jeopardizing the Anglo-Italian agreement. A couple of weeks later Mr. Chamberlain "suggested" to the French that they close the frontier properly—which they did, on June 13.

M. Bonnet has been striving ever since he became Foreign Minister ten months ago to arrive at an agreement with Italy; and, like Mr. Chamberlain, he has apparently felt that Spain was the great obstacle in the way of the Franco-Italian entente. At Genoa last May Mussolini said that there could be no agreement with France so long as France and Italy were fighting "on different sides of the barricades in Spain." Since June 13 France has not been doing any "fighting," but if Italy still goes on "spitting at France" it is because there is still danger that France may suddenly decide to help the Spanish government. And the "spitting" is a warning.

Shortly before the Czech crisis of May 21, M. Bonnet was greatly worried about the situation, and thought that it was necessary to secure Italy's neutrality somehow—for there was then the danger of a war over Czechoslovakia—and the most obvious way to do so was to stop fighting "on the opposite side of the barricades," in other words, to close the French frontier. M. Daladier disagreed with him at the time, but less than a month later the frontier was closed, upon a "suggestion" from London. M. Bonnet has not lost his belief, in spite of all the "spitting," that Italy may yet be won over—at least to some extent—if only it is not interfered with in Spain. And judging from yesterday's *Temps,* the objection that Italy may break its word and not clear out of Spain and the Balearics is met as follows: If Italy really fails to clear out, France will occupy Minorca and Spanish Morocco. And so the empire routes will be more or less saved. But will the French be bold enough to do it when it comes to the point?



GOOD OLD ITALIAN HOSPITALITY

As for the anxiety felt at Toulouse and other towns of France near the "third potentially hostile frontier," an anxiety loudly voiced by the Radical *Dépêche de Toulouse*, it is said that there is nothing to worry about; and prominence is given in the press to Franco's invitation to anyone to "go and look for German airdromes near the French border." Altogether the discreet but important role played by Germany in Spain is somehow being overlooked.

Now that things have come to such a pass, one can only hope that Mr. Chamberlain's and M. Bonnet's calculations prove correct; that "Spain for the Spaniards" will become a reality; that Italy will loosen its bonds with Berlin, and become reasonable in return for a loan in London and some "non-territorial" concessions from France, and also that the Germans will be turned out of Spain. The fact that most of the bombing of Barcelona is now done by Germans is an unpleasant reminder that they are still very much there.

In any case, the press has been soothing the nerves of the French public with this dope; my old concierge has not been affected by it—"*Nous serons encore baisés cette fois*," he remarked gloomily. But on the whole the dope has not been without effect.

The A. M. A. Hedges

BY DOROTHY PEARSON

ON THE subject of group health insurance the American Medical Association has planted itself squarely on both sides of the fence. The association is definitely for and against it. Several state medical societies are sponsoring voluntary health insurance and "socialized medicine," while, nationally, organized medicine continues its furious offensive against the existing group-health experiments. There were no signs, a few months ago, that the A. M. A. was anything but consistently reactionary. Group practice and group payment were "socialism, communism, inciting to revolution." This sudden change of heart—or change of strategy—coincides so neatly with the indictment of the organization by a federal grand jury for violation of the anti-trust law that it is reasonable to infer that the Department of Justice has the A. M. A. worried.

The department showed consideration for the sensitive feelings of the indicted doctors and did not issue bench warrants for their arrest. But they must appear for arraignment sooner or later. They have announced that they will fight the indictment "to the utmost, with every means" in their power. And those means are not inconsiderable. On January 25, A. M. A. counsel made a motion in federal court to question the grand jurors on the evidence presented in the nine weeks' hearings. Obviously, they would gain a tremendous advantage if they could have access to this testimony, which has been kept secret thus far. The next move undoubtedly will be to file a demurrer, on the ground that the members of the A. M. A. were not in "trade" but in a "learned" profession and therefore could not be considered in interstate commerce in the ordinary sense of the word. This question will be violently argued, for it is on this point that the whole case rests. The Department of Justice is expected to cite a British case in which a medical group was held to have been engaged in trade or commerce.

If the demurrer is sustained by the United States District Court for the District of Columbia, the department will appeal to the Supreme Court. But if the lower court decides that the A. M. A. is engaged in "trade" and overrules the demurrer, a date will be set and the case will go on trial, probably sometime in the spring. The grand jury indicted the American Medical Association for conspiracy and restraint of trade, and the government has steered clear of the issues involved in the struggle between the association and the health-insurance groups. The Attorney General emphasized this when he stated, "It is not within our province to see that any one method of furnishing medical service shall prevail over another. It is our business to see that restraints of trade and coercive practices are stopped."

The Group Health Association of Washington, D. C. —whose testimony was of special importance—has had considerable experience with just such "coercive practices." It's been a battle since the day the G. H. A. opened shop. Government employees organized this cooperative to provide themselves with complete medical care, with special emphasis on preventive medicine, at a yearly cost of about $25 for each member. This group in particular has been anathema to organized medicine because the New Deal has given it material and moral support. The A. M. A., working through the Medical Society of the District of Columbia, saw to it that the doctors and the members of the Group Health Association were refused admittance to every private hospital in Washington. The argument was that the cooperative was resorting to "unethical medical practices." In the interest of "ethics" one G. H. A. member was sent home from the hospital after having been prepared for an emergency operation. Not content with such sweeping measures, the medical society singled out several of the G. H. A. doctors for special attack. Dr. Mario Scandiffio, the pediatrician of the association, was dropped from the Medical Society, and the medical director, Dr. R. E. Selders, was accused of unethical practice by the Harris County Medical Society of Texas. (Since the indictment three of the G. H. A. doctors have been admitted to the Garfield Hospital, and the charges against Dr. Selders have been dismissed.)

Other testimony, at the hearings, even though it did not figure in the indictment, carried great weight. No one is better acquainted with the obstructionist tactics of the A. M. A. than Dr. Michael Shadid, who came from Elk City, Oklahoma, to testify. The much-publicized Cooperative Hospital at Elk City, of which Dr. Shadid is medical director, has faced well-organized opposition from the start. Two thousand farmers, share-croppers, and small-town business men organized this cooperative and built a hospital—a fine modern building which has been enlarged three times. Each member family buys a share of stock for $50 and pays $24 a year for complete medical care. Glowing accounts from outside investigators tell of the remarkable success of this venture. But the stand-pat doctors in the vicinity have kept up a running fire against Dr. Shadid and his staff, and the Oklahoma Medical Society, which of course dropped Shadid from its rolls for "unethical" medical practices, is at present trying to have his license revoked. Only the fact that this group owns its own hospital has made it possible for it to continue operations.

Even the radio was pressed into service in the Oklahoma campaign. A short time ago *True Story Magazine* planned to broadcast a dramatic account of the Elk City Hospital over a National Broadcasting Company hook-up. Eight minutes at the end of the program were to have been devoted to a discussion of cooperative medicine by two well-known doctors—one opposed to the practice and one sympathetic. But at the last minute N. B. C. threw out the broadcast on the ground that "controversial issues are prohibited on a commercial hour." The magazine people were reasonably taken aback since they had been presenting similar programs on controversial issues for several weeks without meeting with any interference.

Testimony concerning the coercive practices of the A. M. A. came from doctors connected with the Milwaukee Medical Center, the San Diego Beneficial Society, and Trinity Hospital in Little Rock, as well as from the Washington and Elk City groups. Dr. Hugh Cabot, senior consulting surgeon of the Mayo Clinic and an authority on medical economics, came to Washington to speak for the "rebel" doctors within the A. M. A. One of the most outspoken members of this dissident group, Dr. Cabot openly favors group-health experiments.

While organized medicine is concentrating its legal forces on the court battle, this is not its last stand by any means. An adverse decision would be a severe blow, but the medical hierarchy has no intention of taking a back seat, whatever happens. The ruling clique of the American Medical Association, headed by Morris Fishbein, has been a law to itself for almost twenty years. Technically, the A. M. A. is a democratically organized group, but actually Fishbein and his supporters control the policies of the national association and the local medical societies. It is the threat to their power—and incidentally their jobs—which principally disturbs them. If pressure is strong enough they will reluctantly accept group health insurance as an unpleasant necessity; but never will they voluntarily relinquish their control of the medical bureaucracy. Already they are laying plans for a new course of action in case of a court defeat—plans which account for the group-health schemes now springing up under the sponsorship of the medical societies. If group health is inevitable, Fishbein and Company are determined to be in on the ground floor.

The Gallup polls, too, have been a factor in the A. M. A.'s about-face. Last year Gallup reported that 85 per cent of the women in this country favor some form of health insurance; that 80 per cent of the doctors believe the growth of health insurance inevitable; and that 70 per cent of the doctors are in favor of health insurance. This year Gallup reports that approximately 25 million persons would be interested in paying as much as $3 a month for complete medical and hospital protection, and that 7 million more people would like to participate if the cost could be cut to $2 a month. Anyone with an eye to business can see that here is an immense potential market for medical service, waiting only to be developed.

Having so recently embraced the idea of group health insurance, the A. M. A. has not had time to put any plans into operation, but several state medical societies have made definite proposals. On the surface, these plans seem to be exact replicas of the group health associations so violently attacked by these same societies, but careful analysis reveals many important differences.

Undoubtedly frightened by the inroads which the Group Health Association is making into private practice, the Medical Society of the District of Columbia now offers a Mutual Health Service. When and if the service is adopted, it will provide complete medical care to subscribers for about $18 a year. Medical, consultant, X-ray and laboratory services, office and home calls, and medical care in the hospitals will be included, but hospitalization itself will be extra. That's splendid, as far as it goes, but there are important omissions. No mention is made of provisions for preventive medicine, or for group practice and consultation on the part of the doctors—two of the most important phases of group health insurance. Another provision—under which any single person earning more than $2,500 will be excluded—will be definitely detrimental. People resent distinctions on the ground of income. Nevertheless it must be admitted, even though complete details of the project are not available, that the proposed service is a great concession on the part of the diehards.

Even more surprising is the Wisconsin Medical Society's proposal to collaborate with three different cooperative medical groups in the state for experimental purposes. The Medical Society has already made arrangements to work with the Cooperative Health Association in Superior, Wisconsin. Only 300 people will be accepted in this group during the experimental phase. Any doctor who is a member of the medical society in good standing can join the panel from which the patients choose their physicians. The doctors will work on a minimum-fee schedule and the members will pay so much a year for medical services, both general and surgical. It is generally believed that this venture is foredoomed to failure because the group is too small, the doctors do not function as a group, and there is no provision for preventive medicine or hospitalization. Remembering that this same medical society is still obstructing the Milwaukee Medical Center—one of the best-known of the group health associations—one is inclined to view its proposal a little skeptically. Possibly this offer of cooperation is simply part of the Medical Society's new strategy, enabling them to say, "See, we've tried health insurance, but it doesn't work."

Cash-indemnity medical insurance is the only health insurance of which the tory doctors really approve, and it is this type that has been proposed by the Medical Society of the State of New York. For a monthly fee of from $1 to $3 the subscriber would be entitled to the payment of doctors' bills of from $150 to $500 a year. "As a method of insurance," says the New York *Times,* it provides no hospital care at all; offers no diagnostic service beyond that which can be rendered in a physician's office; [and] permits the physician to charge all that he can against the insurance fund. . . ." Conservative doctors naturally like this scheme because it helps people to pay their doctors' bills without upsetting the medical bureaucracy or changing the fee-for-service principle.

Organized medicine now has no greater love for group payment or contract practice than it had a year ago. If the A. M. A. gets a favorable decision in court, there will be considerable backtracking on the question of group health insurance. Dr. Fishbein has been careful not to commit himself too far. "The A. M. A. House of Delegates," he points out, "continues to oppose sickness insurance. . . . The best system would seem to be one which includes voluntary insurance against the cost of hospitalization, and voluntary cash-indemnity insurance to cover the cost of medical or professional services." Cash-indemnity insurance may be allowed to stand, but any more liberal overtures made by the local medical societies will be quickly forgotten. Obviously the group health associations will suffer a severe setback if the courts support the A. M. A. Most of them are too young and too weak to buck organized medicine.

Must Democracy Use Force?

III. MUNICH RATHER THAN WAR

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

TWO articles, by Mr. Niebuhr and Mr. Kolnai, in the pages of *The Nation** have stated with great emphasis the case against Munich, and I am glad of the opportunity to state the case in favor of that much-abused pact. But before embarking upon controversy I should like to mention certain points on which I agree with my opponents.

I agree, in the first place, that the preservation of democracy in the world is of immense importance. I am not prepared to deny that if democracy can be defended by war, and cannot be defended in any other way, then war may become necessary. I accept Mr. Niebuhr's analysis of the case for democracy as resting, not upon the essential goodness of man, but upon the fact that "power must be held under democratic restraints because irresponsible power is always dangerous." I agree also that no government, however democratic, can dispense with the threat of force against recalcitrant minorities. But these abstract truisms seem to me to have very little bearing upon the actual situation.

Both articles, while they inveigh against the "prejudices of academics," appear to me incurably academic and remote from concrete reality. During the Great War the immense majority of professors, both in Germany and among the Allies, showed a bloodthirstiness which at the time astonished me. This is still true of those who expect to be remote from the actual theaters of war. They still think of human beings, not as concrete developing individuals, but as unalterable embodiments of ideological forces. A German is just a soldier fighting for fascism. An Englishman or Frenchman should be just a soldier fighting for democracy. An American should be a recruiting sergeant and a merchant of death. All this forgets the dynamic character of human passions, as well as the fact that politics is not the whole of life.

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*In the issues of January 21 and 28.

"War," says Mr. Kolnai, "has settled many problems in history." I do not deny it, nor do I deny that a war between fascism and democracy will settle a problem. Unless it is shorter and more easily won than we have any right to expect, I fear that it will settle the problem in favor of fascism, whichever side is victorious.

The view that a great war is likely to lead to fascism, even if the present fascist powers are defeated, is one which is met by Mr. Kolnai with anger rather than argument. "It is the hallmark of civilized man," he says, "not that he is unable to use barbarous weapons, but that he is able to use them in a restrained, governable, exterior, and transitory fashion." If this is a definition of "civilized man," I have no quarrel with it; but if it is intended to imply—as it obviously is—that there are at present nations composed of "civilized men" in this sense, then I do most emphatically deny it. After the Germans had been defeated in the last war, they were still treated barbarously, until their own "barbarous weapons" began to inspire fear. "None of the fascist dictatorships," says Mr. Kolnai, "especially the chief ones, have been born of war." This is totally untrue of Hitler, who is a logical consequence of Versailles and its aftermath. He is the result of our victory in a war to defend democracy and destroy militarism. If we win another such war, Hitler will be succeeded by someone as much worse than he as he is worse than the Kaiser. To suppose that we shall have learned anything from our previous mistakes is totally unrealistic.

The argument from history is very apt to be fallacious as applied to modern conditions. War is a more serious matter than it used to be. War can still settle problems, but it can only settle them the wrong way. Consider the war in China: it is still possible that the Japanese may ultimately be defeated, but only if the Chinese lose all their best qualities, and become almost as ferocious as their enemies.

"It does make an enormous difference," says Mr. Kolnai, "who wins and who loses a war." This is an optimistic delusion, a relic of eighteenth-century rationalism, no longer held as a creed concerning mankind at large, but only applied to the "virtuous" nations. Nations are "virtuous" in proportion to the paucity of their war experience. The most "virtuous" nations are Norway and Sweden, which have had no war since 1814. Whatever virtues the English may possess are due to the fact that they have not been invaded since 1066. The next war will fundamentally alter their character; if they are victorious, they will be found to have become hysterical and cruel. As for America, those who remember the reign of terror against radicals during and after the last war for democracy will not be unduly optimistic.

I am surprised to find, in both the writers who attack Munich, a proneness to rhetorical expressions which tend to obscure the facts. "Czechoslovakia lay prostrate under the heel of the conqueror," says Mr. Niebuhr. Anyone would suppose from this phrase that if England and France had gone to war instead of coming to a settlement at Munich, the fate of Czechoslovakia would have been less unpleasant than it has been in fact. But it is obvious that England and France could not, in the event of war, have prevented the Germans from overrunning Czechoslovakia. The difference would have been that the Germans would have occupied the whole country instead of only parts where there is a large German population, and that in the course of conquest they would have destroyed Prague and killed vast numbers of the opposing forces. Perhaps, at the end of a long war, the surviving Czechs would have been able to return to their devastated areas, but in the meantime they would have suffered a hundred times as much as they are suffering.

Those who censure England and France for weakness toward Germany are apt to forget that most of what Germany has done *externally* has been a forcible remedying of injustices perpetrated at Versailles. The reoccupation of the Rhineland ought to have taken place by agreement long before it actually occurred. The *Anschluss* was forbidden by England and France while Germany was democratic; when it took place, there can be no reasonable doubt that the majority of Austrians welcomed it, whatever they may be feeling now. The Sudeten areas in Czechoslovakia were originally taken from Austria and Germany simply as a punishment, and many of those who now protest against their incorporation in Germany recognized, in 1919, the injustice of subjecting them to a government that they disliked. In all these three cases the mistake was in not voluntarily conceding justice to pre-Nazi Germany. The mistake was not in making concessions, but in making them too late and under threat of force. Even so, however, it was better to make them than to plunge Europe into war for the purpose of perpetuating injustices.

When Munich is attacked in America, it is attacked as a rule on the ground that it was England's duty to the world to crusade for democracy. It may, of course, be said that British interests were sacrificed, but as to that the British must be allowed to judge for themselves; and in any case, if that were the objection, it would not justify moral indignation. Moral indignation, of which America is full, can only be justified on the ground that the interests of mankind demand war against the Nazis. But if that is the argument, it applies exactly as much to the United States. Yet I never hear it said, in America, that the United States has "abdicated." I do not myself feel any inclination to blame America for its neutrality. But I think the arguments that justify American neutrality are the same as those that justify the British attitude at Munich. They are less strong, because the United States would suffer less in a war than England would, but they are to my mind equally cogent. They are, however, not available for those who think that England ought to have fought. It is difficult to feel much respect for those who say: "This is a holy cause, therefore you ought to fight, but we ought only to look on and make money out of your necessities."

It is difficult to understand the difference between the attitude of Americans to Czechoslovakia and their attitude to China. China has more than ten times the population of Czechoslovakia; it is suffering far more horribly, and on a vastly larger scale, than all the victims of the Nazis put together; and Japan has no vestige or shadow of justification for its invasion. Everyone knows that Japan is allied with Germany, that what strengthens Japan strengthens Germany, and what weakens Japan weakens Germany. Most people who have gone into the question are of opinion that Japan could be quickly crippled by economic measures alone. In spite of this, not only is Japan allowed to proceed unhampered, but Americans—individually, not governmentally—do far more than any other nation to help the Japanese to victory, by supplying them with oil and motor transport and by buying their silk. When I hear this conduct defended by those who are full of moral horror about Munich, I confess that I am completely bewildered.

Moral indignation, unless severely controlled, is seldom a source of wise conduct. Take the position of the Jews in Germany at the present time. I will not for a moment admit that those who feel that this is a reason for war have any greater sympathy for the Jews, or any greater horror of the cruelties to which they are subjected, than I have. But I cannot help realizing that in war time Jews would be accused of treachery and of the inconceivable wickedness of desiring the defeat of their persecutors. Under the influence of war hysteria they would be subjected to much more severe persecution even than that now being inflicted on them. If our object is to help German Jews, not merely to enjoy the satisfactions of revenge, it is perfectly evident that war is the worst method we can possibly adopt. From the point of view of humanity, the only hope, as things stand, is to get the Jews out of Germany, even if it should involve paying blackmail to their jailers. If our vindictive feelings must have some consolation, we can reflect that the loss of the Jews will very greatly weaken the German nation, and will make it, if war does come, much easier to defeat than it was when the Jews were an integral part of the community.

It is a mistake—more common nowadays on the left than on the right—to think of military power as alone important. At the time of the Munich crisis the German nation, no less than the French and the English, showed unmistakably its aversion from war. Most eyewitnesses are agreed that the intensified persecution of the Jews has been unpopular with the bulk of the population. Economic difficulties and curtailment of food supplies must inevitably cause discontent. The desire for a quiet life and a diminution of strenuousness must sooner or later become overwhelming, particularly if the external dangers have quite obviously diminished. There is no sound reason to suppose the Nazi regime eternal, or to believe that it can only be destroyed by external war. I am not positively prophesying that the Nazis will fall as a result of an internal revolution, led perhaps by the army; I am saying only that this is by no means an impossibility, and that the great war, if postponed sufficiently, may never take place. This is a powerful reason for accepting even painful compromises in the meantime.

Assuming that the Nazis remain in power, there is still every reason to expect that their international position will grow weaker. The situation now is very analogous to that of Napoleon in 1809. Success will make Hitler rash, and not sufficiently conciliatory to his allies. He has lately lost Poland; he is almost certain before long to lose Italy. The inevitable psychology of the situation must lead him, as it led Napoleon, into some enterprise in which success is impossible. Perhaps when that time comes, his own country will desert him; perhaps he will provoke a war in which his defeat will not be very difficult. All such speculations are doubtful, but the evils of a great war are not doubtful.

The rise of Hitler, for a time, shook my pacifism, as it shook that of many others. I read many books by military, naval, and aeronautical experts as to the probable character of the next war. The one thing that seems quite beyond question is that the next great war, if the forces are at all evenly balanced, will destroy civilized life throughout Europe, leaving no possibility of any government except a military tyranny, because the universal destitution will promote brigandage and every kind of anarchic disorder. Populations maddened by hatred, terror, and hunger will demand vengeance upon somebody, and will seize upon the nearest victims, who are likely to be those retaining most of the vanishing civilization. It is the horror of this prospect that is the basis of European pacifism. America, no doubt, will emerge intact, and therefore to an American the pacifist argument is less compelling. But Europeans, naturally, think first of their own continent, and for Europe nothing but disaster can result from war.

[*This is the last of three articles discussing the role of force in the preservation of our democracy. A rebuttal by Mr. Niebuhr will be found in our letter columns on page 187.*]

The Nazis Turn Toward Mecca

[News reports of the National Socialist Party Congress at Nürnberg last September made brief mention of the presence of a sizable group of Arab sheiks. The following letter, written by the nephew of one of those sheiks to Al-förd ibn Roos, who translated and passed it along to us, sheds light on their mission to Germany and on the activities of the Nazis in the Near East. We have had the original document, written in Arabic, carefully examined by a competent scholar and feel assured of its authenticity. While we cannot vouch for the information it presents, the letter seems important if only for what it reveals of the attitude and expectations of the Arabs themselves. The only changes made in the original text are the suppression of certain place names that might help to reveal the identity of the writer and the deletion of a few purely personal passages.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Writ at the Wells of Zezaarft, Hejaz, this 23d Day of the Month of Jumada II in the Year of the Hejira, 1357, by Ibrahim ibn Jast, Pious in El-Islam, to His Brother in the One True Faith, Hajji Al-förd ibn Roos, Devout in the Faith, at the City of Vanadium, Sanjak of New Mexico.*

NOW I must tell thee of many things that have come to pass since last I wrote thee, for affairs of Islam speed on ever and ever faster. My uncle, the Sheik . . . who was honored together with more than a hundred others of all the *dar al Islam,* hath returned from a visit to the ruler of the Germans. And they did sit in council with the viziers of the ruler, and when my uncle related the great things that were arranged there I was permitted to sit in the ring of the elders of Bir el Melosah. And we all rejoice to know that the High Vizier of the Germans, one Yussuf Goebbels, gave assurance that the ruler Hitler and all the viziers and the *sipah-silar* [army commanders] have accepted the tenets of the Prophet, upon whom be blessings, and are actually true believers, though for purposes of state and temporarily this has not been promulgated in their country but must be disseminated throughout Islam. All Islam rejoices to know that Allah hath inclined the hearts of the Germans to accept Allah's Prophet and become believers, just as he inclined the heart of the ruler of the Sons of the Wolf in the land of the Italians; so that now we have two former infidel rulers who are vowed and committed to champion our cause of justice.

There in the land of the Germans my uncle beheld a vast sea of warriors before the rostrum and at other places, and he was made to know that this was but as a grain of sand to the number of warriors that lay close to their arms, and the whole land is filled with fortresses that may not be taken, and of cannon that cannot be numbered, and all pledged to protect Islam when presently the full *jehad* [holy war] will be declared and Islam once more unsheaths the sword to sweep the world. And it was made known to the sheiks that the Commander and Caliph of the Germans has but to raise his voice, and the English and French tremble and become craven with fear; so that the viziers of the infidels crawl like worms to the champion of Islam.

A promise was made that if instructions were followed by us in the present partial *jehad,* when the day came to take the sword in full strength, which would be soon, the Germans, together with the Italians, would fill the air with such great fleets of flying war *dhows* that the firmament would be darkened with their numbers. Therefore we shall not be molested from the heavens while we put the necks of the English, and later the French, to the edge of the sword. And it is promised that even more of those guns will be sent us, those that shoot an endless row of bullets in belts, and more instructors will soon be sent us to add to those already training our young men, and more gold to our head men for distribution, and more cannon. But we must be careful to send men in very gradually increasing numbers to the battles in Palestine, and thus not alarm the French in Syria before the time comes. The young men of Jebel ed Druse can scarcely be restrained against the French, for they remember well the French massacre of not many years ago, and all our own young men are avid for war against the infidel English, who would give El Kuds, the Holy, to the Jews and let the Dome of the Rock be desecrated by unbelievers.

My uncle was told that all the world would be at war soon, and that the greater plan included the return of India to Islam, for which schemes are far advanced. There are only 250 English soldiers at the Island of Perim that guards the narrow sea at the Bab el Mandeb; and near Mocha, which likewise is separated from Africa by a narrow channel, forts have been made of poured rock. Great cannon are ready at Assab in Eritrea, on the other side, and these will be taken across when the time comes. Then these and the great cannon of the Caliph of the Italians at Assab will close the narrow sea to the warships of the English, and the British Empire will be severed while India grasps the weapons of war for freedom.

The emissaries of the Italians have caused the hinterland behind Aden to seethe, so that the sheiks can scarcely restrain the young men. Now my uncle has gone

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* September 16, 1938.

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to Bir el Melosah, where he will meet with other sheiks, for there is a truce in Islam. All of the Italians will be there also, with gold and more of the magic boxes [radios] wherein dwell Djinn and Afrit. In another moon all the tribes will send chief men to the greater meeting at Cairo, where an agreement will be reached between Iraq, Syria, Hejaz, Yemen, and India.

My uncle says that a fresh levy of twelve men will go from these tents soon to cross the Jordan and come under the banner of Abdul Rahim, and these will report to the commander Abdul Kader Husseini at Jerusalem or Bethlehem. There is much dissension as to who will go, for all are eager, and I shall ask that lots be cast, for thus I may go, though my uncle wishes me to go to Sana, in Yemen, where the Germans have a school for us in the use of guns and instructors to show the way to wreck bridges and railroads. We are to send many transport camels in the month of Shawwai, as are all of the other tents, to Sekaka and El Djouf, on the western edge of the Nefed Desert. There they will be close, and the host of Islam can march down the Wadi Sirham when the forage is better, and strike quickly across the Jordan, while other hosts strike at Aden.

When last I wrote thee, the imams and the mullahs were preaching against taking the infidels to be allies, but since our chief men have returned from the land of the Germans and report that the people there and the viziers and commanders have accepted Mohammed, the Prophet of Allah, the imams and mullahs now preach in the holy mosques that these be accepted as allies. The exalted Mufti of El Kuds, Hajji Amin al-Husseini, has promulgated the consent and has ordered that the sword Dhu'l-fiquar, which the Prophet bequeathed to Ali, be lifted alongside those who were once infidels. And I would that thou would return and be with us when once again is heard the cry of "Ya mansur amit!" [the traditional war cry of the Moslems, meaning "Ye conquerers, strike!"], and all Islam marches as one man.

IBRAHIM IBN JAST

In the Wind

SOCIETY NOTES: "George Abel, Washington writer, last night played host to nearly forty persons whose announced theme was to celebrate the fall of Barcelona. Guests entering his home were directed to a picture of Stalin, Russian dictator, converted to use as a doormat." (Washington *Post.*) . . . "Members of the Fortnightly Club are to meet with Mrs. Dwight H. Allen February 1. Discussion—Resolved that the Spanish war is the natural outcome of the national game, bull fighting—Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Clement." (Honeoye Falls *Times.*)

THE RENEWED battle between Homer Martin and C. I. O. officials has its humorous side. At the Pittsburgh convention the U. A. W. executive board presented watches to Sidney Hillman and Phil Murray in recognition of their services in bringing "peace" to U. A. W. factions. The decision to make the award was reached at the last moment, and U. A. W. officials, lacking cash in hand, asked Hillman to lend them the money to buy the watches. Now the "peace" is at an end —and Hillman, according to labor reporters, is wondering which faction will pay for the watches.

MOST HOLLYWOOD trade papers have heretofore been wary of "offending" dictator nations. When Mussolini cracked down on American film imports, however, these journals suddenly became imaginative as well as indignant. The Hollywood *Reporter* announced: "Dictator Dynasty Tottering as Hollywood Walks Out on Monopoly." The story reported "riots" in Italy because of the disappearance of American films, described the curb as Mussolini's "most dangerous political experiment," and explained that "Hollywood films were Mussolini's best bet in keeping the people happy and contented, but now with the large amount of enforced leisure they are clamoring for an open revolt against Il Duce's leadership."

AFTER THE Gannett-Ickes "free press" debate, certain members of the Newspaper Guild studied the treatment of the story by the fifteen newspapers in which Gannett has exclusive or majority control. They found that these papers gave an aggregate of 487 inches of space to Gannett's side, 158 to Ickes. Two of them, while playing up Gannett's address, did not even mention that Ickes had spoken; another rearranged the Associated Press story to emphasize Gannett's "explanations"; still another published Gannett's text and expressed "regret" that Ickes's text was "not available"—although it was.

A POPULAR dictionary compiled by Professor Vittorio Manfredi and widely circulated in Italy has been banned by Fascist officials. An "anti-Semite" was defined in its pages as "a poorly civilized person who is hostile toward and fights the Jews."

THE NEW YORK *Herald Tribune* is in effect placing a premium on censorship in its covering of Spanish news. First Ralph Barnes of the *Herald Tribune's* Berlin office sought a visa to rebel Spain; it was denied. Then John Elliott of the Paris office applied for a visa and met similar treatment. Now the *Herald Tribune* publishes a daily release from the Peninsular News Service, official Franco agency in the United States.

EXPLANATION OF THE WEEK: Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice, ardent Franco propagandist, recently told a Fall River, Massachusetts, audience that "Franco did not take Madrid because he knows retreats of vanquished forces inevitably are attended by massacres, and he did not wish these."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HOWEVER one may feel about the President and his stand in regard to the sale of airplanes to France and England, no one can deny that he is in a dangerously emotional state of mind. Assuming for the sake of argument that his was the proper policy, one may certainly question why he had to take the sensational course that he did and send for the Senate Military Affairs Committee to explain his reasons for encouraging France and England to buy our airplanes. As Mrs. Roosevelt has pointed out in her column, there is no law against France and England's buying airplanes. If it was necessary to give those countries a tip that they were welcome to buy all that they wanted, that could have been done through our respective ambassadors in Paris and London. The President is certainly too experienced to have believed that he could communicate his alarmist views—and they are alarmist—to the members of so large a committee and have them remain secret.

Now what has happened? He has alarmed a large section of the population. He has given Herbert Hoover and the Republicans the opportunity to attack him. He has given rise to the charge that he is carrying out a most dangerous policy of secret commitments. He has gravely disturbed men like myself who have hitherto supported him in his vigorous attitude toward the aggressors; we are afraid that by such a sudden and theatrical move he will really jeopardize our peace and endanger the achievement of his ends, precisely as his weakness as an administrator and coordinator is jeopardizing the New Deal itself. The country is admittedly in a very serious situation, and unless our Ship of State is steered carefully and dextrously, tremendous harm will result. In other words, a vast deal depends upon the manner in which things are done, almost more than on what is done.

In this case the net result is to make it possible for the dictators to declare that America is divided and that powerful men and a large section of one of the two great parties are arraying themselves against the President. That concerns me less than the President's seeking to call off criticism. The President has declared that hardly one of the newspaper stories of what took place was accurate—or correctly headlined—which is a very marked reflection upon the corps of Washington correspondents and their papers. But they all agree that he asked the Senators to refrain from criticizing him and his policy about little things. That was a very great mistake. Open diplomacy openly arrived at is what this country needs and desires, and there never has been heretofore and never will be any time short of war when a President and his policies cannot and should not be criticized. I have not taken any stock in the Republican contention that Roosevelt was trying to make himself a dictator, but he certainly lent color to that allegation when he asked that all criticism cease. The safety of any republic depends upon freedom of criticism—I think in war time as well as in peace time. Naturally this makes many of us feel a great loss of confidence in the President's judgment.

Let me illustrate what I mean further by recalling what has happened in the field of national defense. Only a year ago Mr. Roosevelt was demanding a huge fleet in both the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. Each was to be big enough to defend us against any enemy or reasonable combination of enemies attacking us in that ocean. That was too much for navy men, and they talked him out of it. Indeed, we have been witnessing the extraordinary spectacle of the army and navy actually holding down a too bombastic Executive. Next, we had trial balloons from Hyde Park last fall—it is only fair to add that he disavowed the authorship and said that the naughty correspondents were again at fault—which suggested a great defense program to take hundreds of thousands off the WPA and to put them on the pay rolls of heavy industry. When the public reception of this was completely unfavorable, then we were told that there was to be an enormous aviation program, no fewer than 10,000 airplanes.

Again the brake was applied, and the program stands whittled down to perhaps 8,000. Now we know that the President wants 500 airplanes for immediate delivery, not merely for our own use, but to give, lease, or sell to the Allies if they should be suddenly attacked. Similarly we are having the most extraordinary vacillation as to the fortification of Guam. The admirals say one thing; the President says another. One day it was represented that all that is to be done at Guam is the opening of a harbor for the landing of some gasoline from a collier or two. The next day naval authorities declared that the harbor we are constructing will be large enough to shelter the entire fleet! It all gives a most disheartening impression of vacillation, lack of coordination in planning, and total lack of agreement as to what our policy shall be. Certainly the net result of the President's performances during the last few days has been, in my judgment, to weaken us in the eyes of the dictators.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

But Never Dull

LORD MACAULAY: VICTORIAN LIBERAL. By Richmond Croom Beatty. University of Oklahoma Press. $3.

A REVALUATION of Macaulay is hardly called for; his faults have been cried up for three-quarters of a century, and no one who has ever read him will need to be reminded of his virtues. But a restatement like the present one is thoroughly in order, for Macaulay's position in English letters is probably less central today than it has been at any time since he swung the big ax in the *Edinburgh Review.* For this there is good reason. There was too much in his writing which perjured and disfigured what he wrote about, and in his thinking which deadened his capacity for thought. He knew the answer to everything, and such an arrogant state of mind is even worse than the fact that so many of his answers were wrong. To the outlook of a liberal he brought all the smug absolutism of a reactionary. He employed his vast knowledge not so much to clarify and explain as to denigrate and confound. He devoted a lifetime to history, and was led to the conclusion that the Golden Age was ushered into England by the Reform Bill of 1832.

It is not easy to discover just how, in our own age, such a man can still prove of use, as Ruskin and Arnold and even Carlyle still prove of use. For these others were, at the least, haunted and agitated by human ideas, whereas Macaulay was at best absorbed by cold impersonal principles. For him the political wisdom of the ages had been turned into so many planks in the Whig platform. There was the English Constitution and, in especial, 1688—matters which impressed Macaulay almost as much as they impressed Burke. If Macaulay was far more truly a liberal than Burke, he had, on a larger scale, Burke's ineradicable feelings about boundaries and confines. He was born into an age characterized by the real triumph of the middle class, and in the end he went straight to the point of that triumph: the soundness, the sacredness, of the rights of property. Who should be allowed to vote? The man of some substance. Jews, Catholics? Certainly, if they are men of some substance. It is patently absurd, Macaulay argued, to grant unlimited power to a small band of aristocrats. Just as patently it is unthinkable to grant any power at all to the substanceless working classes.

This is not being entirely fair to Macaulay, who did, after all, strive to get rid of the abuses and anachronisms of eighteenth-century political practice; who was in his complacent way a sincere reformer; who opposed the vicious excesses of laissez faire (Macaulay cogently defended a bill making it illegal for women and children to work more than ten hours a day); who rejoiced in "progress" and wanted all classes to share in it. But his conception of progress was even more untrustworthy than his conception of liberalism. There, in that naive exultation over the peerless state of Britain in the '30's and '40's, really emerged all that was coarsest and most philistine in Macaulay's nature. Where, in all the history of the world, had there ever been such fine smooth roads, such up-to-date machinery, such swift steamboats, such incomparable railways? What wonders of postal service! What marvels of suburban libraries! What miracles of public baths! What a copy-writer Macaulay would make for Saniflush or Cellophane.

The insensibility of such a man naturally carried over into his writing. He was started off in the worst possible school, in that ruthless *Edinburgh* which was no ornament of art but a servant of Whiggery and which, when upstarts were to be thrashed, when enemies were to be flogged, when wrong principles were to be trounced, cared not a whit whether it was reviewing a masterpiece or an abortion. From the *Edinburgh's* policy Macaulay may have been seduced into hitting harder, and oftener below the belt, than he might otherwise have done. But who was it—was it not Jeffrey himself?—who, at the very beginning of Macaulay's career, wondered "where in the world he had picked up that style"? The style and all it implied were born with him. Holland House emboldened but did not form it. Butting, metallic, aggressive, it was the index to a cold, sexless, and self-righteous nature. One studied the facts of any matter, and came, inevitably, to conclusions. Once formed, the conclusions were absolute, beyond any hope or right of appeal. So, in the course of time, Macaulay was brought to believe that many men were knaves, most men fools, most scholars dunces, and almost all Tories criminals. Addison, William of Orange, Charles Fox (in spite of his dissipations), and a few other characters of history were admirable. The rest of mankind you might, by and large, cart away.

The literary judgments are the work of a man who really understood almost nothing written after the birth of Christ. The historical judgments are reached without any real knowledge—or any real need—of human psychology. Most of his contemporaries—Dickens, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Mrs. Browning, Landor, Carlyle—Macaulay could not stomach, and, to his credit, the social world which might have been expected to dazzle him left him bored and disgruntled. One must at the outset accept how wrong and arbitrary, how jaundiced and prejudiced, Macaulay could be; one must overlook the repulsive coldness in the man, the clanging brilliance of the style. After that, one can sit down in the presence of a master; for, in spite of everything, a master Macaulay is. If his use of his material is unscrupulous, it is none the less triumphant. No one has ever made sentences march with such a tread, or given to history, taken in all its congestion and detail, so unceasing a sense of movement. The battle passages are immense. The short accounts of great lives—Chatham and Mr. Pitt, Frederick and Clive—are as vivid as they are truncated. The mass of misinformation is notorious; but the mass of information is astounding. And the point of view, the Whig point of view, the middle-class point of view, had for its own time a living value; has for ours a genuine historical importance.

Mr. Beatty has rehearsed his subject with skill and care, and been at the greatest pains to preserve balance. He has lacked the background to make Macaulay, as he intended, a pivot for an inquiry into early nineteenth-century liberalism. But this is surely the best modern life of its subject. It does not, of course, supplant Trevelyan, who on his own terms produced a masterpiece. But it comes as a corrective after him, and it is possible to hope that it comes as a stimulus besides. For despite the many indictments that have been brought against Macaulay, no one has ever accused him of being dull. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

High-Price Intoxication

CAPITALISM IN CRISIS. By James Harvey Rogers. Yale University Press. $2.50.

INDUSTRIAL PRICE POLICIES AND ECONOMIC PROGRESS. By Edwin G. Nourse and Horace B. Drury. Brookings Institution. $2.50.

THE growth of the servile state in Europe has given a new scarcity value to our modicum of liberties and an improved tactical position to the defenders of the economic status quo. Even the extreme left now cries "Preserve democracy" rather than "Down with capitalism," while the middling masses observe the moral of one of Belloc's "Cautionary Tales":

> And always keep a-hold of nurse
> For fear of meeting something worse.

True, Nurse Capitalism is pretty much of a Sairey Gamp, frequently neglectful of her charges, slatternly in her habits, and addicted to speculative orgies. Yet with all her faults she seems a ministering angel by comparison with the totalitarian drill-sergeant whom we assume, perhaps too hastily, to be our only alternative guardian. We are therefore in the mood to give a ready ear to those economists who are, in the words of Professor Rogers, "seeking earnestly to discover whether the wheels of industry cannot be kept turning at approximately full capacity most of the time without the necessity of the people's surrendering a greatly increased proportion of economic power to their governments."

"Capitalism in Crisis," which attempts to answer this question, can be recommended as useful preliminary reading for those wishing to follow the deliberations of the National Economic Committee. Designed for the layman, it eschews detailed analysis and complicated formulas, is unconventional enough to cast a discussion of inflation into the form of a one-act comedy. But this lightness of touch only serves to emphasize the rather grim character of the book as a whole.

Examining the suicidal tendencies of present-day capitalism, Professor Rogers gives foremost place to price rigidity. When demand lags, he points out, it is to the apparent interest of individual businesses to curtail output and hold prices. Yet when all business follows this course it obviously means loss of jobs, shrinkage of purchasing power, and further curtailment of production. The problem is how to induce industry to look two steps ahead and see that the safest and most profitable course would be to cut prices and hold production.

It has often been noted that American capitalism has made a great success of production while making a lamentable mess of distribution. Even more than Professor Rogers, Messrs. Nourse and Drury regard the price mechanism as responsible for this state of affairs. The starting-point for their study is the conclusion reached by Harold G. Moulton in "Income and Economic Progress"—that the most promising reform in the distribution of wealth would be "the gradual but persistent revamping of price policy so as to pass on the benefits of technological progress and rising productivity to all the population in their role of consumers."

Through a close analysis of the process of price-making in many industries, they show clearly that the classical aphorism—"The market is the birthplace of prices"—is no longer applicable to a large part of our economic system. The executive of a modern corporation does not passively accept a market price. In the words of the authors, he "sets a price objective and directs a controlled productive mechanism toward attainment of that price level. . . . Much as he generally hates the phrase, he becomes in fact the economic planner of our society rather than merely the adapter of his personal affairs as best he can to a largely automatic price mechanism." This tremendous power is largely the result of mass-production methods, including technological processes, such as die-stamping, which involve a high inverse variability of costs in relation to output. If the industrial system is to yield its maximum benefits, prices must be set low enough to permit the disposal of capacity production. The industrialist who adopts such a policy gets the advantage of minimum unit costs, and while his unit profits may be small, his total profits are likely to be handsome.

Unfortunately, all too many industrialists are concerned with conserving their capital above all else. To do so they tend to fix prices at such a level that they can "break even" at a comparatively low operating rate. Thus they play safe, and if their calculations prove too pessimistic and demand is sufficient to enable production to be increased, they then reap the benefit of rapidly decreasing costs in the shape of geometrically increasing profits. Under such circumstances the self-regarding instinct exhibits its weakness as the mainspring of our economic system. The policy which seems prudent for any individual business must, if pursued by a majority, result in the restricted use of our productive capacity, continued unemployment, and a low standard of living.

The National Association of Manufacturers ought to make this book required reading for all its members. Should they take it sufficiently to heart to learn to follow a long-term vision of self-interest rather than a short-term one, old Nurse Capitalism might smarten up sufficiently to hold her job for a while. But I cannot pretend to optimism. Addiction to the "high price" bottle is not easily overcome.

KEITH HUTCHISON

The Mexican Complex

A HISTORY OF MEXICO. By Henry Bamford Parkes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

MR. PARKES has done so workmanlike a job in producing that brief history of Mexico which has long been lacking that the first impulse of the reviewer is to break into prolonged applause for his sound and unobtrusive scholarship, remarkable powers of synthesis, and a style so attractive as to make the book a joy to read. Nevertheless, this otherwise admirable study is marred by the intrusion of certain theories, particularly in the analysis of the contemporary scene, that require some comment, for in the present state of United States-Mexican relations it is precisely about the Mexico of today that the greatest enlightenment is urgently needed.

Owing, apparently, to his partial confusion of racial and class components in the Mexican complex, Mr. Parkes displays a tendency to see the movement initiated in 1910 as a resurgence of the Indians against their white oppressors and to look for a renaissance of Indian cultural and spiritual values as the basis of Mexico's future. "The reform," he writes, "proved to be Mexico's bourgeois revolution, which brought a new class [the *mestizos,* or mixed bloods] to power." This statement, it seems to me, is somewhat strained on two counts: first, because subsequent rulers of Mexico, while they were in fact drawn from among the *mestizos,* continued to rule the country in creole—that is, Spanish aristocratic—interests; second, because the reform of 1857-71, although it marked another long step in the advance toward liberalism begun by the War of Independence in 1810-21, fell far short of completing the process of fundamentally altering the class relationships of Mexican society.

The 1910 revolution was basically a continuation of both movements and not, as is frequently asserted in Mexico and too readily repeated by Mr. Parkes, something *sui generis.* It is still engaged in the unfinished tasks of the two earlier social revolutions—the liquidation of feudalism (and of imperialism, its modern ally), the redistribution of property, the abolition of peonage, and the construction of a native democracy—social objectives which can scarcely be considered peculiar to Mexico, however much their realization may have been conditioned by circumstances non-existent, or present only in varying degrees, in other countries. The bourgeois radicals who led the 1910 movement gradually abandoned the struggle in favor of an understanding with imperialism, as they became increasingly alarmed by the social and political implications of the mass awakening they had provoked. It is the working class, not the Indian, which has since provided effective leadership in the effort to create a Mexican nation.

Mr. Parkes's failure to assign sufficient importance to the role of the workers in the recent transformation of the country leads him, unless I misread his meaning, to another unwarranted conclusion. "The Cárdenas policy of pushing forward the revolutionary program on all fronts," he says, "involved considerable dangers." This is doubtless true, but it does not really tell us anything. The theory is gaining ground that Mexico should check the labor "offensive" against industry in order to concentrate its efforts on agrarian reform. But it should be obvious that a move to curb labor would not only upset the political equilibrium of the present government but deal a possibly mortal blow to peasant hopes as well. The direct ratio observable between the varying strength of organized labor and the zigzag curve of land distribution since 1915 amply demonstrates the necessity of a militant and progressive labor movement for completion of the land reform. Moreover, a bid for peasant support at the expense of the workers would drive a fatal wedge between city and country and open the gates to what might be termed an "agrarian" fascism, from which no one but political demagogues would derive any benefit. The Mexican revolution must either advance "on all fronts" or run the risk of being defeated on all; specialization involves more and graver dangers than those it seeks to avoid.

It is thus a real pity that Mr. Parkes did not expand his book by another fifty pages to include an adequate discussion of the development of capitalism in Mexico and its part in the transformation of the past twenty years, which he notes but does not fully account for. The result of this additional analysis might have been to lay more stress on the material progress of the revolution and less on the dubious spiritual accomplishment of having revealed to Mexico its "Indian soul." With another generation of rapid industrial development, better communications, increased mechanization of agriculture, and wider educational facilities, I suspect we shall begin to hear less about the special cultural attributes and heritage of the Indian. Aside from these shortcomings, however, which must be considered of minor importance in a book so generally excellent, and from a few slips in names and dates, Mr. Parkes's history of Mexico is the most satisfactory introduction to the country now available, and one that ought to make a considerable dent in the prevailing ignorance if it is as widely read as it deserves to be.

HARRY BLOCK

John Wilkes Booth

THE MAN WHO KILLED LINCOLN. By Philip Van Doren Stern. Random House. $3.

THIS is not just another book on Booth or the assassination of Lincoln. What Philip Van Doren Stern was interested in was to write the full, inside story of the man who committed the greatest crime in the history of the continent. He approaches the subject with no bias. He is not even indirectly related to any of the actors in the tragedy. And he is neither admirer nor apologist of Booth.

He has devoted years of work to collecting every conceivable scrap of evidence on his subject, but he has not written with the idea that his work was to be the definitive treatise on the subject. He writes a simple, unvarnished prose. The story of the preparation for the crime is well told, and with more fairness and truth than it has ever been told before. After Booth's escape from the theater the author has to rely more upon his imagination as to what Booth and the boy Herald and the few other personages who appear from that moment to the end must have said; none of those conversations were heard or taken down. Booth never ceased to be the actor during all his long agony, from the moment when the flag interrupted his spectacular leap from the box to the stage to the end in the Garrett barn. As to who was responsible for the last phase, the shooting—Booth himself or the half-crazed Boston Corbett—Mr. Stern leaves us in doubt.

Mr. Stern does not attempt to build up a far-reaching conspiracy but exposes the very simple one that really existed, a conspiracy confined to Booth and the half-dozen miserable creatures with whom he was associated. The author evidently does not believe that John Y. Beale's execution, after Booth himself intervened with Lincoln for a commutation of the sentence of that brilliant saboteur, had anything to do with

Booth's decision to consummate his foul deed. He mentions Lincoln's speech at the White House about conferring the suffrage on the Negro as something which still further enraged Booth. He has wisely kept away from conjectures about the Canadian conspiracy and does not try to connect it with Booth. Even wiser is his omission of the Father Chiniquy affair.

Booth and his deed have now become a more than twice-told tale, but for once the tale has been well told, and this book is recommended to all who wish a simple statement of what happened between the tenth and the twenty-fourth day of April, 1865. In other words, the author is content to deal with the facts as they were and not with what might have been. He also indirectly disposes of the myth that Booth appeared in the flesh years after he was shot, for he shows that he was identified after his vain effort to make terms with the impatient officer and that the body was brought to Washington and buried under the eyes of the authorities.

EMANUEL HERTZ

The Maid

A GOOD HOME WITH NICE PEOPLE. By Josephine Lawrence. Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

"MY WIFE was one of the best women who ever breathed," confided old Haynes Baker, "but dammit, you couldn't have hired me to work for her. When it came to wages and hours for her cook, you might have thought she was running a jail." Thus a minor character voices the thesis of Josephine Lawrence's new novel: that when a woman hires a servant to "sleep in," she feels she has acquired a majority interest in the girl's time, energy, morals, and private life. If the maid of all work sits down, she is malingering; if she manages to keep her appetite, she is eating her employers out of house and home; if she fails to disconnect the electric iron on one of her dozens of trips to the front door, she is wantonly burning up money; if she objects to changing her day off at a half-hour's notice, she is a selfish ingrate; if she ever stays out after eleven at night, she is carrying on with men. All of which sounds like not merely a severe indictment of housewives as employers but a lot of preachment besides. Yet Mrs. Lawrence's people look, act, and in some cases even smell so real that they transcend their function as illustrations of a theme.

There are two contrasting types of matrons, both equally exasperating to the nerves of their "help": Mrs. Hazen, the damp, corpulent, complaining octopus who oozes pious sentiments but has hysterics if her cook attends the church Mother's Day banquet; and Mrs. National, the modern, efficient young wife who balances her own modest budget by paring the servant's wages. Both types, of course, feel a morbid compulsion to ransack the maid's slender belongings periodically to make sure that she hasn't cached any silver, butter, or stillborn infants in her suitcase. The men of the two households hold somewhat more liberal views of the feudal relationship between hired girl and housewife, but desiring domestic peace above abstract justice, they usually go on holding them. Most women will feel that the book lampoons women as employers; most men will sniff disdainfully at the milksop Mr. Hazen and the ineffectual Mr. National; but there is something about the story that makes one go on reading it just to see whether these deplorable people ever improve, or even get an inkling of the real reason why they can't keep a maid. Answer—they don't.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

A Pony to Parnassus

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE POETRY OF RAINER MARIA RILKE. By M. D. Herter Norton. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

ONE of the noble efforts of Mrs. Norton and by no means the least of them is directed to rendering Rilke accessible to English readers. Its latest representative is the present volume of translations of his verses, mainly from the relatively early "Books of Pictures" but accompanied by extracts from the "New Poems" and by the cyclic "Life of the Virgin Mary." It is with regret that we find that in this instance Mrs. Norton's effort falls somewhat wide of her splendid mark.

Wisely aware that a translator must not alter his poet's symbols, Mrs. Norton has aimed at a literal, almost line-for-line reproduction of Rilke's words and images, and striven to repeat his rhythms. In this respect she has been quite successful. True, her readings are not invariably exact. For example: in the original the lines concluding that very troubling poem about lost souls, The Olive Garden, run, "and they are abandoned by the Fathers,/and excluded from the Mothers' lap"—*und sie sind preisgegeben von den Vätern/und ausgeschlossen aus der Mütter Schoss.*" It is probable that Rilke was employing the word *Mütter* in much the same sense in which Goethe used it in a celebrated scene in "Faust, Part II." Mrs. Norton sweetly but inconsiderately translates "and they are abandoned of their fathers/and shut out of their mothers' hearts." One wonders what in any case could make anyone presume the poet didn't know what he was about when he used "lap" and not "heart"? And she hasn't always gathered the significance of Rilke's word orders. His method, particularly in "New Poems," was the pictorial presentation of the object at its moment of intensest symbolism, when its form declared its essence. Thus in the tautly rhythmical Spanish Dancer he exhibits the ballerina whirling "her whole dress within this conflagration/out of which, like snakes that startle/her naked arms upstretch awake and rattling." But Mrs. Norton blurrs the charming picture by writing "out of which her naked arms upstretch/like startled snakes awake and rattling." Rilke was evoking the vision of dancing arms, not snakes. And why, oh why, one wonders, was the word order of the final line of The Carousel inverted and turned anti-climactic? Especially since meter and rhyme haven't in the least been Mrs. Norton's concern!

Still her sensitivity to Rilke's phraseology all in all is wonderful, particularly in view of the complex syntax to which he almost continually resorted for the sake of representing the fused worlds of sensations and ideas in which he dwelt. The great trouble is that Mrs. Norton has paraphrased it in an English frequently unmusical, raggedly metrical, and without much glamour. And she has almost consistently sacrificed the rhymes. Thus only with difficulty may she be said to have "translated" the poems, since formal relations—in poetry those of meter, rhyme, tone, color, and sound—are the symbols of what is most important in art. This is the non-conscious meaning. Had she attempted the reproduction of these symbols, her task would doubtless have been immensely difficult. Line-for-line translations of fine poetry representing the originals' values are not readily attainable; especially in cases where the forms are as excessively fluid as those of Rilke are. Yet since Stefan George succeeded in producing line-for-line and almost word-for-word translations of tercets by Dante and sonnets by Shakespeare and Baudelaire which well-nigh perfectly reproduce their values, it is permissible to suppose that with application an amateur of good-will like Mrs. Norton could have achieved translations of Rilke's poetry both literal and of some poetic quality. There is at least no reason for surmising she was obliged to give us lines as Boeotian as those which commence her translation of the famous verses about the panther in the Paris zoo, "His vision from the passing of the bars/is grown so weary that it holds no more"!

Fortunately, the volume juxtaposes on alternate pages the German and the English: thus it by no means is love's labor lost. It has prime value for those who have some German, desire to read Rilke's poems in the original, but are baffled by his vocabulary and intricate style. Mrs. Norton indeed has provided them with a most delightful trot: it must awaken gratitude. For it can carry its riders into the most fascinating region in "the paradise of the Idea" where Rilke thrones.

PAUL ROSENFELD

In Defense of the Labor Board

UNIONS OF THEIR OWN CHOOSING. By Robert R. R. Brooks. Yale University Press. $3.

THE National Labor Relations Act may be dubbed the stormy petrel of New Deal legislation. Around no other recent statute have the storms of contention raged as bitterly as around this attempt to protect workers in the exercise of their basic rights of self-organization and collective bargaining. When, to the chagrin of many eminent lawyers, the United States Supreme Court declared that the act was constitutional, thus in effect reversing the private Supreme Court that the Liberty League lawyers had set up for themselves, the vigor of the attacks continued unabated, but their emphasis shifted somewhat to the administration of the act by the National Labor Relations Board, and the board became the harsh tyrant which was destroying American liberties.

Millions of words have been written about the act and the board, most of them designed to prejudice the minds of the public against both the law and the agency created by it. The board itself, best qualified to answer these attacks and to clear away the misconceptions which have gained currency, has remained comparatively silent, deeming it improper for a quasi-judicial agency to engage in controversy about its own virtues.

The board has not been without its champions, however, and now Mr. Brooks comes valiantly to its defense with his new book "Unions of Their Own Choosing." Arriving just

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when forces are being marshaled for a drive to amend the National Labor Relations Act, it is a timely document. Whether the reasoned analysis contained in the book can dissipate the emotional reactions which so many otherwise intelligent people cherish about the board and its work is a matter concerning which there must be some doubt. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Brooks's attempt is of positive value.

Specific charges have been made that the National Labor Relations Board is pro-labor, that it is pro-C. I. O., that it is un-American because it acts as investigator, prosecutor, and judge at the same time. These charges have been repeated so often that by the very repetition they have taken on some color of truth. "Unions of Their Own Choosing," calmly discussing each of these charges, demonstrating what the facts really are, showing how the misconceptions arise, proves conclusively that the allegations are without merit.

Thus we find that about 55 per cent of the cases which have been closed by the board were adjusted to the satisfaction of both the employer and the union. We learn that approximately 40 per cent of the cases closed were in effect decided in favor of the employer, since they were closed either by the refusal of the board or its agents to issue complaints against the employer, or as a result of the withdrawal by the unions of their charges after the agents of the board had indicated that the cases lacked merit. In only 5 per cent of the cases closed by the board has it been necessary to issue formal decisions. Unfortunately these are the cases which receive the attention of the newspapers, and these are the cases from which the public gets its impression of what the board is doing. Unfortunately, I say, because as Mr. Brooks demonstrates, the other aspects of the board's work are of such great influence in preserving industrial peace.

Mr. Brooks has given a good picture of the conditions which led to the passage of the National Labor Relations Act—the anti-union tactics in which employers indulged and their resentment at any government interference with their right to discharge at will. He discusses the grave administrative and public-relations problems which now face the Labor Board, and the way it meets these problems. The treatment accorded by the courts to board cases, its remarkable record of legal victories, bolsters Mr. Brooks's conclusion that the Labor Relations Act is sound and that its administration has been of a character which would meet judicial approval.

To Mr. Brooks the greatest gain which results from the protection of the right of employees to organize and bargain collectively is the strengthening of democracy. Encouragement of collective bargaining not only improves the immediate status of the workers, but trains them to play a vital role in the attainment of industrial and political democracy.

Despite some minor inaccuracies, and illustrations which seem out of place in a book of this kind, "Unions of Their Own Choosing" has real value. Its discussion of the background of events leading to the enactment of the National Labor Relations Act, its explanation of the essential principles established by the statute, and its description of the method by which the board operates, presented in an interesting and lively fashion, will foster a better understanding of a greatly maligned institution. The reader who starts with any degree of impartiality is likely to conclude with Mr. Brooks that "in the contemporary conflict between democracy and dictatorship, whether political or industrial, the National Labor Relations Board is in the center of the struggle. Its influence and power are wholly on the side of democracy."

BENEDICT WOLF

DRAMA

"Virtue in That Falstaff"

IT IS no uncommon opinion that the Falstaff of "Henry IV" is the greatest comic character in all dramatic literature, and I for one see no reason for dissent. Yet so completely had this great figure been lost to the stage that never once during thirty years of assiduous theater-going had I ever until now had an opportunity to see an actor undertake it, and I must approach Maurice Evans's performance in the revival current at the St. James Theater as innocent of all standards of comparison as though New York were a backwoods town and Shakespeare's plays merely pages in a well-thumbed book. Judged absolutely for and by itself, there can be little difference of opinion: "Henry IV, Part I" as acted by Mr. Evans and his company is a lively play, and Falstaff is a delightful rogue not to be mentioned in the same breath with that libel on his character which Shakespeare himself originated when he wrote the "Merry Wives" and which too many actors have continued to propagate until honest Jack has come to seem no more than a red nose and a padded stomach. But beyond this it is extremely difficult to go, for if one may say without hesitation that the performance provides a delightful experience one can do no more than guess how far the full potentialities of the role and of the play as a whole are realized.

To know the play as literature without knowing it at all in the theater is, moreover, actually to increase the difficulty. One does not hear it innocently and judge it simply on the basis of what is heard. Instead, one finds oneself waiting for this line or that, wondering how it would sound if it were falling for the first time on the ear and asking anxiously how much of its significance is being realized, how good it would seem if it were known only in the context of this performance. Under such conditions probably no performance of any great play would seem all that one could ask for, and I must confess that I kept feeling, "Good as this seems to be, it is not so good as the text really is. Falstaff and Hotspur alike are even more dazzling persons than an audience which knows them only as they appear here can possibly imagine." There is, to be sure, enough of them to make a splendid evening and enough to cover the players with glory. But there is even more in the text of Shakespeare. In "Hamlet" Mr. Evans challenged comparison with the other Hamlets of our time; as the only Falstaff in the experience of most of his auditors he is compelled to challenge comparison, not with any other actor, but with the Falstaff of the universal imagination. And that constitutes a test which could hardly be met.

Furthermore, I am not sure that the play itself is not one in which the purely literary talents of its author were more

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fully developed than his sense of the specific requirements of the stage, and that for all the rush of the eloquence there is not, by the standard of the more mature plays, a failure to bring everything to a focus in single scenes. It is notable that the most famous single incident, that of Falstaff's play-acting with the prince, is the one which comes off best, and that one is aware in watching the play, as one is not aware in the reading of it, how many of the other incidents and speeches which define the character of Sir John are scattered here and there so that they come together in memory to round out a figure whose full magnificence is to be comprehended only when everything that has been said or done is recollected in tranquillity.

Under no circumstances would it be reasonable to expect what almost inevitably one finds oneself expecting, namely, that Falstaff should fully suggest at every moment everything that, from the two whole plays, we know him to be. And Shakespeare, I suspect, has made the demand even more unreasonable in the case of Falstaff than almost anywhere else by giving him few long scenes. Falstaff is the man who has "more flesh than other men and therefore more frailty"; the man who asks "Who hath honor?" and who answers his own question with, "Him who died o'Wednesday"; the man who is "not only witty himself but the cause of wit in other men." Yet these are sayings dropped here and there and only contemplation can put together. He exists as a completed whole far more vividly than he exists at any one moment; he is more of an eternal idea than a personage acting in time. And what is true of him is true of certain of the other chief characters, at least to the extent that what they say is far more important than anything they do. Hotspur is, more than anything else, such a glorious bursting phrase as that about "living on cheese and garlic in a windmill"; so perfect a scene as that of the carters setting out from the inn before dawn is too short to be as effective on the stage as one expects it to be; and the same might be said of the interchange of memories between Falstaff and Justice Shallow which Mr. Evans borrows from Part II. "We have heard the chimes at midnight" is something to be rolled quietly on the tongue, not something the full flavor of which can be caught in the theater.

None of these reflections should, however, be taken to imply any lack of warmth in the praise due to a performance which is a pure joy in its own right and which falls short only as, perhaps, any performance inevitably would. If not all of Henry IV is actable, enough of it is to furnish an extraordinarily rich evening, and Mr. Evans as well as his director have added to the debt of gratitude which we owe them for making Shakespeare good theater again. Only rarely, I think, does their desire to do just that have unfortunate results. It is a pity, for instance, very nearly to drown out the last phrases of Falstaff's magnificent speech ending "banish plump Jack, and banish all the world" just because it seems theatrically effective to have the Sheriff knock at the door. There are two or three other moments when speeches are sacrificed to "action," and it is invariably a mistake. But this is something which it would be easy to "reform altogether"—as Mr. Evans had occasion to advise certain other actors in a different play.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

IN VOLUME I of the Brahms Song Society, a subscription set now released by Victor (six records, $12), are a number of the best-known songs—"Von ewiger Liebe," "Die Mainacht," "Sonntag," "O wüsst' ich doch den Weg zurück," "Ständchen," and "Vergebliches Ständchen"; and a number of the less familiar ones—"Erinnerung," "Ein Sonnett," "Verrat," "An die Nachtigall," and the Four Serious Songs. This is one of the instances where what is best known is the best, and vice-versa, but even where one is not impressed by the song one is impressed by the way Kipnis sings it—the only exceptions being his treatments of "Ständchen" and "Vergebliches Ständchen."

Those who like Myra Hess's performance in Schumann's Piano Concerto will find it very well recorded in the new Victor set (four records, $6.50). For my taste Miss Hess's romantic style is excessive even for this romantic music, and all the spirit is taken out of the last movement by the sluggish pace of the performance and the not unrelated flabbiness of Miss Hess's own playing. Those who like Schumann's work should stick to the Columbia set.

Columbia has issued the little Concerto K. 37 for clavier and orchestra that eleven-year-old Mozart arranged from works by other composers, and that turns out to be charming as it is played by Mme Roesgen-Champion, harpsichordist, and the Paris Symphony under Gaillard (two records, $3.25). A first recording (two records, $3.25) of the highly original and fascinating music from Chabrier's "Dix pièces pittoresques" that Balanchine used in his ballet "Cotillon" offers, unfortunately, a performance by the London Philharmonic under Dorati which mistreats the music very badly. On the other hand, Beethoven's Piano Quartet Opus 16, excellently played by Schmitz and members of the Roth Quartet (four records, $6), is one of his fluent and characterless early essays in the eighteenth-century style.

Good things from Columbia are the two-record set ($4.50) of passages from "Hamlet" spoken by Maurice Evans; the single record ($1.50) of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture played by the London Philharmonic under Beecham; the single ($1.50) of the Habañera and Chanson Bohème from "Carmen" sung by Ninon Vallin with art that compensates for a voice which has lost some of its sensuous beauty.

At the outset I disclaimed any intention of doing Consumers' Union's job with phonographs—a job which I think Consumers' Union has done badly, and Consumers' Research no better. I could not undertake to judge all the constantly changing models put out by all the manufacturers, for I would then have no time and no space for my primary job, which is to deal with records. But I could, and thought I should, recommend a few machines in the various price ranges that gave what I considered good phonograph reproduction. And it must be understood that my idea of what is good in reproduction is different from most people's idea. They will not tolerate the sound of needle scratch; to eliminate it they are willing to eliminate the high overtones of the same vibration frequencies as scratch that enrich the reproduced tone and give it fidelity to the original; indeed they dislike highs—not only the overemphasized, piercing highs which Consumers' Union approves of, but even those which are merely clear and entirely agreeable. The machines that are made to satisfy these people give booming low notes, a mushy middle region, and weak high notes, and are therefore unable to reproduce what is being put on the records of today, defective as this is. What I think desirable in reproduced sound, on the contrary, is everything from high to low clear and balanced; and I have mentioned in previous issues —October 1 and 29 and December 3—the machines I have heard in which this can be had.

If you insist on an automatic record-changer, let it be a Garrard; but my advice is not to insist. You can escape the nuisance of getting up every five minutes by having your phonograph motor and pickup in a little box on a low table by your chair (a cabinet-maker built one of seven-eighth-inch-thick wood for me for $10). And if you do this you don't have to worry about a permanent or semi-permanent needle. If you are worrying about such a needle you are probably worrying about the Walco sapphire, about which I can say only that until now I have had conflicting reports which have made me unwilling to use it on my own records, and that if I get a report which makes me willing I will let you know. To what I wrote about needles in *The Nation* of October 1 I will add only that if you use steel, try full-tone and half-tone and adopt whichever gives better results. For a shadowgraphed, full-tone steel use the Actone 12A.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Mr. Niebuhr's Rebuttal

Dear Sirs: Following Mr. Russell's example, I will first record an agreement between us. He declares that when he hears the American commercial support of Japanese aggression defended by those who are full of horror about Munich he is "completely bewildered." I find this inconsistency just as bewildering as he does. But I reject the implied suggestion that this inconsistency is characteristic of American, in distinction from European, political opinion. Mr. Russell makes a good deal of national bias. He thinks we are academic in our discussion because we "expect to be remote from the actual theaters of war"; furthermore, he believes that "to an American the pacifist argument is less compelling; but Europeans naturally think first of their own continent, and for Europe nothing but disaster can result from war." There may be something in this suggestion, but I doubt it. After all, Mr. Kolnai is as European as Mr. Russell; and so is Thomas Mann, who is certain that the capitulation to Hitler at Munich represents real disaster for Europe. Furthermore, the Gallup poll reveals that 45 per cent of Mr. Russell's countrymen share our, rather than his, opinion about Munich.

Mr. Russell must surely know that opinions on this issue are colored more by class bias than by national bias, and that on the whole the classes whose general social objectives he shares disagree with him. Significantly Mr. Russell accepts the tory dictum that the alternatives at Munich were either war or capitulation. Evidence continues to multiply that this was not the case, that neither Germany nor Italy was prepared for a general war, and that they would have been forced to back down if they had been offered diplomatic resistance. There is in fact some evidence that Chamberlain and Daladier bowed to Hitler's weakness rather than to his strength, fearing the consequences of a breakdown in the dictatorial states.

This question is important because, in the end, Mr. Russell offers no clear pacifist alternative to a policy which would have involved the risk of war but might have avoided a war. Instead, he holds out the hope that at some future time Hitler may be led "into some enterprise in which success is impossible. Perhaps when that time comes his own country will desert him; perhaps he will provoke a war in which defeat will not be very difficult." This hope certainly offers no pacifist alternative; for a country cannot desert a leader without the risk of civil war, and an easy defeat would spell war as certainly as a difficult one. Tyrants can go on forever if neither their internal nor their external foes offer opposition to them; and any effective opposition involves, of course, the risk of war.

Mr. Russell, in other words, has no other suggestion but that it will be easier to oppose Mr. Hitler later than to oppose him now. Such a hope is not very plausible; for each fascist victory without war gives the inadequate economic foundation of the fascist military machine a little more substance. The possibility of Hitler being deserted by his own people was certainly as good last fall as it is likely to be for some years to come. Nor is the assertion that Hitler has lost Poland and will probably lose Italy very convincing. Hitler will lose Poland if he decides to take the Polish Ukraine, and he will have Poland as an ally if he decides that he needs Polish help against Russia badly enough to leave a part of the Ukraine under Polish sovereignty. The initiative lies with him. As for Italy, thieves do not fall out while the prospect of increasing their spoils is still good. The Rome-Berlin axis will hardly give way as long as the world yields to its united "dynamism."

But whatever our judgments may be on these admittedly speculative problems, Mr. Russell has clearly left the field of unambiguous pacifist principles in searching for a way out and is wallowing with the rest of us in the relativities of political pragmatism.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

New York, February 2

"Art Is Expression"

Dear Sirs: In connection with Mr. Vivas's review of Professor Collingwood's "The Principles of Art" in your issue for January 21, kindly allow me to point out that the formula "Art is expression" by no means necessarily implies "expression of emotion." In the traditional aesthetic, art has to do with cognition, and is the expression, not primarily of emotion, but of a thesis; nor can we judge of a work of art without first knowing what it was that was to be expressed. From this point of view a well-made table and an "elegant equation" are equally works of art: a work of art in which ornament exceeds the bounds of responsibility to its burden is called a sophistry; and the "beauty" of the work is the attractive aspect of its meaning or utility, and commensurate with the perfection of the expression of its purpose.

If works of art are colored by emotion and in turn moving, it is because they are brought into being not only *per artem* but also *ex voluntate.* In other words, although on the one hand *ars sine scientia nihil,* it is also true that *mens sine desiderio non intelligit* (a truth that many "objective" scholars would do well to take to heart).

Mr. Vivas's whole discussion takes for granted a proposition ("Art is the expression of emotion") which very many of those who would agree that art is expression could not accept; for these, historically the great majority, art is the expression of a thesis. I conclude with Quintillian's *Docti rationem componendi intelligunt, indocti voluptatem.*

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

Boston, February 3

Free Country

Dear Sirs: In Tallapoosa County, Alabama, early in October, a volunteer organizer for the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America, affiliated with the C. I. O., was arrested—a young Negro of seventeen, Willie Joe Hart. The arrest was made by Sheriff Corprew; the charge was highway robbery, as vicious a frame-up as has ever been heard of. The next morning the boy's father, a paid organizer for the union, appeared in the Sheriff's office to ask about his son's arrest. The Sheriff declined at first to talk about the case, but later in a back room he opened up.

According to an affidavit sworn to by Hart, the Sheriff said, "I got a list of every damn one of you . . . you're the ringleader . . . you look like a pretty intelligent nigger to be fooling around with a damn business like this . . . remember that nigger got killed right down there by you—remember old Flem Presley, how we went over and beat him up, don't you—remember Reese Gice, we had to pull him lower—you're going to be done the same way. That white man you let stay with you is going to get you into serious trouble . . . when I come down there after you we won't use pistols or rifles, this time we're going to use machine-guns and we're going to mow every God damn one of you down. . . . We're not going to have any of this Russian stuff down here—this is supposed to be a free country."

At the farcical trial Willie Joe was sentenced to fifteen years. Everyone connected with the trial knew he was innocent. The whole case was just a frame-up to stop the union's efforts to have the landlords' veto power on WPA jobs rescinded.

We need money to push the appeal which has already been started. Send any sum to R. T. Linsley, president, District 9, U. C. A. P. A. W. A., 1305 15th Street S., Birmingham, Alabama.

MILDRED LINSLEY,
Publicity and Educational Director

Washington, D. C., February 1

Work for Democracy!

Dear Sirs: May we ask the cooperation of your readers in a project which we feel will help in this critical time, when democracy is endangered on all sides? We all have a desire to do something concrete—an individual alone can accomplish little, a group of individuals can accomplish something, but a combination of groups can achieve much. Will you join this combination of groups to help keep democracy alive?

What to do?

1. Write to or interview the editor of your local newspaper, asking for a daily column: "The Things We Take for Granted," that is, our democratic way of life.

2. Write to or interview the ministers, priests, and rabbis of your community, asking them to preach the joys and privileges of democracy and religious tolerance. Make the young people and Sunday School children conscious of the great privilege of living in a democratic community. Train them to see the good in all races and creeds.

3. Commend your local, as well as the national, radio stations when they give programs stressing democracy. Ask them to do more short-wave broadcasting in Spanish for our South American neighbors.

4. Write to your favorite radio stars asking them to incorporate in their script references to the benefits derived from living in a democratic country.

5. Interest your schools and parent-teacher groups in this movement to make democracy a vital part of each community.

6. Ask the members of your groups to give of their individual time to do these five things so they too will be personally taking part in the necessary job of spreading the gospel of democracy. When press, movie, and radio realize that the public wants such action they will give it. Work for democracy!

MRS. WALTER JACOBS, President
MRS. DANIEL MALES, Secretary
Women's Conference of the Westchester Society for Ethical Culture

New Rochelle, N. Y., February 3

Oh, for a Daumier!

Dear Sirs: Margaret Marshall in "Notes by the Way" of January 14 suggested that *The Nation* was overlooking an important weapon in neglecting to include a timely cartoon or drawing in its weekly offerings. This lack has seemed to me the only major shortcoming of *The Nation.* When one examines the drawings made by Daumier for the Parisian publications of the last century, one deeply regrets that there is no modern counterpart. There is plenty of artistic talent in America today. Why can't it and *The Nation* get together?

ISABEL CHESNUT

New York, February 2

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KENNETH G. CRAWFORD is Washington correspondent of the New York *Post.*

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BERTRAND RUSSELL, well-known British pacifist, is the author of "Power," published last fall, and of many other books. He has recently been lecturing at the University of Chicago.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is the dramatic editor of *Time.*

HARRY BLOCK is a resident of Mexico.

EMANUEL HERTZ, author of "The Hidden Lincoln," has just published a new book, "Lincoln Talks."

BENEDICT WOLF is engaged in labor-relations work.

Correction

The Nation was inaccurate in stating that no non-Catholic spoke at the "Keep the Spanish Embargo" mass-meeting held in Washington on January 9. Irwin Laughlin, a Protestant, spoke at the meeting.

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The Shape of Things

IN OCCUPYING THE ISLAND OF HAINAN, Japan has shown a contemptuous disregard for French and British warnings of military retaliation. France's failure to take steps to protect its frontier when Italian troops were advancing toward the Pyrenees apparently convinced the Japanese that France would not fight under any circumstances to safeguard what after all is merely the approach to a colony. And once more they have guessed correctly. Although both Great Britain and France have filed "vigorous" protests against Japan's action, neither has shown any disposition to carry the matter farther. While the appeasement policies of the democracies have given Japan a free hand for expansion to the south and west, it has apparently struck a cropper in the north. A series of new incidents, in which the Japanese seem to have come out second best, has broken out along the Soviet border. With the Japanese government now completely in the hands of extremists, the reports of an impending attack on the Soviet Far East cannot be disregarded even though such action would be suicidal. War has threatened every spring for the past seven years in this area, but with 600,000 of Japan's best troops on the Soviet border, the threat is now graver than ever.

*

THE RESIGNATION OF JUSTICE BRANDEIS will be mourned by everyone who realizes that the Supreme Court is in the last analysis only the sum of its members. It is a pillar of human liberty or a drag on progress according to the light and leading of the men who make it up. By losing the shining liberal influence of Louis D. Brandeis the court will be greatly the poorer. But his retirement is a challenge that no President could fail to meet; Mr. Roosevelt's most recent judicial appointments have been such as to give us confidence that he will select a successor worthy of the great jurist who is leaving.

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IN REJECTING THE PRESIDENT'S NOMINATION of Judge Floyd H. Roberts purely on the ground that he is "personally obnoxious" to its Virginia delegation, the Senate has taken a very dangerous stand. At a time when

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the fitness of some federal judges is under inquiry, it is of especial importance that appointments to the bench should be based strictly on merit. In the present case the Senate entirely neglected that issue. Actually the President's claims for Judge Roberts's ability and integrity seem fully justified. Certainly Senators Glass and Byrd made no attempts to impugn them. Instead, alleging that the nomination was made to annoy them and please a rival faction of Virginia Democrats, they appealed to an unwritten law of senatorial courtesy which calls for the rejection of a nominee on the request of the Senators from his state. One may doubt the strategic wisdom of the Roberts appointment, but one cannot defend the Senate's rejection of it. This particular unwritten law is nothing more than a dubious system of controlling local patronage. Not all of Mr. Roosevelt's judicial appointments have been entirely worthy, but at least his record compares favorably with that of recent Presidents. His latest nominations show a real effort to strengthen the bench. Francis Biddle of Pennsylvania, Professor Herschel W. Arant of Ohio, and Robert P. Patterson of New York, all are noted for their learning and probity. In naming the first two, Mr. Roosevelt overrode the recommendations not of New Deal opponents but of warm supporters.

* * *

THE SENATE HAS ALSO BEEN INQUIRING INTO the qualifications of T. R. Amlie for membership on the Interstate Commerce Commission, and with all the zeal that was so conspicuously lacking in its consideration of Judge Roberts. A queue of hostile witnesses crowded the hearings urging Amlie's rejection on the ground they did not like his views. Meanwhile, a large part of the press has been conducting a public trial of the nominee on charges ranging from possession of "an unjudicial mind" to belief in communism. The *Wall Street Journal,* which presses the former accusation, admits that Mr. Amlie's character is unassailable. It opposes his appointment, however, because it feels that the ICC, as a "quasi-judicial body," is no place for "extremists" of the "left" or, it adds graciously, even of the "right." We should be more impressed by this argument if we could remember any occasion when the *Wall Street Journal* employed it in opposing the appointment of an extreme reactionary. Other papers insist that belief in socialism is sufficient disqualification for membership in a body regulating a privately owned industry. Our own opinion is that Mr. Amlie's lack of orthodoxy is perhaps his best recommendation. One Socialist in a commission of eleven is not going to result in a revolution, but a fresh point of view can make a valuable contribution to its deliberations. In Britain the Socialist opposition is frequently represented on similar bodies. If Mr. Chamberlain can appoint a disbeliever in capitalism without qualms, we do not see why Mr. Roosevelt should be denied the privilege.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS LOST NO TIME in thrusting back at Congress the problem of adequate provision for work relief during the remainder of the fiscal year. Immediately after signing the resolution appropriating $725,000,000 for this purpose, he sent a message asking for an additional $150,000,000 to bring the amount available back to his original figure. Leaders of the Congress economy bloc are annoyed, but they have no reason to feel surprised. In an attempt to hedge, after receiving a tremendous volume of protests against the cut, they tacked on an amendment to the appropriation resolution inviting the President to ask for more. They claim now that the emergency against which they thus provided has not yet arisen and that Mr. Roosevelt might at least have waited a few weeks before starting to bully them again. The message, however, shows conclusively that unless the additional money becomes available, WPA rolls will have to be reduced by at least 1,500,000, or to half their present total, in the three months ending June 30. Considering the slow pace at which private enterprise is absorbing the unemployed, it is no exaggeration to claim that an emergency will arise on April 1. To turn such vast numbers suddenly over to local relief will put a crushing burden on state and municipal authorities and cause tremendous distress. Early action is essential since the WPA must be given time to adjust its complicated machinery. Insistence on the cut will hinder recovery and cause untold misery. The humane, the economically wise course is to accede to the President's request. We suspect it would also be good politics.

* * *

OUR CONTROVERSY WITH WALTER WINCHELL is growing like Jack's house. First Mr. Winchell accused us of checking and learning—and then not admitting—that our "recent blast" at Ambassador Kennedy "was 100 per cent wrong." We published a polite contradiction. "*The Nation's* dispatch," we said, "describing Ambassador Kennedy's apathetic attitude toward the refugee problem was written by an experienced correspondent who had every opportunity to know the facts. And the facts as he gave them have never been refuted." Mr. Winchell reprinted our reply and then asserted that it was "also true beyond dispute and capable of complete verification that friends of *The Nation* who doubted the accuracy of the article . . . made it their business to get the facts in London. . . . They have learned that Mr. Kennedy has been both active and effective in securing the cooperation of the British government for help for the German refugees and has brought to bear both the influence of the United States government and the force of his own personality upon the British government to this end. Furthermore, Mr. Rublee has also publicly denied accuracy of the article in *The Nation*. . . . Now will *The Nation* reprint that?"

OF COURSE WE'LL REPRINT IT. WE SHALL ALSO answer it. First, just as a matter of interest, we'd like to know whether the sophisticated Mr. Winchell thinks that an official in Mr. Rublee's position could do other than deny the accuracy of criticism of the American Ambassador. He should never have been asked. Second, we'd like to point out these facts: The article in *The Nation* criticized Mr. Kennedy specifically for his conduct—or non-conduct—before the pogroms of November; they waked up a good many people to the full horror of the situation. "Friends of *The Nation*" to whom Mr. Kennedy protested did submit the story to another London correspondent, and he sent them a version that exonerated the Ambassador—and, incidentally, criticized Mr. Rublee in the same connection. Our "friends" showed us this letter, stipulating that it could not be printed or its author's name revealed. We questioned our own correspondent. He stuck by his story and still does. He is a man of absolute integrity and long years of experience. Does Mr. Winchell think that *The Nation* should have repudiated him on the basis of a different version in a private letter? We suggest that Mr. Winchell reprint this comment and tell us he is sorry he accused us of affirming our belief in a story we knew to be false. For our part, we'll keep an eye on Mr. Kennedy—who has undoubtedly been more "active and effective" since November 10—and give him full credit for future deeds. How's that?

* * *

THE NATION HAS FREQUENTLY URGED THAT this country should follow the example of Britain and Holland by making special provision for the admission of refugee children. This proposal now seems to have a good chance of adoption with the introduction into the Senate, by Senator Robert F. Wagner, of a resolution asking that 20,000 refugees under fourteen, of "every race and creed," be allowed entry outside the quota during the next two years. We warmly congratulate Senator Wagner on this step and also the executives of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. on their indorsement of the plan. There can surely be no responsible opposition to a project which leaves the immigration law untouched so far as adults are concerned, puts no charge on the public funds, and offers innocent victims of persecution a chance to grow up in a free and friendly atmosphere. It is unfortunate that the President's Advisory Committee on Refugees, headed by J. G. MacDonald, has not yet publicly put the stamp of its approval on this plan.

* * *

BOMBINGS AND INCENDIARISM ATTRIBUTED to the extreme Irish Republicans are continuing in England and northern Ireland despite extraordinary police activity. On the old theory that "England's danger is Ireland's opportunity," efforts are being made to disrupt rearmament work and sabotage A. R. P. (Air-Raid Precaution) activities. The end in view is to force withdrawal of British support from Ulster, thus making possible the union of all Eire. An ultimatum presenting this demand is said to have been sent to London by the Irish Republican Army, and threats have also been made against the government of Eire. Whatever provocation southern Republicans may have had from the Northern Ireland government—and its record in the suppression of constitutional rights is a disgrace—they will not achieve their objectives by terroristic methods. Such tactics will only destroy the growing fund of good-will between English and Irish. Most people in Eire, strongly though they resent continued partition, seem to be opposed to this revival of Fenianism. Mr. de Valera, whom no one can accuse of subservience to England, has condemned it in the strongest possible terms. His government has introduced legislation into the Dail for the stringent suppression of terrorism and treason. The lawfully elected government of Eire, it insists, will not tolerate any attempt to set up a secret and rival regime.

* * *

WALT DISNEY, WHO HAS THE DISTINCTION of having brought forth from the Hollywood mountain a Mickey Mouse, is Harvard's most famous M. A., but Harvard has apparently been rankling under the honor. Dr. Robert Durant Feild, who was responsible for the award, has just been dropped from the faculty of fine arts on the recommendation of a committee of members of that department. The Harvard *Crimson* asserts that the Disney incident was the immediate reason, though Dr. Feild's general approach to art, which made his classes so popular that not all applicants could be accommodated, was a more fundamental cause. The *Crimson* says that hundreds of protests have been received, and it is reported that both students and teachers at Harvard are organizing. We look forward to a good fight. The spectacle of Harvard defending its dignity against a Mouse should be almost as funny as an animated cartoon; it should inspire Mr. Disney to send Donald Duck and all his other extra-curricular animals to Cambridge.

The War Goes On

DESPITE the loss of Catalonia and the island of Minorca, it seems probable as we go to press that the Spanish civil war will continue. Rumors of an early end of the conflict have flown thick during the past week, most of them originating, suspiciously enough, in Paris. Yet it seems unlikely that the government will surrender its heavily fortified stronghold in central Spain unless it is assured that its minimum terms will be met. It has a well-disciplined army of from four to five hundred thousand men. And though it lacks supplies and the industrial base for manufacturing its own armaments, this could be rectified if the United States or one of the other democracies would lift the ban which has existed since almost the beginning of the conflict and allow the government to buy the needed munitions.

At the moment, however, it appears that France, slated to be the next victim of the fascist onslaught, has suffered greater demoralization as a result of the loss of Catalonia than Spain itself. Not the slightest effort was made to prevent Franco from occupying the strategic mountain passes along the French border. In contrast with the policies adopted after the fall of Irun, the French flatly refused to permit the Spanish army to be transported with its arms to another sector of Republican Spain. If Daladier hoped that his appeasement policy would conciliate Mussolini and thus enable France to escape further humiliations, he miscalculated seriously. The abuse of France in the Italian press has continued unabated; and Mussolini's new rearmament program was announced the same day that Bonnet warned the Spanish government that it could not operate from French soil.

If France's role this past week has been cowardly and shortsighted, Great Britain's has been crassly opportunistic and unscrupulous. Publicly Chamberlain finds it convenient to believe that the Italians will be withdrawn from Spain as soon as Franco's victory is complete. But his action in arranging for the seizure of Minorca by Franco's Spanish troops suggests that with all his protestations he has not succeeded in convincing himself that Mussolini will keep his word. The British Prime Minister has abandoned even the appearance of neutrality in the Spanish civil war, and is staking everything on the hope that he can convince Franco that Britain's financial power will be more advantageous to him in the months to come than Italian military support. His strategy is painfully obvious: to persuade Mussolini to withdraw his troops as a gesture of good-will to England, and then to bribe Franco to drop his link to the axis. Unfortunately for Chamberlain, Italy was prepared for just such a move and announced that its troops would not be withdrawn until a fascist "political" victory was secure. Unmoved by this development, Chamberlain has virtually served notice of his intention to recognize Franco even without a withdrawal of Italian troops.

Nor is the prospect of immediate American help for Spain much brighter. In response to prodding by the Lawyers' Committee on American Relations with Spain, the State Department has receded from its contention that the President has not the power to lift the embargo, but now says that since Congress is in session it should deal with the situation. Congress has been far more concerned with its own partisan purposes than with the larger issues of foreign policy on which democracy may stand or fall.

It is not too late for action. Spain fights on. It is still possible to preserve an island of democracy in Europe if we will but grant Spain the rights to which it is entitled as a sovereign nation. But this will not be done unless the President displays new understanding and courage.

The Deportation Menace

IF ANY fault is to be found with the impressive and eloquent statement made by Secretary of Labor Perkins before the House Judiciary Committee in the Bridges case, it lies in the defensive position she adopted. For on every one of the basic issues involved the men and interests who have so long urged the deportation of Harry Bridges and now seek the impeachment of the Secretary convict themselves of the grossest hypocrisy. Bridges entered this country legally on April 12, 1920; the suggestion to deport him did not come until 1934, and it came not because of any crime or illegal act but because he had played a leading role in the San Francisco longshoremen's strike in that year. Congressman Dies himself last August could produce no more tangible evidence against him than the assertions of two or three persons that in private conversation he had made derogatory statements with regard to battleships, threatening and intemperate remarks with respect to rival union factions, and contemptuous remarks about the President. The last is a curious accusation to come from Dies.

The Secretary of Labor could undoubtedly have ordered Bridges deported months ago, even on the flimsy and spurious charges brought against him. For, as Miss Perkins pointed out, the Secretary under the deportation laws has what is "in many respects the most serious and the most drastic administrative power vested in any executive officer in our government" and "stands virtually alone among executive officers in his right to restrict personal liberty and freedom of individual action of human beings." The Secretary can in certain circumstances arrest, even where there is no allegation of crime; imprison and deport, even though the Secretary recognizes that deportation may be "tantamount to sending an alien to his death." The Secretary is "investigator, prosecutor, jury, and judge." Whereas other administrative officers cannot enforce an order without resort to the courts, in deportation "no court tries the cases or can intervene except on habeas corpus, and then can only review the point of law involved, not the finding of fact." This is a power, as Miss Perkins said, "which is susceptible of exercise without adherence to those elementary standards of due process of law that are at the heart of our Constitution." Yet the same interests and newspapers which are continually talking of due process and constitutional procedure and complaining that administrative agencies combine the functions of prosecutor and judge are now trying to impeach Miss Perkins for refusing to handle the Bridges case in an arbitrary and high-handed manner.

Particularly hard to stomach is the criticism of Miss Perkins for awaiting the Supreme Court's decision in the Strecker case before proceeding with the deportation charges against Bridges. In the past and under other circumstances, those who would have her ignore orderly judicial procedure have always preached the virtue of respect for the courts. In the Strecker case the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at New Orleans refused to order the deportation of a fifty-three-year-old restaurant owner of Hot Springs, Arkansas, whose only crime seems to be that in 1932 he made a donation of 60 cents at a meeting of the Communist Party, and signed up as a member. Strecker had lived in this country for twenty-six years and had already left the party at the time of his arrest. He had his first citizenship papers and had applied for his second. He was found guilty of having been a member of the Communist Party in 1932 and ordered deported. The court, speaking through Judge Hutcheson, reversed the order and found it "a kind of Pecksniffian righteousness" to hold that because a man is a member of the Communist Party he is therefore deportable as one who advocates overthrow of the government by force and violence. If the Supreme Court upholds the Circuit Court, mere membership in the Communist Party will not be sufficient ground for deportation. And if the Supreme Court declines to order the deportation of Strecker, who admits having been affiliated with the party, it will be impossible to deport Bridges even if it can be proved that he is a member, which he denies.

But a favorable decision in the Supreme Court is not enough. We believe that all those who wish to safeguard democracy in this country must fight for the repeal of laws which permit deportation because of a man's opinions only. "If Bridges or any other alien," as Miss Perkins said, "at any time takes any action to overthrow the government of the United States by force or by violence, or if he commits any crimes, he can and will be promptly arrested, tried, and punished, or deported under the terms and requirements of law." But to permit deportation for opinion alone is to allow immigration officials to violate basic rights and suppress fundamental liberties. In the Miller case these powers were used against freedom of the press; in the Baer case, to punish the author of a sewage-disposal plan fought by industrial and lumber interests in Oregon; in the Warrmann case, against the right of assembly. At the time of the Palmer raids, as in the raids made in recent years by immigration authorities during the waterfront strike in San Francisco and the miners' strike in Gallup, New Mexico, the great majority of those arrested were American citizens. Aside from the bad habits bred in officialdom, the deportation laws are a menace to the citizen as well as the alien.

T. C. and "The Nation"

AFTER the publication last December of an article by James Wechsler entitled Twilight at Teachers College, *The Nation* received and printed a sharp but rather vague dissent from certain members of the faculty. Mr. Wechsler's article was a criticism of the Teachers College administration, and especially of Dean William F. Russell, for catering to the views of business interests and for systematically disregarding democratic procedure within the college. The letter of protest, which was signed by several well-known liberal educators, charged that Mr. Wechsler and *The Nation* were being used by a "political sect," meaning obviously the "Stalinists" in the Teachers' Union, to injure a liberal institution. Subsequently several of the signers opened a concerted bombardment in the press against the Teachers' Union, blaming the union for the *Nation* article and presumably "answering" that article by attacking the union—although the article itself had only parenthetically mentioned the union.

Dr. George S. Counts, one of those who signed the letter to *The Nation,* has now examined more of the real substance of Mr. Wechsler's article in a long rebuttal in the *Social Frontier.* He renews his unproved and untrue charges against *The Nation.* He also paints an amiable portrait of Dean Russell, for whom he displays genuine sympathy. In the course of his argument he contributes at least two points which Mr. Wechsler might profitably have noted: first, the appointment of several liberals to the faculty in recent years; second, the fact that Dean Russell had inherited a tradition of undemocratic procedure from his predecessors. Both items are part of a complete record and emphasize the complexity of the situation. They do not alter the effect of the negative testimony presented by Mr. Wechsler and largely confirmed—with numerous but rather unconvincing qualifications—by Dr. Counts himself. A large part of Dr. Counts's thesis rests upon a misreading of the *Nation* article. He defends Dean Russell against the charge that New College was closed because of its radicalism; Mr. Wechsler did not say that it was, but stressed the lack of democracy in the manner of its closing. Dr. Counts cites the enlightened character of Teachers College's present labor policy, as Mr. Wechsler also did; but he admits somewhat light-heartedly that the new policy was adopted only after faculty pressure, with Dean Russell "characteristically protesting all the while." Dr. Counts denies once more that several of his colleagues left the Teachers' Union under administrative duress; Mr. Wechsler merely mentioned the resignations as part of a general decline in "progressive activities" and added, "The extent to which insecurity motivates this retreat and the extent to which it reflects broader world tendencies is difficult to measure."

Although he arrives at different conclusions, Dr. Counts, in the process, fortifies Mr. Wechsler's chief theme: Dean Russell's bid for the good-will of big business, and his autocratic conduct of the college itself. Dr. Counts grants that there is "certainly truth" in the picture of Dean Russell's flirtation with Wall Street, and expresses "deep anxiety" over the formation of a Lay Council of still uncertain composition. With respect to internal democracy, he admits that "if the events to which Mr. Wechsler refers are examined from the standpoint of democratic procedure, the case of the college is much less defensible." He then advances a multitude of explanations for Dean Russell on each count and reaches a verdict of acquittal. Analyzing Dean Russell's deference toward big business, Dr. Counts observes that this is an ancient custom of college presidents. It is; and the cumulative experience of endowment-supported colleges demonstrates the dangers of such a course. Dr. Counts similarly deprecates the charge of internal autocracy by insisting that conditions at Teachers College are better than they used to be. They may be; but elsewhere he confesses that only in recent years have basic social issues invaded the college. That, too, is a crisis phenomenon, and autocratic methods which existed in the relaxed pre-depression years are far more significant in a setting like the present. In this setting it is astonishing to read Dr. Counts's off-hand dismissal of Dean Russell's authoritarian habits: "If, in the last analysis, he is convinced that he must make a decision, he scorns to hide behind the screen of democratic forms." This is the essential rationale for all totalitarianism; Dr. Counts presents it as merely a disconcerting facet of the Dean's personality. It is the rationale for the suppression of a dissident student newspaper, for the closing of New College without faculty consultation, for a sweeping reorganization of the college without faculty approval, for dismissal of a professor without a hearing by her colleagues, for inducing Dr. Counts himself to cancel a scheduled speech criticizing the American Legion.

Dr. Counts's vote of confidence seems all the more extravagant in the light of Dean Russell's latest address. He expressed his belief that the Communists are paying party members $3 a day to pose as students, to usurp the front rows in Teachers College classrooms, and to promote such ventures as "meetings on peace, the Spanish situation, or labor problems." He saluted the work of the Dies committee and urged its continuance.

No doubt the Communists in the Teachers' Union have a good deal to explain, and Dr. Counts and his colleagues probably have grievances to recite far more authentic than Dean Russell's colorful whimsies. But Mr. Wechsler's article did not pretend to explore the politics of the Teachers' Union. Dragging that issue across the trail only distracts attention from the real question of the character of educational policy at T. C.

Pius XI

NOT in many centuries has the passing of a Pope been as sincerely mourned in non-Catholic circles as the death of Pius XI. His courage in attacking Nazism and in criticizing the importation of German racial theories into Italian fascism had won him wide respect and applause. Yet it must be recognized, in all honesty, that the portrait of Pius XI as an anti-fascist is in part an optical illusion. History may well decide that the most important aspect of his pontificate was the aid he gave the first of the Fascist dictators, Mussolini, in his rise to power. If Mussolini's principal opponents in industrial northern Italy were the working-class parties, chief opposition in the south came from the peasants enrolled in Don Sturzo's Catholic and anti-Fascist Partito Populare. Pius XI, by disciplining Don Sturzo and adopting a hostile attitude toward his party, rendered invaluable help to the budding Duce. The "liquidation" of the Partito Populare prepared the way on the Catholic side for the Concordat of 1929. Mussolini made his contribution to the agreement by suppressing Free Masonry.

The concordat cost Mussolini 1,750,000,000 lire in indemnities, but it gave this former anti-clerical and atheist the blessing of the church. The Pope, "prisoner of the Vatican" since 1870, became in a more real sense the prisoner and hostage of Italian fascism, and the power of the Italian state, always a strong influence in the election of a new Pope, will undoubtedly be able to bring about the choice of an Italian Fascist to succeed Pius XI.

Pius XI himself, though he opposed fascist extremism, could hardly be called a man of progressive views. He always spoke in high terms of Mussolini, and his famous encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno," contains nothing inconsistent with the corporative state. Although the church, under Pius, was finally reconciled with the French Republic and lent support to republican Germany, the favor shown to the Austrian regime of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg and to Franco indicates the Vatican's basically anti-democratic preferences. Though fascism *logically* is anti-Christian, since totalitarianism cannot permit the existence of an independent church, too much can be made of this theoretical cleavage between the church and the ideology of the axis. Pius XI long hoped for some *modus vivendi* with fascism. He had a pleasant little Catholic fascism of his own in Austria. He went along for a decade with Mussolini with nothing but minor clashes. He looked to the Franco regime to save the church in Spain. Pius XI, by his concordat with the Nazis, showed his readiness to compromise with them. It was the Führer's paranoid and passionate consistency, his unwillingness permanently to compromise with Catholicism or to have a totalitarianism that was less than total, that transformed Pius XI's role into that of a world spokesman against Nazism.

New Deal, New Life

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Washington, February 10

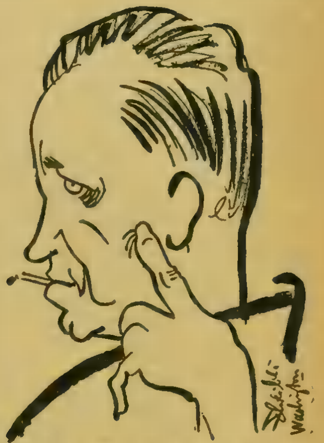
EVER since the elections editorial writers have been proclaiming that the New Deal is on the run. It has, they declare, lost the advantage of the offensive and faces a future of gradual disintegration ending in resounding defeat in 1940. Even some of its best friends, discerning an alarming loss of vitality, have assumed a bedside manner.

After a few days in Washington these fears seem to me a trifle premature. I have found few signs of defeatism and many of a revival of the fighting spirit. The consequences of the election are not indeed being minimized. But it has not caused demoralization; rather it has shaken the lethargy induced by six years of intensive work in a semi-revivalist atmosphere, and has led New Dealers to make a realistic assessment of their position and their future.

In the last few weeks the President and his most trusted lieutenants have been carefully weighing the political situation, reviewing their troops, calculating their assets and liabilities. The actions of the coalition of Republicans and tory Democrats since Congress convened have made it clear that the battle is joined for control of the Democratic convention of 1940. The New Dealers have no illusions about how stiff that battle will be, but they believe their chances of victory are good. In any case they must fight or see much of what has been accomplished since 1933 go into the discard.

Mr. Roosevelt got in an early blow by his appointment of Messrs. Hopkins and Murphy. It was his way of picking up the gauntlet thrown down by the Garner coterie. More than that, it was a rallying signal for his followers which, I am told, has already worked wonders in restoring morale. Men close to the President spoke of the importance of the appointments as a step toward integrating the inner circle of New Dealers into a cohesive body prepared to see the political fight through to the bitter end. Hopkins and Murphy are leading lights in this body and together with Ickes its outstanding representatives in the Cabinet. Some of the other Cabinet members, Secretaries Perkins and Morgenthau for instance, while regarded as absolutely loyal to the President, are inclined to stand aside from the political hurly-burly. My informants preferred not to identify too closely a third group or to analyze too minutely their allegiances.

Outside the Cabinet there are of course hundreds of people in Washington who might broadly be termed New Dealers. Of these a comparatively small number—heads of departments and advisers—belong to the President's fighting phalanx. The vast majority are technicians of all kinds, thoroughly devoted to the aims of the New Deal but intent on the definite work they are doing. They do not participate in politics nor are they expected to; their contribution lies in insuring that the activities of the government are carried out as smoothly and efficiently as possible.



Secretary of Commerce Hopkins

The general plan of campaign laid down by the President and his staff may be discerned in his messages to Congress. The two things most emphasized were the part the United States must play in international affairs and the importance of maintaining the spending policy until the national income is considerably increased. Mr. Roosevelt can hardly be accused of dragging foreign affairs into the foreground: Hitler has made it inevitable that a large part of our attention should be concentrated on them. But the international tension may prove to be an important domestic asset. Mr. Roosevelt is the one democratic leader who has really stood up to Hitler and Mussolini. We may not grant him an unblemished record in this respect, but against a background of Chamberlains and Daladiers he appears something of a giant. There is a growing feeling throughout the country, among all classes, that the challenge of fascism must be actively met. By making himself the spokesman of that sentiment Mr. Roosevelt will certainly add to his political strength.

There was little said in the message to Congress about new reform legislation. New Deal strategy for the next two years requires an emphasis on recovery rather than on reform. If victory is to be achieved in 1940, there must not be another economic landslide such as occurred in the second half of 1937. That débâcle was halted and a new recovery movement launched when the President took steps to make credit still easier and reverted to deficit financing. Ignoring bodeful prophecies of inflation he took the position that increased debt is less wasteful of the national heritage than idle labor and idle plant. For plant deteriorates even when at a standstill: the man power unemployed today is lost forever. So long as private enterprise is unwilling or unable to make use of the idle savings which are the counterpart of this idle capacity, the government must take up at least part of the slack. That was the essence of the President's budget message. He refused to reduce the deficit and made certain that if appropriations were cut the onus would rest squarely on Congress.

First round of the battle on this issue went apparently to Congress when it carried the largest cut it dared propose in the WPA deficiency appropriation. But it may prove a Pyhrric victory, for confronted by country-wide protests the Senate added an amendment inviting Oliver Twist to come back and ask for more. And Oliver has very promptly taken the hint. It remains to be seen whether the Congress majority will take responsibility for dropping a million men from the WPA rolls on April 1.

In spite of all the sound and fury about economy, New Deal strategists do not expect that in the end this year's budget will be seriously slashed. There will be many furious contests, but each time Congress really looks over the brink of the economy abyss its instinct will be to draw back, fearful lest it break its political bones. After all, in their anxiety to get back last November the Republicans incurred a good many commitments hardly compatible with balanced budgets.

While stressing the central importance of government spending in the promotion of recovery, the Administration is making greater efforts than before to persuade industry to do its share. Harry Hopkins from the moment he took over the Department of Commerce has been engaged in talks with business men designed to prove that neither he nor the President is equipped with horns and tail. According to reports, these conferences have been going more smoothly than might have been expected. The main obstacle is the tendency of business to dig in on the line "We must have confidence," and when asked what the price will be, to pitch it exorbitantly high.

The Administration apparently is prepared to make concessions. The deal with Wendell Willkie over the sale of the Tennessee Power Company to the TVA is an instance. Having established before the Supreme Court the right of the government to compete with private utilities, the Administration settled with Mr. Willkie on generous terms. Perhaps too generous. But it may be worth while if the utilities can thereby be encouraged to put through a big new investment program. The time for expansion is ripe, with power output creating new records and the magnates wondering how long, in their own interests, they can keep up the pretense that they lack the confidence to set about building new plant.

Business circles, it is interesting to note, are decidedly less hostile to the new Secretary of Commerce than are some of the politicians. They are giving him credit for ending the quarrel with Willkie and are hoping he may be open to further bargains. This hope is not without logic. With the Administration forces massed for attack on Capitol Hill, sorties against Wall Street might prove a tactical error. Better, it may be argued, to give some ground in that direction, provided a solid contribution to recovery may be had in return. Compromise is essential to the art of politics, and no politician can be blamed for resorting to it particularly when engaged in a life-and-death struggle. But compromises are bad if they are unevenly balanced and fatal when they involve the sacrifice of major principles. Friends of the New Deal will hope that Roosevelt and Hopkins in their conferences with business men will remember that Munich agreements only increase "demands for appeasement."

The President has on occasion made political swerves not even justified in terms of expediency. Playing ball with Mayor Hague did not prevent his losing New Jersey at the last elections, while it disheartened his supporters and lost him many votes elsewhere. Surrender to Catholic pressure in the matter of the Spanish embargo is another example. There can be no doubt that he himself regards the results of a Franco victory in Spain with dismay, but he could not muster the courage to tell a powerful minority that they were putting the supposed interests of their church before those of their country.

The President has important assets which can be capitalized between now and 1940, and there is no need for him to water his stock by paying undeserved bonuses to people like Hague. He still commands an immense following in the country at large and a huge majority among the rank and file of the Democratic Party. Of course when it comes to conventions political machines count more than political masses. It is rather generally assumed that in 1940 Mr. Farley and the important part of the Democratic machine which he commands will be used against any New Deal candidate. I am informed on good authority that this is by no means certain. The New Dealers do not number Farley among the deserters even though they are not sure of his support. They are convinced that he remains devoted to the President and therefore hope he can be persuaded to come into camp.

Among the chief dangers to the New Deal in the fight ahead—a danger which is not being minimized—is the growth of a spirit of intolerance, fostered, like the opposite growth of anti-fascism, by the heightened tension abroad. This spirit is being organized in Washington under the auspices of Mr. Dies. There is every reason to suspect that, whatever small fry the Dies committee may attempt to bag on the way, the quarry it is stalking is in the White House. That is why, according to the story going around, the Republicans have proposed him as an honorary member of the G. O. P.—an offer turned down on the ground that it would ruin him in Texas.

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The kind of political garbage the Dies committee is peddling has its most poisonous effects among the farmers and the lower middle classes. These are groups which the New Dealers recognize they have largely lost. They have hopes of recapturing them, but the fulfilment of that hope lies in a considerable further measure of recovery. Thus whichever way we turn in the political maze we find ourselves coming back to the economic problem. If the New Deal is to win a new lease of life in 1940 it must not only prevent another recession but hoist the national income to a considerably higher mark. Consequently, whatever strategic retreats it may make it will hold the budget salient at all costs, convinced that if the enemy can destroy that the whole line must be smashed.

Britain Wins in Spain

BY GAETANO SALVEMINI

BEFORE Hitler annexed Austria, Italy had as its neighbor at the Brenner Pass the little neutralized and disarmed Austrian republic. On May 20, 1925, Mussolini made the following statement before the Italian Senate: "Italy can never tolerate that patent violation of treaties—the annexation of Austria by Germany. This annexation, in my opinion, would negate Italian victory, besides increasing the numerical and territorial power of Germany." On October 6, 1934, he said: "We have upheld and shall continue to uphold the independence of the Austrian republic." On February 13, 1936, he proclaimed that it was necessary that "the independence and autonomy of Austria be respected." Since the annexation Italy has had on its border at the Brenner Pass the powerful German Reich. And now that Hitler has also annexed the Sudeten Germans and gained control of what remains of Czechoslovakia, Italy is confronted at the Brenner with a Reich of 85 million people. It is plain that the rape of Austria and the collapse of Czechoslovakia were for Mussolini diplomatic disasters of the first magnitude. If Mussolini attempted to shake off Hitler's yoke, an alliance between Germany and Yugoslavia would bring him quickly to his senses. Hitler would march on Venice, and Yugoslavia on Trieste. In 1938 Italy no less than France lost the World War.

To be sure, Hitler has announced, I do not know how many times, and Mussolini has repeated, I do not know how many times, that the present Italian-German frontier at the Brenner is inviolable. But if a problem did not exist in that quarter nobody would take the trouble to deny its existence.

Before the World War it was said that Italy was fated to be either an ally or an enemy of Austria. Today it is clear that Mussolini must be Hitler's enemy or his vassal. He could become his enemy only if a coalition were formed in Continental Europe among France, Italy, Yugoslavia, and Russia as the main partners. Such a coalition would oblige Hitler to scatter his forces on four frontiers and prevent him from concentrating them on the Italian frontier. But for the time being there is no prospect of such a coalition. With European international relations as they are at present, the German-Italian alliance, the so-called Rome-Berlin axis, is for Italy not a bond of alliance but a bond of vassalage.

Since its territorial ambitions in Central Europe are blocked by Hitler, Italy can now expand only at the expense of France or Great Britain in the Mediterranean. At the present time it threatens France with unofficial demands for Nice, Savoy, Corsica, and Tunisia. But it is difficult to see what it can actually get from France in the way of territory without war. And that raises the question not only of how far the British are prepared to go in support of France but of what their attitude in general has been toward Italy.

During the Ethiopian crisis there was never any real clash between the British Foreign Office and Mussolini. The clash was between Mussolini and the huge majority of the British public. The British Foreign Office had to go through the motions of siding with the British public against Mussolini, but it never had the slightest intention of opposing him. It played the role of the angelic Mr. Spenlow in the British-French partnership and assigned to the French Foreign Office the part of the demon Jorkins.

As far as Spain is concerned, there has never been the slightest disagreement between the British Foreign Office and Mussolini. British non-intervention in the Spanish civil war has always been like the non-intervention of Mephistopheles in the duel between Faust and Marguerite's brother. Despite the obvious fact that Italian control of the coasts of the Spanish peninsula, Spanish Morocco, and the Balearic Islands would seriously embarrass the English navy in a war with Italy, Britain's conservative leaders fail to see a Franco victory, even with Mussolini's help, as a threat to the British Empire.

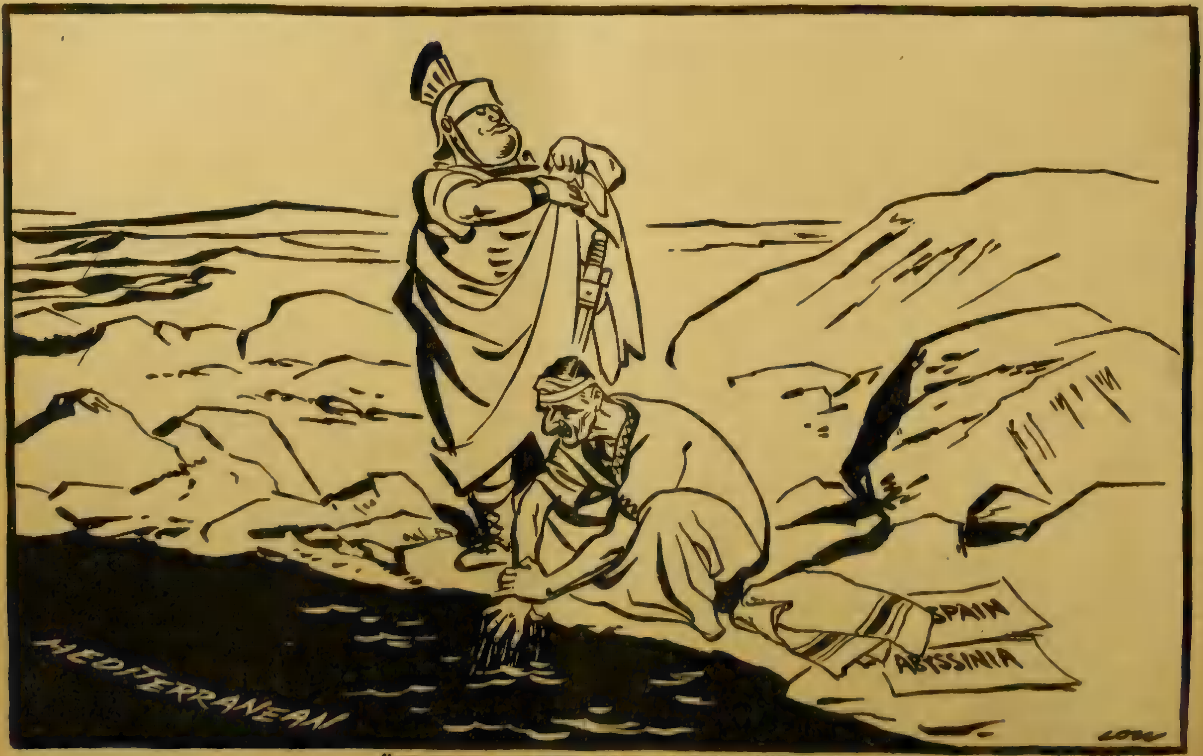
In the gentlemen's agreement of January, 1937, Mussolini promised Mr. Eden, then British Foreign Secretary, not to change the territorial status quo in Spain. On October 21, 1937, Mr. Chamberlain stated in the House of Commons that Mussolini had repeatedly declared that

"Italy has no intention of making the smallest change in the territorial status quo of Spain, and has no designs upon the Balearic Islands." Last January when Chamberlain paid a visit to Mussolini, the latter gave him nothing less than "a specific word of honor" that he had "no territorial designs on Spain, Spanish Morocco, or the Balearic Islands, and, in fact, wouldn't take an inch of Spanish soil anywhere, not even if Generalissimo Francisco Franco forced it upon him in payment for all the Italian men, money, and machines that have been donated to the cause of civil war in Spain." It is likely that in return Chamberlain gave Mussolini his "specific word of honor" that if Mussolini challenged France on the Spanish issue, Chamberlain would force the French government to "appease" Mussolini "in the spirit of Munich."

To be sure, Chamberlain knows that Mussolini's promises are worth no more than those of a British Prime Minister. He knows that even if the insurgent Spanish generals do not actually cede territory to Mussolini, they may permit him to use Spanish ports as naval bases. But the British Admiralty does not seem perturbed by such a prospect. The fact is, it relies on its ability to control Mussolini by force rather than on his good faith. Mussolini, perhaps as a result of some "gentlemen's agreement," has occupied only three of the four Balearic Islands. The fourth island, Minorca, with its splendid harbor of Port Mahon, has been under the watchful eye if not the indirect control of the British and French ever since the spring of 1938. And their major concern, now that the end of the war seems imminent, is to have the island surrendered to Franco under British rather than Italian auspices. Bizerta in French Tunisia, Gibraltar at the entrance of the Mediterranean, Port Mahon in Minorca, and Toulon in southern France are sufficient bases in the western Mediterranean for the needs of English and French fleets.

Moreover, the British Conservative leaders foresee that the civil war will leave the Spanish people ruined for at least one generation. After their victory the insurgent generals will need loans from abroad in order to cope with their financial difficulties. The English will be able to offer them more of this kind of aid than Mussolini. Ingratitude is the independence of the heart, and diplomats and generals possess this noble virtue to a high degree. The Spanish generals, in British anticipations, will not be an exception to the rule. Thus Mussolini does the dirty work of intervening in Spain, the Italian taxpayer foots the bill, and the British Foreign Office will reap the profits, since—fascism or no fascism—Spain will always remain under British influence.

Here one might remark that a fascist government in Spain, allied with Mussolini, will threaten the French frontier along the Pyrenees. Why, then, does the British Foreign Office not realize that the victory of the insurgent generals in Spain will weaken the military situation of France—Britain's ally—in Europe? The answer is that the leaders of the British Conservative Party think that



.."HE TOOK WATER AND WASHED HIS HANDS"..

as long as Spain remains under British control France will have nothing to fear from that quarter, provided, of course, that France sticks to Britain. Italian soldiers, before attacking France along the Pyrenees, would first have to reach Spain by sea. The French fleet, allied with the English fleet, could easily prevent them from getting there.

Joseph Driscoll, London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune,* who last spring was able to foretell all the details of the Munich pact because he had been informed by Mr. Chamberlain himself about the events which were in store, has recently stated that "all indications" are that Chamberlain, Hitler, Mussolini, and Daladier will "make a deal over Spain as they did over Czechoslovakia last September." Such a deal "would involve a check on Spanish independence and perhaps a division of the country into 'spheres of interest' among the four big powers. Britain is particularly anxious to protect the present 'sphere of Gibraltar,' guarding the western gate of the Mediterranean." Mr. Driscoll did not give any other details on the "spheres of influence," but it is not difficult to guess that the French would get Catalonia, the English Andalusia and Spanish Morocco, and Hitler and Mussolini the rest of the country. In the end the French, menaced by Hitler on the east and by Mussolini in the Alps and in Spain, will have to accept the terms offered by the British. During the Czechoslovakian crisis last summer the presence of 80,000 Italian soldiers in Spain contributed no little to convincing the French that the only thing for them to do was to leave Czechoslovakia in the lurch.

In the operation of an alliance a twofold conflict takes place: one outside the alliance, between the allied powers and their common foes; the other within the alliance, between the allied powers themselves, in that each tries to prevent its ally from becoming so strong that it will no longer need an ally. A good diplomat always expects his best friend of today to become his worst enemy of tomorrow, and conducts himself accordingly. If the French have something to fear in Spain and need British help to allay that fear, all the better: French loyalty to the British alliance will be all the more unwavering.

Arms-Makers' Holiday

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

EUROPEAN nations—both democracies and dictatorships—are busy not only arming themselves but helping each other to rearm. The pace of this fantastic combination of cooperation and rivalry has now become so intense that it affects all parts of national economies as well as all social and political values. Today European rearmament enters a totalitarian stage which threatens the existence of democracy itself.

The sale of French iron ore to Germany offers a striking example of a democracy helping a dictatorship to rearm. For some time preceding the installation of the Front Populaire government in 1936, the left had demanded an embargo on shipment of French iron ore to Germany. This ore was obviously being used for Germany's rearmament. When Blum took office, he succeeded in having a law passed which apparently clamped an embargo on these shipments but which in reality contained a loophole in an "exceptions" clause. By invoking this clause the government permitted the ore to flow across the Rhine as before. Why the Blum government followed this curious course has never officially been made clear. But it is presumed that the government hoped to wring from Germany peace concessions —return to the League perhaps, or disarmament—by threatening to close the loophole. Be that as it may, the export of iron ore in large quantities to Germany continued until March, 1938. In this month—the month of the *Anschluss*—shipments fell to about 10 per cent of their former monthly average.

Had France finally wielded the club? Not at all. It was the German government which cut down the shipments. Apparently Berlin was seeking to force Paris's hand at a time when the French Cabinet was extremely shaky and the French economic and social struggle had reached a crisis. The German strategy succeeded. The owners of the affected mines, fearing loss of business, and the trade unions, fearing unemployment, asked the government to obtain resumption of the deliveries, which it did. Germany obtained an agreement by which the French government, in effect, renounced the threat of an embargo by guaranteeing shipments of 600,000 tons of iron ore a month to Germany.

Official figures show that France also shipped Germany 81,000 tons of bauxite, the ore of aluminum, in the first eleven months of 1937. Now the airplane industry uses large quantities of aluminum. It is estimated that the bauxite ore shipped annually from France to Germany produces about 10,000 tons of duralumin. If two tons of duralumin go into a plane, France, while feverishly buying aircraft in the United States, is annually furnishing Germany with necessary material for about 5,000 planes.

Nor is that all. Writers on aircraft problems in France attribute the low production of the French airplane industry in part to lack of raw materials. Duralumin is one of the most important of these materials. In a confidential report which this writer was permitted to read, a foreign expert who had investigated the condition of the French airplane industry stated that lack of raw materials and the export of certain motors and aircraft accessories had caused delays in the production of French bombers. If France had deliberately tried to make the German air force stronger than its own, it could hardly have done better.

Most of the companies which are mining iron ore in northern Spain are in the hands of English interests—among them Guest, Keen, and Nettlefolds, with which firm Premier Chamberlain has had connections. After the German-Italian-rebel capture of Bilbao it was expected that Germany and Italy would squeeze Britain out of these preserves, but Britain imported even more of the Bilbao ore after Franco's victory than before. Had Britain won? Yes—and so had Germany. For Germany also began to import Bilbao ore in increasing quantities. By the middle of 1938 it was indicated that about a million tons of Bilbao ore would go to Germany during the year. This situation apparently confirms reports that a little "Munich in minerals" had been concluded by Chamberlain and Hitler.

The machine-tool business is as vital to rearmament as ores. Large-scale production of new and complicated weapons demands engineering equipment. One should not be surprised, then, to learn that Britain has had to go abroad for many of its machine tools. The Parliamentary Select Committee on Estimate has refused to publish figures on the foreign sources of these tools on the ground that such action would not be "wise." But it is known that the United States shipped Britain more than $11,000,000 worth of machine tools in 1937 and that heavy purchases were made in Germany. A foreign military attaché in London told me that one manufacturer in Britain had outfitted his munitions plant entirely with German machine tools, and had in fact employed a Berlin engineering firm to design and build his plant. Hugh Dalton, Labor M.P., stated in the House of Commons that "some of the plant for making gun barrels has had to be bought from Germany."

French armament officials say that there was more to the Franco-German ore deal in March, 1938, described above, than appeared on the surface. When the German and French negotiators sat down to settle the matter of shipments of Lorraine ore, the Germans held a high card. The semi-nationalized French airplane industry had failed to produce planes at a normal schedule because, among other reasons, machine tools necessary for large-scale production were lacking. The French machine-tool industry is weak; Germany's is the strongest in Europe. The French negotiators asked that Germany ship them large quantities of machine tools to equip their factories. The Germans, it seems, yielded on the point. For the aviation editor of *l'Intransigent* stated on October 19 that part of the 300 million francs spent on equipment for airplane factories went for machine tools ordered from Germany and other countries.

Have German manufacturers, then, defied the strict control of the German totalitarian system to arm a potential enemy? Not at all. The German system regiments arms-makers as well as other industrialists. Capitalists' profits are canalized back into armaments; raw materials are rationed to industry; and arms orders have priority over others. The fact is that Germany arms the enemy only when it has to. Germany found it necessary to export machine tools to France to obtain foreign exchange. The government decides just when the German arms-makers shall be permitted to help an adversary.

The German government, in fact, is capable of making some rather nice adjustments in these transactions. I discovered in the Loyalist trenches of the Lerida front last spring a modern automatic rifle which the soldiers declared had been purchased from Germany. Loyalist authorities admitted that a large number of these guns had been purchased "clandestinely" abroad. At first they refused to deny or confirm reports that the arms had been brought directly from Germany, but Negrin himself admitted to the Cortes at Figueras on February 1 that he had bought arms from both Germany and Italy. Germany betrayed Franco for two reasons: (1) hampered by a lack of foreign exchange it was in no position to disdain the "red" gold of Barcelona; (2) it could by this maneuver bind Italy closer to the axis. If the Loyalists by putting up a stiff defense kept Italy involved in Spain, Rome would remain dependent on German help. It is noteworthy that only defensive weapons were sold. German arms makers could doubtless have made more money selling the Loyalists heavy artillery and airplanes, but this might have transferred the power of the offensive to Barcelona.

Britain and France still remain far from attaining such finely sensitized control over the armament industry. French business men make huge profits selling to Germany and send these profits out of the country for safekeeping, to the detriment of both rearmament and finances. Britain permitted the Brooke Tool Company to make 168 per cent on its capital last year and the Handley-Page Aircraft Company to pay a dividend worth about 365 per cent of shares held in 1935. Meanwhile an aircraft ring hinders the efficient production of up-to-date planes, and we find General Temperley lamenting in the London *Daily Telegraph* that failure to give priority to war orders has seriously handicapped British rearmament.

Can the democracies afford this muddle of profiteering and inefficiency? Apparently they are beginning to realize that real rearmament requires sacrifices, for the tide is already changing. But in Britain and France, as in Germany in 1933, the workers are to be given the first chance to make the sacrifices. British unions must allow factory owners to "dilute" their personnel with low-paid semi-skilled workers; France, according to Daladier, must be "industrious" to be "strong."

Workers in the democracies not only accept the arms business but identify it with their own material welfare. French unions in 1937 petitioned the Minister of the Navy to speed up work on the battleship Jean Bart to avoid laying off men. In England local labor organizations have frequently demanded that the government build munitions plants in their districts. Workers have come to regard armament activity as a personal benefit.

Their attitude may serve as a first wedge for fascism. For the workers, feeling as they do, are in a weak position to object when the appeal of national good is used to curtail individual good. In the fall of 1938 the French press started a vigorous drive against the forty-hour week as a deterrent to efficient rearmament. The government responded by making the forty-five-hour week compulsory in munitions factories. Labor leaders admitted to me at that time that they simply had to yield in the face of popular outcry. One month later not only munitions workers but all organized labor had to submit—with only a brief struggle—to the general abandonment of the forty-hour week. Their defeat in the general strike meant that social values won by years of hard fighting must go down before the irresistible tide of arming.

The second wedge—regimentation of industry and capital—has not yet appeared. The democratic governments apparently fear the Federation of British Industries and the Comité des Forges more than they do Transport House and the Fédération Générale de Travail. But if Britain and France take these final steps, the cycle of totalitarian preparations for war will be completed in Europe. Then "democracy" and "Western civilization" in the Old World will be sucked entirely into the whirlpool of rearmament.

The Fight for Social Security

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

VERY few persons seem to realize how far-reaching are the amendments to the Social Security Act proposed by the Social Security Board and by the Advisory Council on Social Security. If they are adopted by Congress this country will have, for the first time, a system of social insurance comparable to the better European systems.

Only one of the many recommendations of the Advisory Council, which was appointed by the board and a Congressional committee to study the problem, has received much publicity. This is the suggestion that the coverage of the old-age insurance scheme be broadened by at least six million persons by the inclusion of seamen and employees of non-profit, religious, charitable, and educational institutions, banks, and small enterprises. The council recommended further that domestic workers and farm laborers be brought in as soon as feasible. Such an extension of coverage is highly desirable. There was never any sound reason for the exclusion of these groups. But the extension of coverage is by no means the most important of the recommended changes.

The main difficulty with the old-age insurance scheme from the beginning has been that only the young obtain any real protection from it. No one who was sixty years of age or older when the act was passed in 1935 is eligible for benefits as the act now stands. Few in their fifties are scheduled to receive enough to keep the wolf from the door. A typical factory worker earning $25 a week who was fifty years of age when the act came into effect could—providing he worked every day until he was sixty-five—look forward to a munificent retirement allowance of $28.75 a month. Those who were older, whose wages were lower, or who worked irregularly—in other words, the most insecure—would get less.

Now in most cities an aged couple can barely subsist on $30 a month and certainly cannot live in decency on less than that. Recognizing this the Advisory Council suggested that a supplementary allowance of 50 per cent be paid when men have wives over sixty-five years of age to support. This represents an important advance. If adopted, it would constitute the first clear recognition of the principle of family responsibility in the American social-security system. But it obviously does not solve the problem. Most of the wives of elderly men are younger than their husbands, usually several years younger. Except in rare instances they have depended on their husbands for support for so many years that they are incapable of earning their own living. The economic status of most households is gauged, not by the age of the wife, but by the age of the husband. The plain fact of the matter is that the wives' allowance was recommended because the benefits originally scheduled were too small to support an aged couple. This is just as true when the wife is fifty-five or sixty as when she is sixty-five.

The Social Security Board has gone the Advisory Council one better. It has suggested that in order to bring the old-age benefits to a more respectable level, the worker's average wage be substituted for accumulated wages as the basis for the benefit. This would meet the problem squarely by removing the discrimination against those who are too old to have piled up any appreciable contribution since the act went into effect in 1937. Unfortunately, the board has not pushed the idea beyond the suggestion stage, and it is doubtful whether it will win much support in Congress. The President did not even mention it in his message to Congress.

Even more striking, when one considers the strength of the insurance lobby in Washington, is the Advisory Council's recommendation for protection of widows and orphans. Unlike the European social-insurance systems, the Social Security Act provided no survivors' insurance. Such aid must be obtained at present through the states, after establishing need. The maximum for a dependent child is $18 a month, while a widow shouldered with the responsibility of raising a fatherless family is not entitled to a cent. The Advisory Council recommends what is, in effect, a life-insurance policy connected with the old-age insurance scheme. Should the family breadwinner die leaving minor children, each of his children and his widow would be entitled to regular monthly benefits. No amount has been fixed for these benefits, but it is suggested that they bear some relation to the average wage of the head of the family rather than to his aggregate wages. Thus there would be no discrimination against the children of a young worker merely because he died before piling up contributions. The council also recommended that widows of insured workers receive a pension at the age of sixty-five regardless of whether their husbands died before or after reaching the age of retirement.

It is only when one contrasts the relative benefits and costs of this proposal with the benefits and costs of industrial life insurance, which is the only protection now available for most wage-earners, that its full significance is apparent. Industrial life insurance costs the workers of the country well over a billion dollars a year. The average policy of $200 or $250 just about defrays burial costs, leaving no protection for the widow and children. And the average worker loses even this protection by allowing his policy to lapse. Only about eight industrial policies out of a hundred, over a period of years, have been closed on account of death, maturity, or expiration. The survivors' insurance proposed by the Advisory Council will not cost the worker a cent more than he is already scheduled to pay for old-age protection. There will be a small lump sum to cover burial, and a regular monthly allowance to be paid until the children are sixteen or eighteen years of age. There will be no lapsing and no loss in unneeded protection while the essentials go uncared for.

Should this plan be enacted, industrial insurance will be dealt a blow from which it may never recover. Whether the insurance companies will allow it to go through remains to be seen. Open opposition would be difficult, as industrial insurance is scarcely in a position to stand much publicity. The real danger is that the companies will appear to support the proposal in public, but see to it that it is quietly killed in committee. Only widespread publicity, stressing the importance of this new protection for the rank and file of American citizens, can protect the plan against such an attack.

The Advisory Council has been somewhat less helpful on the question of protection against disability. Although it agreed unanimously that workers who are disabled by sickness or other causes before they reach sixty-five are probably more in need of help than the average aged person, members disagreed among themselves as to whether it was possible to aid such persons out of the old-age insurance fund. At present the disabled are the forgotten men in our security system. If a man is unemployed, he is eligible either for insurance or work relief; if he is the victim of an industrial accident, he may obtain workmen's compensation; if he is disabled by reason of age, he may receive either old-age insurance or old-age assistance. But if he is wholly incapacitated by sickness or a non-industrial accident, no provision is made for him.

It is generally agreed that protection against disability and old age should be closely linked. Both involve a cessation rather than a mere interruption of earning power. A man of forty-five who is totally disabled faces almost exactly the same problems as an elderly worker who is no longer able to get a job. Indeed, old age might merely be called the most frequent cause of disability. Yet total disability comes before the age of sixty-five much more frequently than most people realize. Experience in other countries has shown that from a quarter to a half of the causes of total disability occur before the age of sixty-five. Yet unless there is strong popular pressure, it is doubtful whether this session of Congress will do anything to fill in this very serious gap in our social-security system.

Another serious shortcoming in the Advisory Council's program is its failure to come to grips specifically with the reserve problem. While it did place itself on record as opposing a fully invested reserve such as is required in private insurance, no steps have been advocated for putting the system on a frank pay-as-you-go basis. Increased benefits such as have been described will probably reduce the reserves far below the amount originally envisioned. The dangers described by John T. Flynn in the February *Harpers* may never materialize. But the reserves remain. They may still run into the tens of billions of dollars. Extension of the coverage of old-age insurance to some millions of white-collar workers, farm laborers, and domestic help will yield new income that will offset, in part, at least, the additional benefits. Thus the Social Security Act will continue to take substantially more from the wage-earning and low-income groups of the country in taxation than it returns in benefits. As long as this is the case, its long-run economic value will be dubious.

On the other hand, the Social Security Board's recommendations with regard to the federal-state assistance programs are distinctly helpful. The long-standing discrimination against dependent children is to be eliminated by putting them on the same basis as the aged and blind. Thus, instead of a maximum $18 benefit for the first child and $12 for succeeding children, toward which the federal government contributes only $6 and $4 respectively, the maximum is to be $30, toward which the federal government will contribute $15. It is suggested also that for children in school the pension be continued until the age of eighteen. In addition, it is proposed that the federal grants for all the assistance programs be placed on a variable percentage basis, with maximum and minimum limitations, so as to take into account the varying economic capacities of the different states. This admirable recommendation, if accepted, will eliminate one of the most serious limitations in the federal assistance program, and should make for much more uniformity in the pensions paid in the various states.

Taken as a whole, the recommendations of the Advisory Council and the Social Security Board represent fully as important a stride toward genuine social security as the original report of the Committee on Economic Security which preceded the passage of the Social Security Act. The chief weaknesses remaining are in the field of unemployment insurance. Here the board made only trifling suggestions, leaving the main problems almost exactly where they were. The experience of the past year with unemployment insurance has been little short of disgraceful. In the first place, our system is loaded in favor of the better-paid worker. In addition, it has all but broken down in many states because of poor administration and undue complexity.

If the establishment of a national system to replace the present cumbersome federal-state plan, a step which many experts still favor, is not yet feasible, much can be done to simplify the present system. There appears to be no valid reason, for example, why the federal government should not collect the entire 3 per cent tax and then support the state insurance funds by direct grants to the states, as is now done with old-age and children's pensions. By the introduction of wage classes the necessity for computing the annual wage of every worker could be eliminated. Moreover, it is obvious that something will have to be done quickly if the merit-rating system—a plan to vary the tax on industries in accordance with their employment record—is to be headed off. This plan will come into effect, in most states, in 1940 or 1941. While most experts doubt whether any state will be able to cope with the complexity of record-keeping that is required by the merit-rating system, there is no assurance that states will not drift into it by default and thus wreck their entire unemployment-insurance systems. An amendment to the federal act outlawing merit-rating would prevent such a situation from arising. This action ought to be taken at the present session of Congress if we are to avoid the risk of shattering the whole unemployment-compensation plan, with its very real protection for American workers.

Pocket Guide

BLUE-PENCILING THE ADS

THE advertising business is worried about the Federal Trade Commission, badly worried. Last session Congress passed the Lea bill, which gave the FTC the power to censor advertising. This had the enthusiastic backing of the ad-men. Why? Because they had been afraid that censorship would be placed in the hands of the Food and Drug Administration. They thought they could get along better with the Federal Trade Commission. So now the FDA censors the labels while the FTC censors the ads. Both jobs require the same preliminary investigation, but business men prefer this division of authority, however much they may wail about the waste of government money.

The Federal Trade Commission, however, has been a sad disappointment to business. With the authority given it by the Lea bill it isn't as lenient with the advertisers as it used to be. It is being particularly hard on the cosmetic people. No longer can they claim that this cream or that mask will remove or prevent lines or wrinkles, lift muscles, affect contours, or nourish the skin. Of course no cream can nourish the skin. If you want something to smooth and clean your skin, then lanolin will do as well as any expensive advertised cream and for a lot less money. But bright advertising people can always find loopholes in a law, and copy can come pretty near the line without crossing.

MONEY-MAKING DEPARTMENT

Which department would you say is the most profitable in a big department store? Shoes, or silks, or cosmetics? No. Sometimes the advertising department—the place where all the money is spent—is the one that makes the biggest profit.

Even in the dismal years just passed, when so many stores showed a loss as a whole, the advertising departments here and there made money. The money came from selling nationally advertised brands. The store uses the brand name—such and such suits, such and such shoes—and the manufacturer pays for the advertising. That reduces expenses, but of course doesn't mean a profit. The profit comes in this way. The stores get a special low rate from newspapers because they use an immense amount of space and because they're good bargainers. They don't pass on this low rate to the manufacturer, though they can give him a lower rate than he gets for himself on his own comparatively small contracts. He profits from the store's prestige and this slightly lower rate. The stores, if they do enough advertising of brands, can show a profit on their own advertising.

CONSUMER GROUPS

Here is a letter from Georgia G. Pence of Sterling, Kansas, which frames some questions that I have been asked by a number of other people:

> What is the ultimate purpose of the National Consumers Tax Commission, Inc.? If it is to save the housewife money through eradicating or reducing hidden taxes, why is it necessary for it to become incorporated?
>
> Is there more to it than meets the eye—or ear? . . . Is it a group trying to discredit the present Administration? Is it a group of grocers fighting against grade labels on canned goods? Is it a group trying to lower the high standards of the Pure Food and Drug Act? Or might the munition makers be trying to divert the women while they put through Congress a tasty bill? If this commission is sponsored by business, by what phase of business?

I cannot say what the ultimate purpose of this Consumers Tax Commission is. It doesn't seem to me that the plans it proposes would save the housewife money. I don't know why it is necessary for it to become incorporated to accomplish any such purpose. Certainly it represents a group that is antagonistic to the present national Administration. It seems also to be opposed to grade labeling of canned goods. There has been some talk that it is backed by the chain stores, but the chain stores deny this.

The following is a list of excellent consumer organizations. It would be a good thing to get in touch with them.

Food and Drug Administration, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Publishes the *Consumers Guide,* which can be obtained free of charge.

Federal Trade Commission, Washington, D. C. Publishes monthly report which is sent free of charge to anybody who asks for it.

Cooperative League of America, 167 West Twelfth Street, New York. In its work on cooperatives the League has accumulated a great deal of material of interest to consumers.

Consumers Union, 17 Union Square West, New York. Publishes a monthly report which is a buying guide on products.

Intermountain Consumers Service, Denver, Colorado. Like Consumers Union, but for Far West only.

Consumers Research, Washington, New Jersey. On the same order as Consumers Union but reactionary in politics and in its attitude toward labor.

American Home Economics Association, 52 Mills Building, Washington, D. C. Doing excellent work. Publishes *Journal of Home Economics.*

American Association of University Women, 22 East Thirty-eighth Street, New York. Works for the grading of fresh and canned foods.

National Consumers League, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Works only for legislation.

International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, 3 West Sixteenth Street, New York. Is becoming more and more active on consumer fronts.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

WHEN OREGON'S anti-union law was enacted last November, there was widespread talk about the financial resources used to promote the measure. Commenting triumphantly on the outcome of the fight, the Salem (Oregon) *Capitol-Journal* observed inadvertently that the bill had been "approved at the November election by a $50,000 majority."

ON HIS recent jaunt to Chicago, Vice-President Garner accentuated the split between himself and supporters of the New Deal. The pro-New Deal American Newspaper Guild is waging a strike there against the Hearst papers, which are violently opposed to the New Deal. Partly to offset unfavorable publicity created by the strike, the Hearst-owned *Herald-Examiner,* now manned by strike-breakers, put on an elaborate show celebrating the installation of four new presses. The climax of the ceremonies was reached when Garner pressed the button starting the presses.

THE LEFTIST League of American Writers recently held a meeting to discuss the adverse treatment of leftist books by reviewers on capitalist journals. George Seldes and Max Lerner were the speakers. But the invitation to Lerner didn't make clear the point of the meeting. After Seldes had related instances of the mistreatment accorded his book on the press, Lerner caused some embarrassment by declaring that his own experience was just the reverse. He said that the "unfairest" review of his book had appeared in the *Daily Worker* and added that one of the few publications which had thus far failed to review it was the *New Masses.*

THERE'S A new game current in Germany designed to encourage "racialism" among children. Called the "Jew dice game," it is played on a board along which miniature figures of Jews are moved along numbered tracks to a point determined by the throw of the dice. The end of the tracks is marked "Palestine." If on the way the figure lands in a square marked "Dachau," it is eliminated. There are penalties for landing on "Passport Difficulties" and "Currency Crimes."

THE WEST COAST'S "Golden Gate" exposition will feature a Cavalcade of the Golden West. After a preview of the performance held recently for exposition officials, one major alteration was ordered. Attacks on the dictator nations contained in the concluding speech are to be removed lest Japan and Germany withdraw from the fair.

WHEN THE House of Representatives voted to slash the relief appropriation, it discreetly avoided a record vote and revealed only the totals on the "tally-vote." The dodge was rendered ineffective, however, when Labor's Non-Partisan League checked with observers and progressive Congressmen, drafted a tentative record, and submitted it to every Congressman for correction. Now a record vote is available—from the league.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THAT the best defense for this democracy against the dictators is putting our house in order has received the clearest kind of proof from the Nazis. In their rage at the hostile attitude of the United States government toward them they have turned to our record in Puerto Rico and made effective use of it. On February 1 *Das Schwarze Korps*, the organ of the Black Shirts, charged that the United States authorities are using terrorism and "OGPU methods in Puerto Rico." It said:

> The miseries of the Puerto Rican population during the last ten years far exceed what another freedom-loving people, the Arabs, have had to endure under the domination of another great democracy. The methods of terrorism with which the American governor with his police attempts to hold down the national leaders of Puerto Rico's independence movement find their like only in the deeds of the OGPU. . . . Governor Winship, who enjoys Washington's high esteem, attempts to model himself as far as possible on his prototype Stalin. . . . Puerto Rico is only one of the many points where the deeds of American democrats and peace-lovers are separated by an unbridgeable gulf from their preaching. . . . One day the victims will present their bill.

The article then goes on to tell of the mass murder at Ponce on Palm Sunday, 1937, correctly charging that the police "turned machine-guns on crowds with a cold-bloodedness of gangsters," only it was not crowds but the members of a little independence parade. While there are marked exaggerations in the passage quoted at length above, in the main the indictment is a correct one. If Governor Winship is hardly to be compared with Stalin, he is none the less of the autocratic, dictatorial type in his method of government, regarding events from the standpoint of the military man who believes in meeting legitimate protests against almost unbearable conditions with an iron hand. The massacre at Ponce was largely due to the fact that he really believed an insurgent army was converging on Ponce from various points. Had he gone to Ponce in person and encouraged the few demonstrators to exercise their American right of marching in protest, while telling them that they must leave their arms at home, I believe that nothing would have happened.

But waiving the question of Governor Winship's fitness, the fact is that conditions in this unhappy island are getting steadily worse. It is admitted in press dispatches that the standard of living has never been so depressed. The huts of the poverty-stricken, unemployed people in San Juan and other towns disgrace the American flag—I speak from the personal knowledge that any tourist on the island can obtain if he only uses his eyes. I happen to know that officials in Washington concerned with conditions there are now greatly alarmed because Congress will not give them the money they need to keep numbers of people from actually starving to death. Nothing constructive is being done to remedy the fundamental conditions, which exist primarily because the United States government has from the beginning of our occupation permitted violations of the law forbidding any corporation to own more than 500 acres of land. It was a wise law and a humane one and was passed immediately after our capture of the island, but not a single President has enforced it, and the result is just what was feared. Foreign-owned companies have got possession of great stretches of land, and the peasant-owner has become the peasant-tenant or worker and is trying to subsist on wages which would be bad enough if he were employed 300 days in the year, and are horribly inadequate for canefield workers employed for only a short season. On top of this the population has increased by nearly a million. The Nazis would only have told the truth had they said that the people of Puerto Rico are far worse off than they were under the Spanish flag. *There are 750,000 people in need of relief, and Congress is giving no relief.*

The island is thus another illustration of that weakness of administration which is so characteristic of the New Deal and may yet wholly wreck it. I don't believe that the Administration is satisfied with Governor Winship, and I am bold enough to believe that he would have been removed before this if it had not been for the criminal attack upon him which nearly cost him his life, killed a man by his side, and has already led to the sentencing of five men to prison for life. One cannot remove an American official at such a moment. But now that these sentences have been passed, the first step toward the rescue of Puerto Rico should be the appointment of some more competent person—a Puerto Rican if a suitable one can be found. I know the name of at least one. That alone, however, will not be enough to save the Puerto Ricans and to prevent a really terrible disaster. The President must give his personal attention to this and rouse Congress to an understanding of what is happening—it is at least worth a fireside chat over the radio. Curing the sore there will do infinitely more for our national safety, honor, and prestige than a dozen battleships.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

IN TIME OF HESITATION

BY CONSTANCE ROURKE

IN ONE of the many encirclements of ideas contrived within the comparatively short space of his new book,* Lewis Mumford speaks of the intellectual culture of our time as too remote from the masses to serve them satisfactorily. It is the special triumph of the program which he sets forth that it meets and uses deeply rooted popular forces, and that its terms can be promptly understood. "Men Must Act" is as direct as a good broadside. With immediacy and restrained eloquence, indeed with the effect of the spoken word, it belongs in the great pamphleteering tradition. It will sharpen wits and vocabularies, or provide trenchant vocabularies when these are missing. Yet it is not merely a tract for the times. It deals with permanent values. It defines a course of action and the enduring groundwork for that course; and it touches, with unerring clairvoyance, essential popular impulses and beliefs in the present crisis.

Since November 10 a marked transition in broad sections of popular thought has taken place; no one who goes out through the country can mistake it. Not only has fascism at last been openly condemned but the event has had an unexpected outcome. Mass-meetings which were planned as protests against the German pogrom, and which have voiced them, have also moved toward a recognition of the rising dangers of fascism in the United States, and finally, with remarkable unanimity, have included a reaffirmation of faith in democracy. One might almost say that after a long season of befuddlement democracy had been rediscovered. This progression of ideas has been striking; yet many forces still make for confusion, not least those created by the spell of the genteel tradition in politics, the spell of liberalism, with its excess of fine-spun talk, its gift for finding crucial matters "interesting," with what Mumford calls "its priggish fear of committing unfair moral judgments." During the last months and even years liberalism has, with singular self-abnegation, been occupied with the task of laying the blame for fascism at our own door, or President Wilson's, forgetting Brest-Litovsk, disregarding what Germany would have done with victory, forgetting the rising strength of the German Republic in spite of Versailles, and too much occupied by these intellectual exercises, too beautifully perfectionist in spirit, to consider hurricane signals.

Confusion, hesitation, and bewilderment still obtain, in spite of a great clarification in popular judgment. Two apparently irreconcilable impulses have become articulate; the desire to act, expressed with great immediacy and persistence by the boycotts; and the desire to maintain American isolation. Both are genuine; each is at work, not too far beneath the surface. Each is grounded in the national experience and tradition. Our ready impulse to act, with the belief that the face of things may be changed for the better by action, obviously derives from our not too remote experience on frontiers; and it is matched or offset by our long schooling in isolation, which has gained added strength from the disillusionment following the World War.

In a chapter called Civilization's Gordian Knot, Mumford reverses the habitual use of the metaphor, and makes the altered symbol a point of departure for interpreting essential differences between democracy and fascism. Alexander "solved the problem by doing away with the very elements that made it a problem: namely, the nature of the knot and the continuity of the cord itself. . . . Each generation finds itself confronted with a Gordian knot that must be untied. . . . The whole problem of political society consists in achieving order out of a multitude of conflicting interests: in achieving common purposes without annihilating individual energies and aptitudes and designs. . . . But the prime political condition of untying the knot is this: the rope itself shall be unharmed. . . ." Democracy, with its often slow and fumbling methods, seeks to preserve the continuity of the strands and to use their tensile power. Democracy, in other words, safeguards civilization, while fascism, by its barbaric simplicity, destroys civilization, and is in fact barbarism.

It is the virtue and strength of Mumford's program in "Men Must Act" that he applies this principle in the present dilemma. Neither strand of popular conviction is destroyed; both are used, both are kept intact. At the same time he provides a rationale for an inevitable position by unfolding an analysis of "the pathology of fascism" and "the potency of the pathological. . . . The fascist countries are no longer simply political states . . . they are states of mind. A government which exists by terrorism is forever hounded by a baleful shadow, the shadow of peace. . . . Its method, even within its own boundaries, is the method of the provocateur. . . . Its lust for power is insatiable: in that sense the fascist states will always be have-nots." Thus any effort to bring the fascist countries into a workable international scheme is folly; nor can one believe that the fascist forces will leave this country untouched.

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* "Men Must Act." By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 75 cents.

In his recent speech Hitler ridiculed the idea of a fascist attack on the United States, thus showily using one of the straw men which have diverted attention from genuine issues. But as Mumford says, the new totalitarian war is "a war of psychic demoralization rather than of direct military attack," and its force in America, if unchecked, will be felt through the anarchical but progressive destruction of the many international relationships which, as free agents, we still enjoy. Though the means is not overt, the objective is none the less obvious. The final enemy against which fascism is remorselessly set is not communism but democracy. The anti-Comintern is shadow-boxing. The persistent attacks on the democracies in public speeches and in the German press have been taken as mere muddy effervescence, but as Mumford makes clear in a remorseless analysis, they are indications of a purposeful instinct. Democracy and fascism are incompatible, they will not mix; and we must realize the cleavage as clearly as do the dictators. Nor should this be particularly difficult with the barter system to the fore, and the program of the Fascist International fully blueprinted, glossed, and annotated.

Mumford's program is one of counter-attack. He would use our continental isolation. He gives to isolation a dynamic function. Non-intercourse is the core of this program, not the simple non-intercourse ineffectually attempted toward the close of Jefferson's Administration, but a fully oriented and implemented act which would have, within our now far more powerful empire, the chance of an overwhelming success. Our accredited representatives would be withdrawn from Germany, Italy, and Japan. The first step in that direction has of course already been taken. Our investments in the fascist countries would be liquidated: here too substantial beginnings have been made—by the fascist countries. A long list of instances could be compiled, whether one begins with the suspension of trade in China or with the refusal of Germany to service the Austrian debt. By the Mumford plan a complete embargo would be placed on trade with the fascist countries; and the entry of fascist vessels to our ports would be prohibited even when they carry cargoes of non-fascist origin. Thus we would make complete the boycotts which have been initiated, and we would withdraw our resources from fascist use, not least those provided by tourist dollars. Thus we would resolve the absurd dilemma recently defined in the columns of *The Nation* and clarified in detail by Eliot Janeway. We would no longer be arming against the fascist powers with one hand and furnishing them with armaments, to be used in a variety of ways against us, with the other.

At the same time we would expel fascist forces from our midst. Systematic deportation of Germans and Italians who remain fascist subjects would follow, and the privileges of citizenship would be withdrawn from naturalized aliens who maintain a divided allegiance. Presumably these individuals, too, when shorn of citizenship, would be deported.

At every salient point we would take action. Our purpose would be to isolate, not ourselves, but fascism. In this there is nothing of the messianic purpose, about which so much has recently been said on both sides of the Atlantic, as if to create another of the straw men bobbing up on all sides. This would not be an attempt "to police the world," but a hard-headed effort to provide the most effective form of self-defense. What is essential, as Mumford sees it, is that we shall act, and act alone, regardless of eventualities elsewhere. If England and France are on the way to becoming vassal states, wittingly or unwittingly, it would be against our interest to assist them with food or munitions even during an interim of apparent peace. If war actually breaks out, we should free ourselves by a suspension of the Neutrality Act to reinforce the democratic powers by supplying materials.

That the Mumford plan means war, another of the tacit wars which have become the mode of our time, is clear enough; but this is less an obstacle to its acceptance than would have been the case six months ago. The general support of rearmament is partial proof, as is the widespread conviction that if the broad clash comes we shall not be able to remain outside. The crux is not at this point but in the "passivism" which Mumford amply discusses, or in the opportunism which he calls "wishful waiting." Now that the rumor of economic collapse within the fascist states has grown louder we may await the event with a casual optimism—"Napoleon fell, didn't he?"—and without realizing that time, usually supposed to abet the righteous, may now be on the other side.

Mumford's program does more than resolve an ominous confusion; some of his best passages prove that action is essential if our democracy is to be sustained from within. The clew is in his title: "Men Must Act." Passivism means the gradual crumbling of principle. Our failure to act in relation to loyalist Spain and to China, which still lies heavily upon our consciences, may mean the beginning of a creeping paralysis. "Shrinkage and withdrawal" are forces of destruction. Indeed, this whole book may be read as an anatomy of democracy, so persuasively does it reinforce the concept that a democracy must assume fresh positive forms or perish. No doubt the frayed straw man called "war hysteria" will be set up, somewhat larger than life, to confront the Mumford program. But I think this program will sustain itself because it is simple and forthright, because it comes close to popular feeling, and because it is built upon fundamentals in our character and tradition. In the rush of dark events it provides a touchstone and a philosophy.

Tragedy in Minnesota

WIND WITHOUT RAIN. By Herbert Krause. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

ANYONE who has read Vardis Fisher's Idaho tetralogy will be reminded of the first volume of that somber chronicle when he reads "Wind Without Rain." The grim hills of Minnesota have replaced the grim hills of Idaho, but the physical and mental sufferings of Franz Vildvogel follow much the same pattern as those of Vridar Hunter; the people have the same twisted souls; life has the same bitterness. Men reap violence and death in a country where nature yields food and warmth grudgingly and lashes out only too often with lightning, tornado, or blizzard. But chiefly both writers dramatize the tragic discord between men and their own souls: the war between warm, natural desires and the blight of a religion packed with hell-fire and brimstone; the brutality of a tyrannical, hard-handed father, goaded by his own sense of guilt and frustration, embittering the lives of his entire household; the tortures of a sensitive boy in the grip of an environment that crushes even the strong.

The themes of the two books are also strikingly alike. Compare the lines which gave Vardis Fisher the titles for his series—

> In tragic life, God wot,
> No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
> We are betrayed by what is false within—

with this reflection by the character in "Wind Without Rain" who tells the story: "I can laugh now, almost . . . knowing more about this fire added to flame, the uninvited urgings hawklike at muscle and bone; knowing, too, after these years, that the hounds of wrath within us, leashes off and merciless, are snarling a nearer doom than any Bible trumpet."

But while this quotation may well express Mr. Krause's *leitmotif*, it serves equally well to illustrate the principal artistic contradiction of his book: namely, the fact that the narrator, Jepthah Vildvogel, would not conceivably have written in such a style. The son of a backwoods German-American family to whom the Bible was all the reading needful or proper, he attended for a few years, quite reluctantly, a very bad one-room rural school where the dictionary was used chiefly as a missile to hurl at unruly pupils; and even the explanation that many years later, after a crippling accident, he was removed to a hospital where there were lots of books, hardly justifies the elaborateness of his very consciously wrought sentences.

Except for this one enigma, the story of the Vildvogel family is harrowingly convincing. From the memory of his own youth on a Minnesota farm Mr. Krause has drawn a thousand details of the never-ending chores, the dreadful feel of approaching storms, the bone-shaking lurch of a wagon over rocky cart tracks, the friendly yet often cruel inquisitiveness of neighbors, the heavy shadow of debt over mortgaged land. Passions indeed spin the plot; no villain is needed but the hounds of wrath within to drive these uncomprehending mortals to sorrow, madness, death. No appeal to the reader's pity is needed but the unadorned history of their blind gropings toward happiness.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Liberal England

THE AGE OF REFORM, 1815-1870. By E. L. Woodward. Oxford University Press. $6.

GLADSTONE AND THE IRISH NATION. By J. L. Hammond. Longmans, Green and Company. $12.50.

IN PRESENTING the report on the census of Great Britain in 1871, the Census Commissioners quoted the proud words of Milton: "Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to." The English middle class in the seventeenth century not only had laid the foundation of England's greatness but had developed the incomparable system of guaranties for civil liberties on which civilized life in the nineteenth century could develop, liberties the whole importance of which we only start again to appreciate today when they are threatened by a new barbarism. The nineteenth century in England was an age of progressive reforms: 1815 found the nation with both central and local administration in a state of complete chaos, with most widespread corruption and family patronage, with incredible poverty, squalor, and degradation of life. A slow and progressive fight against these conditions filled the nineteenth century. It was a struggle of much confusion, but the main tendency was unmistakable. E. L. Woodward describes this age of reform in a broad and solid survey which takes into account all the different aspects of England's internal and external policy and of its social and cultural life. It is a judicious and well-balanced book; it shows not only the high hopes but the grave defects and the serious dangers still prevailing in the industrialized England of 1870, which nevertheless could claim to have laid the foundations of civilized social life.

But a new age was threatening. It was possible, as Woodward points out, to use the new productive resources to resist the social and political changes which, logically, they implied: "The failure of political liberalism in Central Europe left the way open for the unification of Germany in the interest of the class least affected in its habits of thought and scale of values by the 'age of reform.' Such a 'return of the past' was a European calamity on a scale so vast that its meaning could not be realized at the time." In this age of imperialism liberal England made one great effort to assert itself. J. L. Hammond, who has explored the social history of the early nineteenth century in several important volumes, gives us in a great and moving book, in the best liberal English tradition, an account of Gladstone's Irish policy. It unfolds an epic story of the fight of the sense for justice against the imperial sense of national egoism and *raisons d'état*, of the faith in moral forces against old prejudices and fears, comparable only to the Dreyfus affair in France. "In a world where armed strength was becoming more and more the undisputed master, a great statesman was asking one of the leading peoples to make its undoubted power obey the unarmed voice of justice. Nations have sometimes acted justly from necessity; but in this case a great nation was to act justly

WHICH 1939 CARS ARE "BEST BUYS"?

"Catwalk grilles," "force-back overdrives," "transverse stabilizer links," "two-speed axles," "steering column gearshifts," "dual carburetors," "floating oil intake." . . .

Just what does this jargon mean to you in terms of transportation?

Which of these terms represent essential values that you should look for in buying an automobile?

To guide auto buyers to economical and intelligent choices, Consumers Union's automotive consultants have examined the 1939 automobiles. Their findings are published in the current (February) issue of *Consumers Union Reports.*

Divided into nine price classifications, ranging from $400 to $2,500, over 70 models of the 1939 cars are rated *by name* in this report, *in the estimated order of their merit.* These are some of the cars included:

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OVERLAND
WILLYS
PLYMOUTH
DODGE
CADILLAC
STUDEBAKER
DE SOTO
MERCURY
CHEVROLET
CHRYSLER
PACKARD
HUDSON

These ratings are based on such factors as economy of operation, durability, safety, and mechanical soundness. Appraisals of the new features such as "force-back overdrives" are given in terms of their worth to car owners and tables are printed showing comparative gas mileage obtained from recent test runs and other comparative statistics of prime importance in choosing a car.

Read this report before you buy *any* 1939 car! It will help you to make substantial savings not only on the initial purchase price but on operating costs as well.

Other reports in this issue give valuable buying information on canned tomatoes, tomato juice, window shades and industries insurance (the insurance that doesn't insure!).

By mailing the coupon below, you can get this issue—followed by eleven more monthly issues. In April—at no extra cost—you will also get Consumers Union's 1939 *Annual Buying Guide*—a 288-page handbook rating over 2,000 brands of products as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable."

To CONSUMERS UNION of U. S., Inc.
17 Union Square W., New York, N. Y.

Send me *Consumers Union Reports* for one year and the 1939 *Buying Guide* when it appears. I enclose $3. I agree to keep confidential all material sent to me which is so designated.

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from choice." In Gladstone's Irish policy the forces of liberalism and of conservative nationalism opposed each other, as they did in the Dreyfus affair. Gladstone and the Dreyfusards had to fight against an immense mass of hatred, fear, inertia, and prejudice; they had to face accusations and execrations of unprecedented bitterness. The spiritual adventure of Gladstone's crusade for the reconciling power of freedom, in which he succeeded in enlisting half of the English people, although not the vested interests of monarchy, aristocracy, and church, is told by Mr. Hammond in great detail and with a wealth of documents. Although the price of the book is prohibitive—for a larger public it may be desirable to publish a shortened and cheaper edition—the book should be widely read today. For in Gladstone's treatment of the Irish question lived a tradition of European liberalism coupled with moral courage and farsightedness which is sadly lacking among the British statesmen who at present lead the party which blocked all the efforts of Gladstone. HANS KOHN

Biography of Berlioz

BERLIOZ. By J. H. Elliot. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

THE Master Musicians Series has filled an obvious gap by adding a "Berlioz" to its list. Unfortunately the editor, Eric Blom—who is also the distinguished music critic of the Manchester *Guardian*—has assigned the task to his second-in-command on that paper, and in the absence of any special fitness the result is just another bad book on Berlioz.

It is easy enough, once an artist or thinker has been ransomed from neglect or abuse, to expatiate on his merits and his faults with critical poise. Hundreds of biographers are now competent to deal with Bach or Blake or Spinoza. But it took special gifts to lift these men from the company of mediocrity, for a misunderstood figure never looks misunderstood: he looks negligible or downright worthless.

Toward Berlioz the critical outlook has been changing for the last thirty years, largely owing to the writings of four Englishmen—Ernest Newman, W. J. Turner, Cecil Gray, and Tom S. Wotton. The present biographer of Berlioz, although he wrote before Wotton's and Turner's books appeared, faithfully reflects the changed attitude in his praise of many of Berlioz's works and of his "unique and many-sided genius." But it is not the allotment of praise and blame that makes a good or a bad book. It is the grasp of the whole personality of the artist, of the body of his work, of the times in which he lived, *as a whole.* Mr. Elliot confesses again and again that he is baffled; and by a not unnatural trick of self-deception he ascribes to his subject the contradictions and chaos which as a critic he has not been able to resolve.

The candor of this confession, together with the fact that the important writings previously mentioned were not known to him when he wrote, constitutes in fact the only excuse for the performance. Although it has been touted by a fellow-contributor to the series as the "long-awaited book on Berlioz," it is to be hoped that its inorganic construction, its lack of consistent standards, its frequent errors of fact and of typography will act as an antidote in the eyes of alert general readers. For the connoisseurs and scholars it will be enough to find recorded in the preface the author's "thanks to the editors of the Breitkopf and Härtel edition of Berlioz," which is equivalent to thanking Dr. Bowdler for his Family Shakespeare. JACQUES BARZUN

Adventure in Awareness

PILGRIMAGE. By Dorothy Richardson. Volume I: *Pointed Roofs, Backwater, Honeycomb;* Volume II: *The Tunnel, Interim;* Volume III: *Deadlock, Revolving Lights, The Trap;* Volume IV: *Oberland, Dawn's Left Hand, Clear Horizon, Dimple Hill.* Alfred A. Knopf. $10.

IT WOULD appear, if the *Times* reviewer is an index to literary opinion, that Miss Richardson's extraordinary novel is fated to remain the caviar of a small and scattered group of devout Richardsonians and a mere mess of salty, sticky fish eggs to the general. And yet I am as convinced as I have ever been during the twenty years in which I have repeatedly pleaded for it that this author has only begun to find her proper audience. The fact that the novel has actually been brought out in four stout volumes more than two decades after the appearance of the first "chapter," as Miss Richardson calls each book, would point to a like conviction in other quarters. Publishers do not print books for the fun of the thing. The fun of the thing—if an adventure in awareness may be so described—is for the reader. I can only hope he will at last find it.

The first volume in the series was published in England in 1915. It had been completed two years earlier, and was thus contemporary with the appearance of the first part of Proust's life work and with Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." In her foreword the author mentions these experiments, and also glances briefly at such fellow-pilgrims toward realism as Balzac, Bennett, Henry James, and, without naming her, Virginia Woolf. She might, too, have mentioned May Sinclair, whose "Mary Olivier," published in 1919, is a condensed and somewhat vulgarized version of what Miss Richardson has done with exquisite subtlety on a major scale.

The special quality which distinguishes Miss Richardson from these writers is her emphasis upon the feminine consciousness. As a result she has been called, mistakenly, a feminist, or slighted, again mistakenly, as dealing in gossipy trivialities. What she has actually produced is the history of a woman's mind, in the fullest sense of that word, a history so intimate and penetrating that, were it not for the testimony of a few men—Frank Swinnerton, be it noted, along with Ford Madox Ford—one might suspect that only a woman could appreciate her performance.

It has been objected that the woman she chose to present is a person of small importance. She is a middle-class English girl who begins life, toward the close of the last century, in the serene setting of a comfortable suburban family, is early thrown upon her own resources, holds several jobs as a governess abroad and at home, settles down as a dental secretary in London, where she lives in a shabby boarding-house encountering other unimportant people and a scattering of not much more interesting intellectuals, has a holiday in Switzerland, and is last seen on her way to a retreat above Geneva, where she will presumably neither engage in any

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MARXISM DISINTEGRATING

(Communism, Socialism)

Radical errors in the foundation of a building go clear up to the roof and make the structure untenable. Such errors have existed in Marxism from the time of the *Communist Manifesto* (1848). The movement, however, has influenced historians in giving a more just appraisal to economic factors of social evolution, and has been of assistance to city workers (but not the farming class) in their claim on life.

Marxism confuses economic fundamentals by attempting to put in the same category things of such unlike nature as a piece of industrial machinery (capital) and the square foot area whereon the machine rests. Thus, machinery and the ground which it occupies are called by Marx "instrumentalities of production" *(Communist Manifesto,* passim).

Marxism wrongly pictures modern government as resulting from the so-called "victory" of the *bourgeoisie* (capitalistic, business class), over the medieval ground landlord class; when, in fact, the modern democratic state is a political structure emerging from a long-drawn-out compromise whereby land was wholly or partly exempted from taxation, while the business and laboring classes, acquiring the right to vote, were saddled with increasing fiscal burdens.

As a result, the modern industrial system was put "on the spot" between the pressure of taxation and ground rent, *which must be liquidated, year by year, prior to the payment of wages,* thus reducing the buying power of the masses to absorb the products of industry and agriculture.

Marxism wrongly imagines a clear-cut, open-and-shut opposition between capital and labor; stressing class-war through which the proletariat evict, or expropriate, the bourgeoisie and establish the Workers' State by means of the "forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions" *(Communist Manifesto).* In picturing the evolution of the modern state, Marxism is wholly blind to the intervening manipulation of the Fiscal Power by the ground landlord interest, whereby land values are undertaxed and productive industry is overtaxed.

Marx therefore fails to comprehend modern democracy as an unstable political equilibrium in a process which blindly tends toward the liberation of productive industry and labor from ground monopoly by reversal of the tax-compromise between ground landlords and bourgeoisie.

After publishing "Capital" (1867) Marx continued to investigate economic history; and meanwhile, in a different economic sector, Henry George issued *Progress and Poverty* (1879), which has unfortunately given the general impression that its main theme is *land* as an exclusive subject of taxation. George, equally with Marx, had no conception of the democratic state as an unstable compromise between ground monopoly and the bourgeoisie. Hence the author of *Progress and Poverty* did not grasp the historic significance of his work as an item in the struggle to reverse that compromise, setting both capital and labor free from the grip of special privilege in land. He regarded democracy as a recovery instead of an achievement.

Marx accumulated material showing that prior to the machine age, the laboring masses of the people were flung off the soil of Europe by "enclosures," or plain stealing of common lands by the aristocracy; and that in overseas colonies founded by European nations, the mere ownership of machinery (or capital) conferred no power over labor unless the land and natural resources were monopolized and fenced away from the workers.

Marx by this time began to say, "For my part, I am no Marxist." His accumulated material was issued after his death as Volumes II and III of "Capital," approaching independently the standpoint of *Progress and Poverty,* whose author was maintaining a constant propaganda for taxation of land because its value was created by the growth of the community, and for exemption of capital equipment as "belonging sacredly to the individual." He thus exposed himself unnecessarily to Marxist critics, who pointed out that the individual owners of industrial machinery do not, from their own exertion, create the productive equipment which is legally theirs.

Henry George unconsciously avoided the problem of the concrete, historical origin of capital; and he would have been on impregnable ground if, instead of urging exemption of capital because it belongs to "the individual," he had claimed exemption for it as "the product of labor."

Marxism calls for "nationalization of land"; but Marxists inconsistently endorse taxation of ground rent and of unused land as a step in what they consider to be the onward march of their own doctrine; failing to realize that the correlative exemption of capital goods would necessarily deflect money end credit from speculative channels (especially speculation in land); while increasing the attractiveness of investment in productive machinery, merchandise and housing; the inevitable effect being to create a new demand for labor.

Disintegration of Marxism as a distinct movement is further shown by the recent *Handbook of Marxism* (Random House, N. Y.), which aims to be "most authoritative," and which takes material issued after the death of Marx relating to "expropriation of the agricultural population from the land," *naively placing it before the summary of "Capital," Vol. I, wherein the stress is upon machinery as the basis of "wage-slavery."*

(Solely responsible for the above statement: Louis Wallis, Kew Gardens, Long Island, New York. Free copies of this statement on request.)

prodigious activity nor become the heroine of any profound private drama. It is a pre-war world, and though she meets such odd people as socialists, suffragettes, and even a Russian Jew (the one implausible character), her experiences belong to that remote and placid past. Where, then, is the interest? Where the significance? What, under the sun or moon, are these nineteen hundred-odd pages about?

The interest is in the incomparable intensity and richness with which the quality of given moments is presented. The significance is that of life itself, in the mere living. "Mere existence isn't life," one of her lovers says to Miriam Henderson, making the same objection that certain critics make of her creator's material. "Why mere?" she responds. "Most people have too much life and too little realization. Realization takes time and solitude. They have neither." And it is precisely realization that these volumes are about, that, in fact, they *are*. One of their values is that they leave the reader with a heightened awareness of the most unconsidered elements in his own daily experience. They perform the supreme service of literature, that of increasing consciousness, even when they seem to deal with trivia. They have the virtue Emily Dickinson ascribed to letters when she said: "A letter always feels to me like immortality because it is the mind alone without corporeal friend." That is, perhaps, the nature of all literature, even where, as here, it gives so fully the sense of the corporeal, substantial, commonplace universe. There is not much time. There is almost no solitude. But they are worth the effort of achieving, in order to share this adventure.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

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DRAMA

Woe to Israel!

FOR the third production of its subscription season the Theater Guild has chosen to offer an extremely elaborate production of Stefan Zweig's more or less Biblical tragedy "Jeremiah." To the general public, I am afraid, the name of that wrathful personage suggests little more than prophecies of woe as vague as they are terrible, but for the purposes of this drama Jeremiah has been completely rationalized and here appears as a philosophical pacifist whom none will honor until it is too late. The woe which he prophesies for Jerusalem is a woe which the Israelites bring upon themselves when they form an offensive alliance with the Egyptians, but it is also a woe which they might still have escaped had not the pride of their king, like the pride of modern rulers, preferred destruction to a loss of "national honor." Jeremiah is for peace before the war begins and for submission before it is over, but both the populace and its leaders are always one step behind him—ready for peace when it is too late for anything but submission and ready for submission only when even that can no longer save them.

According to a program note "Jeremiah" was written in Austria during the war and consciously intended as a purge for emotions which the author himself was finding intolerable. It expresses not only his convictions but, even more importantly I think, the sense which he had of being right yet powerless, a prophet who knew that he could not hope to be listened to until it was too late. Certainly the dramatic effectiveness of the play depends largely upon the situation in which the character finds himself rather than upon the actual events which take place; and the tragedy is less the tragedy of a defeated people than the tragedy of a man cursed with a knowledge and a wisdom which he knows must bring destruction upon himself while remaining useless to those before whom he cannot keep silent.

It must be obvious from even so brief an account as this that "Jeremiah" is hardly a gay piece, but it is somewhat more lively as well as a good deal more impressive than one might anticipate. However violent the "modernization" of the central character may be—and I leave the question to more competent judges—a credible background against which he can act is built up, and the expression often rises to genuine nobility. If the play does, nevertheless, lack the final touch of greatness which would make it thrilling rather than merely impressive, the fact may be in part due to the very immediacy of its relevance both to the conditions under which it was written and to the author's own mental state. There is still something to be said for passion recollected in tranquillity. Passion without tranquillity is likely to result either in unrestrained violence or, as in this case, in a restraint so carefully imposed that one gets at times a sense of artificiality and self-consciousness. Mr. Zweig seems to know almost too well what his play means and why the various utterances are significant.

The production has been beautifully directed by Worthington Miner and staged with a lavishness which seems to imply a greater confidence in its potential popularity than I fear the event will justify. Kent Smith is excellent as the prophet, Arthur Byron perhaps even better as the troubled King Zedekiah who finds it "terrible to serve a God whom no man has ever seen and who is always silent." But I am afraid that a public which would probably find the play too unrelievedly somber for its taste even if it came into the theater will even more probably be kept away by a title still more forbidding than the performance it is used to designate.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"The Gentle People" (Belasco), subtitled A Brooklyn Fable, falls between the two stools of allegory and simple realism. As the matter-of-fact story of two ordinary people who turn upon their gangster-tormentor and murder him without being caught, it is not convincing, for at several points its action becomes symbolic rather than actual, and the ending itself is arbitrary. On the other hand, the realism of most of its scenes fails to sustain any overtone of allegory. The main fault lies in the writing; but the Hollywood acting of Franchot Tone, Sylvia Sidney, and Sam Jaffe only emphasizes the faults of the play.

M. M.

FILMS

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) and "One-Third of a Nation" (Paramount), the two latest Hollywood offerings of importance, have certain common features which seem to indicate that in some quarters the movie industry is entering a new phase. Both pictures aspire to be taken seriously aside from box-office considerations. Both dare to base their stories on important contemporary themes full of dynamite. Both compromise between the urge to tell a piece of truth and the use of the old tricks of make-believe and pseudo-entertainment which have been so successful on a lower level. And both avoid the deeper implications of the chosen theme: they carry messages, but the producers are still afraid to announce them openly. Considered from the point of view of moving-picture art, both wear the marks of dilettantism, yet to the eye tired of the normal run of merchandise they offer, at least in spots, an experience.

Robert E. Sherwood, author of the stage play "Idiot's Delight," in which the personalities of Lynne Fontanne and Alfred Lunt overcame the pervading phoniness of the vehicle, prepared the movie script himself, and there are no essential differences. He prefixed a long sequence showing the first meeting of Irene, the ever-pretending lady (Norma Shearer), and Harry, the small-time vaudeville performer (Clark Gable), on a stage in Omaha. This sequence is in itself a little picture, true, witty, unsentimental, with moments of poetry, especially in the central dinner scene. From this excellent opening, which provides amusing byplay later on, the script jumps to the scene and theme of the original. Irene has became in the meantime the mistress of the war-mongering munitions maker; Harry is touring the back countries of Europe with his blondes. The two meet again in a hotel on a

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mountain frontier, where a handful of people are forced to stay, since the frontier is closed and the outbreak of the much-talked-of war imminent. The military is already in command. A tremendous air field with underground hangars, easily and comfortably visible from the terraces of the hotel, suggests the physical dangers of war and serves to fill with elemental threats the many gaps between genuine psychological intensities. (Remember the war atmosphere of "Grand Illusion," achieved without a rifle, not to speak of bombers?)

The anti-war talk is subdued, the emphasis being switched to the personal affairs of the co-stars—Miss Shearer is even more pretentious than her pretentious part. Burgess Meredith as the anti-war fanatic gets little chance to arouse the audience, but still the impact of the impending war comes through in spite of the tendency to play it down. In particular Joseph Schildkraut, as the taciturn military commander, conveys by means of gestures of understatement what war means. I have no complaint to make about the inserted happy ending; on the contrary. The essential theme having been diluted with much cheap comedy, which is not even used to sharpen the situation through contrast, a tragic ending would only have added to the falseness of the whole. Nevertheless, there are sequences in the picture that are mature, earnest, and clean. And one could sense how the audience was arrested by these moments, how the usual passive interest was suddenly raised to intense feeling.

"One-Third of a Nation" uses the name and some of the material of the Federal Theater Project's "Living Newspaper," which presented so vividly the history of housing. The moving-picture version is wisely limited to the slums of New York in the present era. It pictures with great skill the misery of the poor and the firetraps they live in. But it adds to scenes which are true to life in every detail a dreadful love story.

A rich playboy (Leif Erikson), young, blond, the forceful polo-player type, passes a tenement fire on his way to his hydroplane in the East River. He stops, picks up a little boy who has fallen from a loose fire escape, and takes him to the hospital. He is appalled by the conditions in the slums, and when the little boy's sister (Sylvia Sidney) remarks that the owner of these neglected houses should be sent to prison he adds, "Or worse." Of course he finds out, after flying home to his Long Island estate, that he himself is the owner whom he has condemned.

His conscience awakened, he wants to do something. He appears voluntarily at the District Attorney's investigation—an excellent scene in which the social system becomes more and more the defendant with every question; he promises the poor boy's sister that he will rebuild the infected and rickety tenement houses. But it takes a second fire in which more people are burned to death to complete his education. Finally he has the houses torn down and wins the girl—an ending which one saw coming all along.

"One-Third of a Nation," like "Idiot's Delight," represents an advance in the choice of theme; it is spoiled in the same fashion by superimposed clichés and the producers' fear of their own courage. The problem which lies at the root of the difficulty is of course the well-known dilemma: how to tell the truth without being radical.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Letters to the Editors

Mussolini on Race

Dear Sirs: A dispatch from Berlin to the New York *Times* of January 26 quotes Roberto Farinacci as saying that Mussolini had realized "the race problem in its true significance in 1919." One must take careful note of the occasion which brought forth this misstatement from Italy's foremost anti-Semite. He was speaking from the same platform as Julius Streicher and attempting to match his Duce with Streicher's Führer. He wished to show that even though no consciousness of a Jewish menace had appeared in Italy prior to the formation of the Rome-Berlin axis, and though it took the government until February, 1938, to work up some enthusiasm for an anti-Semitic campaign, Mussolini had as early as 1919 made a note of racial theories and probably filed it away with other far-fetched but potentially useful political devices.

All of this the Duce kept to himself. A study of the rise of Italian fascism shows that, far from wishing to divide the Italian people into races, its one purpose was to unite them. In a speech at Trieste in 1921 Mussolini declared, "I have enormous faith in the future greatness of the Italian people. Ours is the most homogeneous of the peoples of Europe."

Luigi Villari, the Fascist historian, wrote in 1929, "The population of Italy, although showing considerable varieties of type, is more homogeneous than the superficial observer might imagine. It is, of course, made up of elements of divers origins, but what great nation is not?" "The makers of Italian unity," states this Fascist historian, "realized the great importance of welding the nation together and making of it one united people." Can it be that Mussolini has not read Villari?

In 1932 the Duce himself told Emil Ludwig that "anti-Semitism does not exist in Italy." He even went so far as to say, "Of course there are no pure races left; not even the Jews have kept their blood unmingled. Successful crossings have often promoted the energy and the beauty of a nation." Then came that familiar, oft-quoted statement of Mussolini's, "Race! It is feeling, not a reality; 95 per cent, at least, is a feeling." FLORENCE JONAS

New York, January 31

Costly Lesson

Dear Sirs: It is said that learning by experience is effective but unpleasant. It is also expensive. Perhaps in the year 1960 we shall all know that suppression of international traffic in munitions impels every government to set up and keep at work munitions factories sufficient not only for peace-time needs but for emergencies, and delivers the non-militaristic nations as a prey to the militaristic. But it looks as if the world might pay a heavy tuition fee for the lesson.

And when we have learned it we shall forget that at the beginning of the movement to suppress the traffic we were warned that the suppression was bound to work out to such results. We shall believe that those who learned these facts by sad experience were the first to discover them.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., January 26

Smoking and Health

Dear Sirs: In a recent issue you state that newspapers did not give publicity to a report of a professor of Johns Hopkins University on the effects of smoking. A public service will be effected if *The Nation* will publish a summary of that report. H. SHEMIN

New York, February 8

[A report of Dr. Pearl's survey appeared in *Science* for March 4, 1938. Based on 6,813 case histories it was designed to determine whether smoking shortens life. It concluded: "The tables show that smoking is associated with definite impairment of longevity. This impairment is proportional to the habitual amount of tobacco usage in smoking, being great for heavy smokers and less for moderate smokers. The moderate smokers' lives are definitely shorter than those of the total abstainers."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Praise from Cuba

Dear Sirs: Please permit me to congratulate your staff on the clean and decent campaign your paper has been conducting in behalf of democracy in Spain. Your last article by Louis Fischer was masterful in its exactness and its insight into the situation. It was among the best things I have read on Spain.

It is refreshing to know that papers like *The Nation* are being published in America. The debt we republicans of Spain owe you is immense, but I believe that you are paid by the satisfaction you experience in doing a brilliant and honorable work. I read your paper not only for information on the war in Spain but for general orientation on the problems of Europe and America. I believe *The Nation* is serving a fundamental purpose in America: to keep men of good faith together and bring hope to those of us who think—perhaps naively—that the world can still be made a decent place. ANTONIO J. COLORADO

Havana, Cuba, February 1

Unbalanced Biology

Dear Sirs: Dr. Darby's review of "Animals Without Backbones" in your issue of January 21 descends into a diatribe on the author's omission of the topic of genetics and on the unbalance in departments of biology in American universities, and fails to mention points surely of greater interest to the readers of *The Nation.* For a correct evaluation of Dr. Buchsbaum's book, it is necessary to know that it is one of the series of textbooks written and illustrated from a new standpoint of student interest—and reader interest—especially for the undergraduate courses at the University of Chicago. "Animals Without Backbones" takes its place with Croneis's "Down to Earth," Romer's "Man and the Vertebrates," and Carlson and Johnson's "Machinery of the Body." Thus we may reasonably expect a companion volume for the important field of genetics, and Dr. Darby's criticism of the omission of genetics from the work at hand is beside the mark. It should not be necessary to remind him that genetics is represented at the University of Chicago by so significant a leader as Sewall Wright.

In point of fact, the new treatment in "Animals Without Backbones" and the companion volume, "Man and the Vertebrates," exhibits a trend toward a more balanced biological teaching program. The shoe of unbalance in biological teaching is actually on the other foot. It is precisely the overemphasis on genetics and on the experimental departments of biology in general which has produced a situation in which the educated public is more familiar with the electron than with the gene. The neglect in universities of the foundation for a popular understanding of biology, namely, the systematic framework with its inexhaustibly interesting natural history of plants and animals, is the direction in which unbalance is a serious portent.

KARL P. SCHMIDT,
Field Museum of National History
Chicago, January 25

Will You Fight?

Dear Sirs: For the last twenty years I have been asking Mr. Villard the same question. He has not answered it yet. I may have better luck this time; here it is again:

If you adopt against an aggressor nation certain "measures short of war"; if these measures prove so effective that the aggressor nation will actually be hampered by them; if the aggressor nation sends you an ultimatum to withdraw those measures or fight; what will you do?

ALBERT GUÉRARD
Stanford University, Cal., February 1

Never!

Dear Sirs: My answer to Professor Guérard is that I should never fight under any circumstances, believing that the day we fight we destroy the American democracy. And I should not withdraw any non-intercourse or boycott measures to which any dictator country might object. I have not answered Professor Guérard before because I object to answering hypothetical—"iffy"—questions. His is an uncalled-for question now if only because neither Germany nor Japan nor Italy, the so-called aggressor nations, could make war upon us whatever we did to them.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
New York, February 9

Paris and Barcelona

Dear Sirs: On January 18, 40,000 French men and women crowded into the Vel d'Hiver to plead for the opening of the Spanish frontier. The fall of Barcelona was imminent, but the meeting would not admit it. Franco had taken Tarragona, but resistance was stiffening. The debate on foreign affairs in the Chamber was just under way. There was yet hope. There was yet time to help.

These 40,000 men and women were the Frenchmen who work hard for their *sous,* who can afford only an occasional *coup de rouge* at the nearest zinc counter, who have been battered by the tremendous upswing in price of the very necessities of life. They were the ones—and how well they know it—who will march in case of war, and they want to be sure that they are asked to fight for something in which they believe. Not for M. Bonnet, Lazard Frères, the City of London, or the sacred stupidities of the Cliveden set.

This meeting was ignored. As a lever on the Chamber it had no great direct effect. The debate was postponed; Bonnet, it was reported, threatened to resign if "non-intervention" was thrown over. London backed Bonnet, and Daladier gave in. Meanwhile Franco was fast approaching Barcelona.

One week later, ninety-five American soldiers, ragged in clothing and empty of stomach, left Spain behind them and crossed into Cerbère. They arrived in Paris shortly before noon the next day. As they stepped from the train to buy fruit, sandwiches, and beer and exhaust the station's supply of *Ce Soir,* a crowd slowly gathered outside the iron gates of the quai. These soldiers were a group of young men. Many of them, despite their makeshift clothing and their unshaven faces, could have strolled off a nearby college campus. But there was nothing collegiate in what they said or in what they were thinking. As the train pulled out, one remarked: "We're leaving one fight, but we're entering another." In the United States their presence will be felt.

And then came the final Chamber debate, the culmination of two weeks in which the press had spoken of little else but Spain and the oncoming "pressure" or "blackmail" of Italy and Germany, two weeks in which anxious groups of Frenchmen had formed noiselessly around street corners reading a manifesto signed by a group of leading French intellectuals urging immediate aid to Republican Spain. Daladier delivered a straightforward and impressive appeal. It was moving because Daladier loves his country, and he put sharply what Bonnet could not: France will not permit *atteinte* to her soil or possessions. On that point there was unanimity in the Chamber.

Tonight, despite the vote, despite the deputies' announced determination to stand fast against direct threat, there is little rejoicing in France. Thirty-five persons were arrested on the *grands boulevards* tonight for demonstrating for Republican Spain. French, American, and British committees are working overtime to raise money, to alleviate the misery and despair along the Spanish border.

Daladier met the challenge to his position; but he met it partially because France, with its paucity of real leaders, would not know where to turn in case of another real Cabinet crisis. Daladier is no admirer of Bonnet, he would like to replace him as soon as possible,—when the present crisis appears less threatening. Until he does, France cannot expect to enjoy great peace of mind.

FRANCIS G. SMITH, JR.
Paris, January 27

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The Shape of Things

*

THE END OF LOYALIST RESISTANCE SEEMS IN sight—and with it the end of the brief post-Munich respite. Only the question of terms remains. The struggle cannot go on much longer unless equipment is put in the hands of the Loyalist forces, and the pro-fascist Bonnet has made it clear to Del Vayo that neither France nor Britain will help the Spanish republic to obtain arms. Both governments want the war to end quickly, and they are less interested in the terms accorded the Loyalists than in the terms they can get themselves. They hope by facilitating a complete victory for Franco and by dangling financial aid in front of his nose to induce him to forget his quite obvious obligations to his more active partners, Germany and Italy. It looks like a futile as well as a shameful maneuver. But it is the logical last act of the non-intervention farce, and Bonnet, Chamberlain, and their supporting cast seem bound to play it through to its predestined end. They are being helped by the disloyal tactics of Azaña, whose insistence that the war must end has played directly into the hands of Franco and his assorted backers. Only the courage and tenacity of Del Vayo and Negrin and the spirit of the workers and soldiers in Loyalist territory have so far averted surrender, and recognition of Franco by Great Britain and France. The longer this is delayed, the better is the chance of tolerable terms of peace. Unconditional surrender will mean death or exile for all Loyalist leaders, not only government officials but army officers, heads of workers' organizations, and active leftists generally. Franco has refused any amnesty. Will Britain and France recognize him without conditions as a final heroic gesture of non-intervention?

*

THE FACTS BEHIND THE AIRPLANE SALES TO France, and the preposterous fuss made over them, are now reasonably clear. The French wanted to buy a large number of planes, possibly as many as a thousand, in this country in order to offset Germany's superiority in the air. The French Air Mission found that there were only two types of plane manufactured here which could stand up to the fast German craft—the P-40 pursuit

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planes and the 7-B bombers. A certain group in the War Department wanted to prevent the French from obtaining the 7-B bombers on the ground that they were of an "experimental" and "secret" design. This group was overridden by the President with the approval of General Malin Craig, Chief of Staff, and Louis Johnson, Assistant Secretary of War. The full disclosures place the critics of the President in an anomalous position. They cannot very well object to the sale of American airplanes to France when large quantities have been sold to Germany and Japan. They certainly cannot maintain that the sale of first-class planes to France is in any sense a threat to American security. So they have attempted to blur the basic facts and issues by playing upon such words as "secret" and "foreign." It now appears that this unworthy attempt to drag partisan politics into matters of defense and foreign policy has met the defeat which it deserves.

* * *

THE NEUTRALITY ACT WAS AN ATTEMPT TO legislate this country out of the danger of war, but its end results may prove to be the very opposite of those intended. In so far as it permits potential aggressors to believe their chances of success are enhanced by the inability of their victims to obtain supplies from America, the act encourages resort to war. Since it is generally agreed that the chance of our escaping involvement in a European war would be slight, it would be intelligent to throw our economic weight positively on the side of peace instead of using it negatively in a way that favors aggressors. The amendment introduced by Senator Thomas of Utah goes some way toward meeting objections to the act while endeavoring to allay the anxieties of those who hesitate to give the President the power to decide who is an aggressor. It proposes that whenever the President finds that a nation that is signatory to a treaty to which the United States is itself a party is engaged in war in violation of that treaty, he may, with the approval of both houses of Congress, exempt the second nation in whole or in part from the embargo provisions of the act. The existence of the Kellogg Pact enables this definition of aggression to cover a large field. Even so, its adequacy to meet either the practice of undeclared war or the fascist technique of using civil war as a cover for international war is open to question. Another difficulty arises from the fact that Congress is not in session during a considerable part of the year, which might well mean delay at a time when speedy action was vital. Such points obviously need clarification.

* * *

THE MEMPHIS POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY rejected on January 20 a bid of $18,127,000 from the City of Memphis for purchase of its electric and gas properties. The company termed the offer "entirely out of line with the real value" but has now agreed to sell for $17,360,000—or $3,640,000 less than the $21,000,000 it originally demanded. The secret of the company's changed attitude does not lie in the recent Commonwealth and Southern deal to sell its Tennessee properties to the TVA. The terms of that sale, if anything, might have boosted the price. The secret of the company's surrender lies in the fact that the City of Memphis began to draw up its plans for the erection of a competing plant. The Memphis transaction, on the heels of the earlier TVA purchase, means that all utilities in Tennessee will now be under government ownership. It is not inappropriate at this time to note that the propaganda fed to the public by the power companies on the "boom" in capital expenditures by utilities to be expected as soon as the TVA made peace with Commonwealth and Southern was clever but fictitious. A story hidden away in the safe obscurity of the retail-business page of the New York *Times* for February 12 showed that capital expenditures by utility companies have followed the same curve as business in general, apparently little affected by the hobgoblin of government competition. The utilities spent $965,000,000 in 1930. This fell to $130,000,000 by 1933, rose to $470,000,000 in 1937, and shaded off to $450,000,000 last year. "From the utility agreement," C. F. Hughes wrote in his column "The Merchant's Point of View" on that page, "there is no immediate basis seen for that expansion of plant and equipment that was predicted by some utility leaders as bait for decisions in their favor."

* * *

HOLLYWOOD SPENT A MILLION DOLLARS TO prove that Movies Are Your Best Entertainment, but the drive could not counteract the evidence to the contrary which daily flooded the screen. Last week the industry's self-satisfaction received another jolt when the Supreme Court upheld a decision of a lower court against eight motion-picture distributors, all affiliated with the Hollywood film trust, and two theater chains in Texas and New Mexico. The distributors had forced independent theater owners to sign pacts stipulating that "Class A" pictures might not be shown on double-feature programs and might never appear in second-run theaters charging less than 25 cents admission. This arrangement confronted independents with the alternatives of raising prices or accepting a steady diet of Class B atrocities; either alternative was likely to mean their extinction. That fate has, in fact, befallen independents throughout the country, and with their disappearance the last vestiges of competitive stimulus have vanished from the industry. In condemning the Texas contracts the high court has squarely challenged the monopolistic methods which are attacked on a national scale in the anti-trust suit which was brought against the eight big Hollywood companies last fall.

CATHOLIC MONARCHS HAVE IN THE PAST often sought to dictate or veto the choice of a new Pope. But the attempt of anti-Catholic Nazi Germany to influence the election of a successor to Pius XI outdoes anything we have seen before of Hitlerite impudence. The German envoy at the Vatican took advantage of his position as dean of the diplomatic corps to make his address of condolence before the College of Cardinals an invitation to extend the Rome-Berlin axis into the Vatican. After paying unctuous tribute to the Pope who wrote the anti-Nazi encyclical "Mit Brennender Sorge" and objected to the exhibition of the swastika in Rome, the Nazi minister suggested that the cardinals name a Pope who would cooperate with the fascist states. The German spoke for the diplomatic corps. Did the French and British ministers know that this proposal to subject the Papacy to *Gleichschaltung* was to be made? If they did and kept silent, their recall is in order. Otherwise their governments furnish new evidence of undercover cooperation with the axis powers.

*

ITALY AND GERMANY ARE GOING TO FIGHT the next war on Soviet oil, according to a long article which appeared recently in the financial section of the New York *Times*. Since the Soviet Union has an adequate gold supply, its sales of oil to the fascist powers can be "only for political and nationalistic reasons," and, the article adds, are "the direct result of the Munich agreement." Although the article is nearly three columns in length, there is a conspicuous absence of figures and concrete detail. The foundation for the entire story is to be found in the sentence: "In the agreement that Germany and Russia now are *reported* to be negotiating, it is *said* that it will provide for the exchange of Russian oil for manufactured goods [our italics]." The fact is that, according to regular news reports, negotiations for continuing the existing Soviet-German trade agreement for another year are now going on. This agreement would provide for the sale of Soviet oil, the amount being indicated in the 1938 trade figures just released. During the past year the Soviet Union stood a bad eighth among the countries supplying oil to Germany, furnishing less than one-seventeenth as much, in value, as the United States, which stood second. Soviet oil exports to the Reich were 73.9 per cent less in 1938 than in 1937, the drop being in line with the general decline in Soviet-German trade and the growing consumption of oil within Russia. A new trade agreement with Italy has already been signed for the coming year. Under this pact Italy is expected to double its purchases of Soviet goods. But Italy's total purchases of naphtha, manganese, lumber, coal, wheat, and other items, including oil, will be only $52,000,000, or less than one-twelfth of Italy's normal peace-time import requirements.

Pogrom Economics

IMMEDIATELY prior to his resignation as director of the Intergovernmental Committee on German Refugees, George Rublee brought back from Berlin a plan promulgated by the German government for the orderly migration of German Jews. Although less blatant than the earlier Schacht proposals, this plan cannot be held to indicate a change of heart; at best it represents a change of method. Nor can it be properly understood if it is viewed in isolation; its significance becomes clear only when it is seen in its relation both to the domestic position of the Reich and to the international situation.

That the Nazi government should now be willing to relax even in slight degree its anti-Semitic measures is proof of the failure of the November pogrom, except as an essay in pure sadism. It was intended to rally the German people to the regime; instead it evoked widespread disapproval and served to crystallize sentiment against the government rather than against the Jews.

Economically the pogrom resulted in a heavy adverse balance. The huge collective fine levied against the Jewish community was intended to replenish the government's cash reserves and offset part of the extraordinary expenditure caused by the September crisis. But it soon became clear that insistence on cash payments would involve a collapse of the security and real-estate markets. The authorities were therefore forced to accept a large proportion of the fine in the shape of stocks and deeds which can only be very slowly liquidated. Against the comparatively meager proceeds of the fine must be set the cost to German economy of the pogrom. After their orgy of burning, smashing, and looting the Nazis awoke to the fact that even if the property was Jewish its replacement would require a draft on precious raw materials. Further it soon became apparent that forced Aryanization of Jewish businesses inevitably resulted in loss of trade connections and dislocation of production—a serious matter when capacity was already strained to the bursting-point. Worst of all, the pogrom led to an intensification of the boycott. January trade returns are alarming for the Nazis: exports have fallen 12½ per cent, forcing an even greater fall in vital imports.

From the diplomatic point of view, also, the November outrages proved a serious mistake. They aroused anti-Nazi feeling in this country to a new pitch of intensity and caused a semi-rupture of relations. In Britain they had an unmistakable effect in arousing public opinion, gave a definite setback to Chamberlain's appeasement policy, and upset the propaganda of the "fifth column" which was urging that Nazis were perfectly nice people if tactfully handled. There can be little doubt that the new plan for emigration with its collateral relaxation of anti-Semitic regulations is intended to reestablish the confidence of these friends. By suggesting that Hitler is capable of "reasonable compromises" it is hoped to strengthen believers in appeasement and pave the way for another "contest of nerves" designed to win new bloodless victories for the axis.

Of course the refugee plan can be described as "reasonable" only when considered against its background of terror and blackmail. As the New York *Times* has well said, it represents "a policy of reluctant and unreal conciliation which goes no farther than to 'relax' temporarily decrees that are inherently vicious." Moreover, the plan is merely a statement of what the Reich is willing to do. The Berlin government refuses to put it in the form of an agreement—either with the Evian committee, which it does not recognize officially, or with any other state—and thus provide the doubtful guaranty of Germany's signature.

In the new plan the element of blackmail is not as obtrusive as in the Schacht scheme, but it is still present. It is proposed to establish a trust fund, under Nazi control, equivalent to at least a fourth of the remaining Jewish wealth in Germany. This is to be used to finance the travel expenses of 150,000 Jewish workers, to be followed later by 250,000 dependents, and may also be drawn upon for the purchase of German goods which emigrants will take with them to help in their future settlement. This proposal, however, is seriously affected by two qualifications. If such goods contain imported raw materials, the value of those raw materials must be covered by free foreign exchange. Who is to provide this exchange? Presumably it must come from the international fund raised outside Germany to assist refugees. And since almost any manufactures of use to emigrants require such raw materials, the upshot will be a handsome indirect subsidy to the German government. Another difficulty is the suggestion that emigrants' goods be exempt from clearing arrangements with foreign countries. This means that they will form, in effect, "additional exports," and to gain this status importing countries must be induced to relax their tariff regulations.

One improvement in the proposals as compared with the present situation is that Jews are to be allowed again to earn a living, provided arrangements can be made so that they are segregated from "Aryan" workers. This generous gesture is perhaps best explained by the acute shortage of labor in Germany, which is leading to the reemployment of retired workers up to seventy. The Nazis also kindly offer to leave elderly Jews free from interference or persecution *"unless something extraordinary occurs."* In other words, these old people are regarded as hostages held in reserve against a time when a real or manufactured incident calls for a new "spontaneous" outbreak of Aryan indignation. If any proof is needed that the hyena has not changed his smell this amazing qualification will surely suffice.

Japan and Russia

IN WARNING the Soviet government that it is prepared to take "drastic action" unless the dispute over the fisheries is quickly settled, Japan has entered on a course that is wholly uncharted. The fisheries issue is the most crucial of the many questions that have arisen between the two countries in recent years. Hitherto the Soviet government never dared to refuse to grant fishery rights to the Japanese even though such grants were against Russia's interests. That Moscow now feels strong enough to limit these rights, despite the jingoistic character of the new Hiranuma Cabinet, may reflect a fundamental change in the Far Eastern balance of power.

Under the circumstances, the Japanese military leaders would seem little short of insane in preparing for a showdown with the Soviet Union. Things have not been going any too well for Japan in China in recent weeks. Guerrilla forces have been unusually effective in all sections of the country. The Japanese mopping-up offensive against the bases of the Eighth Route Army in Shansi appears to have been a costly failure. South of Hankow Chinese regulars have staged a counter-offensive which has carried them to the gates of Yochow. Against these unfavorable developments, Japan can claim only one important military victory since the capture of Hankow in October—the occupation of Hainan. And this is more a moral than a military triumph. Although Hainan is of undoubted strategic value to Japan in relation to French Indo-China and the Philippines, its worth in the present struggle is offset by the fact that Japan must maintain an important garrison there just when it desperately needs troops to hold the occupied areas in China.

If Japan is contemplating an attack on the Soviet Union this spring, there can be only two possible explanations for such apparent foolhardiness. One is that the extremists who are in power have become drunk with their unbroken chain of successes in bluffing the Western powers. This is not the first time that the Japanese militarists have senselessly challenged powers that were too strong for them. It is now fully evident that the incident involving the Soviet Union in the summer of 1937 and the attacks on the Ladybird and the Panay, to say nothing of the recent occupation of Hainan, were acts of deliberate provocation committed with a complete disregard of possible consequences. There is every indication that the Soviet Union is in no mood to be a subject for further experiments, but that does not mean that Japan, now more completely in the hands of extremists than ever before, may not attempt them.

A more likely explanation is that Japan is merely playing the role assigned to it by the master strategists who determine the policies of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis. The fascist tactics consist in keeping the world in perpetual jitters over the danger of war. As the game goes on, stronger and stronger threats are necessary. At the moment the real push is directed against France. But as the Changkufeng incident was utilized to distract Soviet attention on the eve of Munich, so the present crisis seems to be intended to absorb the attention of France's ally in the crucial days that lie ahead.

That it is not merely a bluff is indicated, however, by reports that Japan has moved large numbers of its crack troops, badly needed in China, to the Soviet border. "Incidents" have become an almost daily occurrence. Should Japan make good its threat of sending a naval force to protect Japanese subjects illegally fishing in Soviet waters, the Soviets would undoubtedly take action to eject them, thus bringing about a crisis that might lead to war. From this distance it is difficult to believe that Japan would thus deliberately invite catastrophe. But observers recently in Japan have commented that the nation is in a mood to commit mass hari-kiri.

Same Old Story

> Their membership is so large and their resources are so vast as to make the question of responsible control and conservative management one of extreme difficulty; and their magnitude if permitted to grow unrestricted will soon become a serious menace to the community.

THE words are those of the Armstrong committee. The reference is to three insurance companies—the Mutual, the Equitable, and the New York Life. In 1906 the Armstrong committee, under the able direction of Charles Evans Hughes, made the most thorough investigation of the insurance business this country has even seen. At that time the three companies named were the largest in the field, with assets of approximately half a billion dollars each. Today the three largest companies —the Metropolitan, the Prudential, and the New York Life—have assets of $4,700,000,000, $3,500,000,000, and $2,500,000,000, respectively. Among them they control 41.3 per cent of the total assets of all life-insurance companies. The publicity that accompanied and the legislation that followed the Armstrong investigation proved as helpless as the stern gesture of Canute. The facts now being uncovered by the SEC-monopoly inquiry into insurance companies show the old evils still existing, many times magnified.

All the companies mentioned above are, with some slight and unimportant qualification as to the Prudential, "mutual" companies. Theoretically they are owned by their policy-holders. But the Armstrong committee reported in 1906:

> Notwithstanding their theoretical rights policy-holders have had little or no voice in the management. Intrenched behind proxies easily collected by subservient agents (and running for long periods, unless expressly revoked), the officers of these companies have occupied unassailable positions and have been able to exercise despotic power.

This finding is now being underlined by evidence before the monopoly inquiry showing how insurance directors use their positions to promote their outside business interests. To leave such power in the hands of self-perpetuating cliques is as unhealthy for the national economy as it is for the morals of those who wield it.

The Pujo "money-trust" investigation in 1914 found that "so-called control of the life-insurance companies by policy-holders through mutualization is a farce . . . its only result is to keep in office a self-constituted, self-perpetuating management." Nearly 90 per cent of the assets of all life-insurance companies are now controlled by "mutuals." Those who believe that the old devices of publicity and reform legislation suffice to deal with a major economic problem will be discouraged to learn from the insurance hearings now under way at Washington that the very conditions uncovered in 1906 and again in 1914 still continue. A parade of witnesses has told the members of the Temporary National Economic Committee, as the monopoly inquiry is officially known, that it is customary for insurance agents in many offices and in many cities to forge the names of policy-holders to the proxies sent out at election time.

The President in his message on the monopoly problem asked for an inquiry into the way in which our insurance companies exercise their vast power. For they control what is probably the greatest reservoir of capital in our economy. Our forty-nine leading legal-reserve life-insurance companies hold 22.95 per cent of all railroad bonds, 11 per cent of the federal debt, almost 10 per cent of all state, county, and municipal bonds, 22 per cent of all public-utility bonds, 15 per cent of the total industrial debt, 11 per cent of all farm mortgages, 14½ per cent of all urban mortgages. These figures make it clear that Chairman Douglas of the SEC, in opening the insurance hearings, was not being rhetorical when he said that inquiry into the insurance business "takes us from Wall Street to Main Street, from the capital markets and financial centers of the East into the farm lands of the West and South." We hope that the monopoly probers, in dealing with the problem, will not forget the experience of the past, will not forget that sensational revelations may make headlines but do not necessarily make reforms. So long as insurance executives can throw the weight of huge financial aggregations into the scales, they can nullify laws passed to regulate them, and buy, destroy, or bully into silence officials set up to control them. We think this is one field in which publicity and regulation have proved their futility. The evils of the insurance business will not be corrected until government takes it over and operates it.

Homage to Brandeis

BY MAX LERNER

SINCE the World War the American legal world has had three outstanding names. They are Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo. Of the three Brandeis is the last to lay down his work. The other two had more in common than either of them had with Brandeis. The literary skill, the philosophic sweep, the contrived simplicity, the flashing phrase, the sententious epigram, the articulateness about the nature of the judicial process—these are not notable in Brandeis. His opinions are not great writing. They lack the personal imprint of greatness that stamps Brandeis's conversation, for example. Compare Brandeis at his civil-liberties best in the Rosika Schwimmer case, for example, with Holmes in the Abrams case; or Brandeis in any social-legislation opinion with Holmes in *Lochner* v. *New York.* Read Brandeis's great economic dissent in the Southwestern Bell Telephone case, and compare it—not in its economics but in its literary and intellectual impact—with Cardozo's dissent in the Jones case, under the SEC act.

Nevertheless, Brandeis's final effect on American law will probably be more substantial than was that of either of his colleagues. Historically he has led the phalanxes that have brought the economic emphasis into legal thought. And he has evolved in the process a usable judicial philosophy and a transmissible technique for generations of judges and lawyers to come. The philosophy is that individual rights and group claims are neither absolute nor unchanging, and that they must be weighed in terms of the need for checking and democratizing our corporate capitalism. The technique is to interpret the constitutional phrase and the legal doctrine as part of the living context of legislative history and economic fact out of which laws emerge. The philosophy has basic links with the whole tradition of American democracy since Jefferson. The technique is deeply rooted in our pragmatism and our hard-headed statistical bent. Together they have refertilized American law. "The Brandeis way," to use Professor Mason's phrase, "can be translated into action not only in the judicial realm but in the rest of the state as well."

For there are two great and abiding facts about Brandeis. The first is that he has always been more than a jurist. The second is that his thought flows out of action and is directed toward action. Alone among the Big Three of liberalism he had a notable non-judicial career before coming to the bench. That was why there was so great an outcry against his appointment in 1916, as there was to be against Black's appointment in 1937. He had laid his cards on the table. Brandeis was no radical, but it was clear that he would not abide by the fake rules of the game that the corporate financiers and the corporate lawyers had laid down. Hence State Street and Wall Street alternately groaned in agony and turned their eyes piously toward a heaven of professional legal ethics. Brandeis's sin was that he had beaten the corporation lawyers at their own game of amassing a fortune in legal practice and yet was devoting an increasing portion of his time to the service of the common people in measuring and fighting the giants of monopoly.

So great has his work as a judge been that we forget how great was his work as a lawyer. He transformed constitutional pleading through the "Brandeis brief." But he also transformed legal practice by becoming the symbol of a lawyer who does not have to lay his personal idealism and practical social sense on the shelf while he is out making money. Single-handed he waged a battle with J. P. Morgan's corporations over the New Haven Railroad and won. His 1907 testimony on New Haven finance is a *tour de force* of statistical reconstruction. His 1913 testimony before the Pujo committee, followed by his "Other People's Money," forms one of the classic analyses of American finance capitalism. On the Supreme Court Brandeis similarly geared his analysis to economic change and his directives to social action.

The theory underlying this social action has by this time often been stated. Brandeis is an individualist in his values without adhering to laissez faire, a collectivist in his program without adhering to the bureaucratic state. In striving to maintain this precarious balance his thought often becomes dizzying. Its strength lies in its being compounded of a belief in the life of reason, an ethical fervor, a concrete and massive knowledge, enormous social inventiveness, an insistence on our limiting ourselves to what is compassable.

But here, too, one may express doubts. Brandeis is against large administrative structures as he is against big corporations—because their size takes them out of the realm of the compassable. They don't work. The human mind cannot contain them. They become tyrannical. This explains Brandeis's opinion in the NRA case, which troubled many of his admirers; as it explains also his opposition to some of the recent New Deal trends. Yet the comic fact is that if we ever achieve a planned economy, Brandeis will be known as one of its forerunners. The crux of planning lies in the training of a body of officials and experts who give to public service the energy and devotion that are now given to business. If such a body is today growing up in Washington; if its type-member is a cross between the economist, the lawyer, and the engineer; if he combines an objective temper with an eye for action; if he is turning from a passive to an affirmative liberalism—then a large part of the credit must go to currents that Brandeis set in motion. But if such men are to occupy an increasingly influential place in public life, we need more Brandeises to give them leadership.

It's Hell to Be a Chicago Liberal

BY MILTON S. MAYER

Chicago, February 15

THE Communist Party and Colonel Robert R. McCormick take great pleasure in presenting their candidate for Mayor of Chicago, the Honorable Edward J. Kelly. This, in case you're a stranger in town, is the same Kelly who had to pay $105,000 for forgetting to tell the United States Treasury about $450,000 of personal income between 1925 and 1928. It is also the same Kelly who forgot to tell the police not to shoot the steel strikers in the back on Memorial Day of 1937. Colonel McCormick is having his first experience as a fellow-traveler of the Communist Party.

The situation would be tragic if it were not so funny. And it gets funnier every day. In addition to the Communists and Colonel McCormick, Kelly has the support of the department stores, the utilities, the unions, the reactionaries, and the liberals. There has never been anything like it. The most effective and unrepenting corruptionist the town has ever seen will be renominated in the primary on February 28 and reelected in April.

The Democratic nomination in Chicago is tantamount to election. "Downstate" went Republican in the last Congressional election, but the Kelly machine saved Illinois for the New Deal. Our new New Deal Senator, Scott Lucas, has only been in Washington a month, but he has voted against the WPA appropriation and the Roberts confirmation. Now we're out to help Kelly save Illinois for the New Deal in 1940.

Since Chicago is a Democratic town, the only way the Republicans can run it is through the Democrats. New Deal Kelly is Colonel McCormick's man. New Deal Courtney, Kelly's opponent in the Democratic primary, is under the exclusive management of Colonel Frank Knox of the Chicago *Daily News*. The reason we liberals are supporting Kelly is that Courtney is even worse than Kelly. They are a couple of stock characters out of Tammany, crude, ignorant, and unentertaining, and nobody here has ever been able to discern any redeeming features in either one of them. Two years ago Knox realized that the only way to take the town away from McCormick was to split the Kelly-Nash machine. Courtney, who always was too big for his breeches, grabbed the bait, and the build-up began. The *News* discovered that Courtney wasn't as bad as the *News* had always said he was, that Kelly was really the nasty man in town, and, finally, that "Tom Dewey is the Courtney of New York."

We liberals didn't want any part of McCormick or Knox and we tried to get Harold Ickes to run. Ickes thought it over and decided that Roosevelt needed him in Washington. It is also possible that Roosevelt decided, about the same time, that he needed Kelly in Chicago. Hopkins, who outranks Ickes in the White House hierarchy, has always liked Kelly; Harry kind of goes for big, tough, professional politicians who call him by his first name. F. D. R. likes Kelly, too, not only because Ed will produce a Roosevelt delegation at the 1940 convention but also because Cardinal Mundelein, who was a New Dealer long before the New Deal, is supposed to be able to do a lot with Kelly.

Ickes hates Kelly, but he takes orders from Roosevelt, and PWA came through with a toy subway for Ed to run on in the current campaign. That left Kelly and Courtney, who has never even paid lip service to the New Deal; and we liberals had to take our choice. We knew Kelly wasn't going to reform. But we told ourselves that he was really a purposeless kind of sentimental Irishman who might turn out all right if he had some nice boys to play with.

We were hell-bent to stop Courtney, and well we might be. Courtney is purposeful, and his purposes are bad. Young, vigorous, and thoroughly reactionary, Courtney is just getting started and therefore more dangerous than Kelly. If Courtney knew what civil liberties were, he'd be against them. As state's attorney he never got around to prosecuting any of the municipal corruption he is now "exposing," possibly because his police force was too busy breaking strikes and unions. As mayor he would "reduce the cost of government by reducing taxes," but as state's attorney he never got around to reducing tax-fixing.

Aside from union-busting—which has united Labor's Nonpartisan League and the A. F. of L. against him—Courtney specializes in "gambling wars" on Kelly joints. For six months his police have been ax-raiding without warrants; exclusive photographs of these excursions into righteousness are printed in the *Daily News*, which deplores European fascism. Though Kelly hailed the South Chicago massacre [illegible] [illegible] victory for law and order, it was Courtney who discovered that the "rioters" were reds. If Honest Tom should be elected mayor of Chicago, he would produce an anti-Roosevelt delegation at the 1940 convention, and Colonel Knox would turn his hat around and be a Democrat.

So one by one we liberals lined up with McCormick and Kelly. It is well enough to talk about going down fighting and sticking to your principles, but Chicago liberals learned a lesson from France and Spain. We joined the Popular Front. With the aid of the liberals and Colonel McCormick, and with Governor Horner "too sick to talk" for his old pal Courtney, Kelly will get the Democratic nomination by two to one or better.

Meanwhile, the fake Republican campaign has been sinking to its nadir. Dwight Green, an inconsequential utilities lawyer who actually believes that his campaign is being financed by Republicans, is competing with Big Bill Thompson for the right to Keep America Out of War and stop the Roosevelt reds. The only interesting thing about Big Bill, aside from the fact that he is still alive, is that the *Tribune,* which deplores European fascism, has not mentioned his name during the campaign. Green's role, as an innocent auxiliary of the Kelly campaign, is to draw "reform" votes away from Courtney.

So at last we liberals are going to reform Chicago, with Ed Kelly's help. He's already promised us that he will let a citizens' committee suggest the new members for the school board, two to be appointed each year. It's true that it's just a promise, and it's true that even if Ed suddenly starts keeping promises he will still have a majority of the board. But isn't it nice that he promises us something, and calls us in for conferences, and even supports one of us for alderman?

The readers of *The Nation* know Paul Douglas. Douglas has been a fighting liberal since he was six, incorruptible, brilliant, and unafraid. If it weren't for a liberal president, the trustees of the University of Chicago would have run him out of town long ago. Douglas is one of those rare persons who reach the "age of discretion" without pulling in his chin. Now he is the Kelly-Nash candidate for alderman. He warned Kelly that Kelly was supporting him at his own risk. Kelly grinned and said, "Sure." Kelly wanted nothing, nothing at all.

That's what happened before the election. What will happen afterward, when the machine has put our man on the City Council and still doesn't want anything? Paul Douglas isn't corruptible. And no liberal will take orders from a corruptionist. But the machine will go right on helping us, giving us an appointment here and an appropriation there. And meanwhile the machine, which stands for rotten, undemocratic government, will grow stronger every day.

Why go on bleeding and dying and never getting anywhere? Why not be practical and get a little something today and a little something more tomorrow? "One thing at a time"—the ancient doctrine of successive justification. Some say Roosevelt's been able to do it, coming to power on the shoulders of the Old Dealers and giving the country a New Deal. Maybe we can do it in Chicago.

But the sum and substance of the current situation is that there isn't going to be any reform in Chicago. National reformism has passed its crest, leaving its mark on most American cities, even Kansas City and Los Angeles. But the worst city in America went right on getting worse and is going to get worse faster from now on. My friends, it's wicked to be a tory, but it's hell to be a liberal.

"Greater Ukrainia"

BY ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

THERE are in the world somewhere between 40 and 45 million Ukrainians. These people, before 1914 often called Little Russians or, in old Austria-Hungary, Ruthenes, are a Slavonic group speaking a number of closely related dialects. Ukrainian lies between Russian and Polish in the scale of Slavonic languages; it is closest to Russian though definitely distinct from it. Although many of the Ukrainians were until recently only vaguely conscious of their nationality, they constitute what has been called "perhaps the biggest unsolved political question of Europe today." It is a problem with which Austria and Germany used to be greatly concerned, with the idea of making difficulties for Czarist Russia. It is therefore only to be expected that the Nazi rulers, spurred by Western defeatism and their own acute needs, should be fishing in the troubled waters of the Ukrainian question today.

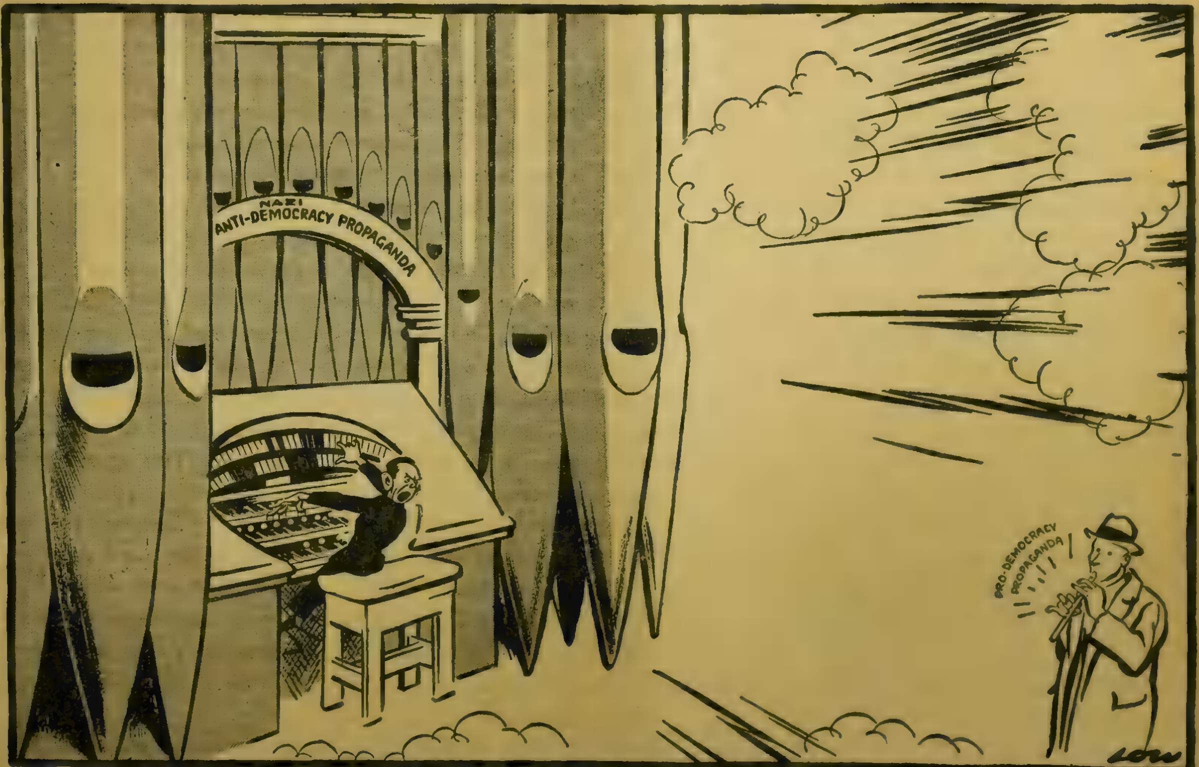
Before the World War between 30 and 35 million Ukrainians lived under Russian rule, and about 5 million were subjects of Austria-Hungary. About a million and a half had settled in North America—mostly in Canada—in order to escape from poverty and oppression in Europe. In Russia they were not recognized as a separate non-Russian group. The czarist authorities pursued a frank policy of russification, and Russians of the *ancien régime* explain to one today that no distinction can be made between the Russian and the Ukrainian language. Furthermore, although the Russian Ukraine, where most but by no means all the Russian Ukrainians lived, had the richest soil in all Russia, most of the inhabitants remained peasants who might occasionally attain wealth but not social or political advancement unless they had accepted complete russification. The big landowners of the Russian Ukraine were Russians or Poles or russified

Ukrainians; business was in the hands of the Jews. Ukrainian hatred of the Jews was peculiarly bitter; there was practically no intermarriage between the two races; and the Russian secret police found it easy to instigate ruthless pogroms.

Despite the policy of the Czars the course of history has made the Poles appear to be the "hereditary enemy" of the Ukrainians. The pre-war Russian government oppressed the Poles and the Ukrainians alike, but the pre-war Austrian authorities gave their Polish subjects a fairly free hand to harass the Ukrainians, or Ruthenes, of eastern Galicia. Thus the relative mildness of the Austrian administration, which allowed some schools to be conducted in the Ruthenian language, was canceled by the severity of the Polish landowners toward the Ruthenian peasants.

In the confusion of Eastern Europe during the war and immediately after it, independent Ukrainian or Ruthenian governments established themselves for short periods in Eastern Galicia and the Russian Ukraine. It was hoped that they would be able to coalesce into a great Ukrainian state, but their neighbors felt an interest in preventing this, and the dreams of Ukrainian unity and freedom faded. A certain Petliura who became the head of the autonomous government of the Russian Ukraine was suspiciously Polonophile, and the Bolsheviks were no more willing to respect his authority than the new Polish regime was content to leave the East Galician government unmolested. The Russo-Polish war of 1919 and 1920 was primarily a war fought over the Ukrainians. In the end the Polish seizure of Eastern Galicia was accepted both by Russia and by the Western powers. The latter pressed Poland to grant autonomy to the Ukrainians, and the Poles actually agreed to this in 1919 and 1922, but they have consistently ignored their promises ever since. By the Treaty of Riga, Russia and Poland recognized the independence of the Russian Ukraine; in 1923 the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic joined the U. S. S. R. Meanwhile, half a million Ukrainians in Bukovina had been transferred by the peace treaties from Hungary to the new Czechoslovakia. The latter group, like their brothers in Eastern Galicia, received a promise of autonomy.

It would be inaccurate to suggest that the mainly Ukrainian settlement areas are wholly Ukrainian. The towns of the Russian Ukraine, for instance, were and are much more strongly Russian than the countryside. Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, where Ukrainians, or Ruthenes, have long been settled southwest of the great Carpathian mountain barrier, was perhaps the most mixed of all predominantly Ukrainian districts; its few towns were largely Hungarian, Jewish, and Czechoslovak, with the ubiquitous *Auslandsdeutsche* also represented. Owing to Hungarian neglect this region was also perhaps the most backward Ukrainian area, and there is fairly general agreement that the Czechoslovak government was bound to ignore its claims to autonomy until educational and sanitary reforms could make their effects



SHUT UP! I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF!

felt. It is also generally agreed that the Czech authorities enormously improved conditions between 1920 and 1938.

But the corollary to Munich was the Vienna award of November, 1938, by which the more fertile southern districts of Slovakia and Ruthenia were handed over to Hungary. The Czechs have also been forced to make Ruthenian autonomy, like Slovakian, "effective," and this has delivered the rump of Ruthenia to Hungarian, Polish, and German intrigue and propaganda. The Poles and Hungarians wish to swallow up Ruthenia completely, but the Germans, who were responsible for the November amputation and its limitations, are now busily engaged in persuading the Ruthenians that they are destined to play the role of the Piedmontese in a Great Ukrainian *risorgimento*. This is the avalanche which Munich has released.

For all is not well in the Polish and the Russian Ukraine. The condition of the Sudeten Germans under Czechoslovak rule was a paradise compared with that of the six or seven million Ukrainians who live in Poland. In Czechoslovakia opinion was free, and, on the whole, justice and administration kept to the rules, but Poland is a pseudo-dictatorship. All officials and police in the Polish Ukraine are Polish, and Polish colonists have been settled in Ukrainian areas. Polonization is the price of all political or social advancement. The Polish standard of living is miserably low, and the Ukrainian peasantry in the eastern district of Volhynia is incredibly poor. The old pre-war demand for a Ukrainian university at Lwow (Lemberg) has been consistently ignored, and ordinary schools are either bilingual or—as in the majority of cases—conducted only in Polish. Disabilities are attached to membership in the Uniate church, to which the Ukrainians cling by way of dissociating themselves from the zealous Roman Catholicism of the Poles. At the time of the Polish-German crisis in 1934 the Polish government made some effort to conciliate the Ukrainians: police persecution was diminished and direct provocation avoided. The main Ukrainian nationalist organization accepted the Polish advances, and for the last four years an uneasy truce has been maintained.

With the partitioning of Czechoslovakia Polish-Ukrainian relations became worse. The Polish government backed Hungary's claim to the whole of Ruthenia in the hope of blocking Germany's path to the east and keeping the Ukrainians divided and in subjection. This policy the Ukrainians of Poland bitterly resented; there were mass demonstrations in Lwow, and nationalist extremists began to set fire to Polish farms again. The Poles retaliated, and Uniate churches went up in flames. When the Vienna award was announced, it was evident that the Polish government had been snubbed. Since then the Ukrainians in Poland have been following up their advantage by pressing their claims to autonomy.

The bulk of the Ukrainians are peasants living in the Russian Ukraine. Until 1930 they seem to have got on very well within the U. S. S. R. They had been glad enough to be rid of the czarist landowners, and they preferred the Bolsheviks to the liberal intellectuals who had brought the German army into the country in 1918. A Ukrainian Communist, Skrypnik, was their chief administrator, and the use of the Ukrainian language was encouraged. In 1930, however, members of an organization called the Union for the Liberation of the Ukraine were brought to trial. The organization had apparently received help from Poland, and dark suspicions now began to injure the relations between the Russians and the Ukrainians. Skrypnik committed suicide, and other Ukrainian leaders disappeared or were brought to trial and executed. Economic circumstances exacerbated the quarrel: the Ukrainians believed that the Soviet authorities, like their czarist predecessors, were exploiting the natural wealth of the region for the general advantage of Russia, leaving the Ukrainians themselves to starve. The peasants, too, were traditionally more individualistic than the Russians and therefore more bitterly opposed to the collectivization of agriculture. Thus the Bolshevik regime found itself fighting the Ukrainianism upon which in the twenties it had smiled. In the last five years, however, the standard of living in the Ukraine has steadily risen, and with prosperity the tension between the Soviet authorities and the Ukrainian population has somewhat relaxed.

The Russian Ukraine, which contains about one-fifth of the total population of the U. S. S. R., is famous not only for its rich soil and its grain production; it also contains the Donetz coal mines and supplies of iron ore rich in manganese; its salt deposits are extensive, and it grows fruit on a large scale. No wonder that the Germans have long considered the advantages to be gained by exploiting inter-Slav enmities and controlling a future great Ukrainian state; even in the Russian Ukraine there are German-language "islands" whose existence may at any time be conveniently exploited. Ever since 1900, indeed, Germans have intrigued with Ukrainian nationalists. At Brest-Litovsk in 1918 the German military authorities induced the Ukrainians to accept a kind of German protectorate and an obligation to make large grain supplies available to Germany. This agreement led to acute friction between the German army and the Ukrainian population, and when the Germans collapsed in the west, they lost their hold upon the east as well. The Weimar republic, always on bad terms with the new republic of Poland, consistently encouraged discontent in the Polish Ukraine, and Berlin has long been an important center for the distribution of Ukrainian nationalist propaganda.

After Hitler made his truce with Poland in 1934, Germany seemed to lose interest in Poland's Ukrainians.

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But the Führer had long before warned all Slavs what to expect at his hands. "If today in Europe we talk of new land," he wrote in "Mein Kampf," "we can in the first instance think only of Russia, and the border states subject to her. . . . Our mission is the industrious work of the German plow, to which the sword only has to give the soil." In a century's time there are to be not 80 million Germans but 250 million living as a prosperous ruling caste in Eastern Europe with the Slavs as their helots. In order to bring this about, German propagandists, using Ruthenia as their base of operations, are preaching Ukrainian national unity; for Ukrainian liberation would threaten both Poland and Rumania with disintegration and unbar the road to Kiev and Odessa. It has been pointed out that the Ukrainian plan for autonomy recently rejected by the speaker of the Polish Diet bears striking resemblances to those Sudeten German demands for autonomy which aimed at the disintegration of Czechoslovakia.

In spite of its success at Munich, Germany is still in economic difficulties which urge it toward a new Brest-Litovsk treaty. Chaos in Ruthenia and oppression in Poland and Russia make the Ukrainians highly susceptible to German propagandists, whether these preach self-determination or anti-Semitism. In the atmosphere of Eastern Europe today it may be easy to revive the violent anti-Semitism of the pre-war Ukrainians, though the Soviet authorities have tried to stamp out this feeling within the Soviet Union and to shut out foreign propaganda. While the Ukrainian masses west of Russia are certainly responding to Nazi activities, it is interesting to find among the leaders some who feel deep suspicion of Germany. One of these, a man named Palnski, declared only recently that "the Ukrainians know very well Hitler's derogatory opinion of the Slavs, including the Ukrainians." "No one of us has any ambitions," he stated, "to become a meal for the German *Herrenvolk* or fodder for the Nordic beast." It remains to be seen, perhaps very soon, whether the Germans will succeed in stifling such perceptive critics or whether they will bog themselves in the Ukraine tomorrow in much the same fashion as they failed there once before in 1918. And finally it remains to be seen whether, if Greater Ukrainia arises, it will embrace the Communist or the Nazi creed.

Americans on England

BY ROBERT DELL

San Francisco, February 10

THREE months ago today I set foot on American territory for the first time in my life. In the course of that time I have seen a good deal of the United States, for I have traveled about four thousand miles—from New York to Washington, Washington to New Orleans, New Orleans to Los Angeles, and Los Angeles to San Francisco—and during my stay in New York I paid two short visits to Philadelphia. It has been my good fortune to come into contact with many cross-sections of American society. I have met bankers, representatives of big, medium, and small business, directors, artists, and writers in the motion-picture industry from Mr. Chaplin downward, as well as the people that I might naturally be expected to meet—namely, newspapermen, writers, artists, and people of every sort interested in international affairs and belonging to the numerous organizations dealing with those affairs. Above all I have met again, in some cases after a long interval, my many American friends, who had made me love America before I arrived.

I expected to like America; I like it even more than I expected. France has for years been my second country, and before I came to America I should have said that it was the best country I knew to live in, but now I am less sure of that. At any rate America runs it close in my estimation. Never, since I landed in New York on November 10, have I felt for a moment that I was in a foreign country. If there are any people in the world as kind and as hospitable as the Americans, I have not met them.

Perfect strangers to whom I have been given introductions have treated me as if I were an old friend. Perhaps there are no people from whom I have learned more about America than from the casual acquaintances made in the course of my travels. Taxi drivers, especially in New York, have talked to me about every subject under the sun. In particular they have questioned me about economic conditions in Europe and told me about economic conditions in America. One New York taxi driver told me that he had been a textile worker and, having become unemployed, had taken to taxi driving, which was considerably less profitable. Another said that the company by which he was employed gave its drivers only 35 per cent of the gross takings and that a daily minimum they had once received had been taken away from them. If this is generally true, taxi drivers are worse off in New York than in London or Paris.

On a long American railway journey the lounge car becomes, when the ice is broken—and it is broken very quickly—a sort of family party. I made in the course of my long journeys friendships which I hope will be permanent with people I have since met in Southern California and San Francisco, and I have a whole collection of visiting cards given to me on the train by people living in various parts of the United States. On my journey from New Orleans to Los Angeles one of my fellow-travelers who lived in Houston, Texas, begged me to get out there and stay the night at his house. I was reluctantly obliged to decline his invitation.

Inevitably one's impressions after three months in an enormous country can be only superficial, but there seem to me, on the question of Anglo-American relations, to be two outstanding points of view in America. On the one hand there are the people who say that the United States must always stand by England at all costs—they often, I am glad to say, include France. On the other hand there are the people who say that England has too much influence at Washington and is always trying to drag the United States into war in defense of British interests. Now I am chary about expressing an opinion on questions of this kind. At every lecture that I have given in America somebody has asked me what America ought to do in some given case. I have always refused to reply, or rather I have replied: "That is your business not mine, and I cannot express any opinion on the subject." When I gave this reply at the University of California, where I lectured a few days ago, the chairman, Dr. Ira B. Cross, said that I was the only Englishman who had come to America without telling the Americans what to do. I hope that he exaggerated, for the Englishmen who come to America and tell the Americans what they ought to do only do infinite harm. They give a handle to the people who say that England is trying to drag the United States into war.

Some time ago my friend Sir George Paish, speaking at a meeting in San Francisco, made an impassioned appeal to America to go to the aid of the British Empire. I am told by people who were present at the meeting that he had a very bad reception. I regret it, but I am not surprised. I am sure that Sir George Paish is sincerely concerned about the future welfare of the civilized world in general, but he should have realized that such an appeal, coming from an Englishman, cannot appear disinterested to an American audience. To my amazement, an American citizen of British Indian origin said at a luncheon I attended at Los Angeles that it was the duty of America to save the British Empire. I started my speech, which immediately followed his, by saying that, if I were an American, I should not agree with him on that point. Why should America save the British Empire? Can the British Empire ultimately be saved? All past empires have disappeared sooner or later, and I see no reason why the British Empire should be an exception to the rule. For my part, I find Mr. Briffault's book, "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire," terribly convincing, in spite of a few mistakes in fact in regard to the events of the last few years, notably about the policy of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain, which was not, as Mr. Briffault thinks, the same as that of his father and half-brother, but just the opposite. Austen Chamberlain was not pro-German but intensely pro-French. He was not the author of the Treaty of Locarno, which was proposed by the German government on the suggestion of Lord D'Abernon, to prevent Austen Chamberlain from making an alliance with France, as he was on the point of doing.

And for my part I should like to see all empires disappear forever. My solution of the colonial question is to put the colonies of all countries under international mandates. To that Hitler will never agree, and for that reason alone it would be a reactionary measure to allow Germany to have any colonies, apart from the iniquity of handing over any "non-Aryan" population to Nazi control. Naturally, it would be a disaster if the British Empire fell to pieces only to pass into the hands of the totalitarian states, but even that is possible unless there is soon a radical change in British foreign policy.

Speaking from the point of view of a European, I think that both the American opinions that I have mentioned are partly right and partly wrong. Naturally, all democratic Europeans would like to see the United States actively backing the democratic forces in Europe, which does not at all necessarily mean risking war. One of the things that has most struck me in America is the failure of the majority of Americans to realize that their country is now the greatest and most powerful country in the world. When America leads, the rest of the world will have to follow. My opinion is that the future of the world is in the hands of the United States and Russia, and that sooner or later you in America will recognize this and act accordingly. There is no real difficulty in the way of an accommodation between the United States and Russia, for the Russian government is now the most realistic and, in the true sense of the term, the most opportunistic in the world.

However this may be, my opinion if I were an American would be that France is a more natural ally than England for the United States. France is much more really democratic than England, and on France more than on England the future of democracy depends. If American influence could have been used to encourage French governments to stand firm against British pressure, Europe would be in a better state today than it is in. France is the center of European civilization—Paris is the intellectual capital of the world—and if France falls, European civilization will fall with it. The worst thing about Neville Chamberlain's policy is that, although no doubt he is not conscious of it, he is on the way to destroy European civilization as well as the British Empire. Close American cooperation with the present British and French governments would be a disaster to Europe.

Those in America who complain that British influence is too strong at Washington have therefore, in my opinion, some reason on their side, for at present British influence everywhere is thoroughly bad. But the reason given for this opinion by too many of the Americans who hold it is a mistaken one. The British ruling classes are in the main anti-American. They do not wish the United States to intervene in the affairs of the world. They much prefer American isolation. How else can one explain the fact that when, in the Manchurian and Abyssinian affairs, there was an offer of American cooperation with the League of Nations, it was repulsed by the British government? The British ruling classes are jealous of the power and influence of the United States. They want to rule the world in cooperation with Hitler, and they do not want American cooperation. British influence is used at Washington to prevent America from butting in and spoiling Chamberlain's little games. Anthony Eden was probably charged with a mission to that end. In any case the purpose of the visit of the King and Queen to America is to win American sympathy for Chamberlain's policy. Chamberlain is using his sovereigns as publicity agents. If I were an American I should have been humiliated at the revelation that the British Prime Minister was able to interfere with American broadcasting through the kind offices of the American Ambassador to London. Speaking from the point of view of a European and an internationalist who has only European and international interests at heart, I say without hesitation that in present conditions the less British influence there is at Washington and the less American cooperation with the British government the better for Europe and the world.

Living Philosophies

X. PLEASURE BE YOUR GUIDE

BY REBECCA WEST

I HAVE no faith in the sense of comforting beliefs which persuade me that all my troubles are blessings in disguise. I do not believe that any facts exist, or rather are accessible to me, which give any assurance that my life has served an eternal purpose. I do not find this distressing. That is not because my life has been so happy that its superficial import strikes me as satisfactory. My childhood and my girlhood were overshadowed by the tragedies of my elders, and my twenties were a nightmare of overwork and harassment. Not till my marriage, and I married in my late thirties, did I have one human being close to me who ever thought of saving me fatigue or pain or responsibility. Now that I am at last able to take pleasure in both my family and my work, it happens that not only myself but all those whom I love may before long meet a violent death either in the course of an idiot war or at the hands of idiot fascists. There have been many worse fates than mine, but I cannot think it ideal.

Nevertheless, I feel no overwhelming anxiety to find some creed to assure me that all has been for the best and I have only to follow a particular path to be consoled by eternal happiness. It may be that I should feel such anxiety if I were stricken by a painful and incurable disease, but as yet I have not felt it. I do not even find in myself any great curiosity as to whether my soul is immortal or not. If I received definite and convincing information either way I should be very interested, though not, I think, either extremely depressed or elated; but I do not feel the lack of such information as a hardship.

I have, as I have said, no faith, in the sense of a store of comforting beliefs. But I have faith in a process, in a particular process that is part of the general process of life, though it is sometimes annulled by it. I find an ultimate value in the efforts of human beings to do more than merely exist, to choose and analyze their experiences and by the findings of that analysis help themselves to further experiences which are of a more pleasurable kind. I use the word pleasurable in its widest sense: to describe such experiences as come from good food and wine, exercise, the physical act of lovemaking, the practice of a beloved craft or art or science, a happy marriage, the care of children or the sick or the old by those who enjoy it, the service of valid ideas, or the administration of worthy institutions, or the pursuit of agreeable sensations. *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.* By indulgence in these experiences life is made more pleasant from day to day. That is in itself of the first importance. That end would be worth while pursuing if no other benefit were obtained. But it also serves the purpose of furnishing each human soul with access to the avenue along which it can advance farthest toward the comprehension and mastery of life. Pleasure is not arbitrary; it is the sign by which the human organization shows that it is performing a function which it finds appropriate to its means and ends. I take it as a prime cause of the present confusion of society that it is too sickly and too doubtful to use pleasure frankly as a test of value.

There is, of course, the objection that man's tastes are so inherently vicious that if pleasure were taken as a standard he would exhaust his vital powers in drunkenness and sexual license. I do not believe this to be true of humanity as we know it in our civilization. It obviously is true in certain circumstances which prevent the development of alternative amusements. Convincing evidence of that is given in John Morris's anthropological study, "Living with Lepchas," but the evidence speaks of a restriction of general appetite quite as remarkable as the indulgence of these particular appetites. I have observed human beings for a number of years in the United States and in all countries of Europe, except Russia, Poland, Rumania, and Turkey; and I do not find that dissipations of this sort are their special temptation.

The fear that pleasure is an unreliable standard because the common man will identify pleasure with debauchery has two sources, neither of which is discreditable. First, there is the recollection of the difficulty found in more elementary stages of society to distract man from concentration on the simpler forms of animal gratification. Secondly, there is the exaggerated consciousness of a real twofold difficulty in education. It is certainly not easy to convince young people that the simple and direct pleasures of "having a good time" will pale before the more complicated pleasures of adult life, which may even involve having quite a bad time. There is no way of assuring a boy of sixteen that some day he may find working in a tropical hospital just as enjoyable as speeding in an automobile, or a girl of sixteen that some day she may find just as great happiness in looking after several children on small means as she does in dancing. It is also difficult to persuade young people to undergo the preliminary training necessary for them to enjoy adult pleasures, since this is often temporarily painful. On both these sources of fear candor can shine with a helpful light. We need not be afraid that the drunkenness and promiscuity of the slums reveal the common trend of human life if we admit to ourselves that the greater decorum of the bourgeoisie is the result not of renunciation, which is indeed not a process we can count upon, but of command of more refined and satisfying means of self-indulgence. The educational difficulty is much graver. It can never be easily solved; but if adults admitted to children that they lived for pleasure, of the value of which every child has an intuitive knowledge, instead of for some undefined value which is served by renunciation, children would put much more trust in the good faith of adults and accept their advice about the most useful preparation for life.

It is of paramount importance that these difficulties should be faced and that pleasure should be recognized as a reasonable standard, because of the chaos that establishes itself if we do not. The belief that all higher life is governed by the idea of renunciation poisons our moral life by engendering vanity and egotism. But if we take gratification as our ideal we thereby impose on ourselves a program of self-restraint; for if we claim that we are under the necessity of learning all that we can about reality, and that we learn most through pleasure, we must also admit that we are under the necessity of hearing what our fellow-creatures learn about it and of working out a system by which we all curb our pleasures so that they do not interfere with those of others. If, however, we claim that it is by renunciation that we achieve wisdom, we have no logical reason for feeling any disapproval of conditions that thrust pain and deprivation on others.

But indeed we need no further argument in favor of taking pleasure as a standard when we consider the only alternative that faces us. If we do not live for pleasure we shall soon find ourselves living for pain. If we do not regard as sacred our own joys and the joys of others, we open the door and let into life the ugliest attribute of the human race, which is cruelty. I believe this vice to be as much of a shame and a doom to humanity as the original sin of the theologians; and I believe it to be the root of all other vices. I do not believe people are cruel because they are greedy; I am sure they invent greed as a pretext for cruelty. I am as sure that the sexual caprice which makes people desert still living mates or thrust their attentions on those who are offended by them has not its origin in the pure sexual instinct but is a use made of it by cruelty, seeking an instrument. I take it that cruelty is an early error of the mind, which becomes a confirmed habit before reason can disperse it. Hatred necessarily precedes love in human experience. After the tideless peace of prenatal existence the child is born into a world of uncomfortable physical experiences and terrifying uncomprehended controls. It must feel that in order to preserve itself it must lay about it; it must beat with its hands and plot evil against the aggressors. Thus a habit is initiated; thus a fantasy is engendered. It is imagined that it is right to inflict pain, which is given the most intricate and noxious ramifications by early experience. When one inflicts pain on the surrounding world one is punished, one suffers a greater pain than one inflicted, one is treated as guilty. This does not rob pain of its majesty, for punishment is pain, and punishment is acclaimed as good and holy. Is it not a way of salvation to be punished?

This last question the mind, being no fool, transforms quickly into another. If it did not do so, the human race would quickly become extinct, rushing forward to impale itself on expiatory tortures. Out of the instinct for self-preservation, and logically enough, it asks, "If it is a good and holy thing to be punished, must it not also be a good and holy thing to punish?" It answers that it is; and our earth becomes the hell it is. Thus we human beings plant in ourselves the perennial blossom of cruelty—the conviction that if we hurt other people we are doing good to ourselves and to life in general.

To destroy this cancer of our spirit is our real problem. Since its destruction means the correction of the whole structure of life down to the foundations that were laid when it first became self-conscious, it is a problem which is almost certainly beyond our power ever to solve completely. When we put our hands to this problem we must abandon all hope of success, certainly in our time, possibly in eternity. This is, however, of no importance. Any success achieved against cruelty is in itself absolute. I mean by this that it gives us and those from whom the cruel act has been averted an intense pleasure which could not be increased by a quantitative increase of the success.

It may be argued that if a need to inflict cruelty is so inherent in our nature, and its satisfaction such a stimulus to performance, there can be nothing more useless and dangerous than to interfere with it. That is exactly the issue, it seems to me, on which we have to part company with the obvious and convenient if we are to be morally respectable. It is not tolerable that humanity should continue to pay such a price for well-being. Nor is it a simple matter of continuance, for an appetite grows by what it feeds on, and there is no knowing to what hell our developed love of cruelty may lead us before the earth cools and we come to an end. There is no end to the cantrips we may indulge in if we do not eradicate this cruelty from our nature, or to the deterioration of our history that may result; for if cruelty is a stimulus to action, it also determines the quality of our actions.

There are certain general ideas which seem to me to be imposed on us by the recognition of this cruelty. One is the necessity for freedom of speech and the arts. We have to scrutinize all the advances of society to judge whether they are cruel or frustrate cruelty, and for that purpose we must hear the evidence of all persons affected by their operation and of all persons qualified by experience or learning or speculative gifts to form an interesting opinion on what those operations might be. It is therefore necessary that all classes of men should be given the fullest opportunity to express themselves without constraint, not only out of admiration for an abstraction, but as a practical measure toward human survival. It is also necessary that the artist, of whatsoever kind, should be free to anatomize the spirit, so that we can comprehend the battlefield that is this life, and which are the troops of light and which of darkness, and what light may be, and what darkness. For the essence of our human plight is confusion. Those who love cruelty dress themselves up as its enemies, and those who hate it appear to be, and sometimes are, its servants.

This deception is crystallized in its most pictorial, in its most horribly important form by the history of Christianity. The spectacle of the rise of fascism and some contact with the Eastern church, which is many centuries nearer primitive Christianity than the Western church, have made it clear to me that the life of Christ should have been an incomparable blessing to man and a revelation of the way he must follow if he is not to be a beast, and a failure at that. Christ was an incarnate denunciation of cruelty. He was sinless, he was full of love, he was ingenious in devising prescriptions of mercy; he was what the world needed, he could have taught us how to make life a perpetual pleasure. Society could find nothing better to do with him than kill him. Here was a man who could have saved his life if he had dissimulated his virtue. He unveiled it, knowing that he made himself a target for man's arrows. Just as a great artist finds the perfect myth to symbolize the truth he has discovered, that shall sum it up in a form acceptable by the human faculty of attention, so Christ by his crucifixion demonstrated exactly what the assault of cruelty on the innocent means; and the subsequent services devised by the early church commemorated the beauty of the virtue that was slain and the beastliness shown by the slayer, and reiterated the warning that this was the kind of crime man was inherently likely to commit unless he watched himself. There could be no more proper medicine for the human disease. But the church has poured as much of the draft as possible down the drain by its attempts to develop a doctrine to account for the crucifixion of Christ as an *atonement* for the sins of man instead of a *demonstration* of them. These attempts were founded on the primitive idea of the magical value of sacrifice for propitiating the powers that be, and they were initiated by St. Paul, out of the legalistic quality of his mind. They were carried further by the Fathers of the Church, and given lasting authority by St. Augustine. He was one of the greatest of geniuses and a most lovable character, but he was also a violent man, in love with violence and unrepelled by cruelty. He therefore found great pleasure in imagining a gross drama in which the devil held humanity in his power by reason of its sins and would have condemned it to death wholesale had he not killed Christ, after which he could not claim the blood of humanity since in the divine life of Christ he had been paid so much more than it owed him. This gives cruelty an honorable part in the redemption of man instead of denouncing it.

The refusal to recognize pleasure as the supreme value in human life allows man to indulge in some of his characteristically false logic. His mind, which is quite inadequate for the purpose of mastering his environment and therefore always oversimplifies, sees the universe in antitheses, in dichotomies. He says, foolishly enough, for one cannot cut into clean halves two substances that pass into each other by insensible gradation, that there is light and darkness, life and death, pleasure and pain. He feels a need to identify these antitheses one with another, and since he is not allowed to make the obvious identification between pleasure and life and light, which would be rough indeed but sound enough save for the most crude and diseased character, he comes to the conclusion that the universe is a queerer place than he thought it, and he agrees with the cruel that life and light are pain. But there is that in all the more decent sorts of human being which warns them that it is a filthy thing to inflict pain, and therefore all that are most likely to give themselves that warning and take it are likely to put themselves in the position of those on whom pain is inflicted: to be a beaten wife, a cheated husband, is better than to be a bullying husband, an idle and spendthrift wife; to be put into a concentration camp is better than to put others into it. They become masochists instead of sadists. This must inevitably happen unless the emphasis is transferred to pleasure. Then only can a good man feel himself at ease in happiness with an unmalignant partner, and in victory over a bad man; then only will the human species have a chance to practice some other art than suicide, and creation oust nothingness.

To live by this philosophy is more difficult than following the old. Pain is always at hand in some form or other, but pleasure is harder to find; and these antitheses are protean and treacherous, always pretending to be one another. Birth-control, for example, is a means of pleasure for women in certain circumstances: it enables them not to have more children than they can feed and clothe and adequately love. In other circumstances it can be the means of preventing them from knowing pleasure: it can enable a masculinist society to deny women the right to have any children at all, and keep them as starved and sterile producers and consumers of worthless goods in large towns, and in this second form it affects to make the same offer of freedom as the first, though in fact it enjoins slavery. But more dangerous than the protean nature of environment is the protean nature of our own souls, that constantly avails itself of these changes to make its own under a cover of consistency. It is because of the ineradicable persistence of cruelty in the human species, which may be incorrigible, that I should never be saddened to be warned of its passing. I can imagine no better news than to hear that there had emerged from the South American forest or the Australian desert specimens of a new species which would, by reason of some new organ or adaptation of an organ, be able to dominate man as man has dominated the other animals. They might, particularly if their reproductive systems were differently planned, be less morbid. Our lives would seem more tolerable and more honorable if we could know ourselves a transitional form, superseding what was worse and being superseded by what was better. Not that I feel our lives to be entirely intolerable and dishonorable. The living philosophy which really sustains us, which is our basic nourishment, more than any finding of the mind, is simply the sensation of life, exquisite when it is not painful.

In the Wind

WILLIAM GREEN has heatedly denied on several occasions that the A. F. of L. would favor amendments to the Wagner Act which might "play into the hands" of employers. In this connection a Washington report in the February 11 issue of *Business Week* is of interest: "There's tacit agreement among some A. F. of L. and business leaders on Wagner Act amendments, but employers can't rely too much on the federation to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Lewis is just waiting for a slip that will give C. I. O. a chance to show that Green is the tool of the bosses."

WHEN WILLIAM S. KNUDSEN, president of General Motors, visited Des Moines recently, the Hotel Fort Des Moines took extraordinary measures to insure his comfort. Among other things it issued a bulletin to all employees emphasizing that Mr. Knudsen's name was pronounced with a silent *k* and a long *u*.

THE CHICAGO *Tribune's* feud with ex-Mayor William Hale Thompson is famous among newspapermen. The staff has instructions never to mention his name and, if compelled to recognize his existence, to refer only to a "former mayor." This feud reached new heights recently when Chicago's current mayoralty candidates, including Thompson, addressed the Chicago Teachers' Union. The *Tribune* put the story on the front page and ran excerpts from all the speeches except Thompson's, whose appearance at the meeting wasn't even noted.

LIFE'S-DARKEST-MOMENT DEPT.: Three weeks ago this column revealed the unreported arrival in this country of one of Hjalmar Schacht's close associates. We reported that he told intimates here that Schacht's parting words to him were: "I don't know whether they'll build a monument for me—or a scaffold." It was a good line, and since it was relayed to us from a source we consider reliable, we have no reason to doubt it was spoken. It was also a good line, several readers have reminded us, when it first appeared in John Gunther's "Inside Europe" three years ago.

AN AMERICAN journalist attending a cocktail party in Mexico City received this "inside" version of Mexican politics from the wife of a prominent oil magnate whose properties had been expropriated. "Of course Cárdenas is a Communist. Don't you realize that Stalin sent Trotsky over here to guide Cárdenas? And why did John L. Lewis come down? To get his orders from Trotsky and relay them to Frances Perkins."

DESCRIBING THE provisions of a new law proposed by Michigan patrioteers, the Detroit *Free Press* reported that "it also would be mandatory that every classroom period be opened with a pledge of allegiance to the *fag*."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MY RECENT review of George Seldes's "Lords of the Press" got me into hot water. Mr. Seldes thinks that I did not do justice to the book and possibly I did not. However, I still feel that in the main my review is accurate, and I am not guilty of the charge he made that I failed to read certain passages. That I sympathize with the purpose of the volume and believe in the essential truthfulness and accuracy of his views of the press of today, I gladly stress again. It is his workmanship in this book that I quarrel with.

A warm friend, Jacob Billikopf, has written me a letter in regard to my criticism of David Stern in the same review of Seldes's book. I take from his letter the following:

> To the great credit of David Stern be it said that, although he is supposed to have "obtained loans" from Governor Earle, which is not the case, he did not support Earle in the primaries and vigorously attacked his principal backer. A study of the list of stockholders of the Philadelphia *Record* would, indeed, be a revelation in that it would show that the majority of them are bitterly opposed to the so-called economic and political "heresies" sponsored by the Stern papers—the Philadelphia *Record*, New York *Post*, and Camden *Courier-Post*.
>
> There could be cited many instances of large advertisers in Philadelphia whom the *Record* criticizes vigorously when it feels that such criticism is necessary in the public interest. Those of us who know Mr. Stern are only too well aware that he would not tolerate the least pressure from advertisers or stockholders. In the light of what he has done for Philadelphia in the past ten years, Mr. Seldes understated the case for the liberalism of the Stern papers.

I should be the last to wish to do the slightest injustice to David Stern, but I must point out that Governor Earle is and has been a bondholder in the New York *Post* and so has United States Senator Joseph F. Guffey. Each subscribed for $50,000 of bonds and each paid by giving his note for that amount to the New York *Post*, which handed the notes over to the Bankers' Securities Corporation for discount. This placed the New York *Post* under serious obligation to two leading Democratic politicians. That makes it all the more creditable that Mr. Stern opposed Mr. Earle in the primaries, but it does not mitigate the fact that he who is supposedly running a politically independent newspaper tied himself up with those two Democratic politicians. I submit that if Mr. Seldes had found that a conservative newspaper had borrowed money from two leading conservative politicians he would have considered that complete proof of its subservience to politicians and big business.

It is, of course, gratifying to know that Mr. Stern has stood out against advertisers. I acknowledge gladly the hundreds of admirable liberal editorials which have appeared in his three newspapers; he has carried on some fine crusades for the public welfare. Yet he is not a free agent. George Seldes points this out when he writes that Stern has faced the choice "of publishing as liberal and free a newspaper as possible, with the necessary compromises . . ." or none at all. If these compromises, if his silences on certain men and things, are to be justified on the ground that otherwise Mr. Stern could not own the New York *Post*, for example, then I can only say that I cannot consider any newspaper which has to do that either liberal, free, or independent. Whether the net result of Mr. Stern's ownership of the *Post* has justified these compromises and silences each person must decide according to his ethics or his philosophy. Personally I have long believed that the *Post* cannot survive under those conditions. The public is, as the Gallup poll has shown, increasingly suspicious of the daily newspaper, and you cannot conceal facts from people indefinitely; ultimately they sense the truth, I believe, even if only subconsciously.

What is here presented is the old problem of whether the end justifies the means. The venerators of Joseph Pulitzer overlook the shocking early history of the *World*, its shameless sensationalism and wholesale falsification in the years immediately leading up to the Spanish War, its share in lowering the tone of our press, and point to the admirable record made by the *World* in later years as complete justification of Joseph Pulitzer's career. To accept this approval of evil methods to make money in order to turn over a new leaf and become ethical and patriotically useful is obviously to justify every newspaper debasement, and especially that old cynical and lying newspaper defense for vulgarity and crime stories, namely, that the public wants that sort of thing and that therefore the responsibility is the public's and not the manager's. We can only hope to get a decent press by insisting on the highest standards in morals and ethics for newspaper owners and refusing to let their good deeds validate their sins—this whether the owner is a Stern or a Pulitzer or a Hearst or anybody else.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE

BY LOUISE BOGAN

> I have been busy with a single art, that of . . . a small, unpopular theater; and this art may well seem to practical men, busy with some program of industrial or political regeneration, of no more account than the shaping of an agate; and yet in the shaping of an agate, whether in the cutting or the making of the design, one discovers, if one have a speculative mind, thoughts that seem important and principles that may be applied to life itself, and certainly if one does not believe so, one is but a poor cutter of so hard a stone.
>
> *August, 1912.*

YEATS'S break with his early style and subject matter—though the break never was, and never needed to be, complete—dates from 1909, or a year or two earlier. It has been said that this break was the result of his entrance into practical affairs. This statement is only partially true. Yeats's youthful ambition was to be a man of action, and he was more active in organization—in the Nationalist movement and literary societies—in his twenties than at any later time. It was only when he broke with the popular theater, which had interested him for ten years, and refused to make any further attempt to satisfy middle-class ideals of art that the resonant tone characteristic of the later poems sounded for the first time.

Synge died in 1909. Two years earlier the "Playboy" riots had occurred. And it was in this same period that Yeats witnessed the scandal raised by popular opinion and the Irish newspapers over the question of whether the city of Dublin should build a gallery to house Sir Hugh Lane's gift of Impressionist paintings. He witnessed, that is, in an acute form, the hostility of the middle class toward disinterested artistic expression, as it had been witnessed a generation earlier in France. The bourgeois mind demanded that art be moral or useful, and not only discredited the artist's function but outlawed the artist. Flaubert and Baudelaire were summoned before courts of law, and in Ireland the citizens of Dublin attacked Synge with outright violence.

Ireland, because of its ambiguous political status, threw up bourgeois culture late. And it was there produced in such a clear form that the transformation of the countryman's economy into that of the town dweller is an easily visible process. Yeats wished to give his country not only a sense of its former greatness but also a feeling for the nobility of the arts in general. After the bigotry aroused by "The Playboy" he began to see that his ideal was antipathetic to his audience.

> I believed . . . that a new intellectual life would begin, like that of young Ireland, but more profound and personal. . . . I could not foresee that a new class . . . would change the nature of the Irish movement. . . . Power passed to small shopkeepers, to men who had risen above the traditions of the countryman without learning those of cultivated life . . . and who, because of their poverty, ignorance, and superstitious piety, are much subject to all kinds of fear. Immediate victory, immediate utility, became everything, and we artists, who are the servants not of any cause but of mere naked life, . . . became as elsewhere in Europe protesting individual voices.

This was written in 1907. In 1909 Yeats begins to speak of "the mask," and to write those direct poems filled with scorn for "Paudeen" and Paudeen's wealthy "betters." "Responsibilities" (1914) developed this phase fully. The role of action was finally refused, and the artist's role, inimical in every way to popular taste, finally accepted.

The common admonition administered to a writer when he refuses to express the opinions and ideals current in his lifetime, choosing instead his own subjects and symbols, is that he thus risks preciosity and final sterility. Yeats, in refusing to cater to the middle, had two fields open to him—"aristocratic" and "vulgar" expression. These ends of the scale are equally rejected by the bourgeoisie: subtlety puzzles and coarseness shocks then. Yeats wrote his new plays in a form derived from the aristocratic Noh drama of Japan. He interested himself in the most "unserviceable" subjects—the Kabbala, spiritualism, Hindu philosophy, Byzantine civilization. In "A Vision" he built up a whole mystical system and applied it to historic facts. The later plays are so wrapped in symbol that they approach sheer incantation, and Yeats steadily refused to make their intention clear. He said to a musician who was to write music for these plays: "Lose my words in patterns of sound as the name of God is lost in Arabian arabesques. They are a secret between the singers, myself, and yourself."

The revolt against the idea of art's usefulness could hardly be pushed farther than Yeats in this manner extended it. Did the poems, then, written in this vein, in the last thirty years of his life, from the age of forty-four to the time of his death nearly at seventy-three, suffer?

On the contrary, they went on to ever greater degrees of power and suggestiveness; they touched the borders where poetry becomes ultimate evocation, and the regions where religion rises from universal mystery.

> These lovers, purified by tragedy,
> Hurry into each other's arms; those eyes
> By water, herb, and solitary prayer
> Made aquiline, are open to that light.
> Though somewhat broken by the leaves, that light
> Lies in a circle on the grass; therein
> I turn the pages of my holy book.

For two years, between the ages of sixty-seven and sixty-nine, Yeats wrote no poetry. "I had never been so long barren." Then began a new period of creation, to which we owe the great poems which have been appearing in English and American magazines during the last few years. In these poems "aristocratic" and "vulgar" forms unite. The songs and meditations are often "coarse" and written in as simple a form as street ballads or broadsheets. Yeats never abandoned the ballad forms first learned from Sligo peasants in his childhood: one or two appear in every volume, and the "Crazy Jane" songs in "The Winding Stair" (1933) are late and intense examples of the type. The last ballads go beyond even these; there is nothing quite like them in literature. The last lyrics of Goethe, written in age, seem sentimental and literary in comparison. These poems are unstained by any breath of false resignation or "ennobling" feeling. They express the sane bawdiness of healthy old age, in phrases written, none the less, with every distinction, every knowledge of effect, every delicate sympathy native to a sensitive nature. Meditation and speculation are there, but behind them, to the last, still exist "naked life" and the vivid sensual world.

Any artist old or young can take courage from these poems. And he can discover in Yeats's prose writing—which developed, like the poetry, from elaboration into simplicity, and documents fully the struggle of a long life—old evils again to be combated, however new and disguised their modern forms. A battle has been fought against them up to the very last days of a man recently dead, who emerged the victor.

One Kind of Satire

BOOKS

Unromantic Spain

SIROCCO, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ralph Bates. Random House. $2.50.

OF WRITERS using the English language Ralph Bates has probably the most intimately local knowledge of Spain—a knowledge that goes back far beyond the present war and that grew out of living among the Spanish people Bates knows not simply Barcelona and Madrid, but the countryside and the fishing villages, and has come upon churchmen of all degrees and radicals of all complexions. Having fought in the front lines at Madrid, he has been a participant in Loyalist history as well as an observer of Spanish ways, and very likely he comes as close to the truth, in his observation of the national character, as any foreigner can.

"Sirocco" is a series of stories spanning the last fifteen or eighteen years and picturing Spain during the monarchy, the republic, and the Franco insurrection. The first stories seem remote in time, part of a modest, not much changing world marked by plowing and fishing, birth and death. Most of these stories seem written with crayon rather than ink: the sense of the country lies upon them, but they are subdued and a trifle blurred, while the longest and least typical of them, "The Quince," must face the charge of being sentimental.

"Comrade Vila"—in the section treating of the republic—is the first really interesting story; "Sirocco," which immediately follows it, the first impressive one. Told in the first person by a revolutionary who is hiding out in a Catalan fishing village, "Sirocco" is grotesque, pathetic, humorous, dramatic by turns, alternating domestic comedy with the vivid life of the fishing smacks, and reaching its climax in its account of a sudden sirocco.

Mr. Bates's stories of the civil war are very unequal, ranging from the flat failure of "Brunete Ballad" to the high point of the book, "43rd Division," the tale of a scout of a Lost Battalion in the Pyrenees. Pere, an anarchist by temperament as well as conviction, blindly courageous, utterly incapable of taking orders, comes through at full length; and his trip over the mountains in a blinding snowstorm and his escape by moonlight from Italian snipers are chronicles of great adventure told in a swirl of exciting prose.

Mr. Bates is so uneven a writer that it is impossible to pass a com-

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prehensive critical judgment on his book as a whole. Merely in its writing "Sirocco" seesaws between the driving power of "43rd Division" and such a sentence-in-a-bad-translation as: "I followed him all day and now as I may think with somewhat unusual frankness, I admit my conscience found a certain ease today because he had certainly assassinated the cardinal." His best stories seem lighted up from within; his worst are dull, circuitous, coreless. His use of situation, treatment of sensation, shaping of characters are just as often faltering as firm. He constantly experiments with ways of telling a story, and he much too frequently misses out.

What does unify this artistic mixture of good and bad, however, is a refusal to write about Spain glibly or to observe Spain picturesquely. There are no facile peasant "types" or cut-to-measure revolutionaries in these tales. There are devices a-plenty, but no cheap tricks. Bates's chronicles of the war are not the chronicles of war which most appeal to the average civilian mind; they lie much closer to experience. And Bates's Spain is not one of brilliant colors and throbbing music, of bullfights and mantillas and mysticism. We are not in a world made recognizable by Bizet and Debussy. This is the unlettered, unromantic Spain of the people, and Bates is most of the time content to write about it quite soberly—not with the quick enthusiasm of the tourist, but with the interest of someone who is quietly searching for fundamentals.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

China at War

INSIDE RED CHINA. By Nym Wales. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

UNCONQUERED. By James Bertram. John Day Company. $3.

THE DRAGON WAKES. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. William Morrow and Company. $2.

THE Communist armies of China have probably given the Japanese invaders more trouble than any other Chinese force. What are the principles which govern their military tactics? Early in May, 1937, Peng Teh-huai, now deputy field commander of the Eighth Route Army, was discussing this topic with Nym Wales. His brilliant summary (pp. 313-316) should be read in full; it was intended to apply to Chinese resistance in general, not solely to the Red armies.

> The fundamental idea in our strategy [Peng then stated] must be to realize a war of maneuver and of annihilation. That is, we must decisively destroy small units of the enemy. We must chop every advance into pieces as it thrusts forward. . . . In general, we must avoid formal positional warfare wherever it is possible to maneuver. . . . Of course, there must be positional defense of large cities, but the position in the defense plans should be by *points* and not by a *line*—that is, we must hold our stationary points but not the line between them, which we defend by maneuvering in that area, and by annihilating parties of attack. . . . Defense by points instead of by a line makes it possible to use a small force to attract a big force of the enemy; thus a minority can force the enemy to deploy big forces around it, thereby making it impossible to use these forces elsewhere; thus the enemy cannot utilize its men efficiently.

Less than five months later Peng Teh-huai was applying the tactics outlined in this statement to the fighting in the mountain passes of northern Shansi. These months also spanned the period of Mrs. Wales's stay in Yenan—a period in which the launching of Japan's invasion placed the finishing touches on the Kuomintang-Communist united front. Her book, however, is much more than a commentary on the events of the crucial summer of 1937. It is a companion volume to "Red Star over China," and equally indispensable to students of the Chinese Communist movement. Using the technique employed by her husband, she has extensively supplemented that premier study of Red China. Chu Teh, for example, had not yet reached Shensi at the time of Edgar Snow's visit. From this senior Red commander, Nym Wales obtained both the story of his life and a detailed history of the Kuomintang-Communist military struggle in the south from 1927 to 1934. Mao Tse-tung and Lo Fu contribute an analysis of the class structure of Chinese society, as well as a description of the stages of the Chinese revolution since the Taiping rebellion. Most of these sections, which are of the greatest scholarly value, offer slight quarter to the reader. Lighter touches are supplied in the dramatic story of Nym Wales's escape from the Sian police, in the intimate details of life at Yenan, and in the biographies—of both leaders and the rank and file—which stud her pages. The biographical data are classified in an appendix which summarizes the provincial, class, and educational backgrounds of seventy Chinese Communist leaders.

James Bertram's path momentarily crossed that of Nym Wales at Sian in September, 1937, when he was entering and she was leaving the former Soviet region. By early October he had reached Yenan, now the capital of a newly established "special district" waging war on Japan in cooperation with the Chinese central authorities. His remarkable interviews with Mao Tse-tung at this time are concerned almost entirely with the practical aspects and the future perspectives of the war. The military commanders were at the front; after nearly a month at Yenan, the life and atmosphere of which are subtly communicated, Bertram passed over into Shansi—traveling on pony through the loess highlands cross-country to the Yellow River. His first sight of the war in Shansi was depressing. Chinese troops were falling back along dusty, crowded roads, after a strong and temporarily promising defense of Taiyuan, the provincial capital, had finally collapsed.

At the Eighth Route Army headquarters, Chu Teh and the other commanders were calmly laying plans for eventual nullification of the Japanese victory. Organization of the local population had started, partisan forces were already active, units of the Eighth Army controlled strategic points, the Japanese lines of communication were under constant attack, and Japanese details were being cut to pieces. Several times Bertram sighted Japanese forces within rifle range across narrow valleys in the northern ranges; the Eighth Route Army units with which he traveled were invisible to the Japanese. The story of his experiences with Ho Lung's division, in January-February, 1938, is the most effective piece of writing that has come from the war zones in China. His book covers much more than the guerrilla warfare in Shansi, though this is its central feature. He gives a first-hand account of the reaction in Japan to the outbreak of war, of the capture of Peiping, of Hankow when it was still China's war capital, and—on his return—of conditions in Peiping and Japan a year after the war had begun. The easy narrative style, consistently fascinating and informative, places "Unconquered" at the top of the list of books on China for sheer delight in reading.

When Bertram came out through Hankow in the spring of 1938, Edgar Ansel Mowrer was already on the ground. The latter's trip carried him, aside from an excursion to the Yellow River front, mainly to the larger cities of China's southern and central provinces. His book rounds out the material on the northwest presented by Nym Wales, Bertram, and others, and increases our all too scanty information about conditions in central government areas. Despite minor inaccuracies of fact, Mowrer's analysis is in general both sound and penetrating. His observations of Hankow, Chungking, Chengtu, and Kunming reveal a China still hampered by the legacy of the past, but increasingly a China in which the "new" supersedes the "old."

T. A. BISSON

Memoirs of Mr. Smith

UNFORGOTTEN YEARS. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

A BOOK that angers, charms, instructs, and amuses its reader all at once does not lend itself to offhand reviewing. If Mr. Smith could be tossed off in a phrase or two doubtless he himself would have done it, for he has a knack of compression and hates to bore people almost as much as he hates to be bored. But here he has written a small volume about his twenty years or so in America and his half-century in England, about his few enthusiasms and his numerous disgusts, yet even then he leaves a good deal to conjecture. His reviewer must do the same thing.

Fortunately, however, one need waste no space in circumlocution, for Mr. Smith himself has never swerved by so much as a comma to spare the reputation of any person, including himself, among the living or the dead. Let it be said at once, then, that on page after page of this delightful book he has written himself down an unmitigated and unrepentant snob. His snobbishness takes many forms, most of them harmless and even amusing. It causes him to make careful and pointed allusion to each of the many persons of high distinction—Edith Wharton, Henry James, Henry Adams, Bernard Berenson, Bertrand Russell, James Whistler, George Santayana, Walt Whitman, Max Beerbohm—with whom he has been in one way and another associated. It makes him ridicule Quakers, evangelists, Matthew Arnold—who turns out to have been, by the way, rather a vulgarian—his father and mother, Oxford, business men, and himself as a boy and youth. Almost anyone, in fact, who believes in anything earnestly and is determined to act upon his belief Mr. Smith is likely to find at least mildly ridiculous. For he himself believes in almost nothing, and he steadily maintains the easy attitude of the spectator at life's show who asks only to be entertained. He has felt the truth, he says, of the saying that "there is no enchantment like that of disenchantment."

Mr. Smith's publishers think that they "do not exaggerate when they maintain that 'Unforgotten Years' is his most important book, not excepting 'Trivia.'" But surely Mr. Smith himself would be one of the first to maintain that he has never written a really "important" book, or has even tried to do so. Such an effort would involve a seriousness of purpose which he has elaborately disclaimed and an amount of creative energy which he seems neither to possess nor to desire. His work is about as important as a stiff little suite by Rameau, a Watteau painting, or Thomas Gray's poem about a cat playing with a bowl of goldfish. It has the same brittle charm that we find in these eighteenth-century things, but if Mr. Smith were convinced that any of it had a definite bearing upon the things that men live and die for he would undoubtedly hide his head in shame.

There is one enchantment, however, which Mr. Smith has not overcome. Like all the aesthetes from whom he stems, he is infatuated with words. Only with these "shadows of a shadow world" has he ever done, so far as the record shows, hard and serious work. But he does know words as a scholar, as an artist, one might almost say as a gentleman knows them. Whether it was his self-acknowledged snobbishness that drove him to it or some better motive, he seems to have set himself long ago to the task of writing a really distinguished prose, and in this he has not failed.

The general impression left by this brief autobiography is that of a cautious, tired, valetudinarian, and self-indulgent life. Mr. Smith congratulates himself upon getting those things that he has wanted, such as leisure, the company of celebrated persons, a modest reputation, plenty of old manuscripts, and numberless books. He says that his motto has always been that of Aristippus of Cyrene, which means in English "I have things, but I never am 'had'"—that is to say, deceived by them. And yet one is not sure of this as one lays down the book. There is a way of going through life so warily, so safely, and with such care never to give oneself away, that one is deceived and "taken in" at every step.

ODELL SHEPARD

News into Satire

THE PROFESSOR. By Rex Warner. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AS THE headlines grow more menacing, the novelists are finding it harder and harder to compete with the newspapers for the public attention. Fact becomes more compelling than fiction, and in many cases the novelist does little more than tell the news that the papers do not see fit to print. Such recent books as Malraux's "Man's Hope" and Warner's "The Professor" are alternate versions of events that were reported on the front pages a few months earlier. Malraux is a better writer than Warner, but his superiority in this case consists partly in his sticking to the job of reporter.

Rex Warner's story repeats the pattern of events leading up to the fall of Austria—although there are points of resemblance to Czechoslovakia—too closely for one to take seriously any other moral than that inherent in the events themselves. Yet Warner uses that pattern to describe the overthrow of a different kind of country and to illustrate the futility of characters quite dissimilar to the Austrian leaders.

The story begins during a crisis in a small European democracy. A powerful enemy, which is mobilized on the border and keeps its planes over the threatened country, has demanded a change of government and representation in the Cabinet for its puppet party, the National Legion. Shirted terrorists roam the streets by night, committing rape and murder. The feeble coalition government turns to Professor A, a non-political man, the world's greatest authority on Sophocles, who is summoned from his classroom to accept the chancellorship. His response to the crisis is to propose a plebiscite on the question of autonomy and to formulate an Economic Plan. While he is announcing his plebiscite to the country through a disconnected microphone, the Fascists make their putsch and the invader marches in. After a brief fugue, the Professor is captured, beaten, and finally shot upon his refusal to praise the new regime.

The author uses this plot for a satire on liberal ineptitude which, if it were more skilfully done, would have its pertinence. The Professor objects to the minor deceptions necessary to solidify the country; he is too doctrinaire in his liberalism to give the order to suppress the Fascist gangs even after they have raped his son's sweetheart, assassinated the ex-Chancellor, and made an attempt on his own life; he is unwilling to arm the workers who alone might have saved the day. But Warner has not taken enough pains with his principal character to make him plausible. The Professor is no Schuschnigg, nor even a Benes, but an Oxford don, old style, with the addition of Social Democratic sympathies. The author has endowed him with a propensity to quote the Greek lyric poets and to go off on etymological disquisitions while the bombers are flying overhead, but neither this nor his senescent passion for a Garboesque Fascist spy suffices to make him more than a silhouette. Warner would be a more convincing spokesman of the people if he showed a sympathetic insight into any of his characters.

Imperfectly realized as it is, the novel has sufficient relevance to the tragic events of our day to keep the reader going in it, and there are scenes of a harassed populace into which the author does not intrude with his schoolboy pranks. At times, also, the satire achieves horror:

> In front of a window displaying gas masks a crowd of smartly dressed people had completely blocked the pavement. The masks were of different sizes, shapes, and colors. Each style was advertised by a particular name, and the Professor observed on some of the labels beneath the masks the words "Bulldog," "Sweetheart," "The Tooter," "Security," and "The Cosy Nook." The comments of the crowd were, to the Professor's mind, interesting but inappropriate to the objects on view. A young girl, dressed in pink, exclaimed fastidiously that she could not see herself looking like a pig. A military gentleman was heard to declare that what was needed was a strong hand on the helm. A young man with a beard pointed out, with some excitement, the similarities between some of the masks and the work done at a particular period by a school of Negro sculptors. But the majority of the spectators seemed chiefly interested in the ribbons, tassels, adornments, or patent fasteners with which the masks were variously equipped.

But the Communist policeman appearing miraculously in an assortment of false beards to rescue the Professor, together with the general Grade B Hollywood atmosphere, submerges what is genuine in the book.

Mr. Warner belongs to the coterie of young English writers whose leading spirit is the poet W. H. Auden, and he shares its symbols, ideas, and stock characters. Himself the author of a book of poems, Warner is, except for Christopher Isherwood, the only one of the group who so far has shown promise as a novelist. His first novel, "The Wild Goose Chase," although it was structurally less unified than "The Professor," was a much more brilliant and more veridical book. In it he used the devices of surrealism, of Kafka's fantastic novels, and of the movie thriller to sketch with a certain grotesque power the fascist state of the future. Here, however, Warner has used just enough of such machinery to destroy the narrative illusion, and too little to create a poetic equivalent of reality. What the book needs, besides some credible characters, is either more imagination or less.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

The Arab Case

THE ARAB AWAKENING: THE STORY OF THE ARAB NATIONAL MOVEMENT. By George Antonius. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

IN MANY ways this is a remarkable book. Never has the story of the origin and growth of the Arab national movement been told with such brilliance or with such a wealth of detail. That the author had to do his own digging at almost every point, since Near Eastern history is still a *tabula rasa*, only heightens his accomplishment. The story begins, as it should, with the premature and disastrous attempt at national unification under Ibrahim Pasha. Aided by Great Britain, Turkey then not only succeeded in recapturing the Arab provinces but in tightening its grip on wider areas. But Turkey's victory was a Pyrrhic one. Stimulated by the new ideas of nationalism brought by European Christian missionaries, Arab writers and poets began to dream of a cultural and linguistic rebirth; the literary roots of the new Arab nationalism are clearly traced here. Inevitably the movement began among Lebanon Christians, who were the first to come into contact with the missionaries; then it spread to Moslems; finally with the outbreak of the World War the nationalist movement developed at a dizzy tempo under the direction of British experts, for by 1916 Britain had become interested in the Arabs as a force with which to smite the Turks. The promises made to get them into the arena of war are carefully studied; no success of the desert warriors is overlooked; and we follow the movement at close range till it gallops into Damascus in the guise of Feisal's irregulars and Allenby's columns, and the Turks are swept out of the whole "fertile crescent." A shortlived Arab kingdom is then set up. The author is obviously bored with all that comes after, for after a few sallies at Great Britain for "breach of faith" he gives us a very scanty outline of developments following the Versailles settlement.

Mr. Antonius, who is now in London as secretary to the Palestine mufti delegation at the round-table conference, has had access to material not available to most contemporary students, which is to say that he brings to light some facts not generally known. He handles perfectly both English and Arabic, a rare accomplishment; having served in various British administrations for a score of years, he has had access to a great variety of material; being a man of the world and of great personal charm he has been able to obtain the oral testimony of many of the chief actors in the drama. Dr. Nimr Pasha told him about the early secret societies; King Hussein discussed with him the negotiations with McMahon; Feisal showed him a diary not yet published. Consequently his account of the Hussein-McMahon negotiations is fuller than any previous ones; new facts about the effects of the Arab revolt are brought to light; dramatic events, like the trial of an Egyptian officer in the Turkish army, take on a new significance; the von Stotzingen mission to Arabia to strengthen Turkish domination emerges as more important than had hitherto been supposed; above all, Mr. Antonius tells for the first time in English the story of the Hogarth message to Hussein and of the Declaration to the Seven.

It is therefore all the more unfortunate that the author's exceptional equipment is turned to the service of partisan propaganda rather than of objective historical truth. He is far too shrewd a propagandist to descend to the naive technique of the pamphleteer. Usually he accomplishes his ends with more subtle methods. The strength and cruelty of the Turkish rule he consistently underestimates; on the other hand, by limiting the study to the views of Nationalist leaders he finds it unnecessary to tell how insignificant in number the Nationalists actually were till years after the World War. The masses knew nothing of nationalism; all the Nationalist societies were composed of a few wealthy intellectuals without any mass following. Nor does the author point out that not once did the Arab Nationalists, unlike their Indian counterparts, show the slightest interest in social reform, which, after all, is the crying need of the Near East.

Facts are not very stubborn things as far as Mr. Antonius is concerned. On the contrary, they are very flexible. Those which can be utilized for his thesis are overplayed; those which are unfavorable are disregarded or at least minimized. Many pages are devoted to the Hussein-McMahon correspondence; not once, however, is McMahon's letter to the *Times* (July 23, 1937) mentioned. "I feel it my duty to state," wrote McMahon—and I feel it my duty to quote in full since Mr. Antonius disregards it—"and I do so definitely and emphatically, that it was not intended by me in giving this pledge to King Hussein to include Palestine in the area in which Arab independence was promised. I also had every reason to believe at the time that the fact that Palestine was not included in my pledge was well understood by King Hussein." Again, he gives the Declaration to the Seven but ignores the great significance of the final clause: "They [H. M. G.] are ready to consider any scheme of cooperation which does not conflict with the military operations in hand or with the political principles proclaimed by His Majesty's Government and their allies." This pledge was given seven and a half months after the Balfour Declaration. Needless to add, the role of the Arab legions in the war is consistently exaggerated, while that of the Jewish is not even mentioned.

The worst sections, however, are those dealing with Palestine. Here Mr. Antonius fails to make even an approach to accuracy. I take one paragraph (pp. 388-389) as an illustration. The Permanent Mandates Commission obtains information from a Zionist bureau in Geneva, but "there is no similar channel on the Arab side." This is not true. What about the office maintained by Emir Shakib Arslan? The commission does not use the Arab press. True; neither does it read the Hebrew press. Next statement: Arab memoranda have to be translated. True; but the members of the commission are not Elders of Zion and do not read Hebrew either. Item: Arabs do not know how to translate into English and French. They have done pretty well in the past; usually Englishmen make the translations for them—and perhaps do the writing as well. Finally: the result is that the commission's "examination of the working of the mandate reads as though it were conducted for the most part by advocates of the Zionist case." The simple fact is that the commission is charged with the task of seeing to it that the mandatory power enforces the mandate, and the mandate was drawn up for the purpose of establishing a Jewish National Home in Palestine. The commission has had to remind the government of this fact at almost every session.

ALBERT VITON

The Permanence of a Painter

THE ART OF CÉZANNE. By Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

GONE are the days when, as George Moore relates, Roger Fry lectured about some pictures he had seen in a town called Aix, and disciples swarmed around the banner of the Provençal master, and the people went about crying: Cézanna! Cézanna! They were a part of the now almost fabulous pre-war world. The standards to which disciples flock at the present time are other than Cézanne's. Very different acclamations and ascriptions of praise resound beneath the sky. And still books about the world-forsaking painter continue to multiply. His artistic influence persists in Picasso, Matisse, Soutine, Utrillo, quite as much as in the academy which bases itself upon his work and annually crowds gallery walls with meaningless patterns of Cézannesque planes, block-like volumes, and senseless distortions. From the point of view of capital investment, too, his paintings remain more desirable than fine gold. Nor is the enduring, nay, ever-increasing interest in them mainly to be ascribed to the maneuvers of dealers and persons unconsciously motivated by the wish to maintain their commercial value. The reason lies elsewhere.

Moore, for one, ironically discovered it in the world's weariness of representative art. Sarcastically he wrote, "The mind creates, the substance is but a fable, and no longer shall we paint the poor poppy of the field or garden but the archetypal poppy which is in heaven." But a more satisfactory explanation reaches us through the pages of Dr. Barnes's and Miss de Mazia's excellent new study. The penetrating volume provides a comprehensive account not only of the origins of Cézanne's form and technique in the traditions; of his characteristic exploitations of color and light, line and space; of the evolution of his form and technique in landscape, still-life, and figure-painting and in the water colors; but also of their total and profound influence on contemporary painting. It presents a fine appreciation of Cézanne's art, and while defining its great limitations, plainly suggests the prime source of our fascination—its overwhelming symbolism of the stability of things.

Cézanne's form, these learned collaborators affirm, is architectonic. And his style is monumental. "Not in the representative sense, of course: no one ever employed less pretentious subject matter, or more completely avoided associations of grandiosity. Even his landscapes do not directly convey, as do those of Claude Lorrain, any convincing suggestion of illimitable space or towering natural majesty. . . . This architectural and monumental aspect appears even in his small still-lifes and figure pieces, which are never conceived in terms that would emphasize the qualities of intimacy or charm." It was that the man's feeling comprehended above everything else the power of things. What he perceived was "the qualities which can make the simplest material object seem massive, immovable, and immutable. . . . Only what was permanent and essential . . . basic structure unaffected by momentary circumstances . . . finally found a place in his mind and work." The colorfulness of nature revealed its forms and architecture to him; and ingeniously he merged "these abstractions of the essentials of objects in harmonious, highly individual total designs."

Only, unlike Michelangelo, Tintoretto, El Greco—and for that matter our own John Marin—Cézanne perceived a power different from that which informs active movement. His monumental forms give the impression not so much of motion as of the power to resist it. "They are intensely dynamic and full of drama; but in his successful work the operative forces are always brought into equilibrium, and the drama is that of thrust met and stabilized by counterthrust, not of energy unleashed and set in motion. . . . His most characteristic compositional arrangement is that of the stablest of all architectural structures, the pyramid." And his natural symbols for the most part are static objects such as rocks, houses, and trees rather more than human and animal limbs, "and all in all his compositions suggest not whirlwinds but mountains." What they represent, majestically, with weight, mass, and the rich relations of color, indeed is a pure intuition of nature from the depths of the personality and related to that of nearly all men who have come into this world "a little conservative" or live in constant connection with the soil. It is the serene feeling not so much of fixity as of a fundamental firmness; thus an invaluable counterpoise to that of our own unbalanced and uprooted time. PAUL ROSENFELD

The Three Chamberlains

THE MAN WHO MADE THE PEACE: NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. By Stuart Hodgson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

THE CHAMBERLAIN TRADITION. By Sir Charles Petrie. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

NO, HE did not make the peace, and he does not represent the Chamberlain tradition but the Lord North tradition. The judgment of the independent public on both sides of the Atlantic on Neville Chamberlain and his politics has been more and more outspoken and sweeping. Therefore the friends of the English government, in the attempt to controvert the world movement against Neville Chamberlain and the other men of Munich, have begun to publish apologetics for Chamberlain. Here are two examples.

Whereas Hodgson gives an ordinary biography of his hero, Petrie chooses a cleverer method. He combines three lives within one volume, those of Joseph Chamberlain, the father, of Austen, the half-brother of our Chamberlain, and of Neville himself. But it is clear that the dead Joseph and Austen have been incommoded only in order to prove the so-called unity of the Chamberlain tradition and to arrange for Neville an honorable series of predecessors. Petrie entered the Temple of Memory which history has built for the great Joseph and the noble Austen; he put Neville's umbrella into a dark corner and wrote his book.

What was the real Chamberlain tradition? Joseph and Austen were imperialists and certainly no friends of socialism. But both were ready at any time to fight for the honor and interests of England, and both hated any form of despotism. After Hitler came to power no one in England spoke sterner or stronger words against the Nazis than Austen Chamberlain. On April 13, 1933, he said in the House of Commons:

> What is this new spirit of German nationalism? The worst of the all-Prussian imperialism, with an added savagery, a racial pride, an exclusiveness which cannot allow to any fellow-subject not of "pure Nordic birth" equality of rights and citizenship within the nation to which he belongs. Are you going to discuss revision [of the peace treaty] with a government like that? . . . Europe is menaced and Germany is afflicted by this narrow, exclusive, aggressive spirit, by which it is a crime to be in favor of peace and a crime to be a Jew. That is not a Germany to which we can afford to make concessions.

On March 8, 1934, Austen Chamberlain said at a meeting at the Mayfair Hotel in London:

> I loathe persecution with my whole being. It is because of that hatred of persecution which is in the blood of all my countrymen that England stands where she does. Take that away and what remains of the greatness, the might, of the British Empire?

Here speaks the real Chamberlain tradition. But in Petrie's book one seeks such citations in vain. If Austen were alive today no fraternal consideration would hinder him from telling the English nation the truth about Munich. Petrie's description of Joseph cannot wholly efface the well-known features of the stormy tribune of the people. Petrie is compelled to print again the famous question that Joseph asked the British capitalists—what "ransom" they would be ready to pay for their security, that is, how many social reforms they were willing to concede to the masses in order to retain their property. Joseph Chamberlain also said that all the monopolies which are sustained by the state ought to be in the hands of the people. But what is Neville's attitude toward the economic and social problems of our time? He hates not only socialism but anything that would resemble a New Deal. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he nipped in the bud any proposal which might have opened a path toward planned economy.

Neville is the most orthodox representative in England today of the so-called Liberal economic system. He believes in old-fashioned private property and fears only one danger, an economic earthquake which would shatter the foundations of private property. Neville is the friend of the dictators because he regards them as his allies in the fight against labor and democracy.

A pro-Chamberlain book might be valuable if it gave the reader an honest and detailed description of Neville's position, of his economic and social conservatism, and of his corresponding attitude toward foreign politics. But these books do not even perform this service. They tell us that Neville likes children and birds, that he is a good husband, that he has a "heart," that he hates war; and many other things of the same nature. Both authors praise Neville Chamberlain as the champion of peace, but does he really hate war? If you go not only by his words but also by his deeds, the conclusion must be different. Certainly Chamberlain does not hate the Spanish war as long as Franco wins. Every effort to achieve a real and lasting peace in Europe by means of collective security has been hampered by Chamberlain. For Neville only hates wars which could destroy the power of the dictators; he has no such attitude toward wars which strengthen fascism. He won at Munich; he won at Barcelona. It is ridiculous to assume that his work to build an anti-labor and fascist Europe can mean either progress or peace.

There is much resemblance between Neville Chamberlain and Lord North of unholy memory. Lord North, surrounded by a gang of aristocratic politicians and stock-jobbers, was able to retain the confidence of both houses of Parliament by means of manipulated majorities and an all-powerful party machine. He despised the protests of all the progressive and honest men of England. He named himself the man of peace and law, but he bowed before the despots of the European continent and trampled on the privileges of his own people and of the colonists in America.

History has given its judgment on North, and it will give the same judgment on Neville Chamberlain in spite of all the Petries and the Hodgsons. ARTHUR ROSENBERG

A Boy's Best Pal

FROST FLOWER. By Helen Hull. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
YOKE OF STARS. By Frances Frost. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

MISS HULL'S novel tells of a suburban housewife who, in the midst of her pleasant suburban life, is confronted with the ghost of a past sin. Miss Hull's gift, however, is not a considered treatment of the nature or consequence of sin, but a presentation of family life in its lighter and prettier aspects. This she does admirably, with countless recognizable details about a growing boy, an adolescent girl, a dignified and humorous grandpa who isn't quite sure his children want him around. Miss Frost has attempted something more momentous and certainly far more troublesome—the portrait of the artist in a work of fiction. Her heroine is a composer and pianist. She lived with music from an early age; she is obsessed with it in her maturity; she forgets sleep, food, personal discomfort in her work. All this is well enough, but being a woman she must be not only a musician but a wife and mother—in this case also a daughter. A hard job, but Miss Frost presents her as being fully equal to it; and since the novel is written with keen observation and sincerity, the reader is not disposed to doubt too much.

At one point Miss Hull and Miss Frost are sisters. The mothers in their stories are the most forbearing, prettiest-tempered, most understanding mothers that ever walked through the pages of fiction. The composer may be ever so deep in a score, but she is not disturbed by noise, interruption, childish questions, or the necessity of cooking dinner. The suburban lady, distressed as she is by various perplexing problems, has time not only for her own son's little troubles but for those of his girl friend, whose parents are divorced. Both mothers perfectly understand their daughters newly come to love, both offer the most expert advice or forbear to give any advice at all, whichever the occasion calls for. Neither ever becomes exasperated, smacks little Johnnie one on the ear, or says anything remotely resembling: "For heaven's sake, can't I have a little peace!"

This picture of the perfect mother indicates how clearly fiction reflects the public interests of novel readers. The education, care, and feeding of the child are in the wind. In novels we have the perfect mother. Her children Tell Her Everything, and choose her as a companion before all others.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

General Lafayette

LAFAYETTE. By W. E. Woodward. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

IN A popular biography "the style is the book." The facts of Lafayette's career are hazily familiar to all. We have heard since childhood of his services in the War of Independence. We know that he played a prominent part in the early stages of the French Revolution. Then a long misty period: his imprisonment in Austrian jails, his opposition to Napoleon and the restored Bourbons. He emerges into sunlight again for the magnificent reception that this grateful country gave him in 1824-25. His influence and popularity had a last brief flare in 1830. He was "Washington's adopted son," the friend of Jefferson, and "the Hero of Two Worlds." Finally, we all know—except Andreas Latzko—that Pershing did not say, "Lafayette, we are here!" Mr. Woodward's book is neither historical research nor political philosophy. It is an easy narrative for Tired Business Men. It might be entitled "Meet General Lafayette."

No pundit, this Mr. Woodward of ours; no Dryasdust, no fanatic. The tone is that of a pleasant fireside chat. The pages are sprinkled with felicities such as "whatever-you-call-it" and "or what-have-you?" This is not a bad idiom *per se.* I do not believe that talent or even culture can be reduced to matters of verbal *étiquette.* In a genuine democracy one word is just as good as another, and probably a darn sight better. I presume that Milton, Gibbon, and Hegel might, with some profit, be translated into Ring Lardnerese. There is, however, a fundamental weakness about Mr. Woodward's use of the vernacular. It babbles so pleasantly that the effect is slightly hypnotic.

Mr. Woodward shows a scrupulous, but apparently effortless, avoidance of anything highbrow. His summing up of Rousseau is perhaps saner than Irving Babbitt's, and it has the merit of simplicity: "What was the matter with that man? I am sure I do not know, and I am describing him here simply for the reason that his writings had so much influence in France." Only Voltaire at his most Voltairean could do justice to Mr. Woodward's account of Voltaire's philosophy. All the historical preconceptions in the book are those of the Man in the Pullman Smoker. Back of the author's indulgent sympathy for Lafayette there lurks the honest-to-goodness American conviction that all Frenchmen are absurd creatures anyway: dancing masters, play-actors, men milliners, posturing, gesticulating, kissing ladies' hands—the wholesome *Weltanschauung* of Mark Twain and Will Rogers. (There is a trace of this philosophy of history in Crane Brinton's contention that Lafayette came to fight for American independence because he was an awkward dancer.)

The most consistent quality of homespun common sense is inconsistency. Mr. Woodward, who denounces the "fuzziness" of Lafayette's thought, is himself a chaos of clear ideas. If Lafayette definitely makes up his mind, he is "hasty," "unpractical," an "idealist." If he examines and weighs the difficulties of his political course, and attempts to adjust them, he is "undecided," a "straddler," "fuzzy." But as common sense has decreed the infallibility of the Founders, Mr. Woodward does not call Washington a straddler for condemning slavery and making no attempt to have it suppressed. Apparently, Mr. Woodward would have liked Lafayette at the same time to preserve the Ancient Regime entire ("Never pull down an old house until you have built a new one on the same site," saith Common Sense), and also to make himself the Washington of a great and glorious republic like ours. But whichever course Lafayette had taken, it would inevitably have been wrong; for fifty million Frenchmen (twenty-four in those days) cannot possibly be right. For instance, Mr. Woodward considers as particularly foolish the provision whereby members of the Assembly were not eligible as Cabinet ministers. Foolish or not, the same rule prevails with us, and has not yet wrecked our government.

On the jacket the author professes to like and admire Lafayette, but at every turn he adopts a patronizing tone. He condemns in the same breath the reactionaries, the revolutionaries, and the moderates like Lafayette—who had their way after a century of turmoil. He believes in rigid determinism, yet lavishly distributes blame for "mistakes" which altered the course of events. He reproaches the French Revolution—and by implication the American Revolution as well—for being liberal, bourgeois, capitalistic, indifferent to the fate of the masses, as though Marxism pure and undefiled had been available in 1789; and I should be very much surprised if he were ready to commit himself to Marxism in 1938. Genuine historians may, in my opinion, be more definitely wrong than Mr. Woodward. But it is the kind of wrongness that can be checked and discussed. Mr. Woodward provides the uncertain light in which anything may happen—especially accidents.

I have no personal quarrel with Mr. Woodward: his book reveals him as a shrewd and likable man. I have no quarrel with the Average Man, whom Mr. Woodward chooses to impersonate. The Average Man is my boss, and I must submit, not without inner protest. But there are a few fields which we could keep free from the ubiquitous and cheerful tyranny of the Average Man. Not live politics or present history, alas, that is his chosen domain. But dead politics, or past history. History is a graveyard: let us make that graveyard safe for serious thought.

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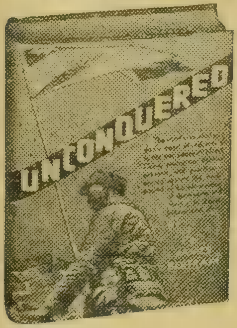

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DRAMA

Unpleasant Play

LILLIAN HELLMAN is, I believe, the author of only three produced plays. Were she author of a dozen our expectations when a new one is announced could hardly be more definite, and nothing about her work is more remarkable than the fact that her manner seemed clearly defined in the very first of her works. Before the curtain rose on "The Little Foxes," her new drama at the National Theater, one was perfectly sure that the writing would be shrewd, taut, and biting. One was also sure that the situation, the characters, and the catastrophe would all be—there are no other words for it—thoroughly unpleasant. Miss Hellman seems always to begin with a group of hateful persons and always to proceed by putting them through their hateful paces. She spares us nothing and even in her conclusions makes no concession to human weakness. Virtue never triumphs, and neither does wickedness ever get it in the neck. The curtain always goes down upon wrong in the saddle, riding hard. There are, to be sure, a few good or at least harmless persons in her plays, but their artistic function is clear and single. They are there purely to serve as victims. The spectacle of Greek meeting Greek or of dog eating dog is not painful enough. The wolf must have a lamb to devour, the serpent a dove to fascinate. Thus the wisdom of the Gnostics is reversed. Good has to exist because without it evil could not make clear its own nature.

In "The Children's Hour," which was the first and so far at least the best of Miss Hellman's plays, the study of malice working in the soul of a fiendishly corrupt child seemed to be presented purely for its own sake. In "The Little Foxes," as in her second and least successful piece, there is some attempt to suggest that the wickedness of all the principal characters is somehow connected with the social system, and we are asked to contemplate it not merely as a beautiful specimen of flourishing corruption, a sort of flower of evil, but also as a malignant ulcer interesting for its diagnostic value no less than in and for itself. The two brothers and a sister who dominate the play exhibit various minor vices, including a sadism which leads one of them to maltreat his wife and to love a son who beats horses, but it is acquisitiveness which dominates them and leads them to delight in attempts to swindle one another whenever it so happens that they are not united for the moment in an effort to swindle outsiders or to terrify the weak. But for all this, the moral is not especially clear, and the ringing determination to battle against "all this" which is proclaimed at the very end by the feeblest of the personages is not very convincing; so that what one is really driven back upon is again whatever satisfaction can be obtained from the contemplation of unadulterated meanness and villainy wholly triumphant. The fact that one tolerates the play, that, indeed, it is as tense as it is disagreeable, implies no small tribute to the skill of the writer, whose gift for vivid characterization is superb and whose technique seems not only expert but rather different from that of most of her fellows, partly, I think, because it is a good deal like the technique of Ibsen. If "The Little Foxes" seems less nearly perfect than "The Children's Hour," it seems so because it is less inevitable in its development and occasionally more melodramatic in its action than it should be, presenting characters rather more subtly conceived than the story in which they figure. But Miss Hellman indubitably possesses the Ancient Mariner's gift—one stays in one's seat because one cannot choose but hear. Miss Tallulah Bankhead, who plays the part of the most deeply villainous of a villainous crowd, was greeted rapturously by a large company of admirers anxious to see how she would acquit herself in the role of a woman older as well as less sympathetic than those she usually interprets. Miss Bankhead acquitted herself very well, but I am not sure that first place ought not to be given to Patricia Collinge, who is brilliant as the half-hysterical wife of one of the brothers.

An evening spent with "The Little Foxes" might well put one in exactly the right mood for "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains," a singularly cheerful, innocent, and simple-minded farce-comedy which George Abbott has staged at the Lyceum Theater. The scene is New York in 1848, and the story is concerned with a lively old Irishman who nearly drives his daughter to distraction by his insistence upon making her home a free hotel for Irish immigrants until such time as he can marry them off—preferably to Germans, Italians, or Poles. The theme, obviously, is racial tolerance, and the moral, as more than one reviewer has complained, is as simple as the moral of "Abie's Irish Rose." Nevertheless, "Mrs.

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O'Brien Entertains" is a good deal more lively as well as a good deal better written than Miss Nichols's masterpiece, and it has the advantage of that liveliness which Mr. Abbott seldom fails to give a comedy that he directs.

Less innocent but even livelier is "Stars in Your Eyes" (Majestic Theater), a musical comedy about Hollywood, notable among other things for the fact that it brings Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante together again. Mr. Durante is still doing nothing with demoniacal energy; Miss Merman is still delivering syncopated songs with a rhythmical abandon which, in my opinion, at least, no one else can equal. Together they are more than twice as good as either by himself, and they are still further sustained by Mildred Natwick, who fits into musical comedy so perfectly that there is some danger everyone may forget her preeminence as a character actress. All in all, "Stars in Your Eyes" is as substantial and entertaining a revue as is to be seen on Broadway.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

ONE of the finest pages of Bach is the Toccata of his Toccata and Fugue in C minor for clavier; and Maas's performance of it has been one of the finest things on records. The excellence of the playing is, for one thing, in the continuity it gives to a sequence of musical thought which is improvisatory in character; and this organic coherence, as one would expect, is also in Schnabel's performance, now issued by Victor. But where the first integrated sequence is sensitive and spaciously meditative the second has the conciseness and force that are almost uniquely Schnabel's; and this difference is to be heard in the performances of the Fugue also. The new version has the advantage of recent recording and quieter surfaces, but the disadvantage of being on two ten-inch records, with two breaks instead of one in the Fugue. With it, in the four-record set ($6.50), is the Toccata in D, which Schnabel makes more impressive for me than Landowska did recently. I have argued for playing a work in the instrumental terms in which it was conceived and written; and I am aware of what Schnabel's incisive performances of the fast movements would gain with the sharp timbres of the harpsichord; but I am aware also of what the slow movement gains, as he phrases it, with the piano's capacity for more sustained tone and more gradations of volume.

From Gamut, which recently issued the first three of Bach's Sonatas for violin and clavier excellently played by Boris Schwarz and Alice Ehlers on violin and harpsichord, comes a second volume (six records, $9) with the remaining three of the group, available until now in fine performances on violin and piano by Dubois and Maas. No. 5 is the best of the three, with its two slow movements; the others, for the most part, I find uninteresting.

Victor's "Tannhäuser" set (4½ records, $9) offers Stokowski's new recording of the Overture and Venusberg music, and on the last three sides a first recording of the Prelude to Act III. To my ears the Venusberg music from the point at

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which the trumpet cuts through until the end—that is, from the last third of side 4 to the end of side 6—is among Wagner's finest; the heavily Teutonic bacchanale up to that point is almost as bad as the Ride of the Valkyries; and the rest is dull. Stokowski's performance of the bacchanale is a remarkable achievement: detail is submerged in a torrent of gorgeous sound that achieves the effect Wagner did not achieve; and his handling of the other portions is also good. The recording is of present-day richness and clarity, but with power that will create noise and confusion in many phonographs.

Other major items on the February lists I am obliged to defer. Haydn's Clavier Concerto Opus 21, in a Columbia two-record set ($3.25), is a work of minor stature but of characteristic vivacity, and charming as played—on the piano this time—by Mme Roesgen-Champion with the Paris Symphony under Gaillard. On a Columbia single (75 cents) Bach's magnificent Chorale-Prelude "Komm' Gott, Schöpfer" is played, in a little too great hurry for its best effect, by Commette; on another ($1) Szigeti does a good job with the Russian Dance from "Petrouchka," the Gavotte from Prokofiev's Classical Symphony, and a Norwegian song by Lie. And on a Victor single ($1.50) Chopin's Mazurkas Opus 33, No. 2 and Opus 63, No. 1 are well done by Rosenthal.

The New York *Post's* recording of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was made by an orchestra whose playing hasn't the fine tone and precision of the orchestra that recorded Schubert's Unfinished.

Listening to the Goodman Orchestra's "My Honey's Lovin' Arms" I have become increasingly aware of the contribution made by Goodman's new drummer Schutz, whose percussion work has an extraordinary combination of qualities: great vitality and excitement, but these achieved through delicacy, subtlety, and even occasional wit, such as I cannot recall in the work of any other drummer. These qualities are outstanding in the Goodman Trio's "I Know That You Know" (Victor); and there are other good things in this performance: the work of Kirby on bass, of Goodman himself, for once even of Teddy Wilson, and the absence of Hampton's vibraphone.

The all-star "Blues" and "Blue Lou" (Victor) are undistinguished; but the Goodman Orchestra's "Bach Goes to Town" (Victor), Maxine Sullivan's "Say It with a Kiss" (Victor), and Mildred Bailey's "They Say" (Vocalion) are good; and Ellington's "Blue Light" (Brunswick) is one of his more interesting compositions. In the Kirby Band's performance of "Undecided" (Decca) are superb piano-playing by Kyle and fine work on trumpet by Shavers; the Basie Orchestra's "Panassié Stomp" and "Do You Wanna Jump" (Decca) offer delightful piano-playing by Basie; and Bobby Hackett does some sensitive playing on the cornet in "A Ghost of a Chance" (Vocalion). I have listened long to Sidney Bechet without being able to discover anything to justify the words—some of them sober, most of them not—that have been used about him. And though the groups led by Mezzrow in "Comin' On with the Come On" and Ladnier in "Weary Blues," etc. (Bluebird) under the supervision of Panassié succeed in recreating the old New Orleans style they don't succeed in creating anything in that style worth the attention of someone merely interested in music.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Palestine Impressions

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested in the following excerpts from some letters written by a young American traveling in Palestine. The unresolved conflicts of British policy revealed at the Jewish-Arab conference in London are here shown in practice in Palestine itself. J. E. C.

New York, February 15

Haifa, December 19

It is almost impossible to describe my introduction to Palestine. From the boat, even before we entered the harbor, a Greek who has his business here pointed out to us the Arab quarter and the Jewish quarter; the former was dark and the latter was ablaze with light. We got off the boat, and in a small group accompanied by two members of the Palestine police, made our way slowly toward the customs. From there a friend and I got into a taxi and went screaming through the gloomy, dark Arab quarter into the Jewish one, full of life and animation. We stopped at a modest little hotel. From time to time until curfew at eleven o'clock armored trucks full of British soldiers with bayoneted guns would go roaring down the street. This morning we left the modern, new, American-like Jewish quarter and passing through the Arab part reached the central business section. The buses are Jewish-run and are protected from stones and bombs by heavy wire-netting. British soldiers are everywhere, martial law is in force, and many streets are barricaded with barbed wire. Public communication between here and the Jewish quarter stops at seven o'clock.

Jerusalem, December 24, 11.38 p.m.

In a few minutes it will be Christmas Day; half an hour ago I was in Bethlehem for the singing of carols. After the singing, which was arranged by Saint George's Cathedral, Anglican, at the Church of the Nativity, the Gospel was read in Greek at the Orthodox Chapel, Church of the Nativity, following which the Romans started in at ten o'clock and are scheduled to wind up at three.

The Church of the Nativity, which is shared by the Romans, the Greeks, and the Armenians, is barricaded with sandbags and guarded night and day by British soldiers. Inside the barrier a motorized detachment is kept and many soldiers are billeted. The carols were sung in the open courtyard in the presence of Governor General MacMichael by the St. George's choir, certain pilgrims, and other Christians (some Arabs), but mostly by His Majesty's troops, who turned out and sang heartily, the more so since some were well lubricated with lager beer. I sang too, but a little timidly because the barrel of a rifle slung over the shoulder of a Worcester guardsman was just beneath my chin. With a gun in my face, surrounded by troops, in the Church of the Nativity, which was barricaded and fortified with Lewis guns and sandbags and guarded by royal troops, I sang:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-glorious King!"

Under such conditions, it was a little hard to imagine the manger, the Babe in swaddling clothes, Mary, and the shepherds.

Jerusalem, December 28

Today I visited a certain Jewish commune accompanied by an officer in the Royal Air Force who generally is stationed at the R. A. F. airdrome in Transjordan. I talked to him a lot. He has been borrowed from the South African Air Force, where he is a regularly commissioned officer. First of all, he told me what the British army wants in Palestine and why. There is, as you know, a very important oil pipe-line coming from Iraq, which has its outlet at Haifa. Because this line supplies the entire Mediterranean fleet, it is of vital importance to Britain. The big shots in the army would rather this pipe were guarded in case of war by Jewish soldiers belonging to a powerful Jewish state, or, lacking that, by Jews in a Palestine governed by Turkey; in short, they don't trust the Arabs, especially in view of the efforts of Germany and Italy to spread disaffection among them. For this reason the army favors the establishment of the Jewish National Home.

But Britain's interests and plans don't end with Palestine. There are the other Arab states to worry about—Iraq, Syria, Transjordan, etc. These states must, if possible, be kept friendly with England; and not only are they deadset against the Zionist movement, but they have a tendency to listen to the ever-increasing fascist overtures. This accounts for the present fence-sitting. Officially, immigration is restricted, but refugee Jews are secretly landing in Palestine by the hundreds. Once in a while a ship, usually Greek, is caught discharging its cargo of refugees, and some Jews are arrested. This is played up in every paper in the land, and the Arabs are comforted. But the Jews keep pouring in.

The English soldiers hate the Arabs, indeed, look upon them as rats to be exterminated. I'll tell you why. Take, for example, a case which my R. A. F. friend told me of this morning. Two rookies had just arrived from England and were standing on a railway station platform. Not knowing any better they stepped into an Arab taxi. Thus they were kidnapped. When my R. A. F. friend saw them, their tongues had been cut out, their testicles had been cut off, and the flesh of their thighs had been slit with a knife about where a man's pants pockets are and had been separated from the muscle. They were still alive, enough to jerk a bit; but they died later. You can easily imagine the effect of a thing like that upon the soldiers who see it.

My R. A. F. friend has already killed some eighty-odd Arabs, "and I'll get more of 'em before I'm through here!" The British soldiers can shoot practically any Arab they like with impunity. Suppose a flier sees an Arab working in a field and kills him. The report he files is that he killed an Arab who was "acting suspiciously." The bastards, think the soldiers, might as well be dead. What's the use of putting all those damn Arab captives in a concentration camp? The camps are too full as it is.

The back of the revolt, they say, is broken. And, strange as it seems, I'm given to understand that the R. A. F. (60 officers, 800 men) had more to do with it than 20,000 troops armed with tanks, armored trucks, and Lewis guns.

During the September crisis all the military planes were sped to Egypt. There they joined hundreds of other R. A. F. planes, from other airdromes in surrounding British possessions. All were filled with every drop of petrol the tanks would hold; every tank had its bomb in place. Within three hours from the time the signal was given, the entire fleet would have been over Rome.

Inside Out

Dear Sirs: No doubt we should look for it in bad times like these, the sort of side-of-the-mouth, whacky writing that some of the tough boys of our intelligentsia are turning out. It's mildly surprising, however, to find *The Nation* giving it space. Of course, I wouldn't ask you to suppress such a fantastic piece as that of Aurel Kolnai's in *The Nation* of January 21, called Pacifism Means Suicide. I would simply send it back to him and tell him to go cool off somewhere and write it over again when he felt better. Then perhaps he wouldn't pull such a line as "Pacifism is only barbarism turned inside out." That's the sort of jeepers-creepers that you get when you've seen too many gangster pictures and feel that you have to pull down your hat brim and get yourself a double-breasted black overcoat and walk hard on the backs of your heels so that people will say, "Keep away from that bird, he's poison."

"Pacifism is only barbarism turned inside out"? Fascism is only communism turned inside out. Capitalism is only socialism turned inside out. *The Nation* is only the *Herald Tribune* turned inside out. Aurel Kolnai is only George Sokolsky turned inside out. After a few more pieces like this, yours truly will be only Mayor Frank Hague turned inside out. Doctor, come get your patient, he's running up and down the ward making nasty faces at Hitler.

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Fairlawn, N. J., February 10

Duties on British Books

Dear Sirs: The reductions in the rates of duty levied on British books entering the United States, incorporated in the Anglo-American trade agreement, have been welcomed here by all concerned with the writing, production, and distribution of books.

It may not be known to some of your readers that all American books imported into Great Britain enter duty free. (In my own business, the annual importation runs into many thousands.) On the other hand, British books entering America are still subject to duties ranging from 7½ per cent to 20 per cent, and I feel that this tax is operating unfairly against American readers and British authors alike.

For some time I have been working for the complete abolition of the duty on books, and I should very much appreciate the hospitality of your columns to enlist the support of American readers who are interested in the abolition of this tax.

WILLIAM FOYLE

London, February 8

Robert Hallowell

Dear Sirs: No genuine progressive can fail to mourn the recent death of Robert Hallowell at the premature age of fifty-two. And we believe that the significance of his life and work well merits the attention of *Nation* readers.

Mr. Hallowell was one of the founders, twenty-five years ago, of the *New Republic,* serving as treasurer and then publisher of the magazine. In 1925 he left the publishing field to carve out an entirely new career in the realm of art. He soon made a name for himself as a painter of water colors, and later of oils. His pictures are now included in a number of outstanding American collections. An exhibition of his paintings is to take place at the Reinhardt Galleries, 730 Fifth Avenue, from February 20 to March 4.

One of his best-known works is that of his friend and classmate in Harvard, 1910, the militant radical and journalist, John Reed. This portrait, done in the rare technique of oils on glass, hangs at Adams House, Cambridge.

During 1935 and 1936 Mr. Hallowell was assistant to the director of the Federal Art Project in Washington, and concentrated his energies on raising the status of American artists throughout the country and making art a living thing accessible to the people at large.

In every aspect of his work Robert Hallowell maintained an integrity of the purest sort and steadfastly refused to compromise under the pressure of either public whim or personal need. To those who knew him as a friend he was brave and tender, of quick and gentle humor, a true creator of the beautiful and a searcher after the good.

ROGER N. BALDWIN, JOHN HERLING, GRANVILLE HICKS, EDWARD E. HUNT, CORLISS LAMONT, MARGARET LAMONT, ELSIE PHILLIPS, WILBUR C. PHILLIPS, LEE SIMONSON

New York, February 12

CCC Complaint

Dear Sirs: The public is not aware that second-hand clothing, including underwear, some of it filthy, is issued to CCC members.

The system of fining men at the captain's discretion for petty offenses is unjust and tyrannical. "There is no system to it," the captain here explained, "you are fined when I say so."

These abuses should be corrected. While in theory a CCC man may complain to the captain over conditions, it does little good in most cases.

C. H.

Pittsfield, Mass., February 7

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The Shape of Things

*

IN RECOGNIZING THE SPANISH INSURGENTS, the British and French governments have completed the task of destroying one more potential ally and installing in its place an implacable enemy. President Azaña has resigned, and the Madrid government is reported to have agreed to an armistice. Although the recognition of Franco is being defended in London and Paris on the ground that prompt action was necessary in order to wean the Spanish rebels away from Hitler and Mussolini, it is doubtful whether even Chamberlain believes this to be possible. All the evidence points in the opposite direction. There is every indication that Mussolini will use his Spanish victory to bring immediate pressure upon France to grant concessions in Tunisia, Corsica, and Djibouti. The repatriation of some thousands of Italian citizens living in France is obviously part of the gigantic game of blackmail being built up to force French capitulation. Mussolini's press has made it abundantly clear that no Italian soldiers will be withdrawn from Spain until his "political victory" is secure. By the same token, British hopes of winning Franco away from the Rome-Berlin axis are doomed to frustration. The most tragic of the immediate consequences of the Loyalist surrender and the recognition of Franco by the powers is the probability of reprisals against the Loyalist population. Advance notice of impending mass vengeance was given by William Carney, Franco's correspondent on the New York *Times*, when he declared that the Nationalists "vigorously oppose any repetition of generosity toward the vanquished" such as was shown after the 1934 uprising—when thousands were killed and tens of thousands imprisoned.

*

RECENT GERMAN EFFORTS TO ABATE THE economic crisis have the appearance of rather desperate makeshifts. The new decree ordering Jews to surrender all articles of gold, silver, and platinum and precious stones suggests that the pot is being scraped to obtain any trifles which can be turned into foreign exchange. The fact that it is announced almost before the ink on the Rublee agreement is dry is another commentary on

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Nazi good faith. Even more blatantly in conflict with the plan for the "orderly emigration" of Jews is the new Berlin police order for the daily listing of 100 Jews, who will receive two weeks' notice to leave the country. Meanwhile, Aryans are also being subjected to a new squeeze. Income taxes—already tremendous—are being raised for single persons and childless couples. The amount which will be brought in is only a drop in the bucket, for in a full year it will be only some 300 million marks, whereas the monthly deficit is estimated at 500 million. Probably the increased rate is intended less for revenue than as a means of cutting down consumption and thus freeing more productive machinery for armaments and export goods. Another sign of economic difficulties is the conference between Mr. Frank Ashton-Gwatkin of the British Foreign Office and Herr von Ribbentrop which has been going on in Berlin in preparation for the forthcoming Anglo-German economic conversations. It is reported that the initiative in these negotiations has been taken by Germany, which wants to extend them to cover political questions. Britain's huge new rearmament program, coupled with its more aggressive tactics in meeting the Nazi trade drive, has underlined the German economic dilemma. If the Reich is to continue to keep its arms lead over Britain it must increase exports so as to buy the necessary raw materials abroad. But a trade war in which Britain employed its full financial resources would make this impossible. In view of these circumstances it would not be surprising if the Nazis attempted to make up for a shortage of economic weapons by a new display of saber-rattling.

*

IT USED TO BE SAID OF THE MAGYARS THAT they frequently sold their country but always failed to deliver it; today it is more likely that they have delivered their country but will not be paid for it. The resignation of the anti-Semitic Premier Imredy for the fantastic reason that his grandmother is found to have been Jewish will not arrest the pace at which Hungary is becoming a vassal state of the Germans. His successor, Count Teleki, has, to be sure, smashed the Hungarists, most active of Hungary's three Nazi parties, but that is causing no concern in Berlin. No government of Hungary today can be anything but pro-German, and the Imredys and Telekis may be easier for Hitler to control than the Hungarists, whose megalomaniac nationalism might under some circumstances even run counter to German interests. The very day Teleki clamped down on the Hungarists he signed the anti-Comintern pact, and the German Foreign Minister was quick to dismiss the suppression of the Hungarian fascist group as "purely an internal affair." At the same time all is not quiet on the eastern front. Mass opinion in Poland, bitterly anti-German for generations, bubbled over in a series of press attacks and student demonstrations, touched off ostensibly by Nazi attempts to "depolonize" the Free City of Danzig. Enraged at the reports of signs posted outside Danzig cafes reading "Dogs and Poles Not Admitted," Polish throngs greeted Count Ciano, who arrived from Italy at just the wrong moment, with cries of "Down with Berlin! Down with the Rome-Berlin Axis!" The Poles are now wistfully engaged in an attempt to woo Mussolini away from Hitler. It is hardly likely that an impoverished Beck will succeed where Chamberlain, with a continent to give away, has failed.

*

THE 1940 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN MAY BE said to have begun at 7:14 p.m. Saturday in New York City. At that moment a blue-ribbon jury filed into a courtroom to find James J. Hines guilty of protecting the policy racket in New York—and launched District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey's campaign for the Republican nomination. Dewey's victory in this, the second trial of Hines, is a resounding one, though hardly in a class—to pick up a comparison suggested by the prosecutor himself—with the smashing of the Tweed ring. Hines is one of the most powerful of the Tammany district leaders, and gossip has linked him with racketeering for a long time. Samuel Seabury tried and failed to do what Dewey has accomplished—actually to prove the truth of these perennial whispers. Undoubtedly Dewey is the best district attorney Manhattan has had in a long time, but that is no qualification for a Presidential nomination. He has yet to give evidence of any understanding of social issues beyond the realm of "cops and robbers"; nor did he in the Whitney case—as an unanswered challenge to him in *The Nation* charged last January 11—show the same persistence in dealing with malefactors of great wealth that he has shown in pursuing the more obvious and less powerful type of wrongdoer. Throughout both trials he made a bad impression on the press, and reporters seem agreed in considering him high-handed and dictatorial.

*

ALTHOUGH REAL-ESTATE AND FINANCIAL interests seem to give their hearty approval to the bill which would allow the FHA to guarantee another $3,000,000,000 in mortgages, the Wagner bill to provide another $800,000,000 for public housing is in danger of being smothered, sidetracked, or drastically reduced in Congress. Though such organs of business as the *Wall Street Journal* speak of the $3,000,000,000 in mortgage guaranties as a figure "more theoretical than real" in so far as "ultimate liability is concerned," no such attitude is displayed toward the Wagner bill. The $800,000,000 for which it provides might with equal justice be regarded as a liability "more theoretical than real," since this amount is for loans on public housing; the additional

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appropriation authorized for outright subsidies is only $45,000,000. We have no strenuous objection to the extension of mortgage guaranties; they *have* stimulated building. But more important than this financial featherbed for real-estate and financial interests is the continuation of the federal program of public housing.

*

IN PALESTINE THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has taken a third major step in its appeasement policy. The new British plan for "solution" of the problem of the Holy Land is essentially as great a betrayal as the Munich pact or the recognition of Franco. The Balfour pledge is fully repudiated. The British mandate over the Holy Land is to be abandoned and a new Arab state established, linked by treaty to Britain, with "safeguards" for the Jews. Throughout the East the British plan will be accepted as further evidence that His Majesty's government understands only the language of the gun. The Arab leaders went to the London round-table conference not as vanquished fighters hoping for peace with justice but as proud victors in a struggle extending over three years, during which the British government has been unable to crush terrorism in Palestine. Many Arabs, judging Britain's intentions from deeds rather than words, came to the conclusion that permanent peace was the least of Britain's desires. The constant encouragement given to extreme nationalists, notably members of the Husseini family, in the form of official positions and access to sources of wealth discouraged moderate elements favoring compromise. But the Zionist leaders must also shoulder part of the blame for the present débâcle. Instead of trying to come to terms with their Arab neighbors, from the very beginning they hitched their wagon to the British imperialist kite. There is still hope that the latest British plan will be killed. The Jewish delegates to the London conference have rejected it unqualifiedly. But in the long run the Chamberlain government usually manages to accomplish its dubious objectives.

*

ANGERED BY CHINA'S FAILURE TO COLLAPSE in accordance with their predictions, Japan's militarists have gone to new extremes in the past fortnight. Not content with having provoked a major crisis with the Soviet Union over the fisheries and risked one with France over Hainan, they have chosen this moment to seek a showdown with Great Britain and the United States over the control of the International Settlement at Shanghai. And to make certain that their contempt for the West be understood beyond dispute, they have bombed a railway station in the crown colony of Hongkong, killing a British Indian policeman. The Shanghai issue is the most important that has arisen between Japan and the Western powers since the beginning of the present undeclared war. The International Settlement has become the focal point of Chinese and Western resistance to Japanese aggression. It is the citadel of Western economic power in the Far East. To permit Japan to police the concession would mean abandonment of British, American, and French commercial interests in the East; and the Shanghai Municipal Council has refused Japan's "request." The folly of seeking to bluff the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and the United States simultaneously has already been demonstrated by Moscow's rejection of the Japanese fisheries demands. If Great Britain and the United States continue to show backbone at Shanghai, Japan will have to choose between slow strangulation, the result of cooperation between Western and Chinese economic interests, and quick suicide through an irresponsible military adventure.

*

THE REFUSAL OF THE D. A. R. TO ALLOW Marian Anderson to sing in Constitution Hall in Washington was an ugly exhibition of intolerance, and the subsequent action of the Board of Education in refusing her the use of the Central High School auditorium was even worse because it was official rather than private. But we are almost glad the incident happened. In every city in the country, and especially in the South, discriminations of this sort are a commonplace. A thousand acts of injustice to Negroes go unnoticed and unprotested every day. It takes a sensation to jar awake the conscience even of people who look with horror at the racial outrages that mark the rule of Europe's dictators. The banning of a woman whom Toscanini has described as the world's greatest singer is just the right antidote for complacency. Important persons have protested; Mrs. Roosevelt has resigned from the D. A. R.; Jascha Heifetz, in Constitution Hall itself, announced his shame at appearing on a platform from which Miss Anderson had been barred. Because she is famous Miss Anderson can perform a unique function. She can, for a moment, crystallize and bring clear before our eyes the social indecencies that permeate race relations in this country. This is an important service to democracy.

*

IN ITS TREATMENT OF SPANISH REFUGEES the French government is expressing its own moral collapse. Thousands of soldiers and civilians have been herded into camps under conditions so bleak and inhuman that to many of them a return to Spain under Franco seems preferable. But there is one group that cannot choose that grim alternative—the non-Spanish veterans of the war. Among them are 128 members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, trapped in a desolate camp at Argeles and now utterly dependent upon the aid of Americans and the American government. Having experienced the agonies of war, they are now through the courtesy of the Daladier government enduring the horrors of "peace." Their status is unique in that, while all of them resided in the United States before serving in Spain, they are not full-fledged citizens. Hence a good deal of red tape must be unwound before they are readmitted. In the meantime neither the food nor the clothing nor the shelter accorded them is adequate, and they are menaced by disease. They will be released from this wretched haven only if funds are provided for their expenses in France while they wait for passports.

*

"THE WILL OF A PEOPLE" IS THE TITLE OF an excellent film of the Spanish civil war now on view at the Belmont Theater in New York City. Beginning with a series of exquisite shots of pre-war Spain, it quickly plunges into the vivid and terrible record, compiled from government archives, of a proud nation struggling to free itself from foreign and fascist domination. The newspapers record that the will of the Spanish people has been thwarted by overwhelming force and the connivance of England, France, and America; these heroic actors, named and nameless, proclaim that though one battle has been lost the struggle will go on. The film is to be exhibited throughout the country, the proceeds going to the support of Spanish refugees in France. It deserves a wide audience, not only because of its intrinsic interest but because it contains a lesson in the defense of liberty that Americans should ponder.

Appeasing Business

A RECENT article by Keith Hutchison suggested that the New Deal was turning sharply from reform to recovery and as a consequence, while resisting stoutly all attacks on its spending policy, would in other respects adopt a conciliatory policy toward business. In the past week this development has been taking shape rapidly. Before departing on his Caribbean cruise the President declared that business men need not worry about new or heavier taxes. This lead was quickly followed by Secretary Morgenthau, who invited Congress to survey the tax laws "to see if there were any deterrents holding business men back from making future commitments." Another dove of peace, released by Mr. Roosevelt, was directed toward the trade unions in the hope of healing the breach between A. F. of L. and C. I. O.

Reinforcing these efforts toward peace and national unity, and transcending them, was Harry Hopkins's much-heralded speech at Des Moines. The new Secretary of Commerce accepted the view that lack of confidence was hindering the revival of business and made a great effort to provide reassurance. Speaking obviously for the Administration as a whole, he declared a moratorium on social reform, repeated the Secretary of the Treasury's hint of tax revision, and indicated that the government was prepared to make peace with the utilities on generous terms. He spoke kind words about "our American system of free enterprise," the preservation of which, he said, is "no longer simply the American dream; it is the American imperative." Asserting that an increase in production necessitated a substantial increase in private investment, he assured business that the Administration desired "to create an environment in which private capital will be encouraged to invest."

It would be difficult to find in this speech any evidence that Mr. Hopkins was half-hearted in his offer of cooperation with business. Yet those toward whom he has stretched his hand have not responded very graciously. At best he is being given credit for "good intentions," and this grudging admission is coupled with demands for a treaty with business on Carthaginian terms. The *Wall Street Journal,* for instance, though milder in its remarks than some papers, asks for a definition of the boundaries of future governmental power development, further revision of the capital-gains tax, modification of the Wagner Act, and early action to coordinate the railroads and simplify their financial structure.

With regard to the last of these points there is general recognition of the importance of action though much dispute about what form it should take. But the other proposals require, in effect, the surrender of integral parts of the New Deal. In other quarters even more far-reaching demands have been made, giving rise to the suspicion that business will not be content with a moratorium on reform; it will insist on reversal of much of the progress that has been made in the last six years.

This is one reason why we have doubts about the wisdom of the Administration's new approach to business. Appeasement à la Chamberlain, with every concession followed by a new demand, would be too heavy a price to pay for recovery. Mr. Hopkins in his speech stoutly defended the government's spending policy and indicated that he regarded any serious modification of it as detrimental to business itself. Apparently that is one point where Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues will not compromise. We hope they will prove equally firm with regard to some of the basic reforms they have achieved, particularly the Wagner Act, against which a savage and senseless crusade is still being waged.

In any case appeasement ought to be two-sided. Recovery is so important, not merely for its own sake but for the maintenance of the New Deal as a whole, that sacrifices in the field of taxation or even a limitation for a definite period on new federal power projects might be justified if a large-scale expansion of private investment followed. But if business is to obtain concessions it ought to give stringent guaranties that it will make its contribu-

BURLINGAME PUB

tion. Let Mr. Hopkins try and strike a bargain with business on these lines, and if the latter refuses we shall know the answer to the question posed by the Washington correspondent of *Barron's* in its latest issue: "Will reluctant investors really come forward with that 'risk capital' which has become Washington's favorite phrase; or will they prefer to sit tight with the prospect that by sitting tight they may help to oust Mr. Roosevelt and all his works from power twenty-three months hence?"

The Nazis Are Here

THE mass-meeting at Madison Square Garden in New York City of the Nazi German-American Bund in "honor" of George Washington's birthday was a disgusting exhibition. But it had the merit of dramatizing, in vivid and concrete terms, the problem of fascism and its antidote.

Consider the meeting in all its implications. In the name of Americanism an organization committed to destroying every constitutional liberty holds a rally in the largest hall in the largest city of the United States. At that meeting a group of German Nazis in distinctive uniform, who have nevertheless succeeded in obtaining American citizenship, make violent attacks on the Jews and indulge in cheap sneers at the President, while 19,000 people cheer. The hall is decorated with the swastika and the Stars and Stripes; 400 storm troopers in uniform parade the aisles. Inside and outside 1,745 New York City police protect these Nazis who in the name of free speech advocate a course designed to overthrow it.

Freedom of speech is a basic right, and the police are sworn to uphold it. But the sinister aspect of the Bund affair is that the city police not only protected the Nazis in their right of free speech; they interfered with the rights of demonstrators outside and inside to voice their opposition to the Nazi doctrine. Inside the meeting the American flag waved beside the swastika; outside American flags were torn from the hands of anti-Nazi demonstrators, many of whom were badly beaten. Reliable eyewitnesses assert, moreover, that Isadore Greenbaum, the lone Jew who attempted to scale the platform in the midst of Kuhn's attack on his race, was beaten up not by the storm troopers but by the police who "rescued" him, and that the police were thereafter given an ovation at the suggestion of Adolf Hitler's agent, Fritz Kuhn. This part of the incident was not reported in the press.

We are all too familiar with the actions of the police bent on "law and order"; the alarming thing in this case is that the city administration, for all its anti-fascist convictions, gave sanction to the police in what has become their occupational antagonism to all picket lines. Newbold Morris, acting mayor, issued a statement asking the public to show their support of democratic institutions by shunning the assemblage as "one would a pestilence." A pestilence is not overcome by shunning it; the only effective popular answer to such meetings as that of the Bund is counter-demonstration. The two left groups, the Socialist Workers' Party and the Young People's Socialist League, who insisted upon exercising their right to picket, discovered that they and not the Nazis were the "enemy." They were dispersed by force—and the police forthwith became the heroes of the newspapers, of Mayor La Guardia, and unquestionably of the German-American Bund.

Aside from its strictly local implications, the Bund meeting made certain vital facts crystal clear:

It served formal notice that the Nazi gangsters are among us, complete with uniformed storm troopers and the whips of anti-Semitism. At present this anti-Semitism, which is never an end in itself, is directed toward discrediting and combating as "Jewish" the anti-Nazi policy of the national Administration.

Together with the Franco rally held the evening before at a New York armory, the Bund meeting gave further evidence that Father Coughlin, whose name was repeatedly cheered at both meetings, is our most formidable exploiter of fascist tendencies.

The most likely immediate reaction of those who believe in civil rights is to demand stringent legal restrictions on the Bund's activities. There *are* certain legal steps that can and should be taken. The wearing of uniforms by political organizations should be prohibited. Under no condition should the Nazis or any other group be allowed to usurp the functions of the police. There is no question that the privilege of forming private armies contributed greatly to the rise of fascism in Europe. Laws providing for the public recording of the sources of support and the membership of such organizations as the Bund would be useful in so far as they could be enforced. But the conduct of the police at the Madison Square Garden meeting should be enough to prove, if further proof is needed, that the strictest enforcement of any curbs on freedom of speech would be directed against the left, not the right. In general those on the left can afford to advocate only such restraints as they would be willing to have applied to their own activities.

It is a truism to say that the only effective safeguard against the threat of the Kuhns and the Coughlins lies in the establishment of genuine economic democracy. But it is none the less true. Mrs. Roosevelt, in her frank speech of February 20, said that the relief program of the Administration was only a stop-gap, that "we are buying time to think." This is profoundly true. We are involved in a race between collapse and genuine social and economic reform. The richness of America makes it capable of buying more time than was granted, for instance, to the Weimar republic. But the race is on. And the meeting of the Bund has given us a foretaste of what will happen if collapse wins.

Latin American Trade

RECENT reports from Washington suggest that Harry Hopkins, while energetically pursuing domestic recovery is not forgetting that his department is also responsible for foreign commerce. In particular he is said to be making a close study of trade relations with Latin America and of the methods by which they could be strengthened. Certainly there is room for fresh thought on that subject, for although our exchange of goods with Latin America has expanded considerably since the depth of the depression, it is still far from the 1929 level.

At the present time there is widespread fear that instead of further expansion a contraction may be experienced in the near future owing to the trade drive being made by Germany, Italy, and Japan. As a matter of fact, the threat these countries offer has probably been exaggerated. Trade figures for the first half of 1938 showed that except in Mexico, where our exports were seriously affected by the oil dispute, we were fairly holding our own. The strongest challenge from Germany was encountered in Brazil, Chile, and Uruguay, but the German gains in those countries were more at the expense of Britain than of ourselves.

It must be admitted, however, that the current year may see a worsening of our position. Recently the Argentine government ordered a drastic reduction in imports from the United States. The official reason is that we steadily refuse to buy from the Argentine in anything like the measure in which we sell. Its best customer is Britain, which insists that money spent for Argentine wheat and meat must be employed to purchase British manufactured goods. At the same time Germany is offering huge contracts for surplus farm products on a barter basis.

Apart from these considerations the Argentine is moved by not unjustifiable resentments against us. The United States Senate has so far refused to ratify a Sanitary Convention which lifts the embargo on imports of Argentine beef imposed by the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act. The excuse for this embargo was the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease in the Argentine. The real reason for its continuance, now that Patagonia, the chief ranching province, is free of the plague, is the desire of meat producers here to preserve their monopoly.

Another legitimate Argentine grievance is our competitive dumping of wheat. It was even proposed last fall that we should send subsidized cargoes to Brazil, which the Argentine has long supplied with wheat. This scheme was withdrawn, but recently suggestions have been made for its revival as a deliberate act of retaliation against the Argentine. We cannot believe that the Administration will for one moment countenance any such proposal. We should be planning not competition for present restricted markets but cooperation with the Latin American states in the creation of new markets.

In his third article on America in the post-Munich World, which appears on page 260, Eliot Janeway outlines a plan along these lines for the development of our economic relations with Latin America. Moved by the threat which recent events in the Mediterranean and the Far East offer to our supplies of tin and rubber, he proposes that we should organize the production of these commodities in the southern half of our hemisphere. By so doing we would safeguard ourselves in time of war against a scarcity of vital raw materials and by providing a basis for a higher standard of living in Latin America make possible a permanent expansion of trade.

In his analysis of the present position of Latin America Mr. Janeway seems to us to indulge in generalizations not fully justified by the facts. For instance, to say of South America's trade that "there are not even any sales to speak of" seems unduly sweeping. Seriously affected as exports have been by world depression, they still play a substantial part in the economy of the continent, and we imagine our southern neighbors will scrutinize very carefully any scheme which purports to offer something better than their present business with Europe.

Nor are we convinced that Mr. Janeway has visualized all the difficulties involved in his proposal. He suggests that eventually we shall provide a stable market for all the tin and rubber Latin America can produce, but he does not say how competition with East Indian supplies is to be avoided. This point is hardly met by his prophecy that, if war is avoided, Asia will absorb its own raw materials. Even now there is serious overproduction of both rubber and tin in Malaysia, and loss of the American market would be resisted desperately.

Again we think Mr. Janeway has underestimated the time required to develop tin and rubber industries commensurate with our requirements. Five years seems a very optimistic estimate. Rubber trees must be at least five years old before they can be tapped, and both quality and quantity are greatly improved if they are allowed to mature several years longer.

But although his plan seems to us in need of considerable revision, we think Mr. Janeway is on the right track. Certainly Latin America combines enormous potential wealth with miserable poverty. Its resources make it largely complementary to our own country, but they cannot be developed without large-scale capital expenditure. We are the logical source for such capital, and it ought to be possible to negotiate mutually advantageous terms for its supply. But it will be necessary for us to abandon the methods of exploitation we have hitherto pursued. In the long run we shall benefit more by allowing the major part of the wealth our capital can create in South America to remain there, fertilizing its economy, than by insisting on sucking out the last possible ounce of profit.

Insurance Octopus

BY RICHARD LEE STROUT

Washington, February 24

THE Securities and Exchange Commission is making the first thoroughgoing inquiry into life insurance since Charles Evans Hughes and the Armstrong committee explored the field in 1906, with sensational results. The present investigation will last a year, off and on, if funds are available, and the first phase, just completed, deals with the heart of the problem—gigantism. The growth of the life-insurance companies is unprecedented. They are coming to dominate the investment field. Their fluid assets are fabulous. They are ruled by self-perpetuating groups, although theoretically and legally they are controlled by the policy-holders. By a system of interlocking directorates their officers are in a position to pull the financial strings of the nation. These are the outstanding facts produced by the inquiry so far; at all times in the proceedings the question has been implicit: Is it safe in a democracy to put such vast power in the hands of any group?

Life insurance is now America's favorite form of saving. Today 64,000,000 policy-holders are insured to the sum of $110 billion. Since 1890 insurance in force has increased 2,500 per cent, in contrast to a 100 per cent gain in population. In 1937, 7.5 per cent of our total national income went to the life-insurance companies.

In 1906 the Armstrong committee was worried by the growth of companies whose assets then were $3 billion. Today the figure is $27.6 billion. This sum, incidentally, is 70 per cent as big as the national debt. The Armstrong committee thought the big companies were too big even in 1906. "The business of the Mutual, the Equitable, and the New York Life has grown beyond reasonable limits," it said; and it added, "No useful purpose will be served by their becoming larger." One of those companies then had almost half a billion dollars in assets. Today each of them has at least $1 billion, while the New York Life has $2.5 billion, and a fourth company, the Metropolitan, has $5 billion.

A unique feature of life insurance is the irresistible tendency of the companies to grow. There seems to be no factor limiting the rolling snowball. This tendency to bigness disturbs William O. Douglas, chairman of the SEC, just as it disturbed Justice Brandeis, whom Mr. Douglas may succeed on the Supreme Court.

Premium income is nearly always bigger than expenditures; this adds to assets which must be invested. Investments, at the same time, earn dividends, which in turn must be reinvested. It is like the irresistible expansion of funds left at interest. Growth would be checked if policy-holders withdrew policies, but experience shows that they will sacrifice every other saving before this. Today the Metropolitan Life is so big that it must invest or reinvest $2 million a day, including Sundays, and Frederick H. Ecker, chairman of the board, sees no ceiling to its growth. At the end of 1938 forty-nine large companies owned 11 per cent of the direct and guaranteed debt of the federal government; 9.9 per cent of all state, county, municipal, and subdivisional debt; 22.9 per cent of all railroad bonds; 22 per cent of the public-utility debt; 15 per cent of the industrial debt; 11 per cent of total farm mortgages; 14 per cent of all city mortgages.

Meanwhile, concentration at the top goes steadily on. It is revealed by the position of the five largest companies in relation to the total of 308 legal-reserve companies, as shown in the following table:

	Assets in billions	*Percentage of all assets*
Metropolitan	$5.0	18.0
Prudential	3.5	13.7
New York Life	2.5	9.6
Equitable	2.1	8.0
Mutual (New York)	1.3	5.1

These five companies, plus the eleven next largest, control more than 80 per cent of all life-insurance assets. This control is concentrated in the New York-New England area.

Many economists attack the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, the Ford Motor Company, and United States Steel for their sheer size. But the assets of these companies are tied up largely in plant and inventory. The insurance companies are just as big, and their assets are free, flexible, and liquid. Today about half of these assets are in cash or marketable securities. This means that the companies have a vastly greater potential financial influence. Life-insurance money comes close to being the fulcrum of economic power in the country today. It is the key to railroad reorganization, to the utilities' cooperation with the government, to the action of the capital markets. This reservoir of power does not necessarily act as a unit, but it is certainly controlled by men of like interests and like outlook.

Life-insurance money is tending to transform the capital markets. Consider one fact: in 1937 the ten largest companies acquired about 62 per cent of *all* corporate bonds and notes publicly issued; in 1938 about 55 per cent. The companies are in a strategic position and are swallowing whole issues at a gulp on a private basis, without letting them get into the open market. Last year 37 per cent of the dollar value of all new issues was purchased privately.

Back in 1906 a man with rust-colored whiskers named Charles Evans Hughes, who was regarded as a radical by his enemies, revealed that policy-holders do not really control the mutual life-insurance companies, as they are supposed to do. A third of a century later the monopoly inquiry discovers that mutuality is still a myth. The idea that policy-holders "elect" directors is a legal fantasy. How could the 29,000,000 policy-holders of the Metropolitan actually vote? It would be comparable to the Roosevelt-Landon contest. Actually, evidence shows, the election is a perfunctory rite, so meaningless that certain agents of the Metropolitan who were delegated to get policy-holders to sign ballots took the matter as a joke and signed the policy-holders' names themselves. The directors of the big companies are really picked by the executive officials or by other directors. The men at the top who pull the strings for $27.6 billion of assets perpetuate themselves.

Drawing by Schreiber
William O. Douglas

Cletis E. Tully, an assistant director of the Metropolitan, got a postcard from somebody named C. L. Fontaine in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1936, asking a few simple questions about the directors' election. Mr. Tully was so surprised at a policy-holder's interest that he asked a local manager to investigate Mr. Fontaine.

Some of the directors are just window dressing. For example, Charles M. Schwab came to only three out of a possible eighty-three meetings of Metropolitan directors between 1923 and 1938, inclusive. Alanson B. Houghton, ambassador to Germany and England, came to two meetings between 1921 and 1928. John W. Davis, elected in 1926, attended only eight meetings before resigning in 1931. Oddest of all was the record of former Premier Taschereau of Quebec, whose name as a director looked good to Canadian policy-holders but who did not attend one board meeting in sixteen years.

Directors are not paid cash for services, but they do not stand to lose by the arrangement. This has been illuminatingly illustrated at the hearing. Here are a few instances:

Mitchell D. Follansbee, a director of the Metropolitan and a former head of the Chicago Bar Association, solicited Metropolitan officials for a part of their Chicago foreclosure business after the 1929 slump. As a result, his law firm got business which brought in $334,000 in legal fees.

Alfred E. Smith, former governor of New York, was chairman of the board of the Meenan Oil Company of New York and a director of the New York Life. As a result of his solicitation, the Meenan Company, selling fuel oil, got favorable treatment from buildings owned and managed by the insurance company.

General James G. Harbord became a director of the New York Life in 1931. The Bankers Trust Company, of which he was also a director, obtained large deposits of the insurance company's funds next year.

Charles D. Hilles, former Republican National Committeeman, was a director of the New York Life and the resident agent for the Employers' Liability Assurance Company. The latter got all of the New York Life's liability insurance.

James M. Beck, a trustee of the Mutual Life, wrote gratefully to David Franklin Houston, president of the company, thanking him for sending some of the company's business to a brother-in-law at his request.

To give a more comprehensive example—half of the banks which in 1937 had deposits of New York Life's assets to the amount of $1,000,000 or more were found to be tied in with the company by common directors.

Wilfred Kurth, chairman of the board of the Home Insurance Company of New York, told the committee frankly how he "used" the paid directors of his fire-insurance company. For instance, one director was Robert Roulette. As Mr. Kurth succinctly put it, "He is an alumnus of Columbia University, and we found that the insurance on Columbia University was in British companies; that will be changed." Director Roulette, Mr. Kurth testified, also got the insurance business of the Central Aguirre Associates, a Puerto Rican sugar concern of which he was a director, away from the rival Cord-Meyer Company.

Directors of mutual life-insurance companies, unlike Mr. Roulette, are not paid. But the testimony shows that they receive advantages surpassing any mere salary. It is like belonging to the right club. Directors do favors and get favors in return. Except that it is more lucrative, the picture is amazingly like the operations of patronage-swapping Congressmen. Congressional patronage has been investigated on many occasions. It seems high time for more light to be thrown on this Wall Street system of patronage barter.

The present board of directors of the Metropolitan Life has affiliations with nineteen industrial companies, eighteen public utilities, fourteen banks and trust companies, fifteen other insurance companies, eight real-estate companies, ten railroads, one steamship company. The evidence shows the "enormous centralized power," as

Thurman Arnold of the investigating committee characterized it, resulting from such interlocking directorates and increased by the unwritten alliance between insurance companies, industry, and banks. It reveals the pathological gigantism of the new insurance empire, its growing power, the myth of mutuality, and the common interests of the men at the top, who perpetuate their control over $27 billion.

What Next in Mexico?

BY HARRY BLOCK

Mexico City, February 23

LIKE the United States, Mexico faces the problem of extending its New Deal beyond 1940. In July of that year elections will be held to choose the President to succeed Cárdenas. The future of the progressive achievements of the present administration depends on the outcome of that election and on whether or not the transfer of power can be peacefully effected.

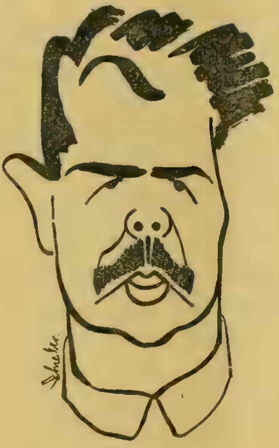
Opponents of the Cárdenas regime and of the government party are echoing the anti-Mexican propaganda of the United States. Realizing, moreover, that defeat of the American New Deal in 1940 will mean the end of its Mexican counterpart as well, the opposition papers are unanimously anti-Roosevelt and customarily refer to him with a barrage of epithets that rival the efforts of the Italian and German press. In emulation of the Franco they so fervently admire, Mexico's fascists are preparing to save the country from the reds, with the aid of foreign capital, the Gestapo, and the American Republican Party.

The Party of the Mexican Revolution, or P. R. M., against which most of the reactionary shafts are directed, came into existence to replace the moribund National Revolutionary Party, or P. N. R. The latter was a creation of ex-President Calles, the means by which he consolidated his personal domination of Mexico. With the political demise of its creator, the P. N. R. was bound sooner or later to be liquidated. Cárdenas gave the signal early in 1938, but the outlines of the new party had already been sketched in by the propaganda of the C. T. M. (Confederation of Mexican Workers) for a People's Front. The P. R. M. was born last April at a convention in which the workers, the army, the peasants, and the so-called "popular sector" were participants, and all these groups were given representation on the executive committee of the new political organism. Included in the "popular" group were a sprinkling of students, some middle-class organizations, the government bureaucracy, and the professional politicians; these last, through long years of expert manipulation of the peasant communities for their own ends, were able to become the chief spokesmen of the rural masses in the new set-up.

Naturally, this incomplete reorganization of the official party did not overnight transform it into a perfect expression of Mexican democracy; the P. R. M. has, in fact, exhibited a number of the defects of its predecessor. Many of the former ornaments of the P. N. R. blithely accepted the new party's declaration of principles—which called for a struggle against fascism and completion of the Mexican Revolution, as well as for the ultimate ideal of a "workers' democracy"—under the impression that the new phraseology would turn out to be just as effective a smoke screen for their own venalities as the shameless demagogy of Calles's P. N. R. They reckoned, however, without the action of the labor movement within the party. To the extent that the P. R. M. has since approached a real, rather than a wholly fictitious, organization of Mexico's working masses, the workers, and to some degree the peasants, have been able to inject into it some democratic bacteria; and as the party has begun to feel the ferment of this unaccustomed element in its blood stream, some of its eternal opportunists have decided the time has come to peddle their demagogic gifts in another market.

Ramón F. Iturbe, an exiled "general" who had returned to Mexico and wormed his way into Congress through the leniency of the Cárdenas government, was the herald of the new tendency. Cashiered from the army for his participation in the Escobar revolt of 1929, Iturbe is a former Gold Shirt and an avowed admirer of General Franco. With Colonel Bolívar Sierra, who was expelled from the army during the De la Huerta rebellion in 1923 and who, through the inscrutable ways of God and local politics in Mexico's rural wastes, is likewise a Congressman, Iturbe formed a "Mexican Constitutional Democratic Front" to defend the "true principles" of the revolution, the constitution of 1917, and the bleeding body of democracy against Lombardo Toledano, the Cárdenas administration, the P. R. M., and all the other alleged recipients of Moscow's inexhaustible gold supply.

Iturbe and Sierra have since become the darlings of the fascist press, and the response to their agitation indicates the coming strategy of the reaction in the presidential campaign. It is obviously impossible to make headway against the P. R. M. coalition with a frontal assault on the Mexican Revolution. The goal is therefore to split the party forces by a call for a return to the "old-time religion" of pre-Cárdenas days. Through a unification of the "fundamentalists"—that is, all the discredited and superseded ex-revolutionaries of former regimes who have since sold out to the enemy—it is hoped to form a column strong enough to attack the P. R. M. on the flank by raising the red scare. Back to 1917, runs the slogan, and down with the modern perversion of our "unique" revolution to the sinister purposes of the Stalinists!


President Cárdenas

Among all the new parties which have recently come into paper existence and are now in process of amalgamation into a single reactionary front, the Iturbe-Sierra group and two others—the Revolutionary Anti-Communist Party and the Party of National Reconstruction—pursue this strategy most vigorously. The Revolutionary Anti-Communist Party is simply the Calles gang under a new name; its present head is General Manuel Pérez Treviño, former boss of the P. N. R. who lost the presidential nomination to Cárdenas in 1933 and is thirsting for a comeback. The Party of National Reconstruction is an assortment of tired revolutionaries, embittered politicians, expropriated landowners, fascist propagandists, oil-company attorneys, and plain highwaymen—a collection so fantastic that it brings into the same bed Antonio Díaz Soto y Gama, once the prophet of Zapata agrarianism, and General Pablo González, Zapata's murderer.

Known to be in sympathy with these worthies, although he has thus far avoided public commitment, is ex-President Abelardo Rodríguez, a Calles henchman who is reputedly one of the wealthiest men in Mexico. Two other potential standard-bearers in the coming "nationalist" crusade are Calles's former Minister of War, one-eyed General Joaquín Amaro, and General Juan Andreu Almazán, commander of the zone which includes the strategically and industrially important states of Nuevo León and Tamaulipas on the Mexican border.

Within the P. R. M. itself three administration generals are seeking the nomination, and in order to hazard a guess as to which of them is likely to head the party campaign, it is necessary to understand what specific qualities are needed in the next President of Mexico. He must, of course, be a military man in whom the army has confidence. Under existing conditions there is no other possible way of maintaining the decisive alliance between the army and the labor movement. The revolutionary army has ruled Mexico since 1914, but it can no longer rule without the support of the workers, who are obviously unprepared for more than a coalition with the army and the peasants. The labor movement, conscious of its subordinate position in the partnership but also of its indispensability, is willing to cooperate only if the army's candidate is acceptable to it. Realizing that Cárdenas will be an extremely difficult figure to replace, the C. T. M. and the most influential groups within the P. R. M. are insisting that the personality of the next President is of less importance than the program to which he is pledged. They hope to draft and submit to the party nominating convention a minimum program of government for the next presidential term; the candidate they want is an administrator capable of fulfilling it. According to this view, Mexico does not need another "radical" President. It is more important to elect an executive who will consolidate the gains of the Cárdenas government, even though no startling new departures are undertaken. The feeling is pretty general that the country has bitten off quite as much as it can chew for some time to come. Labor is thus prepared for a "pause" as long as it does not take the form of a retreat.

General Francisco J. Mugica is a sincere if rather confused revolutionary. He is said, however, to be an indifferent executive, and he has been so long separated from active army service that he is little known to the army of today. So far his candidacy seems to be backed principally by personal sympathizers, and unless it can obtain the support of important mass organizations, it is not likely to prosper.

General Rafael Sánchez Tapia, late commander of the Federal District military zone, is a typical politico-militarist. Considered a right-winger within the P. R. M., he would be tolerable as a choice of evils to the business and landowning classes and acceptable to many of the machine politicians, who would expect to make hay under his government. But if he has labor or peasant backing it is so far not visible, and his nomination would probably split the P. R. M. wide open.

The third of the party entries, General Manuel Avila Camacho, was until recently Secretary of National Defense. In his early forties, he is a product of the "new" army and is known as an able administrator who has taken little active part in national politics. Unidentified with the factions of the past, he is largely unaffected by their mutual jealousies. He is reported to be popular with the officers and men of the army, and his unpolitical past, combined with a cautious dodging of the bitter polemics of recent months, is a present advantage, as it has given him a name for "moderation" that may be expected to neutralize some of the conservative opposition. By a simple process of elimination among the candidates currently available, he appears almost certain to win the formal indorsement of both the C. T. M. and the National Peasant Confederation when they hold their conventions this month. Whichever of the three candidates is finally selected by the party, the most serious immediate problem will be to hold the disappointed partisans of the losers in line; a rebellion against P. R. M. authority might give the "independent" right coalition its long-awaited opportunity.

The fall of Barcelona has encouraged the fascist bands to an increasingly vociferous activity. They won a victory the other day when the government canceled the permission to reside in Mexico previously given to members of the International Brigade; President Cárdenas has denied that this action was the result of protests from the press and the fascist organizations, but the coincidence of the two events unquestionably left that impression. On the other hand, the incipient anti-Semitic riots of three weeks ago have been scotched, after some incredible bungling by the chief of police, and are not likely to be soon repeated. The work of a handful of hoodlums hired by the Iturbe crowd, they were unimportant in themselves but symptomatic of the increasing boldness of the fascists.

The immediate political future of Mexico depends to a considerable degree on the country's international position. And here the question of oil is decisive. Mexico has been far from happy over its enforced reliance on barter deals with Germany. The goods received in exchange are often inferior to American merchandise, and the additional trade difficulties have not made the situation more popular. But unless the dispute with the oil companies can soon be settled, Mexico will have to continue with the German deals and perhaps enter into long-term contracts that will shut off a good deal of American trade. Such increasing economic dependence on the Reich will bring in its train a certain amount of political influence as well, which explains why the "patriotic" Mexican press applauds the German barter arrangements and remains skeptical about a settlement with the United States.

An immense amount of nonsense has been written and broadcast about the relations with Germany. To judge from the alarmist accounts emanating mainly from oil-company sources, one would think that no American goods were penetrating a hermetically sealed frontier and that the oil companies themselves had never sold Mexican oil to the fascist countries. The truth is that German dumping in the Mexican market dates from several years prior to the oil expropriation: from a bare 9 per cent share in the value of Mexico's imports before 1932, Germany rapidly acquired a rising proportion that reached 16 per cent in 1937 and 19 per cent last year. The oil barter deals have simply aggravated an existing condition without being responsible for it.

The increasing prominence of Germany in the Mexican market is a development welcomed by no one here but the fascist apologists, but there is no denying the fact that German goods are less prohibitively priced for at least 90 per cent of the population than American merchandise, particularly with the present exchange ratio of five pesos to the dollar. To argue from this, however, that Mexico is "going Nazi" is sheer dishonesty. The exact relative positions of the four principal countries in Mexico's import trade can be seen in the following table, covering a ten-year period:

	UNITED STATES		GREAT BRITAIN		GERMANY		FRANCE	
	value in pesos 000	per cent of total	value in pesos 000	per cent of total	value in pesos 000	per cent of total	value in pesos 000	per cent of total
1928-31*....	223,000	68.2	22,000	6.7	29,000	8.9	17,000	5.2
1932-36*....	201,000	61.7	24,000	7.4	41,000	12.6	15,000	4.6
1937...........	381,000	62.1	29,000	4.7	99,000	16.1	20,000	3.3
1938...........	282,000	57.6	21,000	4.3	94,000	19.2	19,000	3.9

* Average.

It is clear that in spite of American losses from German encroachments the United States is managing to hold its dominant position pretty well. Moreover, the barter in petroleum had less to do with the German increase, even in 1938, than is commonly supposed. From April 20 to December 31 of last year Mexico exported a total of $2,500,000 worth of crude oil and derivatives. Not all of this went to Germany of course, but even assuming that German purchases were paid for chiefly in goods rather than cash, this would still leave some 70,000,000 pesos in "legitimate" imports that cannot be attributed to the oil situation.

Nevertheless, the political consequences of the prolonged oil controversy for Mexico's highly explosive internal situation are extremely serious. The longer a solution is postponed, the more dubious the future of Mexican democracy becomes. Theoretically, there are two ways in which the problem can be solved: one is the return of the oil properties to their former owners; the other is an agreement on the terms of compensation.

Return of the oil wells and refineries is a political impossibility. It could be achieved only by a reactionary—and almost certainly armed—movement to overturn the Cárdenas government. Such a repetition of the Spanish tragedy on American soil would seem a disproportionately high price to pay for the recovery of Standard Oil and Sinclair properties, for the loss of which those companies can blame only their own pig-headedness. Fortunately, there are indications that progress is being made toward a settlement. Mexico is reported to have made an offer acceptable at least as a basis of discussion, and the impending visit of Messrs. Richberg and Hurley representing the American oil interests is a concession to the Mexican contention that direct negotiations between the oil companies and the Mexican government are prerequisite to an understanding.

If the present boycott and deadlock are allowed to drag on indefinitely, Mexico will be obliged to rely increasingly on sales to the fascist countries, which will strengthen all the forces within the country seeking to undermine its developing democracy. The United States has it within its power to reverse that trend.

America in the Post-Munich World

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

III. Alternative to War

AMERICAN independence has suffered two body blows in the last six months: first, the taking of Canton by the Japanese and, second, the Franco successes in Spain. In the Far East Japan now dominates the one region outside our continental territory upon which we depend for essential raw materials. Germany and Italy, intrenched in Spain, now stand athwart the sea lane through the Mediterranean that brings us these products of the Orient. Without the rubber and tin that come from southeastern Asia, Detroit and Akron, Cleveland and Pittsburgh would be paralyzed. We have, then, a very real interest in Europe—but our frontier does not lie along the Rhine or "somewhere in France," as President Roosevelt was charged with having said. It lies at that point in the Mediterranean where it would be easiest for Franco's backers to intercept our supplies.

Strictly speaking, we have not lost our independence by the successful aggression of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis; we have merely transferred our dependence. In the past our supply of rubber and tin has depended on the good-will of Britain. But the British bases which command the beginning and end of the sea route from Malaysia through the Mediterranean have already been undermined. Now with the Japanese in Canton and Hainan, Hongkong's strategic worth is at an end and Singapore's counterbalanced; while Gibraltar—that symbol of strength and permanence—is today commanded by German guns. It is beside the point for Americans to complain that the British Empire is ruining itself by its policy of appeasement. It is far more urgent for this country to realize that, over and above the cost of appeasement to the British and French, this fatal policy has at last exposed us to axis aggression. Without a battle, simply by enforcing the embargo against Loyalist Spain in collaboration with London, we have lost the only thing in Europe that was really worth our fighting for—the freedom of the Mediterranean. What can we do to help ourselves out of our predicament?

First, and relatively a minor step, we can bring the rubber and tin that we get from the English and Dutch Indies across the Pacific instead of through the Mediterranean. In the case of rubber, no great changes will have to be made in our import habits; Akron can pay freight charges from Los Angeles instead of from New York. But the case of tin is more serious. We do not import raw tin ore direct from the Far East. We import pig tin which has already been processed in English and Dutch smelters. We shall have to build up in this country a tin-smelting industry to break the monopoly of the British and the Dutch. But the source of our rubber and tin supplies will remain exposed to Japanese threats.

Japan took Canton when Europe was preoccupied at Munich. It took Hainan during the abortive winter crisis, as Franco's Catalonian drive dominated the headlines. With France involved in a new Mediterranean crisis, the fear is growing that Japan will seize the opportunity to move against the Dutch Indies. With such a move the security of the United States would end. To defend our interests in Malaysia we are undertaking an expensive and long-drawn-out program of navy building; we shall fortify Guam and attempt to hold the vulnerable Philippines. And make no mistake about it, so long as our basic industries are dependent upon rubber and tin from Malaysia we shall have to fight to insure our supply.

We should therefore undertake another type of defense, one which does not require us to match oversea fortifications, battleships, and airplane carriers with Japan. We should devote our energy and resources to developing rubber and tin supplies in Latin America. It is a long-term solution—admittedly. But it is a solution that will do more than make us strong enough to fight with a reasonable chance of victory; it may well make the fight itself unnecessary. In any case, it is the first thing that would have to be done at the outbreak of war. It should be done now, efficiently.

Rubber, it will be remembered, was first discovered in Latin America. The Asiatic industry was created by English and Dutch planters who smuggled seeds of the hevea tree out of Brazil. There is no doubt that rubber can be successfully grown in its native habitat; indeed it is still being shipped in small quantities from Para. Bolivia has large deposits of tin with which to supply an American tin-smelting industry. The ore is of much lower grade than that of Malaysia, but recent experiments have proved it perfectly adequate if properly processed. Physically, then, it is possible for us to develop within our own sea lanes the two chief products that would be threatened by the hostility of the axis. There are also in Latin America supplies of minor strategic metals which we lack, such as manganese, tungsten, and antimony. Other imports from Asia are likely to be replaced by substitutes developed here. Silk itself will be challenged by the new yarns developed by du Pont and Celanese. As laboratory work continues, we can perhaps supplement natural rubber supplies by synthetic processes. The development of Latin America as a base for raw materials will of course take years, but during the waiting period we would presumably build up a three-year stockpile from the East Indies. This would enable us to keep our superior bargaining power while we switched over to a new base.

The development of such raw-material production would be enormously helpful to Latin America itself. The southern continent has always been a base of supplies rather than a self-sufficient economy, and the general decline in its exports has left it with mounting surpluses. It was originally settled and cultivated as a base for Europe. But Europe is no longer importing on its former scale. We have seen what the drop in its imports of cotton, wheat, and meat has done to the North American farmer. South America's wheat-raising countries, which likewise produce cotton, meat, coffee, and wool, have suffered from shrinking markets. With their surpluses has come a mountain of unpaid debt, and, with the debt, a growing dislike of the United States and England, the major creditors. There has also come a determination to reclaim from the Americans and the British the natural resources of the continent. What has happened in Mexico is a clear example of what threatens foreign capital all over Latin America. When Mexico, bankrupt and desperate, expropriated the oil companies, we followed England's lead. We boycotted Mexico, forcing it to barter its oil to the axis partners. We shall have only ourselves—and our British-made policy—to blame if fascist influence grows in Mexico.

If we are to stop penetration by the axis in Latin America we must do more than hold conferences and try to persuade the republics to adopt resolutions against fascism. Latin America is not stretching out its arms and begging us to save it from fascism by compounding verbal formulas. Neither, on the other hand, is it anxious to fall into the fascist net. It is trying to gain independence from foreign exploitation—and right now it sees that exploitation as being chiefly American and British.

Not only do we have a shameful record of "dollar diplomacy" to live down in our relations with Latin America, but our present attitude is hardly one to encourage the trust of the republics. We frown upon Latin American barter deals with the axis, and upon debt repudiation. We sanctimoniously insist that the continent buy and sell for cash, and pay its debts to us out of the profit. But far from there being any profit, there are not even any sales to speak of. To whom can the Latin American countries sell? Certainly not to one another and certainly not to us; we have surpluses of many of the same commodities. The only customer left for South America is England, and England is no longer buying in volume sufficient to support the continent. Latin America has no alternative but to barter as much of its surpluses as it can with the countries that will take them, and these countries happen to be Germany, Italy, and Japan.

But there is one difficulty with this trade from the standpoint of the Latin American countries. The axis powers are too busy rearming to be able to give the continent more than part of the machinery it needs. Germany, facing a shortage of railroad equipment, cannot sell rolling stock to Brazil; Argentina cannot buy grain elevators or meat-processing plants in Europe. This is why we need not really fear that the axis will "take over" Latin America, especially if we act intelligently to give Latin America the alternative it wants. Trade with fascism is unlikely to prove satisfactory for long, if the experience of the Balkan states is repeated. The United States has the power to put something much more satisfactory in its place. We can make it possible for Latin America to buy—and to own—the industrial machinery it must have if it is ever to become independent of the shriveled European market.

We can help Latin America to develop new products for which we will guarantee a market. We buy now annually about $750,000,000 worth of rubber and other strategic materials from Asia. We would buy at least that much from Latin America if its productive capacities were developed; and in recovery years we would naturally buy more. With this market assured in advance, Washington would be justified in underwriting Latin American efforts to develop these new materials—plantations, mines, new railroad and shipping lines, and processing plants, all of which would be sure of plenty of work and regular sales. This condition would be a welcome relief from the feast-and-famine fluctuation of the unregulated commodity markets which has cleaned out one farming country after another. There is little need to fear competition between such Latin American products and those of southeastern Asia. If Asia eventually settles down to peace, its own industry will within a decade absorb a good deal of its raw-material production. Meanwhile, the prospect is war and blockade, and we must in self-defense encourage the production of these materials in Latin America.

Only nominal interest need be paid; for such advances by us would partially insure us against war and would make certain armament expenditures unnecessary. Repayment could start on an amortized basis as soon as the machinery we exported began to produce the materials we require: we could be repaid for our machinery not in cash, which Latin America does not have and which we do not want, but in the raw materials thus developed.

Provided with such new sources of income, the Latin American countries could do many things. Most important, they could buy machinery here in order to get industrialization started. With any measure of industrialization would come a rising standard of living, and so the beginnings of a market at home, among the natives who have been too poor in the past to provide any market at all. Latin America's salvation, like ours, lies in developing its own resources.

If government credit were granted to so poor a country as Bolivia to rehabilitate its neglected tin mines, or to Brazil to develop rubber plantations and to tap the rich ores which now lie inaccessible in its mountains, purchasing power would rise swiftly from its present level of statistical zero—long before such developments would begin to pay for themselves in the specific products cultivated. For the first time it would be possible for Bolivia to absorb grains and meat in some quantity from Latin American farming countries like Argentina and Uruguay.

To facilitate such exchange a hemispheric All-American Clearing House could be set up to handle multilateral trade. Through such a device, for instance, Argentina could for the first time find outlets for its surpluses within Latin America. The credits built up in its favor at the clearing house could be presented in New York to purchase machinery. In return for the means of industrialization sold to Argentina, the American claim on the clearing house could be paid off by receipts of Bolivian ore, Brazilian rubber, and similar materials. In this way a basic export revenue accruing to Latin America of at least $700,000,000 a year could be made to support inter-Latin American trade of much more than this sum. In fact, it might even be that exports of capital goods for industrialization could attain a volume sufficient to serve as an important influence upon our own economy.

To provide Latin America with the equipment needed for the production of these commodities, we should have to advance between $10 and $20 billion over a period of, say, five years. Even within this period repayment would begin as we began to receive needed imports. In five years these new imports should have passed the half-billion-dollar mark, and as rubber plantations began to produce, should approach $700,000,000. On this basis our investment would be secure, while the producing countries—owning the new mines, railroads, and so on—would be able to devote the balance of their productive capacity to developing the Latin American economy. Not only would such a program enable us to avoid the perpetual danger of war—by enabling us to retreat from our exposed position in southeastern Asia to this new supply base—but it would transform Latin America from a poverty-stricken continent to an industrialized community able to stand on its own feet. It would transform our relations with South America. So long as we remain exposed to the charge of "Yankee imperialism" we may expect to be blackmailed, to accomplish nothing by our subventions to native dictatorships, and to end by seeing North American properties expropriated in one country after another while German agitators whip up feeling against the "Jewish capitalists" from New York.

The policy into which we have permitted ourselves to drift commits us to paying hush money to every two-by-four dictator who waves the "fascist menace" under our nose—in Haiti, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Brazil, and doubtless elsewhere. We are definitely in the market to buy off any country threatening to trade with the axis on a fairly intimate basis—though of course our own munitions trade continues. Moreover, when the debt-and-surplus burden grows too heavy, we can offer the republics no alternative to expropriating our interests; while at the same time we refuse openly or even tacitly to condone such expropriations. Thus Cuba, having duly blackmailed and received its bribe, is about to make a three-way deal with Mexico and Germany. In spite of our unsatisfactory Mexican experience, Washington is helplessly watching the growth of new expropriation moves against mining companies in Chile and oil companies in Venezuela.

The final aspect of our Latin American policy is the most reprehensible. We compete with the crop-growing countries for shrunken export markets which are no longer large enough to support either our agriculture or theirs. Our flirtation last year with the idea of dumping our surplus crops competitively with theirs, in Europe and finally and most inexcusably in Latin America itself, did more to create the hostile attitude shown by Argentina at Lima than anything we have done since the heyday of Yankee imperialism. Here was the Colossus of the North, an economy operating on a scale of tens of billions of dollars, on the one hand mouthing platitudes about protecting its smaller, poorer neighbors and on the other trying to steal their very means of livelihood. These countries, we say, must rely upon us for protection. These same countries, pending the opening of a domestic market in Latin America through industrialization, must export crops to live. Yet last autumn we tried to dump a measly 25,000,000 bushels of wheat in a market that had always belonged to Argentina.

The result has been Argentina's declaration of economic war upon us. We do not buy from it and so it will not buy from us. Since Argentina is by far the greatest single power in Latin America it is inevitable that as it turns away from the "democracies" it will take with it a group of dissidents. Thus Latin America may well be split into two groups—one in our orbit, one under the influence of the axis. Meanwhile, abundant deposits of the tin and tungsten we need for self-defense have just been found in Argentina, giving it for the first time something to sell to us instead of against us. But the economic war we have precipitated in this hemisphere is rapidly closing to us the avenues of escape from that naval war in southeastern Asia which without a united and friendly Latin America we shall some day have to face.

[*The first two articles of Mr. Janeway's series were printed in* The Nation *for January 28 and February 4. The fourth will appear in an early issue.*]

France Is the Enemy

From the Unexpurgated "Mein Kampf" of Adolf Hitler

[Through the courtesy of Reynall and Hitchcock we are enabled to print below a few of the more significant passages from the unexpurgated translation of "Mein Kampf" just issued by that firm. In view of the remarkable degree to which the plans embodied in that volume have been carried out so far, these excerpts throw light on Germany's real intentions toward France, despite recent protestations of friendship—especially when Hitler's step-by-step technique, discussed in the last paragraph, is borne in mind. We believe that these passages will also serve to reveal the eerie, pathological quality of the mind that rules Germany—a mind which sees a tiny, divided, and completely defenseless race as holding dominion over a "world empire of Jewish satrapies." The italics are all Hitler's.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

GERMANY'S TWO ALLIES

IN ENGLAND as well as in Italy the disparity between the conceptions of the better native statecraft and the will of world stock-exchange Jewry is clear; indeed, sometimes it hits one in the eye.

Only in France is there today more than even an inner *unanimity* between the *plans of the Jew-controlled stock exchange* and the desires of a *chauvinistically oriented national statecraft*. In this very *identity* lies an immense danger for Germany. Exactly for this reason France is, and remains, by far the most terrible enemy. *This people, which is constantly becoming more Negrofied, constitutes by its tie with the aims of Jewish world dominion a grim danger for the existence of the European white race.* For infection in the heart of Europe through Negro blood on the Rhine corresponds equally to the sadistic, perverse vengefulness of this chauvinistic, hereditary enemy of our people, and to the ice-cold plan of the Jews thus to begin bastardizing the European continent at its core and, through infection by inferior humanity, to deprive the white race of the foundations for a sovereign existence.

What France, spurred by its own vengefulness, methodically led by the Jews, is doing in Europe today, is a sin against the existence of white humanity, and some day will inspire against that nation all the avenging spirits of a knowledge which will have recognized race pollution as the original sin against mankind.

For Germany, however, the French danger means an obligation to subordinate all considerations of sentiment, and to reach out the hand to those who, threatened as much as we are, will not tolerate and bear France's drive toward dominion.

In Europe there can be for Germany in the predictable future only two allies: England and Italy.

AMERICA, JAPAN, AND THE JEWS

Is it conceivable that the representatives of the real interests of the nations which might enter an alliance could realize their plans against the will of the Jewish mortal enemy of free folk states and national states?

Can the forces—for example, traditional British statecraft—still break the destructive Jewish influence or not?

This question, as we have already said, is very hard to answer. It depends on too many factors for a conclusive judgment to be given. One thing is certain: *In one state the existing state power can be regarded as so solidly stabilized, and so unconditionally at the service of national interests, that we can no longer speak of a really effective blocking of political needs by international Jewish forces.*

The struggle which Fascist Italy is carrying on, perhaps at bottom unconsciously (although personally I do not think this is the case), against the three main weapons of Jewry is the best omen that, if only indirectly, the fangs will be torn out of this super-state power. The prohibition of Masonic secret societies, the persecution of the super-national press as well as the continuous undermining of international Marxism, and, on the other hand, the steady fortifying of the Fascist state conception, will, in the course of years, enable the Fascist government to serve the interests of the Italian nation increasingly, without concern for the hissing of the Jewish world hydra.

The matter is more difficult in England. In this country of "the freest democracy" the Jew still underhandedly dictates to public opinion almost without hindrance. And nevertheless here, too, there is proceeding a continuous struggle between the representatives of British state interests and the champions of a Jewish world dictatorship.

How sharply these antitheses sometimes crash against each other could be most clearly seen for the first time after the war in the different positions taken on the Japanese question, on the one hand, by British state leadership, and, on the other, by the press.

Immediately after the end of the war the old American-Japanese mutual antagonism again began to manifest itself. Naturally, the great European world powers could not remain indifferent to this newly threatening danger of war. All the kinship connections, however, could not prevent a certain feeling of envious concern in England for the growth of the American Union in all fields of international economic and power politics. A new mistress of the world seemed to be growing out of the former colonial country, the child of the great mother. It is understandable if England today reexamines her former alliances in anxious disquiet and if British statecraft stares with dread toward a time when it will no longer be said: *"England overseas," but "the seas for America."*

The gigantic American state colossus, with its enormous wealth of virgin soil, is more difficult to attack than the wedged-in German Reich. If sometime here, too, the dice shall roll for a final decision, England would be doomed, were she to stand alone. Hence they anxiously reach out for the yellow fist and cling to an alliance which, viewed racially, is perhaps irresponsible, but which, nevertheless, politically offers the sole possibility of reinforcing the British world position in the face of the aspiring American continent.

While, then, English state leadership did not, despite the joint struggle on the battlefields of Europe, wish to decide to relax the alliance with its Asiastic partner, the entire Jew press fell on this alliance from behind.

How can the organ of a Northcliffe, the loyal shieldbearer of the British struggle against the German Reich, now suddenly practice disloyalty and take its own course?

The destruction of Germany was not an English but primarily a Jewish interest, just as today, too, a destruction of Japan serves British state interests less than the far-reaching desires of the leaders of the projected Jewish world empire. While England wears itself out maintaining its position on the globe, the Jew organizes his attack for the conquest of the same.

He sees the contemporary European states already as powerless tools in his hand, whether through the indirect means of so-called Western democracy or in the form of direct rule through Russian bolshevism. Yet it is not only the old world which he regards as thus ensnared, but the same fate threatens the new also. Jews are the regents of the stock-exchange power of the American Union. Every year they manage to become increasingly the controlling masters of the labor power of a people of 120,000,000 souls; one great man, Ford, to their exasperation still holds out independently there even now.

With rapacious cleverness they knead public opinion and form from it the instrument of a struggle for their own future.

Already the greatest heads of Jewry envisage the approach of the fulfilment of the hereditary slogan of the great devouring of the nations.

Within this great herd of denationalized colonial regions, a single independent state could, at the last moment, still undo the entire job. Because a bolshevist world could survive only if it included everything.

If only one state remains standing in its national power and greatness, the world empire of Jewish satrapies would and must, like every tyranny on the globe, succumb to the power of the national idea.

The Jew knows only too accurately that, owing to his millennium of adaptation, he has it well within his power to undermine European peoples and to train them to be sexless bastards, only he would hardly be in a position to subject an Asiatic national state like Japan to this fate. Today he can ape Germans and English, Americans and French, but he has no bridges to the yellow Asiatics. Therefore, he strives to break the Japanese national state by the power of existing similar structures, to finish off the dangerous opponent before the last state power is transformed in his hands into a despotism over defenseless beings.

He dreads a Japanese national state in his millennial Jew empire, and therefore wishes its destruction in advance of the founding of his own dictatorship.

Therefore, he is now inciting the nations against Japan, as against Germany, and it can happen that, while British statecraft still tries to build on the alliance with Japan, the British-Jewish press already demands struggle against the ally and prepares the destructive war under the proclamation of democracy and the battle cry: Down with Japanese militarism and imperialism.

Thus insubordinate has the Jew now become in England. The struggle against this Jewish world danger will, moreover, also start at this point.

And again precisely the National Socialist movement has its mightiest tasks to fulfill:

It must open the eyes of the people concerning foreign nations and must over and over again recall who is the real enemy of our present world. In place of the insane hate for Aryans, from whom almost anything at all can separate us, people to whom, however, we are united by common blood or the main lines of a related culture, it must condemn to general wrath the evil enemy of humanity as the true creator of all suffering.

But it must see to it that, at least in our country, the most deadly enemy is recognized and that the struggle against him, like an illuminating sign of a brighter epoch, also shows to the other nations the road to the salvation of a struggling Aryan humanity.

For the rest, may Reason be our leader, Will our might. The sacred duty to act thus gives us determination, and our highest protector remains our faith.

THE COMING SHOWDOWN WITH FRANCE

I do not believe for a moment that France's intentions with respect to us can ever change; because they have their deepest motive nowhere but in the French nation's sense of self-preservation. Were I a Frenchman myself, and were France's greatness as dear to me as is Germany's sacred, then I could and would not act otherwise than Clemenceau himself did in the end. Only through the

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obliteration of Germany can a France which is slowly withering, not only in its population figures, but especially in its racially best elements, maintain its world importance in the long run. French policy may make a thousand detours, but somewhere at the end will always be this goal as the realization of its last desire and deepest yearning. But it is wrong to believe that a purely *passive* will, seeking only self-preservation, can in the long run offer resistance to a not less powerful but *actively* advancing will. *As long as the eternal conflict between Germany and France is carried on only in the form of a German defense against French attack, it will never be decided, but Germany, from century to century, will lose one position after the other.* Follow the wandering of the German-language frontier from the twelfth century until today, and one will hardly be able longer to build on the success of an attitude and a development which has already done us so much damage.

Only when this is fully understood in Germany so that the German nation's will to live is no longer allowed to waste itself in purely passive defensiveness, but is drawn together for a decisive, active settlement with France, and is thrown into a final decisive battle for the vastest German final goals; only then will it be possible to bring to a conclusion our eternal struggle with France, in itself so fruitless; on condition, of course, that Germany really sees in France's destruction a means of subsequently and finally giving our nation a chance to expand elsewhere.

STEP BY STEP

In all cases which involve the fulfilment of apparently impossible demands or tasks, the entire attention of a people has to be united uniformly on this one question in such a manner as though indeed its existence or non-existence depended upon its solution. Only thus will one make a people willing and able to undertake truly great achievements and efforts.

This principle is valid also for the individual, as far as he wishes to attain great goals. He, too, will be able to do this only in step-like sections. He, too, will then always have to unite his entire efforts on the reaching of a certain limited task, until this seems to be fulfilled and the marking of a new section can be undertaken. He who does not carry out the partition of the way to be conquered into single sections, and then tries to conquer them planfully with sharpest concentration of all forces, one by one, will never be able to arrive at the goal, but he will remain lying somewhere on the way, perhaps even by the side of it. This gradual approach to a goal by work is an art, and it requires at a time the staking of actually the utmost energy in order to conquer the way, step by step.

This is, therefore, the very first preliminary condition which is necessary for the attack on so difficult a part of the human way, the condition that the leadership succeeds in presenting to the masses of the people just the part of the goal which has to be reached, or, rather, which has to be fought for, as the one that is now solely and alone worthy of human attention, and upon the conquest of which everything depends. The great masses of the people, anyhow, can never see the whole way before them without getting tired and without despairing of the task. They will keep the goal before their eyes only to a certain extent, but they will be able to visualize the way only in small sections, similar to the wanderer who also knows and is aware of the end of his journey, but who overcomes the endless road better if he cuts it up into sections and now marches ahead toward each single one, as though this were the desired goal. Only thus he advances without despairing.

Pocket Guide

MAKING PAGE ONE

MAYBE you'd like to know what lies behind some of the "human interest" stories that you read in the papers. In Miami the Walgreen drug chain opened a million dollar store—the "Cathedral of the Toothbrush." One of their advertising stunts was to run an item in the Help Wanted column of Miami papers: "A wife for Santa Claus. Must be plump, cheerful, etc." Santa Claus is lonely and "misses a Missus." Twenty-five middle-aged women applied, one of whom was hired and dressed up in a days-of-yore Santa Claus outfit except that she wore a red skirt. The store planned a wedding ceremony but didn't get around to it. As the result of this foolish story Walgreen's got into the papers all over the United States, and into a broadcast in New York.

Another chain drugstore put over this one. A shipment of cod-liver oil came from Norway to Chicago. The drug firm rushed a box supposedly containing 500 bottles from the boat to an airplane. It got a laundryman to put some Chinese lettering on the box and photographed it with a pretty air-line hostess. The plane flew to San Francisco; there the precious oil was transferred to the China Clipper and flown across the Pacific to China—as a donation to refugee Chinese children, so the news stories ran. As a matter of fact the box that was rushed, with every advantage of invention and speed, from Chicago to Shanghai was empty. But the story made the daily papers, big and little, and many of the weeklies. And everybody connected with the affair forgot to mention that one of the great cod fisheries of the world is off the coast of Asia.

The story about the veteran employee is always good. You take a man about seventy years old and create a fiftieth anniversary for him—a fiftieth anniversary as a pharmacist, say. It makes page one. That works so well that you get hold of a soda clerk who is supposed to have done the same thing. It is good stuff because he can tell how much cleaner and better soda fountains are now than they used to be.

Of course the air lines don't have to half try to get big news stories. It is now illegal for them to give free passes to newspapermen, but publicity men tell me it is still being done. I marvel at the newspaper space given to silly publicity stunts.

They drop a golf ball from a plane to see how high it will bounce; or they drop an unbreakable fountain pen to see if it will break; or they hold a class 3,000 feet up with a few children and a teacher.

The hostesses provide inexhaustible material. They get married and it is "Motherhood Versus a Career," or "She's Been in the Air and Now She's Got Her Feet on the Ground." One hostess was given a fashionable coming-out party by a group of "uncles" (among them, Franchot Tone, who ought to know better) as a scheme for American Air Lines. Of course, it was also publicity for the "uncles."

For an airplane show planes are delivered in parts and put together inside the building. But for a Chicago show a big Lockheed plane landed in the parking lot in front. It could have ruined the plane; it could have wrecked the surrounding buildings. But what of that? It made the papers.

One of the reasons that Florida gets so much free newspaper space is that many of the publicity men are connected with the press or are themselves newspapermen. Saint Petersburg, which is a quiet place and has always been a refuge for quiet people, wants to get into the big show and the big money. So for several years it hasn't allowed any pictures to go out showing middle-aged or elderly people. All the photographs have to show vim and youth, masculinity and the bathing-suit girl. You get the idea that Florida is just one big bathing-beauty contest. But most of the contests never come off; they appear only in the press releases.

One fantastic and foolish trick that got miles of space was worked during National Milk Week by the railroads and the milk companies. A bet was made at a public dinner that cubes of milk, instead of coal, would run a train from Chicago to somewhere or other. And so a train was run at vast expense, and made both the station and the papers.

Most of these tricks are merely amusing. They don't sell many goods; they don't really do much harm, except to the newspapers. They probably don't make you buy any drugs you didn't mean to buy before or get you down to Florida unless you were looking for a warm place anyway. But some other publicity campaigns are not quite so amusing.

If you have a little time you should look over the story of what the National Association of Manufacturers has done, as shown at the La Follette committee hearings. Consider its "Harmony" campaign—"Prosperity dwells where harmony reigns." This was a series of twelve ads published in labor towns before and during a strike. They did not mention the N. A. M. but were signed by the Monday Night Musical Club, or the American Legion, or the Rotary Club. They were full of threats like, "Imagine our town without industries," and the chorus was always, "The American way is the best way," without any definition of what was meant by the "American way." These campaigns have broken some strikes, but they have failed as often as they have succeeded. The only comfort I can get out of the whole business is that most of the millions of dollars spent have been wasted.

HELEN WOODWARD

[In the Pocket Guide of February 18 the *Consumers Guide* was inadvertently listed as a publication of the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Agriculture. The *Guide* is published by the Consumers' Council Division of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration.—H. W.]

In the Wind

ALARMED BY the impact of the anti-Japanese boycott, leading Japanese business men in the United States held a private conclave recently to discuss counter-measures. The participants agreed dolefully that the boycott has done grave damage to Japanese business, lamented that even Japanese-Americans don't buy enough Japanese-made goods, and blamed the boycott on "4,500,000 American Jews."

TO ACCOMPANY an article on the naval maneuvers *Time* recently published a map showing the line-up in the Caribbean. Not until the issue was off the press was it noticed that the map-maker had labeled the San Juan base "Don Juan."

DURING AMBASSADOR KENNEDY'S last visit to Washington, capital columnists reported that he had expressed deep anxiety to Administration leaders over the possibility of a Franco victory in Spain. He was said to interpret such a victory as a menace to democracy. Now Catholic newspapers insist they have learned "on high authority" that he never made such statements and never "expressed an opinion on this matter."

FRENCH PAPERS are telling the story of an Italian sculptor who carved a Venus and buried it in a field. A French peasant dug it up and submitted it to the National Beaux Arts Committee, which announced that it was a rare antiquity. The peasant is now exhibiting it for a fee; the sculptor is striving to recover it but can't because it has been certified as an "ancient relic"; and the embarrassed committee is stubbornly refusing to admit its error.

CONFUSION IS still widespread in Britain's Air Raid Precaution program, with bulletins from the Home Office and the Ministry of Health frequently at variance. The Health officials recently informed one northern town that it would be a major refuge for evacuated children. The same town has now received word from the Home Office that it is a point of special danger and should hasten its air-raid preparations.

ON JANUARY 28 observant readers of the New York *Herald Tribune* encountered two dispatches signed by the paper's correspondent Joseph Barnes. One carried a Moscow date line; the other was from Berlin, with the same date.

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE of the break-up of the Hearst empire can be found in small advertisements carried by newspapers on the West Coast. One runs: "Rare birds at everyday prices, guineas, pheasants, jungle fowl, and wild turkeys. Choice matings now available. Hearst Ranch Game Unit, San Simeon, California." From the ranch itself comes word that virtually every loose item is for sale, regardless of original cost.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item submitted in February goes to David Epps of Portland, Oregon, for the item about the Oregon labor law printed two weeks ago.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ON MARCH 2, 1829, there was born in Liblar, near Cologne, Carl Schurz. This March 2 is therefore the 110th anniversary of the birth of one of the greatest Americans. He is usually called a German-American, but I am never able to think of him as anything but an American of purest ray serene. As a boy and as a young man I knew him well, and I had his confidence and his affectionate friendship until he died; when, after my father's death, he called me his "adopted son," I was happy and proud. For this was a very great man, one of those rare men who cannot be spoiled by high office. He could not be weaned from his ideals even though those ideals in the last years of his life drove him into working with smaller and smaller minorities. He rose to hold higher offices than any other foreign-born citizen of the United States, and since he was a revolutionist against his king in Germany in 1848, barely escaping with his life, he combined in himself the finest German idealism with our own American spirit.

When I think of him, strangely enough I thank God that he is dead, for I know that the present situation of the world, and particularly that of Germany, would pain him so dreadfully that he would wish that he were dead. He would be ashamed of having any German blood in his veins, and that magnificent voice and superb intellect would be devoting themselves to denouncing not only what is happening in Germany but also the Fritz Kuhns and the miserable, recreant German-Americans who crowded into Madison Square Garden the other night. With all the earnestness and eloquence and power of which he was capable—a power that swung at least one Presidential election in this country—he would be insisting that there can be no such thing as a divided allegiance; that whatever sentimental sympathy he might feel for the country in which he was born, there could be not one iota of sympathy within him for the brutalizing, degrading, murderous dictatorship of a Hitler. All that overwhelming sarcasm of which he was a master would be applying itself to the contention of the Kuhns that one can be a loyal American and favor a "Gentile America"; that one can be a loyal American here, believing in republican institutions, and also believe in Hitlerism for Germany. That hypocrisy, that incredible stupidity and self-deceit where it is sincere, he would tear into shreds—he who fought at Gettysburg, lying for hours in the cemetery under the shells of Robert E. Lee's army, proud and happy to give his life if need be for his belief that there is no better way in the world for the world than democracy—of whites and blacks and Jews and Gentiles alike.

Soon after he reached this country he wrote a letter to an old friend at home in which, after reciting some of the inconsistencies and weaknesses of democracy, he said:

> The democrat just arrived from Europe, who has so far lived in a world of ideas and has had no opportunity to see these ideas put into actual, sound practice, will ask himself, hesitatingly, Is this, indeed, a free people? Is this a real democracy? . . . Yes, this is humanity when it is free. . . . All strength, all weakness, all that is good, all that is bad, is here in full view and in free activity. The struggle of principles goes on unimpeded; outward freedom shows us which enemies have to be overcome before we can gain inner freedom. He who wishes liberty must not be surprised if men do not appear better than they are. Freedom is the only state in which it is possible for men to learn to know themselves, in which they show themselves. . . . Here they allow the Jesuits to manage their own affairs; they are not killed, they are not driven out, because democracy admits the liberty of every creed as long as it does not impair the civic liberty of others. They are not opposed with the weapon of official power but simply with that of public opinion.

And then he wrote these words, so applicable today:

> Every glance into the political life of America strengthens my conviction that the aim of a revolution can be nothing else than to make room for the will of the people—in other words, to break every authority which has its organization in the life of the state, and, as far as is possible, to overturn the barriers to individual liberty.

Can anyone doubt how he would stand in regard to the Germany of Hitler, which has as its aim, not the breaking of every authority which is rooted in the life of the state, but the intrenching of the authority of the state so as to subordinate absolutely to it the life, the mind, the soul of the individual? If Hitler were as pure as snow; if his methods instead of being wicked were of the finest and noblest, Carl Schurz would be speaking out against him. He does speak out against him. Everything in his life and every one of his teachings, all his magnificent devotion to the republic that he served as diplomat, as general, as Senator, and as a member of the Cabinet, speaks out today against Hitler. If any German-Americans do not hear that voice and do not subscribe to its teachings, then I can only say again that they are recreant Americans who have perjured themselves in swearing fealty to this our country.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Brown Danube

WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

SURVEY AFTER MUNICH. By Graham Hutton. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

IN THE valley of the Danube Slavs and Germans have met and fought for centuries. For a time the Turks pushed back both, but as the Ottoman power receded, the struggle broke out anew. Rivalry over the domination of Danubia precipitated the Great War. But the resultant breakdown, not merely of the Hapsburg empire but of its economic system, left the region a mosaic of poverty-stricken small states, divided by tariff barriers and weakened internally by minorities—an easy and obvious prey for resurgent German imperialism.

Barely a year ago *Anschluss* muddied the waters of the blue Danube, and the brown flood started rolling toward the Black Sea. Mr. Armstrong describes how it burst the Czechoslovakian dikes: Mr. Hutton surveys the land it now menaces. Their two books complement each other admirably.

At Munich the Western powers gave the destiny of Danubia and with it the destiny of Europe into the hands of Germany. In so doing Mr. Chamberlain claimed that he had secured "peace in our time." But, as both these books argue powerfully, there was nothing peaceful about the Peace of Munich. It was rather a military victory important to the men who achieved it, not because it concluded a war, but because it prepared the ground for the next campaign. The fascist dictators—and this is the essential point which Chamberlain has never grasped—are not waiting for the fighting to start before they begin to wage war. In their own minds they declared war on the West long ago, accepting the full implications of Clausewitz's dictum: "War is a continuation of policy."

Mr. Armstrong's brilliantly told story opens with Hitler's announcement in February, 1938, that he claimed the guardianship of ten million Germans beyond the frontiers. The same day Mr. Eden resigned and Neville Chamberlain took personal charge of British foreign policy. Determined that whatever happened Britain should not fight for "a far-away country of which we know nothing," his tactics played completely into Hitler's hands. At home he organized pacifist sentiment; abroad he put pressure on France to ignore its treaty commitments, knowing that if France became involved Britain could not keep out.

Mr. Armstrong makes no claims to write an inside history. The facts he offers have nearly all appeared in the press, but he has arranged them in lucid chronological order and has brought out the full significance of incidents which at the time were often overlooked. He prints one hitherto unpublished document—the reply of the Czech government to the first Anglo-French demand for surrender of the Sudetenland. This dignified protest was omitted from the British White Paper on the crisis. No wonder! It would surely have caused that compilation to turn pink from shame. For it exposed with deadly accuracy realities to which Chamberlain and Daladier turned a blind eye. It demonstrated incontrovertibly the fact, to quote its final words, that "it is not only the fate of Czechoslovakia which is at stake but that of other countries and notably of France."

Mr. Hutton, one of the brilliant writers who have made the London *Economist* so outstanding a journal, bears impressive testimony to the truth of that statement. Reviewing the post-Munich map of Europe he shows how the balance of power has been tilted toward Berlin and how the Nazi strategic position has been improved. The nightmare which always troubled aggressive German militarism was the fear of war on its eastern and western fronts simultaneously. That fear has been removed by the destruction of Czechoslovakia. Now the Danube valley can no longer form a line of attack or a center of resistance against Germany; instead it becomes a promising source of supply. In an interesting discussion of communications in Southeastern Europe Mr. Hutton shows how all the main traffic arteries are now under German control and outlines the plans being laid for the addition to existing facilities of canals and a trunk-road network.

The necessity for such developments before Germany can exploit to the full the resources of Danubia has, however, produced new dilemmas. How is a country suffering from a chronic shortage of capital to supply the means for organizing this great region? Can the work be accomplished before high policy demands a blow against the West? For to strike such a blow might prove fatal if it led to a prolonged war. By the magnitude of their armament efforts Germany and Italy have won great victories without open war but at heavy cost. The task has left their economies debilitated and in no shape to undertake a war of attrition. If they failed to win in a few weeks by means of aerial terrorization, time would work on the side of Britain and France.

Hence, as Mr. Hutton so convincingly argues, the vital importance of Danubia. For there potentially are the foodstuffs, the minerals, the oil which, if production were fully organized, would enable the axis powers to defy blockade. The opportunity is tremendous, but so are the obstacles to its achievement. In an invaluable chapter Mr. Hutton describes the way in which Germany has reduced unemployment to the vanishing-point while avoiding internal inflation. It has done it by diverting a larger and larger proportion of total production to capital goods—mainly armaments or the means of making them—while holding down all forms of consumer income. But now capacity has been reached at a time when the consolidation of the Munich victory demands a still larger output of capital goods. If the consumer cannot be squeezed further, the railroad material and the machinery needed for the development of Danubia must be provided by cutting down armaments. Thus Hitler in rescuing Germany from a military dilemma has impaled it on the horns of an economic one. The great question for Europe and the world in 1939 is: By what method will he seek escape this time?

Mr. Hutton does not attempt to give any final answer to this question. What he does do is to provide the student of foreign affairs with a wealth of facts bearing on it which will serve to illuminate press dispatches for many months ahead. If there is any criticism to be made of his book it is that the facts are rammed in too tightly and have not been organized as carefully as might be desired. But this is an excusable fault in a work which had to be written in haste and is sufficiently up to date to take in events of last December.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Oriental Counterpoint

THE PATRIOT. By Pearl S. Buck. John Day Company. $2.50.

IT WOULD be unfortunate if Pearl Buck's new novel, coming in the wake of the Nobel Prize award to her, were no more successful than the novels of the American scene which she has written in the last several years. In "The Patriot" she has returned to the Orient to present a fictional biography which not only is compelling by its timeliness but is probably the best of her books since "The Good Earth." It is none the less not comparable; though her craft is surer now, "The Patriot" lacks the wide cultural dimensions of the earlier book. What she has managed admirably here is to give the bifocal vision of both China and Japan during the current conflict without debasing her narrative interest with propaganda. There is no rancor in the book, and its only political implication seems to be that the two nations, though of different clay, must eventually, intelligently, blend.

This is the story of I-wan and Tama, of China and Japan. I-wan, the son of a banker and Chiang Kai-shek's friend, worked as a youth toward the Communist revolution, hating his own comfort, the rich rugs a poor man would love to sleep beneath, the service of pretty slaves, the smell of opium, and old men. But Chiang Kai-shek occupied Shanghai, and when I-wan's revolutionary activities were discovered, his father saved him only by shipping him to Japan. He met Tama there, in the house of Muraki, the Japanese importer, who soon would be trading in the loot of Shanghai. It was an ordered house, like all Japan, and I-wan came to know in a few years that this exquisite spare order, in gardens as well as troops, was the result of ruthless discipline; even the earth of Japan was shaped despotically. And he soon learned too that the Tama he married would gladly have sacrificed her love to marry General Seki if she had felt her country needed Japanese sons to raise for war.

But news of the conflict in China seeped slowly through the censored press, and only when Bunji, once I-wan's friend, returned a brute from a world of slaughter and rape, and when the treasures of China were flung into his agency's hands, could he realize his country's need of him and his need to return. Yet it was the Japanese who taught him this patriotism, this larger love for his own land; it was Tama who confirmed it; and it was the destruction of their home by earthquake and flood, as Japan had been so often destroyed, which persuaded him that China's enemy had been formidably trained to vaster foes than man. So I-wan went home, lamenting his sons, while Tama in Japan taught them not to hate their father, the patriot. He joined his old Communist

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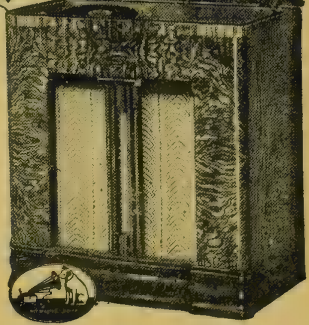

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friends, who at last had swallowed their ideals to follow Chiang Kai-shek, for he saw that it was the whole people, and neither familial love nor the fight of factions, that counted now.

Part of the excellence of the book is in the author's detachment from both her inherited China and the Japan she fled to during the revolution, while she weighs without bias the vacillation of one, and the other's lust, weighs equably too the universal qualities of those germane lands which must make them understandable to us. This is fiction, a man's-eye view, not a militarist's, the wise perspective of I-wan, who grew from the theoretical to the actual world and remained China's patriot. His capitalist father, manipulating peace, his Communist hero who loved the fight but not the people, his wife who conscientiously must deny the art her old geisha had taught her of love—these are drawn as small biographies in a work which is as essentially biographical, though it may be framed in fiction, as all Pearl Buck's books. She is not quite a novelist; her creatures are housed haphazardly, and though each of them may grow honestly, draped in her beautiful, nearly monosyllabic style, they have not yet built together a novel's structure. This is none the less a notable fiction of the wretched earths in the East today.

HASSOLDT DAVIS

Revolutionary Realism

APOSTLES OF REVOLUTION. By Max Nomad. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

THE frustration of socialism's first attempts to achieve power by means of education and the democratic ballot box in Italy, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Czechoslovakia, the disintegration of "communism" in Russia; the whole development of the world since 1914, which confronts the great and beautiful dreams of the nineteenth century with an ugly reality—these sobering experiences more and more impel the slowly rallying forces of the political and cultural left to analyze the reasons for the defeat of their own and their spiritual ancestors' ideas. In the making is a new radical literature which tries to answer the questions: What happened? Why did it happen? What will follow? Professional eyewitnesses present their journalistic memoirs. Defeated politicians lament. University research workers offer their scholarly findings. Novelists begin to speak who prefer the difficult and painful vision of the entire present to the comfortable partial problems of a psychological past.

The author of "Apostles of Revolution" cannot easily be classified. He falls partly into each of these categories and yet into none of them. He is a lifelong revolutionary who has seen the prisons of more than one country from the inside. He is a warm-hearted activist with a profoundly skeptical mind, a dreamer of realities and a painstaking student of facts, quotations, and anecdotes, a champion of the under-dog but not a demagogue. One feels in his formulations, many of which seem to be either grandiose or petty, that he is honestly conscious—and far from hiding it—of being himself subject to all the contradictory impulses of the human mind. Such an author must be read carefully, and the more critically the more the reader favors independence.

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The volume consists of brief biographies of seven exceptional characters, each of whom represents a school of thought or temperament in the world of progressive action and counteraction: August Blanqui, the martyr; Karl Marx, the teacher; Michael Bakunin, the heretic; Sergey Nachayev, the fanatic; Johann Most, the preacher; Nestor Makhno, the warrior; Joseph Stalin, the hierarch. The labels are those of the author. In four hundred pages he presents a complex aggregation of material, part of which is salvaged from obscurity, part made available for the first time in English. The sketch of Bakunin is particularly excellent, revealing in sixty pages more than Professor Carr was able to do in six hundred. That the minor figures of Nachayev, Most, and Makhno are treated on the same level as the three "giants" seems to indicate at first a distorted perspective. Then one realizes how the negative characteristics of all of them add up to the reverse side of revolutionary illusion in all its forms. Their positive virtues are assumed to be known and are not stressed. But there can be no doubt that the author enriches our knowledge; and his sharp and witty style drives his points home.

In the introduction, which I read last, the author states that his chief object was "to explain the ever-recurring tragic failures of all revolutionary mass movements, which invariably fall short of achieving their originally professed aims." The use of the words "ever-recurring" veils the fact that he is dealing with limited and relatively short experiences in a world which seems, in contrast to its potentialities, still very primitive. Even if one does not share the vision of the French anarchist poet Laurent Tailhade of the *"Heureux temps d'anarchie ou la plèbe baiserait la trace des pas des poètes,"* one may without illusion visualize a time not too remote in which the simple necessities of life will be granted to everyone. After all, revolutionary mass movements have achieved results. It is only a hundred short years since serfdom and the inhuman exploitation of the early capitalistic period. This, no doubt, the author also knows, even if he does not write much about it. He assures us, however, that his work is not a "'farewell to revolution' or an admission of the futility of human struggles, even though it is a renunciation of the utopian dream of the final triumph of justice and equality." In other words, he is convinced that an ideal can be approached but never realized 100 per cent. With contemporary propaganda slogans promising a 1,000 per cent fulfilment, the temptation to restate the old truism is understandable and even useful. Happily enough, "Apostles of Revolution" conveys much more: that however difficult and from time to time discouraging the fight of the common people may be, this fight is in itself a noble reality and will never cease. That the champions of the just cause, their books and their actions, show as often as not weaknesses of every kind will not disturb the true fighter. Max Nomad proves by his own life that he at least is little frightened by the ghosts of skepticism that haunt him—and sometimes fool him in his capacity as author.

"Apostles of Revolution" is a distinct contribution to the literature of revolutionary self-criticism. It expresses the growing desire to see the "naked truth." I hope every reader of this book, and I wish it may have many, will be able to penetrate its discouraging surface; he will then experience the kind of "pessimism" on which "optimism" grows.

FRANZ HOELLERING

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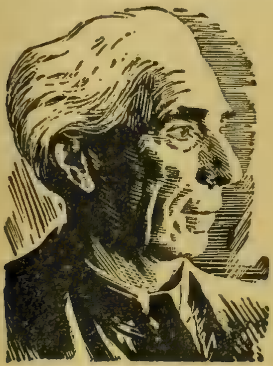

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Toward a Better America

ROPE OF GOLD. By Josephine Herbst. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

SEASONED TIMBER. By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

A SERIOUS novelist these days finds it difficult not to be concerned in some way with the contemporary scene. We live in a world which seems to be changing every day, not for the better. And as it is, it is bad enough. Both Miss Herbst and Miss Canfield write seriously about our times. Their novels, which superficially are very different, complement each other. Man, says Miss Canfield, cannot live by bread alone. But if he doesn't eat, Miss Herbst says grimly, he will die! Both writers, moreover, indicate that within man himself lies the remedy for his difficulties: he must have fortitude, use vigilance, act strongly to protect himself from the enemies which are trying to destroy democracy. Miss Herbst's enemies are mainly greed and exploitation; Miss Canfield's are the denial of intellect and the suppression of the free mind.

Taking a large canvas which includes the East as well as the West, farms as well as the industrial cities, Miss Herbst writes about the underprivileged. There are farmers who live in daily terror of the all-enveloping maw of the bank. The black days on their calendars are interest days; they work while daylight lasts not only to preserve their crops and their families from the ravages of the weather—drought, hail, dust—and all the insect pests that farmers have always fought but from a burden of debt that threatens to bury their future. Nor does the industrial worker who has left the farm to go to the city fare any better. There are not enough jobs to go around; workers are subjected to the speed-up and numbed by the monotony of the moving belt; and they must fight for the right of legitimate protest in the form of union organization. (It should be explained that these are automobile workers and the time is from 1935 to 1937.) Miss Herbst is passionately involved in the problems of her characters. She makes their bitter need seem very real; and with a fine sense of dramatic climax she builds up to the release and promise of a farmers' union and the sitdown strike as weapons to carve out better days. Her protagonist is a young man from a well-to-do family who has devoted himself to the interests of workers and farmers; the villain of the piece is his brother, a smart young business man quick to adopt the weapons of the scab and the informer to keep the workers quiet. Both are sensitively drawn, neither one wholly bad or wholly good, not particularly happy or satisfied, both anxious to protect the rights which seem to each essential, although the rights of one are directly opposed to the rights of the other. A love affair with a girl who was brought up with the working class enriches and complicates the life of the hero. But the main job is not love or family happiness or earning enough money to be comfortable; it is work, day and night, for the cause, for those persons who are denied, and must have, economic security.

Miss Canfield limits herself geographically to Vermont, with a brief look-in at New York City. Her characters are the hard-bitten, reticent Vermonters who people New Eng-

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land novels as well as the Vermont hills. The sense of country living here is very strong and sweet: water rushing over rocks, red and gold in a New England autumn, the blue shadows cast by the firs over the crusty snow. But there is poverty here, too, and poor farms. Even the towns are poor. Miss Canfield's particular town is dominated by the academy to which the local boys and girls as well as a few outsiders go for a practical as well as a theoretical education. The academy in turn is dominated by its principal, a man of culture, who in the best sense deserves the name civilized. In the first half of her book, Miss Canfield plagues the principal by having him fall in love, at forty-five, with a young school teacher. Then she gets down to business, and having thoroughly established her background of democracy governed by reason and the libertarian tradition, she throws the bone of anti-Semitism into her little town. The ensuing dog-fight provides real drama. The academy's only rich trustee leaves a million dollars to the school on condition, first, that it be made into a preparatory school for rich men's sons and, second, that no Jew be permitted to become a student. A million dollars is a lot of money; the school has never had many Jewish students. The town doesn't know much about Jews. But it does know about its own principles; and it dislikes being bossed by outsiders. The bequest is refused, but not without a struggle; freedom of thought has as many enemies these days as has the farmers' union.

It should be clear that both these books are intensely American. One looks back at the American past and fights its battle for the tradition of tolerance; one looks forward to the American future and a better day for exploited and desperate people. In a sense one represents the liberal, the other the radical point of view, but the aim of both is the same. For Americans, however they may be situated, both books have a great deal to say.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Prelude to Versailles

THE FORGOTTEN PEACE. BREST-LITOVSK, MARCH, 1918. By John W. Wheeler-Bennett. William Morrow and Company. $5.

IN THESE days which are marked by an effort to "revise" the Treaty of Versailles and to reestablish the peace treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest, Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's book should be prescribed reading. The author is an Englishman who has devoted many years of study to the consequences of the peace treaties, and who has discussed in a large number of books the different phases of the reparations and disarmament problems. Whereas these books remained known only to the specialist, his book on Hindenburg introduced him to a wider circle of readers. The present book, undoubtedly his best, will be of equal interest to the specialist and to the general reader.

It is a dramatic story. Its background is the Russian Revolution in its prime, Lenin and Trotsky having just come to power; opposed to the new government is the victorious German army preparing, after the collapse of Russia, for the great offensive in the West in the spring of 1918. The Russian revolutionaries and the generals and diplomats of the Hohenzollern regime confront each other. The problems of "national self-determination," abused for the purposes of

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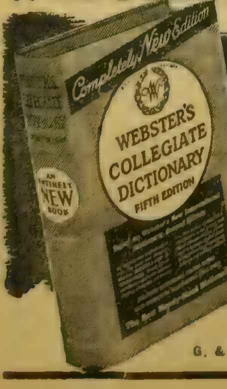

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naked power politics, the specter of the proletarian revolution, the aims of economic imperialism, and the struggle for strategic positions to insure further victory were then interwoven in a complex picture, as they are today. It is history, but it is a history not only of a period twenty years in the past but also of our own days.

The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk revealed to the world the degree to which the army high command and the annexationist party ruled Germany and how impossible it was to arrive at a peace of understanding with them. The motives which animated General Hoffmann, probably with Ludendorff the most gifted German general of the World War period, were the destruction of Bolshevism and the limitless expansion of German influence eastward; the same motives animate many Germans today—not only the Nazis but also the German nationalists on whose behalf German colonization of Russia was proposed by Dr. Schacht in Rome in November, 1932, and by Hugenberg in London in June, 1933.

On March 18, 1918, the German Reichstag discussed the terms of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. "The parties of the right and center were openly jubilant at having achieved peace in the East on their own terms, and expressed enthusiastic hopes that the great offensive in the West, which was about to be launched, would shortly result in a similar peace." Against some attempt by the left to secure the possibility of future friendly relations with Russia, Gustav Stresemann, who acted as the usual mouthpiece of the supreme army command, exclaimed: "Here the right of self-determination does not apply. I do not believe in Wilson's universal League of Nations; I believe that after the conclusion of peace it will burst like a soap bubble." As the debate proceeded, news came that the allied armies were retreating before the hammer blows of Ludendorff. "With the news of victory in their ears, the deputies ratified the treaty on March 22. Only the Independent Socialists opposed. The Social Democrats abstained from voting and thereby forfeited their right of protest when later they themselves were forced to submit to a dictated peace."

But the story did not end there. The Peace of Brest-Litovsk did not stop Germany in the East. It was unable to gather the desired fruit of victory. Although the outstanding organizer of the German army, General Gröner, was sent to the Ukraine, he could not collect the grain, for the peasants refused to cooperate. The "independence movement" of the Ukraine collapsed quickly; the peasants turned to Moscow. But the Germans were insatiable. Expeditionary forces penetrated into Baku; others occupied the Crimean ports, and the German colonists in the Crimea were urged to appeal to the Kaiser for annexation. General Gröner outlined plans for the ultimate partitioning of Russia into several independent states, thereby eliminating forever a great Russia capable of stopping the German march eastward. But these schemes of expansion were not to endure. Ludendorff, beaten on the Western front by the Allied armies, was obliged to sue for peace.

The reply which came from President Wilson on September 27 declared, "We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the governments of the Central Powers, because we have seen them deal with other governments at Brest-Litovsk and at Bucharest. They have convinced us that they do not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no principles but force and their own interests." Germany by its treatment of Russia had shown the consequences of defeat at its hands. This gave to the Allies, finally, that degree of cooperation which was necessary for victory. Germany's defeat in the West undid the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk but its spirit survived. Will there be a new Brest-Litovsk in our days, and will defeat or victory in the East be again closely linked with events in the West? Mr. Wheeler-Bennett cannot answer these questions, but his book will make the reader understand the psychological factors upon which the future depends.

HANS KOHN

Awaiting the Fire

HERE COMES A CANDLE. By Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS is the story, told as it were in flashlight photographs, of a number of unrelated people living in poverty and discomfort in an old courtyard building in London's Soho. There is Captain Randall, a dislocated ex-officer whose latest venture is the Screech Owl night club; there are the Pizettis, who keep the cafe bar and are scraping together enough money to enable them to go back to Italy; there is the Barley family, the man a craftsman carpenter steadily losing in competition with the big firms; there are two prostitutes, successful and unsuccessful; there is an old woman anarchist, and another old woman who wants to go back to the country; there is a young girl in love with a flying instructor; and a mysterious doctor. What unites them is that they are all in some way waiting for something, chiefly a chance of escape. No longer post-war, they might be described as ante bellum, trying to grab something and run before a smash comes.

The immediate threat, implicit through the book, is that the house will go up in fire. It might be the careless Barley children, who do indeed start a bonfire; it might be old Pop, who searches the refuse bins by the light of his candle; it is certain that Randall, carefully insured and at the end of his tether, will give in to the suggestion of the two professional fire makers, Ben and Franklyn. But the urgency and vitality of the book come from its success in presenting and fusing a group of average-enough representatives of London's flotsam, individuals outside and unrepresentative of the straight and narrow path of most English women novelists. Sometimes, it is true, the flashlight method fails to pick out what is significant in the characters. This is the case with the two old women, the drunken but efficient doctor, and a waiter at the night club. On the other hand, the picture of the younger drab whining her way into the Lock hospital, until her own stupidity brings about a more sudden death, is an excellent etching in the ruthless manner; and good, too, is Pop, who alone is satisfied with his lot and whose discovery of a two-shilling piece ends the book: "You waited for me, he said, holding it affectionately inside his pocket. Now he felt that the country would at least last his time. And after that, what would it matter?" Pop provides if not a moral at least a contrast which might have been expanded.

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Shorter Notices

THE HANNES SCHNEIDER SKI TECHNIQUE. By Benno Rybizka. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Hannes Schneider, inventor and master of the Arlberg ski technique, quotes in his foreword to this excellent ski primer an old Austrian saying:

> "Gray is all theory
> But grayest the one about ski."

I wish to contradict such skepticism after putting the book of his former assistant—now an exile in this country—to a twofold test. I studied the book with a beginner and also with one of these numerous "good" skiers who persist in the same faults because they have no theoretical knowledge of the sport they think they are practicing. We read lesson after lesson—dry-skiing indoors—and went outside only after we knew exactly what we wanted to do. In practice—this was most important—we never rushed ahead before mastering the simpler exercises. After a week the beginner was able to start with stem-turns; the advanced skier had lost his bad form and went down the slopes in almost perfect Christianias. That such results could be achieved in so short a time is the best proof of the clearness and efficiency of Mr. Rybizka's method of teaching. He has a very simple, plastic, and colorful way of explaining things; there is nothing grayish in his theories. Beautiful photographs—movie sequences of all the turns—allow one to see the different phases of every movement with the eye of the slow-motion camera. The volume is to be recommended to skiers of all grades. Even the master of skiing will read with profit the short discussion about the necessity of stemming. F. H.

THROUGH THE FOG OF WAR. By Liddell Hart. Random House. $2.50.

At first glance this book may seem a rather casual collection of biographical sketches, historical essays, and reviews of military memoirs. More detailed study, which it well repays, shows a real unity in apparent diversity. Attemping to pierce the fog of untruths with which false patriotism and self-interest have sought to hide unpleasant facts, the author turns a brilliant searchlight on some outstanding personalities and events of the Great War. Masses of new material which have become available in recent years have caused him to revise judgments made in earlier books. He has now come to agree broadly with Lloyd George's view of Haig here exhibited as intolerant, conceited, deceitful, and obstinate—a general who rather than acknowledge error recklessly sacrificed half a million men. Nor are other inflated reputations spared. Liddell Hart's uncompromising search for truth is likely to make him unpopular in military circles. The distinguished German general who a few years ago made a public plea for "camouflage," meaning the discreet veiling of past blunders of the high command, is all too typical. We cannot learn from experience if we allow the history which embodies it to be varnished. It is fortunate that the foremost military historian of our time insists on getting down to the original paint. His books ought to be required reading for intelligent civilians and soldiers alike.

LIFE MAKES ADVANCES. By Madeleine Boyd. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

This is an imposture as a novel, and a book singularly embarrassing to review, for any criticism of it must be an affront to the life of the author who has unmistakably written an autobiography in this form. Using the alias of Nicole Desrieux she introduces H. L. Mencken, James Stevens, Padraic Colum, "A. E.," all mistily drawn, and with them that great company of composite characters, even mistier, who were obsessed with the knees of Nicole. It is like the surrealist *collage* which assumes art by the gluing of real objects upon a painted scene. The scene here is panoramic. Nicole traipsed first from France to Ireland in search of Life, and soon met Michael, a critic of promise who married her beneath the more virile nose of the god-like Denys. Michael's appointment as vice-counsul took them to Baltimore, where Nicole continued to repulse her suitors, loathing and desiring them at once. It was only in England at last that she succumbed, to her faithful Denys, then conceded him forever before the needs of Michael's physical frailty and prodigious mind. The writing is deadly. There are a few good details of Nicole's character, but her stature as a heroine is so small that it compels small interest, and even the distinguished names in the book, aside from the question of taste involved, mean no more than a ruse to carry the attention between one and another episode when "all her femininity was for answering his masculinity." That is the tenor of it, and a review in a phrase.

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The Shape of Things

THE SENATE ECONOMY CROWD IS TAKING A new tack. Believing that the Treasury must shortly ask Congress to raise the legal debt limit, Senator Harrison has announced his vociferous opposition. The present law fixes the limit at $45 billion, which, according to the Senator, will be reached by July 1, 1940. This forecast is based on the assumption that the President's budget recommendations will not be substantially curtailed by Congress. But if the appropriations are voted, the Treasury must find the money either from taxes, on which Congress is also the final authority, or from loans. It would therefore seem that the logical action for Mr. Harrison to take would be to persuade his colleagues to reduce appropriations and raise taxes to the point where the budget balanced. But logic is frequently not politics. The Harrison-Garner bloc wants to receive credit for preaching economy without incurring the odium which would follow brutal budget surgery. They hope that by squeezing the President between an irresistible deficit and an immovable debt limit they may force him to undertake the bloody work. Were it not for the devastating effect on the national economy, we could wish Mr. Roosevelt would call this bluff by sending Congress a revised budget reducing expenditure by three or four billions. What a universal howl there would be! How convincingly the Wall Street boys would demonstrate their confidence by frantic dumping of stocks! As a writer for *Barron's*, the financial weekly, says: "It is the conservative axiom, in both business and political worlds, that the No. 1 keystone of confidence would be a balanced budget, but when actual reductions have in the past been contemplated by Roosevelt, as they were late in 1937 and early in 1938, they have been deterred by almost panicky, if usually private, pleas from business itself."

*

THE SUPREME COURT DECISIONS DISCUSSED editorially on another page of this issue should be a sharp warning to the President that he must exercise the greatest care in picking a successor to Justice Brandeis. A post so imperial in its power calls for a man whose liberalism is firm and whose experience is wide. Among the candi-

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dates mentioned, Senator Schwellenbach has a record of liberalism which as far as our own investigation discloses is unmarred. The same can be said of Lloyd Garrison. Chairman Douglas of the SEC, who is favored by several of the President's closest advisers, is generally considered a liberal but certain reservations must be made. The others are too little known to admit of final judgment. Judge Stephens of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals is under suspicion because of his conservative Democratic backing. Judge Hutcheson of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has the Strecker decision to his credit and has in general supported the New Deal, but more ought to be known of his decision against the Wagner Act in the Jones and Laughlin case and his ruling upholding the Texas "white primary" law. Dean Wiley B. Rutledge of the Iowa Law School has the reputation in his section of having been a New Dealer before the New Deal, and he has the support of the liberal St. Louis *Star-Times*.

*

CHAIRMAN DOUGLAS IS AN EXPERT ON corporation law and reorganizations. In an article in the *Yale Law Review* for December, 1933, dealing with the federal Securities Act, he advanced much the same arguments for revision and amendment as those put forward at the time by Wall Street. An article on Protective Committees in Railroad Reorganizations in the *Harvard Law Review* of February, 1934, evinces a faith in the readiness of insurance companies and savings banks to fight the influence of railroad bankers in defense of the investor that has been completely exploded by the testimony brought out in the Wheeler investigation. His unexpected failure, of more recent date, to support President Hutchins of Chicago when he resigned as a public trustee of the Stock Exchange because of the way the present "reform" management handled the Whitney case is also disturbing. We wonder how hardy Mr. Douglas's liberalism would prove to be in the cold isolation of the Supreme Court.

*

MR. MORGENTHAU HAD A COMPLETE ANSWER for those Senatorial critics who cross-examined him on the workings of the Stabilization Fund, and he made out a good case for its continuance. Publication of the accounts showed that rumors of the use of the fund for unauthorized purposes, such as the financing of arms shipments, were entirely baseless. We do not feel that the Secretary of the Treasury was on such safe ground in asking for an extension beyond June 30 of the President's power to revalue the dollar. He argued that this power should be retained for use in case other countries devalued their currencies in order to gain trade advantages. There is indeed a risk that the exchange rate of sterling will fall owing to the strain of armament finance and the drag of Britain's adverse balance of payments. But it is doubtful if a further cut in the dollar would meet this situation. Unfortunately the real problems involved were not brought out by Senator Glass, who as Mr. Morgenthau's chief heckler confined himself to rhetorical flourishes about "the degradation of the dollar." On page 293 Keith Hutchison, in a new fortnightly column dealing with financial and economic questions, shows the grave danger of attracting more gold to this country. So long as we attempt to keep step with foreign currencies which for both political and economic reasons are inevitably weaker than our own, we must accept more gold. To devalue again, that is, to increase the dollar price of gold, would only result in an increase of offerings. Failing a lowering of tariffs for the purpose of reducing our "favorable" balance of trade, we would be well advised to achieve the same result by deliberately allowing other countries an exchange advantage.

*

THE IDES OF MARCH—HITLER'S OPEN SEASON for treaty-breaking—are at hand. The air is thick with rumors of coming axis demands for appeasement in Africa, and there are ominous reports of troop movements. Nevertheless, European correspondents report some lifting of the atmosphere of panic so pervasive a month ago, and from Berlin and Rome come hints of dictators in a hesitant mood. They badly need another Munich, but they don't want war. The problem of just how high to pitch their demands is therefore exceedingly delicate. It is not made simpler by the attitude of Poland and the states of Southeastern Europe. These countries, of course, are not openly hostile to the axis—they cannot afford to be—but they are not so impressed with fascist might and right as to be dependable in an emergency. Yet unless Eastern Europe can be counted on, not merely to remain passive in a military sense, but to give active economic support, it is dangerous for the axis to push the Western powers to a point where they might revolt against appeasement and say: "Shut up or put up." Meanwhile there is new evidence of Germany's economic plight. Government contractors are now being paid in non-interest-bearing I. O. U.'s without definite redemption dates. In order to meet bills and pay rolls, they have to use these as collateral for bank loans, but this must lead to further increases in the note issue. Little wonder that Herr Brinkmann, Dr. Schacht's technical successor at the Reichsbank, has had a nervous breakdown manifesting itself in "extraordinary eccentricities." This diagnosis seems almost equally applicable to the state of Germany's finances.

*

THE OVERTHROW OF PREMIER NEGRIN BY A National Defense Council headed by General Segismundo Casado appears, as we go to press, to foreshadow the end of government resistance to the rebellion of General Franco. Despite Casado's formal statement promising a continuation of resistance if decent terms are not obtain-able, it is evident that the coup was organized by a group which desires peace at almost any price. It was provoked by Negrin's effort to reorganize the army so as to carry on the struggle until an honorable peace could be made. Even in defeat, Negrin and Julio Alvarez del Vayo, his Foreign Minister, will go down in history among the great men of the present age. Their leadership in the past two years under the most adverse circumstances has set an example of efficiency, firmness, and devotion which the leaders of Spain's sister democracies might profitably have heeded. As a military man of the old school, General Casado may conceivably get better terms from Franco than Negrin could have done. But this is doubtful.

* * *

ENGLAND AND FRANCE HAVE FOR REASONS of their own hastened to recognize Franco. Daladier hopes desperately to make friends with the new power on the French border, while Chamberlain is planning certain delicate hi-jacking operations which can only be carried out if he slips his foot in the door before the fascists slam it. The United States is under no such compulsions. Spain is still a nation in arms; foreign invaders are still occupying the country. Thanks to them and to democratic "non-intervention," Franco will doubtless be able to establish his power—if only for the time being. Our government did enough to help France and Britain to help the fascists to help him win. Let us not hasten to crown him before his triumph is complete. In 1873 the United States was the first to recognize the new Spanish Republic; in 1931 it was the last. Mr. Laughlin, then American ambassador, was more concerned with protecting the contract of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company than with the political shift in Spain; Mr. Laughlin, now of the American Union for Nationalist Spain, urged recognition of Franco a few days after the fall of Barcelona. But today we have the Stimson doctrine to which we can tie our policy. We refused to recognize the conquest of Ethiopia and Manchuria; by the same token we can refuse to recognize the conquest of Spain.

* * *

IT IS A SIGN OF THE FEVERISH TIMES THAT the election of a pope is hailed with joy by forces that never before dreamed of the Vatican as anything but the inner sanctum of reaction. G. A. Borgese argues elsewhere in this issue that the Holy See can never reconcile itself with the liberal *Weltanschauung,* let alone rescue it from the totalitarian blight now settling down on half of Europe. We do not forget that as papal secretary of state the new Pope was the guiding spirit of the Vatican's support of General Franco, and we admit the philosophic limitations to any pope's support of democracy as we know it. And yet we cannot go all the way with Mr. Borgese in disparaging the importance of Cardinal Pacelli's elevation. For the new Pope has become a symbol. So marked was his opposition to Nazi racial doctrines and his inclination toward the democratic powers that the German and Italian press felt called upon to warn the Sacred College of Cardinals against his election. Nevertheless, he was chosen in less time than it took the college to pick any pope since 1621. Whatever that may mean in the decades in which Mr. Borgese deals, in 1939 it is a stumbling-block in the way of the totalitarian chariot. It is an order to the Catholics of Germany to resist a fanaticism that reduces the Inquisition to mild bigotry by comparison. That will not help Herr Hitler in his next crisis, and to that extent at least the cheering in strange quarters is justified.

* * *

ALL INDIA WAS PROFOUNDLY STIRRED BY the hunger strike of Mohandas K. Gandhi in protest against the autocratic rule of Thakore Sahed in the state of Rajkot. It ended after ninety-eight hours with a victory for Gandhi when the Viceroy intervened and undertook to guarantee that the ruler of Rajkot would set up the council Gandhi had demanded. The Viceroy also promised to refer to the Chief Justice of India Gandhi's charge of breach of faith and any further disputes regarding proposed reforms. Until within the past few months Gandhi had opposed intervention in the states' affairs on the ground that the population was not sufficiently awakened to assume the responsibility of self-government. He now regards non-intervention as "cowardice when there is all-around awakening among the people of the states." Thakore Sahed, one of the richest and most reactionary of all the independent Indian rulers, recently went back on his pledge to grant a moderate amount of self-rule in Rajkot. Gandhi's fast was, of course, more than a mere protest against misrule in that one state. It was a supreme effort to arouse the Indian people against the autocracy of the Indian princes, backed by the British Raj.

* * *

HAROLD LASKI ARRIVED IN SEATTLE EARLY in January to fill an engagement as visiting lecturer at the University of Washington. Shortly afterward the issue of *The Nation* for January 14 also arrived. It contained an article by Mr. Laski entitled Why I Am a Marxist. At this disclosure the professional patriots of Seattle, aghast but not speechless, sent up their usual protests; the D. A. R. joined the fray, pointing out that Mr. Laski was occupying a chair endowed by a capitalist. It is a pleasure to report that as a result of the publicity Mr. Laski's public lectures have been so crowded that the doors are closed long in advance of the meeting time —the university band plays to brighten the interim of waiting; and bleacher seats on the fire-escapes are regularly occupied. *The Nation* has also profited, the reactionary Seattle *Times* having republished sections of Mr. Laski's article, with a credit line, in order to view them with alarm. Lee Paul Sieg, president of the university, has also done his part; for although he helped to destroy academic freedom at the University of Pittsburgh, he has been defending it ably and successfully in the heady air of Seattle. The business community is torn between resentment at a university which pays $5,000 for anticapitalist lectures and awe for the man who can get it. Mr. Laski, through all the excitement, has kept his seat.

Arms and Isolation

THE Administration's enlarged arms program is encountering but little opposition either from opponents of its foreign policy or from the economy bloc. Only on the question of Guam did these two groups get together, and this is the sole important item in the program which has been discarded. The $500,000,000 Army Supply bill with its provision for a greatly increased air force was passed by the House unanimously and with very little debate. Despite more vocal opposition, arms sentiment in the Senate is equally strong; in fact, the Senate has raised the House's ante by an additional 500 planes. It is clear that whatever we may economize on, it will not be arms. It is equally clear that we intend to face the world with a big stick even though we are at sixes and sevens about how it ought to be used.

In the Senate, debate on the National Defense bill has been prolonged, but only to a small extent has it been directed at the bill itself. Instead there have been discussions about the French airplane contract, the alleged secret diplomacy of the President, the accuracy or inaccuracy of Colonel Lindbergh's reports on German air strength, and, of course, what Washington meant by "foreign entanglements." Despite the expenditure of abundant eloquence it cannot be said there was much clarification of the real issues at stake: Is there a menace to this country sufficient to justify a great expansion in arms? If so, in what quarters is that menace developing, and have we a foreign policy designed to minimize it?

There are some isolationists in the Senate, including Messrs. Nye and Borah, who apparently answer the first question in the negative and therefore have some logic on their side in arguing that we have no interest in what happens in Europe. Nevertheless, their anxiety to prove their point leads them to some extraordinary conclusions. For instance, on February 28 Senator Nye expressed his firm conviction "that Europe is not going to have war this year or next year unless and until one side involved in Europe can have assurance that the United States is going to stand ready to assist them in that war." He went on to explain that the danger was that the democracies, if given hope of American support, would refuse the next demand of the dictators and war would result. This is "munichism" with a vengeance. It amounts to saying that, no matter what the fascist countries demand from Britain and France, we should do nothing which might make them say "no," lest war ensue and this country be dragged into it. We wonder if Mr. Nye would maintain this attitude were Germany to require the cession of Newfoundland or Bermuda. Pressed by Senator Barkley, who suggested that if the field were thus abandoned to fascist bluff it would not be long before "we should be confronted with the same situation," Mr. Nye completely reversed himself. "The democracies," he said, "have ceased their moment of fear . . . and are ready to stand their ground; we have heard the last of the matter unless we are ready now to give encouragement to another rush into war in Europe." We hope Mr. Nye is correct in his second estimation of Anglo-French guts rather than in his first. Recent cables from Europe suggest that there has been some stiffening in London and Paris accompanied by increased hesitation in Berlin and Rome. In all these places the new factor recognized as affecting the situation is the probability of American economic support to the victims of aggression. If there is neither a war nor another Munich this year, the world will be greatly in debt to Mr. Roosevelt.

The Court Reverts

THE Supreme Court seems to be relapsing into its historic role. The decisions interpreting the Wagner Act in the Fansteel, Columbian Enameling, and Sands Manufacturing Company cases force one to conclude that the liberal phase which began under the impact of the President's court plan was merely a strategic retreat. The court has been encouraged by the revival of reaction to serve again as the chief instrument of propertied interests in combating progressive legislation.

The fact that the sitdown strike is involved has served to make one of these decisions, that in the Fansteel case, appear more important than its fellows and also to obscure its real significance. For though we do not share the Pecksniffian horror with which the sitdown strike is regarded, we are ready to admit that if the only effect of this ruling were to bar the sitdown strike we should hardly regard it as calamitous. Congress intended, and until now the courts have agreed, that men on strike are to be regarded as employees, entitled to all the rights and the protection that the Wagner Act gives an employee in his dealings with his employer. "As now construed by the court," Justice Reed objected in dissenting for himself and Justice Black, "the employer may discharge any striker, with or without cause, so long as the discharge is not used to interfere with self-organization or collective bargaining." In the Fansteel case the striking employees were all discharged for taking part in, or helping others to take part in, a sitdown strike. But these

Burlingame, Cal.

men could as easily have been discharged for other reasons, thus ridding the company of its obligation under the act to bargain collectively with them and not to subject them to coercion or discrimination for union activities. "Friction easily engendered by labor strife," Justice Reed continued, "may readily give rise to conduct, from nose-thumbing to sabotage, which will give fair occasion for discharge on grounds other than those prohibited by the Labor Act." With a few agents provocateurs on a picket line, an employer can break a strike and destroy a union by discharging the strikers and hiring other men to take their place, with no danger of interference by the Labor Board.

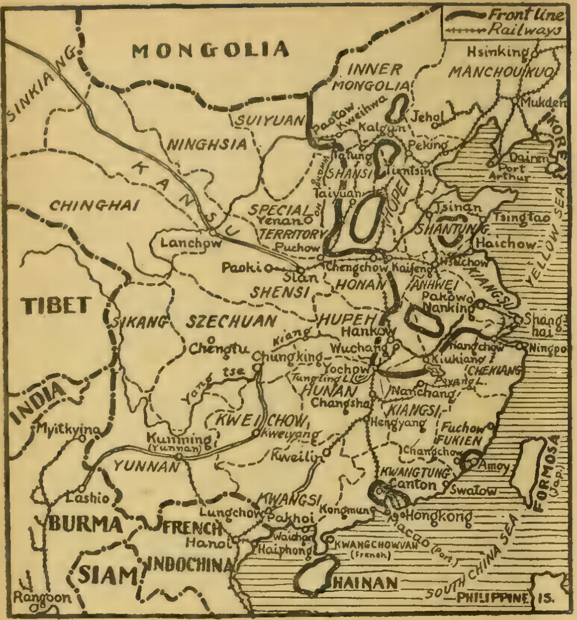
As though that were not enough, other weapons are placed at the employer's disposal by the Sands and the Columbian decisions. If he can find his employees guilty of some breach of contract, even though it be, as in these cases, of the most dubious and technical kind, he can discharge them whether they are on strike or not; they are thus deprived of the protection given them by the Wagner Act. "The act," as Justice Roberts wrote for the majority in the Sands case, "does not prohibit an effective discharge for repudiation by the employee of his agreement, any more than it prohibits such discharge for a tort committed against the employer." The Fansteel decision is cited as authority for the latter part of the statement. What casts the deepest shadow across future decisions is the unwillingness of the majority in both the Sands and the Columbian case to examine realities. If breaches of contract can be so easily established, labor must prepare itself for a terrific onslaught in the courts. In the Sands case there was a lockout rather than a strike over a reasonable difference of opinion in interpreting a contract; the employer rather than the union breached the contract. In the Columbian case the contract did, indeed, provide for arbitration and no strike while a decision was pending. But the employees did not go on strike until after the company had repeatedly refused to arbitrate differences, and accordingly there was no decision pending to bar a strike.

In these decisions the court has made four amendments to the Wagner Act as written by Congress. These "amendments" provide that the courts may review the facts and draw their own inferences from them in Labor Board cases, that strikers forfeit the rights of employees if they are discharged for violence or property damage; that an employer has no obligation under the act if he can show a breach of contract on the part of his employees. These clauses do not appear in the act; provisions embodying them were discussed and rejected by Congress when the law was framed. But the most important "amendment" made by the court is in regard to the right to strike. The act says that nothing in it "shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike." Chief Justice Hughes says, "But this recognition of 'the right to strike' plainly contemplates a lawful strike," and these three decisions plainly imply that it is the courts which will decide when a strike is lawful. Judging from these decisions, the court in deciding this question is weighted heavily against labor. The Fansteel case provides the most striking example of the application of the double standard to capital and labor. A company admittedly guilty of the most serious violations of the Wagner Act nevertheless was held to retain the protection of the law against sitdown strikes. But men who had already been punished in the state courts for violating the rights of their employer in a sitdown strike are held to have lost their rights under the Wagner Act, and their employer goes unpunished for his violations of the law. Thus the Supreme Court once more dispenses "even-handed" justice.

The drive against the Wagner Act in Congress seems superfluous after these decisions, for a new conservative majority of six has changed the meaning of the Wagner Act as drastically as if the present campaign to amend it had already come to a successful conclusion. The court, in accordance with a pattern all too familiar in the history of the past two generations, has entered on the task of transforming a law meant to aid the less powerful into a means of oppressing them. The judicial veto is more spectacular, but what one might term the process of judicial erosion is as effective in destroying legislation that does not meet with the court's approval. The court never held utility-rate regulation unconstitutional; it merely made it ineffective by entangling it in the metaphysics of "fair return on fair value." The "rule of reason" emasculated the anti-trust laws without removing them from the statute books. A complacent phrase, "merely declaratory of what is the best practice always," waved away the anti-injunction provisions of the Clayton Act, once also hailed as a Magna Charta of labor. The conception of the illegal strike developed by these new Wagner Act decisions promises to be as fatal to collective-bargaining legislation.

China Is Still Fighting

THE relative quiet on the China front in the past few months has been widely interpreted in this country as evidence that Chinese military resistance was all but crushed by the capture of Canton and Hankow. Japan is assumed to hold virtually the whole of China, having bottled Chiang Kai-shek in a narrow stretch of territory in the far west. The accompanying map shows the inaccuracy of this assumption. Japan's conquests, though important, are restricted to the plains of the northeast quarter of China. Of the eighteen provinces of China proper, only four—Hopei, Shantung, Anhwei, and Kiangsu—have been in large part overrun


Front Line
Railways
MONGOLIA
SINKIANG
INNER MONGOLIA
MANCHOUKUO
Hsinking
Mukden
KOREA
SUIYUAN
Paotow
Kweihwa
Kalgan
Jehol
Peking
Tatung
Tientsin
Dairen
Port Arthur
NINGHSIA
KANSU
SHANSI
Taiyuan
HOPEI
CHINGHAI
SPECIAL
Yenan
TERRITORY
Tsinan
Tsingtao
SHANTUNG
Haichow
YELLOW SEA
Lanchow
Puchow
Paoki
Sian
Chengchow
Kaifeng
Hsüchow
SHENSI
HONAN
ANHWEI
Pakow
Nanking
KIANGSU
TIBET
SIKANG
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HUPEH
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Shanghai
Chengtu
Kiang
Wuchang
Hangchow
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Chungking
Kiukiang
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Yang tse
Yochow
Tungting L.
Poyang L.
HUNAN
Nanchang
Changsha
INDIA
KWEICHOW
KIANGSI
Hengyang
Myitkyina
Kweiyang
Fuchow
FUKIEN
Kunming (Yunnan)
Kweilin
Changchow
Amoy
YUNNAN
KWANGTUNG
Canton
Swatow
FORMOSA (Jap.)
Lashio
KWANGSI
Kongmun
Lungchow
Pakhoi
Hongkong
BURMA
FRENCH
Macao (Port.)
Hanoi
Waichow
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KWANGCHOWVAN (French)
SIAM
INDOCHINA
HAINAN
SOUTH CHINA SEA
Rangoon
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by the Japanese. Five others—Shansi, Hupeh, Chekiang, Kiangsi, and Kwantung—are partly in Japanese hands, but the remaining nine are almost completely free from the invader. And outside of China proper the vast areas of Chinghai, Ninghsia, Sikang, part of Suiyuan, and the whole of Chinese Turkestan and Tibet remain in Chinese hands.

Perhaps the most striking fact made clear by the map is the failure of Japan to make any headway in South and South Central China. In this vast region, stretching from the coast inward for more than a thousand miles and containing some of China's richest agricultural land, Japan has succeeded in seizing only the ports of Canton and Amoy. The remainder, including several important ports, is entirely Chinese. This is not because the Japanese have made no effort to invade this region. As early as last July the main force of the Japanese army launched an offensive against Nanchang, the great pottery city in Central China, which is connected by rail with Changsha. The plan was to capture this city and push against Hankow from the south. The map shows that the Japanese armies are still some miles from Nanchang, having suffered a major setback at Teian. Changsha itself was burned by a panic-stricken general after the fall of Hankow, but is still behind the Chinese lines. The Japanese occupied the city of Hangchow, 100 miles south of Shanghai, on Christmas day, 1937. But in the ensuing fourteen months they have not succeeded in advancing the few additional miles necessary to take the important port city of Ningpo.

It has been frequently pointed out that the Japanese control in the so-called occupied areas rarely runs more than a mile or so on each side of the railways and main highways. What is not generally realized is that Japan has thus far failed to gain control of China's main railways. The two great railway lines of China are the north-south Peiping-Hankow-Canton railroad, and the east-west Haichow-Chengchow-Sian road. Of these, only that small section of the Peiping-Hankow railroad which is north of the Yellow River and a shorter segment near Hankow are operated by the Japanese. The strategic city of Chengchow, where the north-south and east-west railways cross, has held out for more than a year, thanks to the broken Yellow River dikes. Chinese trains run regularly from Paoki, west of Sian, to Chengchow, and thence south nearly halfway to Hankow. Owing to guerrilla activities, the Japanese have never been able to use the eastern part of this railroad between Haichow and Hsüchow, though they are operating the short section between Hsüchow and Kaifeng. Haichow was captured last week. The other east-west line—that between Changsha and Hangchow—remains almost entirely in the possession of China.

A number of Chinese "islands" in the territory nominally occupied by the Japanese will be noted on the map. These are not, as might be supposed, merely districts which the Japanese have neglected to occupy because they are busy elsewhere. They are the bases of guerrilla activity. Each "island" supports a large, active Chinese army which works closely with partisan groups in the Japanese-occupied areas. The northern islands are controlled almost entirely by the Eighth Route Army—Communists who made the famous "long march" in 1935—while the southern are under the banner of the Fourth Route Army, led by Communists who remained in Kiangsi during the long march. The Japanese have launched repeated drives to eliminate these islands, especially in Shansi, and each time have been set back with huge losses.

The possibility of a Chinese counter-attack which would drive Japan from the cities under its control depends in part on the success of the guerrilla units in organizing the Chinese population behind the Japanese lines, and in part on the ability of the Chinese government to develop a strong economic base in the western provinces to support its armies. Recent reports are distinctly encouraging on both counts. Taxes in the occupied areas are still collected by the Chinese government. Szechuan, which is now the military and administrative center of China, is perhaps the country's richest agricultural province. Yunnan, Kansu, Chinghai, Shensi, and Ninghsia are rich in minerals. It is estimated that three-fourths of the industrial equipment of the Hankow area was successfully moved westward before the Japanese occupation. New roads have been built and a gigantic new plan of coolie transport worked out. Economically China is still strong, and in view of the amazing strides which have been made in the past few months under adverse circumstances, there is every reason to believe that it will ultimately regain its lost cities.

A. F. of L. into G. O. P.

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, March 2

THOUGH expediency and plausibility are on the President's side in his effort to bring peace to the labor movement, it will be no simple welding job to unite the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. The last time it was tried, without success, the sole issue was jurisdictional. Both Green and Lewis were going along with the New Deal. Their organizations, making the most of unprecedented opportunities under the Wagner Act, were gratefully gathering in membership cards. Labor was divided but on the march.

Since then more serious complications have set in. It is no longer merely a matter of who shall organize whom. The cleavage between the parent organization and its offspring goes deep into ideological as well as procedural bedrock. The trend of the C. I. O. has been to the left of the New Deal; it has demanded heavier relief expenditures and larger recovery outlays than those Roosevelt has approved. The A. F. of L., meanwhile, has veered sharply to the right, joining the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce in advocating appeasement of business at the expense of the unemployed.

But for the President's personal intervention and his apparent willingness to serve as mediator, the latest peace project would be hopeless. As it is, there is small chance for more than an armed truce or a superficial reconciliation. If it is the President's idea to save business the annoyances incidental to labor rivalries, he may succeed. If he is trying to unify labor as a political force, for its effect on Congress now and on the election in 1940, he will almost certainly be disappointed. He has come too late.

The ruling clique of the A. F. of L. has already gone over to the Republicans. At its meeting in Miami the Executive Council issued a statement that might have been written by the N. A. M. It deprecated "fear, lack of confidence, and distrust" on the part of business, deplored "various forms of public spending," and recoiled from the idea of maintaining "an army of unemployed as wards of the government." Its essence was well expressed by the headline: "Green Raps New Deal's Recovery and Relief Policy."

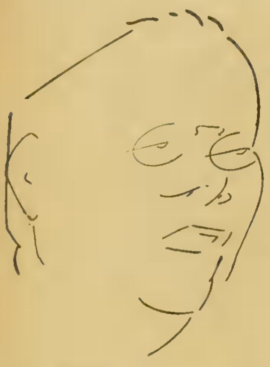
Thus the voice of labor became an echo for the lament of big business. The Wolls, Hutchesons, and Freys reverted to type. Always at home in the Hoover camp, they do not usually worry too much about the unemployed and the unorganized. The depth of their concern for the under-dog could have been easily plumbed by anyone who watched them go perfectionist and hold out for a wage-hour bill so inflexible that they knew Congress would not pass it. Now the reaction has set in, and they can abandon such subterfuges. But how can Lewis and the C. I. O., champions of the unskilled and the unemployed, sign on with this crew?

The differences between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. at this stage are best illustrated by the current fight over the proposed amendments to the Wagner Act, a law which has doubled labor-union membership since its passage in 1935. In its reckless courtship of reactionary business, the A. F. of L. has proposed, through Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, a series of amendments that would make this law useless at best and a deadly weapon against labor at worst. The Walsh proposals would assuredly wreck the C. I. O. For the moment they might help the A. F. of L., which industry now regards as a satisfactory substitute for the outlawed company union. But in good time they could and would be used by reactionary employers to smash the A. F. of L. too.

That the Walsh amendments are actually industry's amendments is obvious. Senator Burke of Nebraska has submitted some even more destructive proposals, but no one in or out of Congress is paying much attention to them. They served their purpose when they gave Green a chance to denounce something obviously worse than his own proposed changes. His went so much farther than the Houston convention had authorized that he was secretly called to order by some of the more liberal council members at Miami for betraying the convention mandate. The upshot was an agreement to get behind a new bill.

This new plan calls for repeal of the present Wagner Act and its reenactment with three major changes: (1) substitution of a five-man board for the present three-man board; (2) a requirement that crafts must be certified as the proper bargaining units; and (3) a provision that the board may not nullify labor contracts. These three amendments are enough to destroy the Wagner law, if the Supreme Court, following the election returns in its latest decisions, has not already done so. In the Fansteel case the court accommodatingly pointed the way for labor-baiting employers to avoid their obligations under the Wagner Act by goading strikers into unlawful acts. In the Columbian case it invited federal courts to ignore the board's findings of fact, the same legal device by which the Federal Trade Commission was devitalized years ago. Thus the objectives of some, but not all, of the Walsh amendments already have been achieved by judicial fiat.

The drive for abolition and reenactment of the law has one purpose—to get rid of the present board, whose members have incurred the enmity of the federation by insisting upon enforcement without corner-cutting or favoritism. This device would relieve the federation of the embarrassing necessity of going through with its fight against Donald Wakefield Smith, the member who has been most friendly to the crafts. A five-man board might have the additional virtue of providing green pastures for a pair of favored A. F. of L. wheelhorses.


William Green

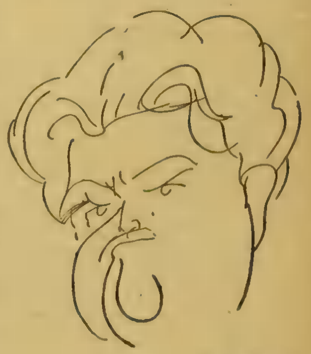
The craft-union amendment would freeze industrial unionism. But since the formation of the NLRB the federation has asked for recognition of more industrial units than strictly craft units—173 against 84. Frequently it has demanded broader groupings of workers than has the C. I. O. itself. The record clearly shows that vertical unionism versus horizontal unionism is a fake issue so far as the federation is concerned; the sheer necessities of belt-line production have driven it into acceptance of industrial unionism. It has no objection to industrial unionism *per se*, only to control of the new unionism by someone else.

As for the charge so often repeated by the A. F. of L. and its allies that the board has favored the C. I. O., the record shows it is a spurious one. Early in the game the board adopted the so-called "Globe" doctrine: that crafts must be certified as the proper collective-bargaining units in all cases where they have any historical claim to recognition, any substantial membership, and any inclination to be classified separately. As result, in the sixty cases in which there has been a substantial disagreement between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. over the proper unit, the board has found for the federation in twenty-nine cases and for the C. I. O. in twenty-three. In only eleven cases has the board turned down applications for craft-unit classification. In all these cases it had a good reason for deciding as it did, the most common being that a majority of the craftsmen involved wanted to join an industrial union.

The amendment against the invalidation of contracts is the most vicious of the three. Its purpose is to prevent the board from upsetting A. F. of L. contracts where employers have helped the federation to organize their workers in order to head off the C. I. O. Federation leaders want to wangle closed-shop contracts and thus to forestall C. I. O. expansion. Already this has been done in scores of cases, and the board has nullified thirteen contracts which obviously were the products of collusion between the federation and employers. One such C. I. O. contract also has been canceled.

On August 18, 1937, William Green and Lewis G. Hines, now Pennsylvania's Secretary of Labor and Industry, acting for the A. F. of L., signed a "working agreement" with F. D. Coster, late swindling president of McKesson and Robbins, and Frederic Wingersky, for the company. It stipulated that all McKesson and Robbins branches would be placed under local A. F. of L. contracts providing for a work week of not *less* than forty-five hours (one hour above the maximum now permitted by law), that there would be no strikes or lockouts, and that the federation would do "all within its power to prevent imposition upon or interference with business of the employer by any other labor body not affiliated with the federation." A board examiner in Seattle subsequently found that this agreement had been represented to McKesson and Robbins employees as a closed-shop contract. If that wasn't a yellow-dog contract, it was out of the same litter. Yet it would have been inviolate under the proposed amendment.

In the first case of contract nullification by the board, the A. F. of L. was the complainant against the Clinton Cotton Mills. The federation quite properly demanded cancelation of a contract between the mills and their company union. Since then the federation has gone in for a kind of company unionism on its own hook. But if the amendment it now sponsors is adopted, nothing will prevent employers from rushing into contracts with "independent unions" and again freezing out the A. F. of L.


Bert Hayden

John L. Lewis

Trade unionists are growing increasingly restive under the shortsighted leadership that has tried to make them behave like scabs. Already units of thirteen internationals of the A. F. of L., seven state federations, and central bodies of twelve cities—including Omaha, Senator Burke's home town—have gone on record against tinkering with the Wagner Act. This kind of independence at the grass roots holds out some hope for an eventual union with honor between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. But unless Roosevelt can reach over the heads of federation leaders to rally this sentiment behind a reconciliation that preserves both militant industrial unionism and the fundamentals of the Wagner Act, the price of his peace gesture to business will be high.

Pius XII and the Axis

BY G. A. BORGESE

I

IN THE near future Pope Pius XII will face, in an atmosphere of dire difficulties, the consequences of the policy of his predecessor. This policy was largely his own. As a church diplomat and as Secretary of State, Eugenio Pacelli specialized in papal relations with Germany and Italy; he led the church to unavoidable retreat and submission under the Fascist threat in 1931, and two years later, that bitter failure notwithstanding, he negotiated an unfortunate concordat with Nazism. The Catholic party in Germany, intentionally democratic or at least anti-totalitarian, was surrendered to Hitler—an error, or a destiny, which Don Sturzo's Popular Catholic Party had experienced in Italy several years before. The events of these last years have obviously convinced the Vatican that a Catholic alliance with the pagan axis is an alliance of lamb and wolf. How and with what results the new Pope may alter the course which the church chose under his predecessor's leadership is a question so gigantic as to discourage any prophet.

In a more or less remote future the strife between the church and the totalitarian states will prove to be an issue involving the relations—theological as well as political—between the Roman church and democracy or liberalism, in other terms, between Catholicism and Protestantism, the latter being unmistakably the background of modern liberal thought. The same is true of the relations between the Italian nation and the papacy.

Many Italians in past centuries have thought and many more think nowadays that the Italians are the people elect, and that it is their task to rule the world through the combined forces of a Roman emperor and a Roman pontiff. It is, however, questionable whether the Catholic world at large would be amenable in the long run to such a theory. The record speed at which the cardinals agreed on electing Pacelli indicates only how alarmed they were by the problems of a more remote future, how eager to postpone them as long as possible, how contented at last with the dilatory expediency of prolonging the pontificate of Pius XI, with all its responsibilities, in the person of Pius XI's closest associate and adviser. Considered from a certain angle this election compares with the vote of confidence bestowed by a parliament on a shaky cabinet whose succession no opposition covets.

But non-Italian candidacies, especially that of the French Canadian Villeneuve, loomed large in the conclave, and the problem of the relations between a strong, national Italy on the one side and a Christian and universal church on the other is now open and can hardly be expected to be solved before many years of struggle and crisis. There is a curious suggestion in the famous prophecy of Saint Malachy, according to which the pope who will succeed Pius XII will be *pastor et nauta,* pastor and sailor. Yet this virtual and already present contrast between Italy as a world power and the church as universality is only one aspect, and a rather superficial one, of the trials which the Roman Catholic church will face in the decades to come.

II

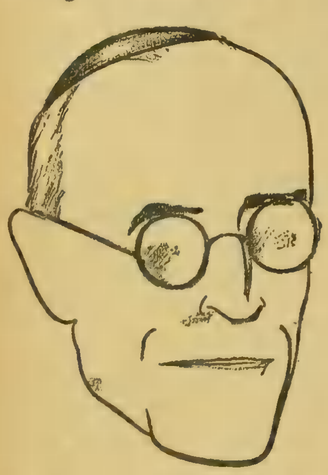
The history and the essence of Roman Catholicism are only understandable if one takes into account the three major defeats which it has suffered in the course of the Christian era, none of which have so far been retrieved. First the Roman church lost the loyalty and obedience of all Eastern Europe. While this rift was enlarging into the Oriental schism, it lost to Mohammedanism all northern Africa plus Asia Minor, Syria, and all the Near East that had been a constituent part of the Roman Empire, of the ancient unity. Finally at the close of the Renaissance the north of Europe became largely Protestant, separating itself from Rome. As a consequence of the latter heresy or separation—until transatlantic countries were able to make up at least partly for the loss—the Roman Catholic church receded to approximately the boundaries that had been those of the western, European part of the Roman Empire.

How the church reacted to these repeated and disastrous defeats is well known. Each time the organism tightened its defensive apparatus; it adopted the technique and the strict discipline of a beleaguered fortress; it enforced an increasingly more absolute obedience while formulating its dogmas with more and more compulsory exactitude. The most famous episode of these tactics of defense, whose purpose was to start again a conquering march on the world whenever it might seem possible, was the Council of Trent immediately after the outbreak of Luther's and Calvin's rebellion.

What happened in the nineteenth century is less familiar to the average cultured mind, especially in Protestant or agnostic countries like the United States, not only because recent events are less easily synthesized, but also because the struggle, which included so much of the contemporary history of these years, happened to be fought almost exclusively on Italian soil over Italian issues which seemed to almost everybody to have only local and temporary significance. Now, however, everybody's attention should be directed to the enormous meaning of the events that took place in Italy and within the Catholic church during the pontificate of Pius IX, from 1846 to 1878. That was the beginning of what should be called, and most probably will be called some day, the second Counter-Reformation, and that was the crisis and the struggle in which were sown many of the seeds which later fructified in Fascism, Nazism, Munich, and after-Munich as far as we can contemplate.

III

At the start of his reign Pius IX believed for a short time in a possible conciliation of Catholicism with liberalism and of the universal church with Italian national feeling. For a few months he was hailed as the leader of the Italian national *risorgimento*. The outcome was irreparable discord between the Pope and the administration of the liberalized Papal State, the Pope's flight and exile, the foundation of the short-lived Roman Republic under the inspiration of Mazzini, the intervention of the French troops, and the return of the ousted Pope, now utterly sobered as to the unnatural and unhistorical alliances which he had envisioned. The interval between the return of Pius IX to Rome and the complete unification of Italy, with the military occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese army and the self-imprisonment of the Curia in the Vatican palaces, was comparatively a very short one—twenty years, from 1850 to 1870. But it was sufficient to start and organize a series of events which now appears to be the most important heritage handed down by the nineteenth century.



George Schreiber

Pius XII

The papacy had become aware that the rational, liberal, scientific trends of European philosophy and politics of that age held for the Catholic church even greater dangers than were contained in the challenge of the Protestant sects three centuries earlier. The defense was magnificently adequate, although at first it seemed to consist of mere words, lacking all power. The church of the sixteenth century had defied the Protestant Reformation with the Council of Trent and the so-called Counter-Reformation; the second Counter-Reformation was started by Pius IX and found expression in two documents—or deeds—which Catholics and non-Catholics alike should know very exactly but which practically nobody at present cares to consult when problems arise concerning the relations between democracy and the church.

These two documents are the "Syllabus of Errors," published in 1864, and the Dogmatic Decrees of the Vatican Council, promulgated in 1870, only a few short weeks before the Italian annexation of the Papal States. Many will remember these dates and titles. But what counts is whether the spirit and words of the documents are present, as they should be, to political and religious minds. It is unquestionable that both the decisions of the council of 1870 and the "Syllabus of Errors" have dogmatic validity. No hierarch, no doctor of the Catholic church, qualifies the obedience that is due to each and all of the teachings and prescriptions of the two documents.

Popularly stated, the gist of the decisions of the council of 1870 is the infallibility of the Pope. It was a compensation for the loss of temporal power, the acquisition of an indisputable and boundless autocratic majesty in the spiritual world as opposed to the impious and possibly temporary triumphs of Protestant liberalism on earth. The One directly inspired by God hovered over the chaos of the many.

The "Syllabus," for its part, listed the errors of modern times which the church refused forever to countenance. It is an error, among seventy-nine others, that "the church ought to tolerate the errors of philosophy, leaving to philosophy the care of their corrections." It is an error that "every man is free to embrace and profess the religion he shall believe true, guided by the light of reason." It is an error that "men may in any religion find the way of eternal salvation, and obtain eternal salvation." It is an error that "we may entertain at least a well-founded hope for the eternal salvation of all those who are in no manner in the true Church of Christ." It is an error that "Protestantism is nothing more than another form of the same true Christian religion." It is an error that "it appertains to the civil power to define what are the rights and limits with which the church may exercise authority." It is an error that "the church has not the power of availing herself of force, or any direct or indirect temporal power." All the eighty sentences should be learned and memorized by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. But certainly the last is comprehensive enough to give in a few solemn, powerful words the total intention and meaning of the document. It states in unsophisticated Latin as heavy as a tombstone that it is an error to believe that *"Romanus Pontifex potest ac debet cum progressu, cum liberalismo, et cum recenti civilitate sese reconciliare et componere."* The Pope and modern civilization are proclaimed utterly irreconcilable.

IV

Now it is theoretically and, who knows, perhaps even actually possible that what we call modern civilization, the development of human thought from the Renaissance to the eve of the World War, is doomed and rotten. It is possible that we are at the end of an age and that something new is growing under our tottering steps. It can-

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not even be excluded theoretically that this something new is something old, miraculously revived, made of one heart and one piece, triumphantly aggressive, the church of the Middle Ages, perfected through ordeal and defeat in the final statutes of the despoiled Pontiff Piux IX and his successors. The Encyclical "Pascendi," by which Pius X crushed the resurgent errors of theological modernism, is one of many events in line with the fundamental documents of the second Counter-Reformation. The pontificate of Pius XI seems to have brought the first fruits of revindication. Until a few years ago the church was regularly on the losing side. Under the pontificate of Pius XI it has reconquered at least Italy and Spain, it has spread its influence deep and far in the Western Hemisphere, it has even regained temporal power in Vatican City, ceded to the Papacy by Fascist Italy in the Lateran Treaty of 1929. This is, to be sure, a tiny territory, but it has a very great significance, since it is the intention of the token that counts and not the number of acres or the weight of the bricks.

We have become accustomed to such changes that nothing can now surprise anybody living in this age. Fascism and Nazism would have seemed thoroughly unthinkable twenty years ago, and a prophet of such events as we read about every morning would have seemed fit for a sanatorium. Therefore nothing logically or historically compulsory can be formulated against the hypothesis that the Roman Catholic church, self-defined as the "perfect society," may conquer the entire world. This may happen or not. One thing, however, is certain, even if only one, and that is that a reconciliation between the Roman church and modern civilization—that is, democratic or liberal civilization in the meaning that we give to these words—is utterly impossible and that the very idea of such a compromise has been stifled irretrievably by the church as anathema.

If by democracy one means the belief that all human souls have equal dignity before God, and that each and every human soul, provided that it accepts the rule of salvation as imparted by the Roman church, may attain eternal bliss, then the Catholic church is a perfect democracy. The firmness of its insistence on the inborn and transcendental equality of all men before the judgment of God constitutes one of those most vital and glorious Christian elements which are permanent in the Catholic church, and which make it impossible for even the ugliest and most vulgar anti-clericalism to treat Catholicism as a phenomenon of depravity comparable to such un-Christian and inhuman monstrosities as Fascism and Nazism. But if by democracy, or even, more exactly, by liberalism, one means the right of everybody to think and think freely and to bring his own contribution to the progress of collective human life and to the advancement of knowledge—the concession of equal rights and equal dignity to all religious beliefs—then the talk that we hear so often and so insistently in these days about the Roman church as a mainstay of liberalism, tolerance, and democracy is frivolous, futile, and dangerous, for there is always danger in obscurity and confusion of issues.

As regards the particular relations at the present moment between Roman Catholicism and the totalitarian states in Europe, there cannot remain a decent doubt that the anti-Christian trends of such states, veiled more or less by cleverness and circumstances in Italy, blunt and outrageous in Germany, must displease the Roman church. But such strife between the ecclesiatical and the civil authorities is as old at least as European Christian society, and it may be a delusion to think that even the fight between the church and Hitler is at bottom more substantial than the quarrel between the German emperors of the Middle Ages, such as Frederic Barbarossa, and the Latin popes—unless the fundamental issues, theological as well as political, involved in the relations between Catholicism and liberalism are faced sooner or later by a renovated church. On the other hand it should be quite clear that if the perfect society as represented by the church is embodied in an organism autocratically ruled, the tendency of the church must be to favor the legislative order which is forced on nations by strictly monarchical institutions, and the Catholic mind at large must feel, at least for reasons of analogy, more sympathetic to organisms like Italy and Germany than to democracies swept hither and yon by the emotions and the interests of the changing masses.

With respect to the United States, there seems to be no doubt about the historical correctness of William Haller's study of "The Puritan Background of the First Amendment." "What the founders of the national union did or did not do about religion was of the utmost significance for the success of their enterprise. The assumptions concerning truth and human nature underlying the doctrine of religious liberty—namely, that *truth is most surely discovered when everybody is free to take part in the search of truth* [italics mine] and that it is at least equally as important for every man to think and speak as for some to think correctly and to speak wisely—these notions now seem to most Americans axiomatic." To most Americans, but not to all? Are the Catholics taken as a body among the "most," or are they not?

V

This an issue intrinsic to the development of American Catholicism and to the problems that American Catholics must inevitably face in the near future. The *modus vivendi* seems quite plain, and theoretically it is. In several ways the attention of an increasingly large and increasingly alarmed group has been called to the tendency of many individual Catholics and Catholic organizations in this country to acquire a larger share of power than is due proportionally to them, and to hamper through pressure or other devious ways the effectiveness of those very principles of free speech and free thought and free worship to which they owe their prosperity and power in the United States. It ought to be plain that a permanent *modus vivendi,* equally necessary for Catholics and non-Catholics in America, would consist in the liberty for Catholics to be Catholic and in their acknowledgment that all other beliefs or disbeliefs have an equal share in American freedom, which share should not even be curtailed by such invisible but actually oppressive means as pressure, censorship, and boycott.

But clearly enough such an attitude would imply a very substantial concession on the part of Catholics to the spirit of liberalism and democracy and would be virtually and actually in disagreement with the teachings of the "syllabus" and the decisions of the council of 1870, which point unmistakably to the hierocratic system of the Roman church. This aims beyond all renouncement and defeat at a perfect society in which the Pope should be, if not personally the absolute emperor, at least the inspirer and watchman and judge of those who rule the earth.

Whether this immanent contrast between the spirit of Americanism and the system of Catholicism as it has been shaped by history can be evaded by American Catholics or whether the inner split is bound to develop some day into an open crisis is a problem that must be left to Catholics themselves, at least for the time being. But contemplation of history from observatories not befogged by crude and mean passions opens a vista, even if a dim one, into the coming age. It is quite likely that much of this century of ours will be an age of religious upheaval and readjustment, that it will attempt to shape beliefs acceptable to reason and science and liberty, while treating the religious heritage of the past no less piously and devotedly than early and later Christianity treated the Jewish prophetic tradition.

The King Comes to Canada

BY DAVID MARTIN

THAT the motives behind the forthcoming visit of King George VI to America are not entirely social is one of those things that are commonly understood but are left unsaid by everyone with good manners. The fact that this will be the first time in the history of the New World that a British sovereign has set foot on Canadian or American soil is in itself enough to indicate the existence of some extraordinary emergency.

On September 15, at the height of the Czech crisis, Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* said editorially: "Adversity grows good fruits. Today New Zealand promises all her support. Yesterday it was Australia. Tomorrow it will be Canada." That tomorrow, however, never came. Beyond vaporous expressions of attachment Canada refused to commit itself.

British imperialists waxed indignant at what they termed Canada's desertion. On September 20, in an article headlined "Canada Loses Face in Britain," the Toronto *Globe and Mail* presented a review of official British opinion on the Dominion's role in the Czech crisis. Responsible officials, members of Parliament, and newspapermen who were interviewed were almost unanimous in their condemnation. "Britain would not have had to concede so much to Germany if Chamberlain had been able to tell Hitler that the empire was solidly behind him." "How the British feel about Canada's defection constitutes an unpublishable story." Such, in essence, were the comments.

The European crisis put to a test the slender ties that still bind the dominions to the mother country; and in the case of Canada they were found totally inadequate to insure active military support. For years the British government and the Imperial General Staff have been waging a valiant struggle against the centrifugal tendencies threatening the integrity of the empire. The unique idea of having the King and Queen tour Canada is a product of the urgency of the situation. No shrewder method could have been devised for drumming up the flagging Canadian enthusiasm for empire defense. The effect on the public can well be imagined: whole pages in the newspapers devoted to Their Majesties; the population of entire cities turning out to receptions; pageantry without precedent; fervid declarations of loyalty.

But will the King and Queen succeed in their mission? To answer this question we must consider Canada's evolution as a nation and the development of its foreign policy. Unlike Australia and New Zealand, Canada is far from being a homogeneous Anglo-Saxon nation. According to the last census, only 51 per cent of the population is of British descent; almost a third is French Canadian; the rest is largely of Continental stock. Public opinion divides along these ethnological boundaries.

Among the majority of the Anglo-Saxon population love of empire is still strong; if Britain were to become involved in a European war, there can be no doubt that a large number would flock to the banners. This is the only section of the population whose loyalty can be definitely counted on. The citizens of Central European origin nurture no particular sympathy for British imperialism. And as for the French Canadians, they are by tradition anti-imperialist and provincial in their outlook. They consider themselves oppressed by the Anglo-Saxons and for this reason tend to sympathize with England's enemies. In the Boer War they were pro-Boer; during the Ethiopian crisis they were pro-Italian; and from the very beginning of the Spanish civil war they have been overwhelmingly pro-Franco. During the Great War the Canadian government met with such determined opposition in the province of Quebec that it was compelled to suspend application of the conscription act. The young *Canadiens* took to the backwoods by the thousands to escape the army; in Easter week of 1918 there were anti-conscription demonstrations in Quebec City that ended in bloody barricade fighting.

Mayor Houde of Montreal created a sensation recently when he stated that "in the event of a war between Britain and Italy the sympathy of the French Canadians would be with Italy." He was denounced by both the French and the English press as an irresponsible, publicity-seeking politician, but his declaration still stands as a simple statement of fact. That the Catholic church and the press disown Houde and plead loyalty to the British Crown cannot be taken as an indication of French Canadian opinion, for when the church pledged the French Canadian people to the support of Britain in 1914, its pledge went entirely unheeded by its adherents. Today French Canadian nationalism has assumed such proportions that it is doubtful whether Canada could take part in another European conflict without danger of civil war.

In view of all this, it can scarcely be said that the sentiment of the people at large provides any encouragement for the British imperialists. Are there then no other bonds, which might draw Canada toward the empire?

Canada's economic and cultural ties with the motherland were sufficiently strong to involve it in both the Boer War and the War of 1914. Even then, however, it was motivated largely by national considerations. (In a letter of his that has recently come to light, Sir Wilfred Laurier, Canada's Premier at the time of the Boer War, explains that while he considered the cause of the Boers to be just, he favored supporting Britain "because of the enormous development which our commerce has undergone in recent years.") Indeed, almost from the time of confederation, Canadian foreign policy has been determined far more by national interests than by servile fealty to the empire. Thus as early as 1876 Premier Sir John A. MacDonald refused official sanction for the dispatch of troops to the Sudan on the ground that "the Suez Canal was no concern of Canada's."

Whereas the British declaration of war in 1914 automatically involved the dominions, the dominions acted as cosigners of the Treaty of Versailles—a recognition of their new status as equal partners in a commonwealth of nations. In 1923 Canada negotiated the Halibut Treaty in its own name—its first diplomatic step unassisted by the mother country. At the Imperial Defense Conference of 1926 a formula was agreed upon which referred to the empire nations as "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status and in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their external or domestic affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and fully associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." The formula stated further that "the military action taken at any time in peace or war is a matter for individual decision on the part of each empire government." This declaration was given legal status by the Statute of Westminster, enacted in 1931.

George VI

Nevertheless there are still certain observers who look upon the studied ambiguity of the conference formula of 1926 with misgiving: they fear that "common allegiance to the British Crown" still implies subordination to Britain in matters of war and peace. They cite the facts that fifteen high-ranking Canadian officers, eight of whom today hold important positions in Ottawa, have attended the Imperial Defense College in England during the ten years of its existence; that the British navy still has the use of the Canadian naval bases at Halifax and Esquimalt; that the Canadian army still employs British army manuals. And they point with especial alarm to the fact that Britain is today developing Canada as a source of military supplies. After all, it must mean something when a commission of British experts headed by Sir Hardman Lever visits Canada and announces that plans have been drafted for the construction of six airplane factories and when it is further revealed that arms orders to the amount of at least $400,000,000 will be forthcoming from Britain. Is Britain going to use this investment in order to bribe Canada to return to active empire membership? Our pacifists and anti-imperialists are disquieted. But they may reassure themselves.

Common military training and the development of Canada as a source of supplies are facts that by themselves prove nothing. Britain's industry is incapable of filling the orders of its armed forces. And there are only two nations to which it can turn for assistance in rearming—Canada and the United States. In the long run it is upon the tremendous machinery of American industry that it will have to place primary reliance; already 400 bombers costing $25,000,000 have been ordered from the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and the North American Aviation Company. While Britain's armament orders are bound to influence its relations with both Canada and the United States, it can scarcely be said that they provide a guaranty of future military collaboration. In the case of Canada, the best that can be said is that the prospect of $400,000,000 in orders has resulted in an effusion of pro-empire sentiment—which thus far has not transcended the plane of verbal courtesies.

It has been Canada more than any other dominion that has prevented the development of a concerted policy at the various imperial-defense conferences. It was, for example, Canada's intransigent opposition at the conference of 1921 which prevented the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. When, in March of 1936, J. H. Thomas, Britain's Colonial Secretary, indicated that the dominions were still bound to empire defense, Premier King indignantly denied that this was so. When Viscount Ellibank came to Canada in the fall of the same year with the official mission of stirring up enthusiasm for empire unity, Ian Mackenzie, Minister of Defense, said: "I don't think any person ought to come here from another country and tell us what to do." Mackenzie was commended for his stand by Premier Hepburn of Ontario and other prominent Liberals.

If the foregoing is still not sufficient to allay the fears of our isolationists and pacifists, let them listen to Major General J. F. C. Fuller, developer of tank strategy and former assistant to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who speaks with the bluntness of a military man. "We have got to establish a stable Europe and simultaneously a united empire," wrote Fuller in 1936, in "Empire Unity and Defense." "If Canada cannot agree, and so far Canada, in spite of the loyalty of her people, has been the rock upon which every cooperative scheme has foundered, then we should say to her . . . 'We want a united family. . . . But if we cannot accomplish this, in no circumstances will we sacrifice our entire family for our eldest daughter.' It is better to let her go and unite the rest, or even to let some of the rest go and unite what remains over, than to live in a state of sham and pretense."

What has caused Canada to stray so far from the orbit of British influence? Another power, because of its nearness and mass, has greater drawing force in the constellation of nations—the United States of America. Culturally and economically, as well as geographically, Canada stands far closer to the United States than to Britain. Culturally there is no border between Canada and its "good neighbor" to the south. Magazines, books, movies, the radio, an exchange of immigration, mutual invasions by armies of tourists—all these have broken down whatever barriers may once have existed. Economically the two countries really constitute a single natural unit. How heavily Canada depends on the United States is forcefully registered by the following table:

	Total	*United Kingdom*	*United States*	*U.S. Percentage*
Foreign capital invested in Canada (Dec. 31, 1936)	$6,833,700,000	$2,725,100,000	$3,984,400,000	58.8
Canadian capital invested abroad (Dec. 31, 1936)	1,671,500,000	50,500,000	999,500,000	59.8
Exports from Canada (1937)	1,061,200,000	408,000,000	435,000,000	41.0
Imports to Canada (1937)	671,900,000	117,900,000	393,700,000	58.6

These figures provide the real sinews of collaboration in international affairs. It is true that Canada's economic ties with Great Britain are still of imposing magnitude, but there is one other fundamental consideration. With the prospect of war in the Pacific, Canada and the United States have been compelled to enter into the closest military collaboration. An agreement has been concluded for the construction of a military highway from the American border through British Columbia to Alaska. The British Columbia coast is being studded with air bases which appear on the map today as part of a chain of bases stretching from California to the Aleutians. On the occasion of the opening of the Ivy Lea Bridge, President Roosevelt and Premier King pledged themselves to mutual defense in no uncertain terms.

The trade pact recently concluded between Britain, the United States, and Canada, by giving American products freer access to the Canadian market and by curtailing the British preference on Canadian wheat, has served further to alienate Canada from the mother country.

For the time being Britain and the United States appear to be on tolerably friendly terms. But nowhere is it written in the stars that the two great English-speaking democracies are destined to eternal collaboration; on the contrary, the interests of Britain and America clash at many points and the future of their relations is largely contingent on British policy in Europe and Asia. Britain's passivity before the conquest of Manchuria, its role in restraining France, its naval agreement with Germany, its complicity in the rape of Austria and Czechoslovakia—all these events point in the direction of continued British collaboration with the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis. And as long as Britain travels along this road the possibility of lasting friendship with the United States will seem slim.

So the King is coming to Canada. Will he succeed in persuading Canada to come back home to the empire? The answer would appear to be definitely No. His visit may improve relations between Canada and the mother country, but even this is contingent to a large extent upon the results of his American visit. The question could more properly be put: Will Britain adjust its foreign policy to jibe with the material interests of the United States? The answer lies with the gods and Chamberlain.

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We Still Need a Bill of Rights

BY RAYMOND L. WISE

THE Constitution of the United States requires amendment. It needs a bill of rights.

The first ten amendments are miscalled the "Bill of Rights." Taken literally, they give no guaranty of rights at all. They merely prohibit Congress from passing any law to interfere with the fundamental rights which have always been regarded as essential by free men. Nowhere does our Constitution explicitly require that the various states shall not curtail these rights.

It would be well, therefore, to find out what these rights are, how they came into being, and how they have been interpreted. And it is of vital importance to consider how to write them into our Constitution in such clear and unmistakable fashion that they will be binding on the states as well as on Congress and will endure as long as our form of government endures.

In the early days of civilization there was only one philosophy of sovereignty. The individual belonged to the state, body and soul. The state was supreme. It was usually personified by king or emperor, who ruled by "divine right." Over the centuries another philosophy took shape. The state is the agent of the individual. It exists for his protection and convenience. The individual has inalienable personal rights which are never surrendered to the state.

When our Constitution was adopted in 1787, the philosophy of the freedom of the individual was given great impetus. The colonists had been oppressed by many forms of tyranny. The free exercise of religion had been interfered with, free speech and the press had been suppressed, peaceable assemblies had been dispersed, and the colonists had been denied the right to petition the king for a redress of these and other grievances. They were vital and real grievances—as real as our present-day problems of unemployment and taxation.

When the state governments were formed, the founders were careful to put into each state constitution provisions which would prevent most of these forms of tyranny. But when the Constitutional Convention in 1787 drafted the national Constitution, the only personal rights dealt with were habeas corpus, bills of attainder, and ex post facto laws.

Largely through the eloquence of Patrick Henry of Virginia and others of like mind who supported him, it became clear that the Constitution should be amended so as to make it certain that the newly formed federal government should never have the power to imitate the tyranny of the mother country. Accordingly in 1789 a number of amendments were proposed, and these became the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States. They prohibited Congress from interfering with freedom of press, speech, and worship. They prohibited the federal government from carrying out unlawful searches, demanding excessive bail, imposing cruel and unusual punishment, and depriving any person accused of crime of fair criminal process, such as the right to know the charge, the right to have a trial by jury with the assistance of counsel, and the right to summon witnesses.

Congress was thus prevented from exercising tyranny; but as early as 1833 it was held that a state might pass a law depriving a citizen of that state of any or all of the rights contained in these ten amendments. Even in 1789 there were many who felt that these fundamental rights should be safeguarded against action by the states. But not until the time of the Civil War and the freeing of the slaves did an opportunity arise to accomplish this. The freeing of the slaves required the establishment of constitutional guaranties protecting the new status of the Negro. The occasion presented an opportunity to protect the privileges and immunities of all citizens.

The statements made in 1866 by Thaddeus Stevens, leader of the House, in presenting the Fourteenth Amendment to the House of Representatives and by Senator Howard in submitting it to the Senate show clearly that it was the intention of the Congressional committee which formulated the amendment to make the declaration of organic law found in the first ten amendments binding on the states. The Thirteenth Amendment abolished slavery and involuntary servitude "except as a punishment" for crime, of which "the party shall have been duly convicted." The Fourteenth Amendment defined a new class of citizen. All persons born in the United States or naturalized became "citizens of the United States." No state "shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law." The Fifteenth Amendment provided that the right of citizens of the United States to vote should not be denied or abridged by any state "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

These were the fundamental liberties and civil rights *actually written into the Constitution,* either in the original or in its amendments. But constitutional law, as everyone knows, does not consist solely of what is written into the Constitution. It consists of the provisions of the written Constitution plus the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States interpreting these provisions.

It is clear that the purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment was to change the state of the law so that all of the fundamental liberties and certainly most if not all of the procedural rights which Congress could not interfere with should be protected against interference by the states. But from the very start the interpretations of the Supreme Court qualified the effect of the Fourteenth Amendment and prevented it from becoming a Bill of Rights binding on the states and the nation.

First, as to the "equal protection of the laws": the Supreme Court held in the civil-rights cases that Congress could not punish wrongs done to Negroes by private individuals. Next, as to the extent and nature of "privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States": in the famous slaughter-house cases, in 1873, the court held that the Fourteenth Amendment did not apply to the fundamental liberties and procedural rights of the first ten amendments, "which belonged to citizens of the states as such." In other words, citizens of the United States had no civil rights as such.

The prohibition against depriving "any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law" has had a long court history. Parallel with the effort of lawyers to read the "Bill of Rights" into the "privileges and immunities" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, other lawyers in other cases from 1868 on contended that the words "liberty" and "property" in the "due process" clause might be construed so as to include *all civil rights* pertaining to the individual, and hence all the rights contained in the "Bill of Rights." This brought about a most curious distortion of the former state of the law and a stretching of the plain meaning of words.

The history of this development is perhaps the most powerful argument in support of the need for a constitutional amendment. For if the Constitution had been properly amended in 1873—after the Supreme Court misunderstood it in the slaughter-house cases—so as to make it clear that the Fourteenth Amendment meant to include the rights contained in the Bill of Rights as part of the "privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States," there would have been no need for the amazing legal contortions which ensued. In actual fact the "due process" clause has been stretched beyond recognition to prevent various kinds of state action directed against a multitude of rights, in particular, the property rights of corporations.

The Supreme Court, lacking the clear written word which could have been supplied to it by a new constitutional amendment, has done its humble best in more recent years to bring some civil liberties into the scope of the "due process" clause. From 1925 to 1937 the court has held that the Fourteenth Amendment prohibits a state from depriving a defendant of the services of a lawyer and from abridging the freedom of the press, the right of peaceable assembly, or freedom of speech unless there is "a reasonable apprehension of danger to organized government." It is to be noted that the states can interfere with these rights if they do so by "due process of law." But under the First Amendment Congress can make *no* law abridging freedom of religion, of speech, of the press, or of peaceable assembly. The former are qualified rights. The latter are absolute rights. It is also to be noted that interference by a state with freedom of religious worship has not been prohibited. Of course it is probable that if such a case were squarely before it, the court would extend the doctrine and hold that any interference by a state with religious liberty must be by "due process of law."

The net result of the interpretations of the Fourteenth Amendment by the Supreme Court since 1868, though recent decisions have been encouraging, is decidedly unsatisfactory. The precious fundamental liberties and the valuable procedural rights are protected from interference by Congress by the first ten amendments. Some of the fundamental liberties are, according to recent Supreme Court rulings, protected against action by the states. Nearly all of the almost equally valuable procedural rights are *unprotected* against action by the states and may be and have been altered or abolished.

As recently as 1930 it looked as if the democratic theory would prevail in the world. In eight short years the idea of the supremacy of the state over man has gained complete control in nation after nation. And what has happened to "fundamental liberties" in those countries? The very first thing to go was freedom of speech and the press. Criticism must be silenced. Next, freedom of religion went. And the only right of peaceable assembly left is mobilization.

And how about the equally precious procedural rights? What has happened to the right to indictment, information as to the accusation, the right to face one's accuser, a fair trial by an impartial jury, freedom from unlawful searches and from cruel and unusual punishment? Bag and baggage these rights have been taken into "protective custody" and dumped into a concentration camp, along with the other hapless victims.

It won't happen here? Probably not. But in the meantime let us make our democratic processes definitely and unmistakably clear.

The Fourteenth Amendment should be expanded and clarified by a new amendment. This should state that the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States include the rights of freedom of religion, speech, press, and assembly. It should declare that due process of law requires, among other things, that the people shall be secure against unreasonable searches; that a person should be accused of crime only by indictment or information; that after the accusation excessive bail should not be required; that the defendant should be entitled to a speedy and public trial by jury (except in cases of minor offenses); that the accused should be informed of the nature of the accusation, be confronted with witnesses against him, have process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and have the assistance of counsel. The accused should not be compelled to be a witness against himself. If he is acquitted he should not again be tried for the same offense, and if convicted he should not be subject to excessive fines or cruel or unusual punishments. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus should not be suspended except when the public safety may require it.

The amendment should provide that no state may make or enforce any law abridging or impairing the fundamental liberties or the other requirements of due process of law. It should further provide that Congress have the power to enforce the amendment by appropriate legislation.

Such an amendment goes no farther than the present trend of Supreme Court decisions in respect to fundamental liberties. It does go farther in respect to procedural rights. Much will be said on both sides on the questions of indictment, self-incrimination, jury trials, and suspension of habeas corpus, but let us at least ask for every protection against oppression by the states that the ten amendments gave us against any tyranny on the part of Congress.

Everybody's Business

HARD FOOD FOR MIDAS

> ***Washington.*** **Treasury stocks of gold amounted to $14,853,876,149 on February 24, an increase of $7,519,000 over the previous day.—*Wall Street Journal,* February 28.**

TWO or three times a week little items like this may be found hidden away on the financial pages. Few people notice them; fewer still give them more than a passing thought. Yet with these daily accretions of gold a problem is developing which sooner or later will be forced into the front-page headlines.

In the five years 1934 to 1938, inclusive, the monetary gold stock of this country rose by $7.7 billion, that is, about doubled. Of this huge total the odd $700,000,000 represents the yield of domestic mines: the remaining $7 billion has flowed in from abroad. In the same period gold production in the world at large has each year attained a new record. Every ounce of that production, so laboriously dug out of the earth, has found its way to these shores to be promptly reburied in elaborately constructed vaults. Even so, our appetite for gold has not been satisfied, and in addition we have acquired a round billion from the accumulation of other countries.

Does this golden rain mean a corresponding increase in wealth? There was once, it may be remembered, a King Midas who thought it impossible to have too much gold. When an ironic god offered him the gift of the golden touch, he jumped at the chance. But his joy was short-lived when he found every mouthful of food turning to indigestible metal, every sip of wine solidifying in his throat. Midas soon learned how easy it is to starve in a treasure house; how much better he would have fared had he asked his divine benefactor to bestow fertility on his fields.

The story of Midas has been told for 2,500 years or more as a warning against the sin of avarice. But its economic moral has been neglected. One nation after another in history has sought, vainly, to establish a world corner in gold. Where Rome and Spain failed we appear to be succeeding. We now have nearly 60 per cent of the world's monetary gold and, unless present tendencies are reversed, may within a few years have 80 per cent or more. Is it not about time to inquire into the cause of this flow and into its effects on our economy? Even banking pundits, whose faith in gold as the pivot of the financial system remains intact, are beginning to mutter, like the Scotch preacher whose prayers for rain were all too amply rewarded: "But, Lord, this is downright reedeeculous."

Last fall, when European capitalists, scared by the international situation, were frantically buying dollars, gold shipments to this country reached spectacular heights. The British exchange authorities, faced by a demand for dollars enormously exceeding the demand for sterling, were forced to obtain those dollars by selling gold to America. This illustrates one reason for our accumulation of gold in recent years, but it would be a mistake to think it the sole cause. The Federal Reserve *Bulletin* for February provides an analysis of the gold influx since 1934 which distinguishes three main factors. Net additions to foreign capital holdings in this country account for $2.7 billion. Rather more than half this sum represents funds which have not been invested here but have been held as bank balances or in other liquid forms. This is the so-called "hot money" which is liable to return home quickly if, for instance, a scare starts about the value of the dollar. But some $1.2 billion of foreign capital which has come here in the last five years has been used to purchase American securities—that is, it forms a more or less permanent investment.

Another very important factor in the gold influx is the repatriation of American holdings abroad. In the period under review Americans have liquidated foreign assets to the tune of $1.5 billion. Finally, we must consider the effects of our consistently favorable trade balance. Since 1934 our sales to foreign countries have exceeded our purchases from them by no less than $2.1 billion. Our customers could only fill this gap by shipping gold.

We can now see what we have really exchanged for the bullion which fills our vaults. We have given to foreigners claims on bank deposits, title in the form of securities to a part of our productive machinery, capital assets formerly held by Americans in other countries, and large quantities of cotton, oil, automobiles, and so on. The first item—"hot money"—should perhaps be excluded, since it is, in effect, an immediately realizable claim against our gold stock. But the other items constitute wealth in tangible forms. Have we received in return for them something equally tangible?

Of course our gold, though lost to common sight, does play a part in our banking system as backing for the currency. But it is far and away beyond what is necessary for this purpose, even allowing a large margin for a future expansion of business. We could replace every note in circulation by gold coin and still have $8 billion worth of the metal to play with. Clearly the five-year influx cannot be regarded as essential to the maintenance of the currency. To what other uses can we put our gold? It does provide us with a large fund with which to buy additional goods from other countries or to acquire property situated abroad. But our fiscal policy has for long been designed to discourage imports, and whenever they show signs of exceeding exports we begin to get nervous. As for new foreign investments, they have been hindered by legislation (the Johnson Act) and, in any case, are understandably unpopular in the present state of the world.

It would seem, therefore, that while our gold theoretically gives us command over vast purchasing power, in practice we cannot use it for money unless we abandon some cherished policies. Meanwhile, the hoard grows steadily. Every war scare is a stimulant, and if a European conflict does break out, the inflow will become a tidal wave. Thus it is hardly fanciful to imagine a situation arising in which this country would have a statistical corner in the world's gold. What then? The probability is that other countries would be reduced to barter unless, in order to avoid such a return to the primitive, they devised some new international standard of value. In either case we should be left sitting on a mountain of gold worth only what it would fetch for making jewelry or filling teeth. We should be the only customer in the world for the gold in the mines, and if we refused to buy any more, we should find its value, in terms of goods, falling headlong, just as the price of silver collapsed when it was demonetized. The real wealth with which we parted in exchange for gold would be lost forever: the economic system would be profoundly shaken.

Is it not about time that we took steps to check or even reverse the gold influx regardless of vested interests? Or must we gorge this "hard food for Midas" until it chokes us?

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

THE POSSIBILITY of a "sudden" general election in Great Britain is emphasized by urgent private appeals for funds which the Conservative Party has addressed to its followers. To rank-and-file members it has sent a circular letter; wealthy supporters have received envelopes marked "personal" containing copies of a letter from Neville Chamberlain to the party treasurer. The letter urges financial support of the party to insure continuance of the National government and its "peace" policies. It is dated October 15—the month when Chamberlain was deploring hints that he would try to make "political capital" out of Munich.

EACH SUNDAY throngs of pickets descend on radio station WMCA in New York to protest against that station's barring of Father Coughlin for his anti-Semitic utterances and for refusing to submit an advance script. Catholic newspapers and organizations are backing the protest; among its most vigorous sponsors is Patrick Scanlan's weekly Brooklyn *Tablet*. Back in 1933 Scanlan had occasion to protest against anti-Catholic speeches broadcast by station WMCA. At that time he wrote: "Mr. Rutherford [the speaker in question] belongs in the ranks of Franklin Ford and other bigots whose endeavor it seems is to misrepresent other religions and to spread bigotry. . . . You should either put an end to Mr. Rutherford's racket or else go over his manuscripts before permitting him to speak." In response to such protests WMCA sought to curb Rutherford, and when he—like Coughlin—refused to heed restrictions, he was barred from the air.

IN AN old Copenhagen street there is an officers' house which bears, under an old-fashioned bell-cord, this notice: "Door-bell for the general staff." During last September's crisis this admonition was chalked underneath: "In case of war, please ring three times."

AT A luncheon held in London recently the Chinese ambassador was pressed for a statement on China's prospects. He responded optimistically: "You know that when two boxers fight one tries to get at the other's chin to strike a knock-out blow. China's advantage is that she has no chin."

A STORY about the evicted share-croppers who recently demonstrated along Missouri highways carried this headline in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:* "Red Linked with Share-croppers; Police to Move Group Urged on by Agitators." Nowhere in the story, notes the *Guild Reporter,* is the word "red" or "communist" or even "radical" used, and the only reference to "agitators" is in a sentence quoting unidentified "landowners" as tracing the demonstrations to "certain agitators."

DESPITE THE projected expansion of the air corps, Negroes will still be barred from enlistment in that service. . . . Reporting a speech by Dr. John H. Finley, the New York *Times* spelled the name of its editor emeritus "Findley" throughout the story. . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has abandoned plans for a film about Spanish refugees on the ground that it wouldn't be entertainment. . . .

THE DU PONT radio program "Cavalcade of America" dramatized the life of Allan Pinkerton, founder of the agency which has of late been chiefly notorious for its strike-breaking deeds. The story ended with the year 1861, five years before Pinkerton went in for strike-breaking. The script for the program, prepared by Barton, Batten, Durstine, and Osborn, announces that "in order not to offend any of the radio audience, we never mention anything to do with war, peace, class struggle, labor, or religion."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Burlingame, Cal.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IF I were Stuart Chase and were possessed of his nimble pen I should incorporate myself as a private Book of the Month Club, for the volumes that come from him follow so swiftly one upon another that I am sure turning out one a month would offer no difficulty for him. His latest volume is "The New Western Front" (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). It is written in his breezy characteristic style and, though but a small volume of 190 pages, is packed full of interesting facts and figures. It is his picture of our situation in this post-Munich era, and like all his books it is most readable and stimulating, even when one must disagree with his conclusions, and occasionally with his facts: it was, for example, not a "wilful twelve" in the Senate that refused to permit President Wilson to put the United States into the League of Nations, but many more than that; the "wilful twelve" voted against the Armed-Ship bill.

As for Mr. Chase's conclusions, the truth is that he leaves us considerably up in the air, but in that respect he does not differ very much from all the others who have been grinding out books upon our desperate situation. He merely urges moderate preparedness and watchful waiting. What commends the book to me so strongly is that a sane and rational tone runs all through it; its author is not stampeded as are so many other writers and public men, who seem to believe that we are in immediate jeopardy when as a matter of fact we cannot possibly be attacked, through the air or on the surface of the water or below it. With the present armament madness guided neither by reason nor by any intelligent consideration of the factors involved, it does my heart good to have Stuart Chase say, after discussing the impossibility of a Japanese attack in the Pacific Ocean: "I apologize for wasting your time in this discussion. It would make an admirable topic for a debate in an insane asylum." A little later he says: "Any way you look at it, a successful invasion of the United States is impossible with any weapons now known, provided we do not have to meet it with our bare hands. We already have a powerful navy, a good air force, an efficient army." I rather doubt the last, although the army has been enormously improved, and there is a great deal of testimony about the inefficiency of the navy and the joint inefficiency of army and navy caused by their failure to cooperate with each other. Perhaps Mr. Chase has had his attention drawn to this fact now that Major General Henry H. Arnold, head of the Army Air Corps, has testified officially that there exists no plan for the joint defense of the United States.

I like Mr. Chase's handling of the colonial question also. He says: "Grabbing territory, enslaving natives, was all very well for Alexander, Attila, Genghis Khan—even for Cecil Rhodes. We have largely progressed beyond that sort of thing today. It is difficult to grow rich by owning colonies which cost more, in administrative and naval expenses, than trading rights can ever return." To him Hitler's drive for colonies and markets seems "pretty silly." "A drive for self-sufficiency," he says, "is understandable, but for commercial empire it is about thirty years too late." As for our home situation, Mr. Chase thinks that if we have surpluses to dump we should dump them at home, where there are plenty of Americans on relief who could use more wheat, cotton goods, and electrical appliances, instead of subsidizing gifts to foreigners and creating angry neighbors by increasing export competition. But he wants the government to take over control of foreign trade, perhaps issuing export licenses for what we need to import, and he thinks that this kind of control is destined to dominate the field of foreign trade all over the world in the years before us.

Next Mr. Chase wants us to initiate a plan for a real League of Nations along the lines of Stephen Raushenbush's "The Final Choice," but he does not want us to go in until England, Germany, France, Russia, Japan, and Italy all agree to go in together, and reduce their armies and navies "to the demands of internal riot calls." That seems to me a counsel of perfection. Certainly there is not the slightest chance of this coming to pass until all the nations are much nearer bankruptcy from armament competition than they are today. This is one of the places that make me wish that Mr. Chase had thought more deeply, just as I am sorry that he has put so much reliance upon this country's arming, when armaments, as Eliot Janeway recently pointed out in *Harper's* with reference to England, may open the direct road to fascism. Again, I am disappointed that he accepts the idea that we must rely on protection at this time. The difficulty is that when you put on tariffs even for a temporary emergency you create vested interests more and more difficult to dislodge. The same is true of building up your defense forces. You create thereby another specially privileged class which will keep up the alarums indefinitely rather than be mustered out in any disarmament program. None the less, the book is, as I have said, useful, full of valuable meat, and always entertaining.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

THE Associates in Negro Folk Education have recently issued two small volumes of unusual interest. Both are the work of Sterling Brown, one of the most talented of contemporary Negro writers. The first covers "The Negro in American Fiction," the second "Negro Poetry and Drama."* Together they form a definitive study of the part the Negro has played, both as subject and as creator, in American literature. Both bear witness to exhaustive, and what must have been at times exhausting, research, considering the dull stretches of material Mr. Brown has so conscientiously traversed. Both are designed as textbooks; but thanks to the author's insight and discrimination, as well as his readable style, they also qualify as literary criticism in an important and neglected field.

In "The Negro in American Fiction," Mr. Brown demonstrates how consistently the Negro has been exploited in literature as in every other field. In our early literature he appeared mainly as a subsidiary character, and his portrayal was often as realistic as that of other characters in the fiction of the time. It was when the slavery debate broke out that he became affected with a public interest and his role became that of a "walking argument." From then on he appeared, and continues to appear, according to the point of view of the writer, as one of a variety of stereotypes; as the childlike comic, as the contented slave, as the unhappy freedman, as the tragic octoroon, as the noble savage, as the brute, and, in contemporary times, as the Harlem "creature of joy." "Whether the Negro was human," writes Mr. Brown, "was one of the problems that racked the brains of the cultured Old South. The finally begrudged admission that perhaps he was has remained largely nominal in letters as in life." And even "many authors who are not hostile to the Negro and some who profess friendship still stress a 'peculiar endowment' at the expense of the Negro's basic humanity."

Mr. Brown traces in detail the permutations of the Negro as fictional character; and his study has a double interest in that it provides period-by-period commentary on one of the central social issues of our history. Southern authors have been mainly responsible for the stereotypes into which the character of the Negro has been cast; and the connection between these types and Southern social policy is clear. To justify slavery against the attacks of the abolitionists the Southern novelist invented the happy slave; in the days of Reconstruction the picture of the Negro as brute was set up as an argument against giving him the vote. In this same period nostalgia for the Old South gave rise to another version of the mythological Negro, and the mythological plantation as well. On the other hand the abolitionist writers contributed the picture of the noble savage, the perfect Christian, and the tragic octoroon. Meanwhile, the humorist used the Negro for his own special purposes. Only rarely, as in the character of Jim in "Huckleberry Finn," did the Negro emerge as human being.

In modern times the realistic school has somewhat redressed the balance. Mr. Brown points out that the best portraits of Negroes as human beings in a complex social environment rather than as handy sociological symbols or "props" for interracial melodrama have come from sympathetic white authors. And by a poetic justice many of these have been Southerners. But the Negro as stereotype is still dominant in such best-sellers as "Gone with the Wind."

It should perhaps be said that Mr. Brown nowhere implies that the stereotypes he attacks have no basis in reality. His own view of the Negro is anything but romanticism. His valid objection lies against the novelist become amateur social scientist who turns individual types to the uses of race prejudice and propaganda.

Mr. Brown looks to the Negro novelist for the ultimate full and objective portrayal of his people. His own book, by analyzing so thoroughly the pitfalls that have tripped the writer in this field, makes an important contribution to that end. It need hardly be said that the realistic portrayal of the Negro, who continues to be an involuntary participant in one of the great social and economic dramas of our history, can only improve the quality of the literature which takes that drama for its theme. Marx's statement that "labor cannot emancipate itself in the white skin where in the black it is branded" admits of literary paraphrase. As long as the Negro in American fiction is "branded" with unreality, so long will such fiction remain inferior and false.

J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia and Hodder and Stoughton of London have announced a new kind of treasure hunt. They are searching for a long first novel in the "fine romantic vein" of Hervey Allen, Daphne du Maurier, Margaret Mitchell, "or even" as the announcement puts it, William Makepeace Thackeray. The rewards are impressive: a prize of $2,500, a free trip to Europe or America depending on the habitat of the winner, and an assured income of $2,500 a year for four years, during which time, to be sure, the author will be expected to produce three more literary *enfants terribles.*

In order that there shall be no mistake about the kind of book desired, the publishers have compiled an elaborate "guide" in five parts. Among other things it informs contestants that they must be able to differentiate between sentimentality, passion, and true romantic love, warns against introspection and the introduction of abnormalities, and specifies a happy ending. The guide makes everything perfectly clear, but it seems to me that it would be even clearer, and the contestants could get down to work quicker, if it were reduced to one sentence, to wit: "J. B. Lippincott and Hodder and Stoughton will give at least $1,000 and a trip abroad to anyone who will produce four 'Anthony Adverses' in four years."

It would be cheap at half the price.

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* Each volume 50 cents.

Correspondents of the London *Spectator* have been submitting answers to the question, What is a gentleman? Harold Nicolson, who contributes a weekly page to the *Spectator*, asked the question, and the most amusing answer so far is the one which defines a gentleman as "one who is never unintentionally offensive." Who has a better one?

Mr. Nicolson's "Studies in Modern Diplomacy," consisting of his "Portrait of a Diplomatist" (which is also a biography of his father, Sir Arthur Nicolson), "Peace-Making, 1919," and "Lord Curzon," have just been reissued in a uniform edition by Harcourt, Brace. (Each volume $2.50.)

In writing of the British and the Egyptian question in the eighties, Mr. Nicolson has this to say:

> British statesmen are usually blind to their own tendencies, but vividly aware of their own disinclinations. While not knowing what they are doing or what they want to do, they realize quite clearly what they do *not* want to do, and they are apt to grasp at this negative, and to proclaim it, in place of the very tiring calculations which any positive policy would entail. This gap between our conscious realization of what we do *not* want to do, and our unconscious realization that in the end we shall have to do it, is inevitably interpreted by foreign observers as indicating hypocrisy or even worse. The mistake our critics make is to state in terms of ethics a problem which is essentially psychological. We can scarcely expect, however, even the most intelligent and forbearing foreigner to regard our handling of the Egyptian question as anything but opportunist in the extreme.

In 1882 the British occupied Egypt after repeated assurances to other powers that they had no intention of acting alone. In 1938 the British surrendered Czechoslovakia to Germany after repeated assurances to other powers, including the victim, that they had no such intention. Mr. Nicolson, as well as recent history, confirms the view of those who operate on the assumption that when Mr. Chamberlain announces solemnly that the British have no intention of partitioning a given country the blueprints are already drawn up. This view has one immediate reward: it makes the daily news from England as fascinating as those new-fangled double-crostics.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Mind of Matthew Arnold

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By Lionel Trilling. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

IT IS understood to be in accordance with Matthew Arnold's wish to have no biography of himself written, that his descendants have maintained careful guard over his private papers. Mr. Trilling admits that he had available only published sources of information. It may be said, however, that if family piety could have made terms with the inevitable it could not have found a biographer of greater intelligence and discretion than Mr. Trilling. He has followed with patient study the development of Arnold's thought from the thin sheaf of poems published in 1849 to the "Last Essays on Church and Religion" and the later "Essays in Criticism." He has written, as he says, a biography of Arnold's mind, and if Arnold had contemplated any record of his life this is the one he would have wished.

Among the many virtues of Mr. Trilling's book a thorough study of Arnold's intellectual background is the first. He has gone to Arnold's sources and influences, to Dr. Thomas Arnold, to Spinoza, to Senancour, to Joubert. He has emphasized the contemporary aspect of Arnold's writings—his emergence as poet when the smoldering ashes of the French Revolution were flaming up in 1848, his entrance upon the field of modern controversy in the middle sixties when "The Origin of Species" shook the gates of revealed religion, when the opposition between the schools of Mill and Carlyle was brought to a focus by the trial of Governor Eyre and the rioting over the Second Reform Bill, when Home Rule for Ireland was beginning to shatter the Liberal Party. The proper way to read Arnold's essays is in the magazines in which he appears in the lists with Carlyle and Newman, Gladstone and Mill, with Kingsley for the Broad Church, Mallock for Catholicism, Frederic Harrison for Comtism, Huxley, Clifford, and Leslie Stephen for science. Mr. Trilling supplies the background which is necessary for the comprehension of Arnold as a prose writer in an age of controversy unmatched since the early seventeenth century.

Although amid the dust and confusion of contemporary conflict Arnold strove to hold himself aloof, above the mêlée, he was nevertheless subject to winds of doctrine. Mr. Trilling makes no effort to attenuate the fallacies in Arnold's thinking. His famous apology for the status quo, drawn from Joubert's maxim, "Force until right is ready," is mere sophistry born of his wish to maintain expansion without revolution. His theory of the dominance of a racial strain, "of blood," prominent in his view of Celtic literature, is bad anthropology, discredited today by ignoble use. His doctrine of the state in which classes should rise above their interests to their "best selves" suggests a mythical concept, likewise discredited. As Mr. Trilling remarks: "Class is a category whose very essence is interest—the reason of a class is its interest."

Above all, Mr. Trilling disposes of Arnold's new version of Christianity by quoting F. H. Bradley's devastating comment on the famous definition of religion as "morality touched by emotion." All morality is touched by emotion, and when it is touched by religious emotion it is religious. This religious emotion gathers about some external reference which Arnold calls God, but his definition of God as "a stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being" makes little appeal to emotion, and is, moreover, as Mr. Trilling points out, a begging of the question—it is no more than to say "things act as they act."

Arnold's crusade in behalf of religion, like his defense of literature, was the expression of what Mr. Trilling recognizes as the cardinal point in his thought, the pursuit of unity, integrity, totality for the individual and for society. In his preface to the poems of 1853 he took occasion to enforce the principle of classic as opposed to romantic art by comparing a tragedy of Sophocles, in its emphasis on the central theme, with Keats's "Isabella," so remarkable for beautiful detail in which the main action is obscured. The lack of a principle of unity to guide the poet was the source of his dissatisfaction with his own art. Wordsworth had found such a principle in his belief in man's relation to nature, but Arnold felt the dichotomy between the inscrutable ways of the cosmos and the values which man's consciousness gives to life. Morality is not found in nature. "Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood," he wrote, and again, with reference to moral striving, "Man must begin where nature ends." This discontent supplied the prevailing emotional color of Arnold's poetry. Harold Nicolson attributes Tennyson's lyrical gift to the emotion of fear—fear of God, fear of death, fear of sex. Mr. Trilling finds the mood which assures Arnold the lyric gift in self-pity. This mood obtains direct expression in many of his poems, such as "The Buried Life" and "Dover Beach," and it is the undertone of others in which the subject is dramatic—"The Scholar Gipsy," "Thyrsis," and Rugby Chapel." To escape from this melancholy, to bring release from it to the world, Arnold thought was the true aim of poetry. What men want is "something to animate and ennoble them—not merely to add zest to their melancholy or grace to their dreams." It was in deference to this judgment that he suppressed for many years the most pessimistic of his poems, "Empedocles on Etna." It was in obedience to it that he turned from poetry to criticism.

Arnold made the great discovery that criticism of art must necessarily depend on criticism of life. Carlyle had anticipated this position in his comparison of German with English criticism, but Arnold made its announcement in "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" in such explicit terms that he became for the half-century that preceded the Great War the dominant force in English criticism, which after his example seldom fails to take account of the special and political determination of literature. Criticism of life he declared to be the function of literature, of poetry. In the chief doctrine of his applied criticism he emphasized his objective of totality. Culture, the remedy for present discontents, he defined as the pursuit of one's *total* perfection, by getting to know the best that has been thought and said in the world. It was in recognition of this principle of totality that culture for Arnold became a social doctrine.

The papers which made up "Culture and Anarchy" were written with reference to the social disorders of the late sixties, as was Carlyle's "Past and Present" with reference to those of the forties. But Arnold's social doctrine was the reverse of Carlyle's dependence for salvation on the hero. Already he had written to Clough: "I am more and more convinced that the world tends to become more comfortable for the mass, and more uncomfortable for those of any natural gift or distinction—and it is well perhaps that it should be so—for hitherto the gifted have astonished and delighted the world, but not trained or inspired or in any way changed it." In this acceptance of democracy Arnold perceived the overwhelming importance of ideas, response to which is the only ground for human advance. It was the function of literature to make ideas prevail in a democracy; hence the value which he attributed to literature over science in education. He opposed the individualism of the Liberals no less than that of Carlyle. Freedom, the fetish of the Liberal Party, was to him merely machinery, depending for its value on its results. "It is a very great thing to be able to think as you like, but after all an important question remains: what you think."

With all his assertion of integrity and totality Arnold was far from absolutism of thought. In one of his ironical quotations he cited Frederic Harrison's objection, that he lacked "a philosophy with coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative principles." Mr. Trilling finds frequent parallelism between his attitude and that of the pragmatists. His defense of belief in God is on the lines of William James's "The Will to Believe," and like John Dewey he insists that things must be taken for consideration in the complexity of their relations, not in the simplification which logic requires.

The chief of Arnold's contributions to modern thought sprang from the combination of practical sense with reason, a bias toward relativity, a sense of emphasis according to the needs of the age. Thus with his recognition that conduct is three-fourths of life, and that Hebraism is concerned with "strictness of conscience," he asserted the present need of his countrymen for Hellenism, or "spontaneity of consciousness." Again, in his recommendation of the state as an authority he admits that the French have the idea in excess, the English not sufficiently. He anticipated present-day social thought in seeing that private property was the great obstacle to social wealth, but he saw that this obstacle was one erected by law and limited to it. Indeed, in his sympathetic anticipation of social transformation and recognition of tendencies toward it he was almost the only notable Englishman of his class to view the Paris Commune of 1871 with anything short of horror. "Paris does not make me so angry," he wrote, "as it does many people, because I do not think well enough of Thiers and the French upper class generally to think it very important that they should win. What is certain is that all the seriousness, clear-mindedness, and settled purpose is hitherto on the side of the Reds."

Mr. Trilling is sure that Arnold never read Marx, and he does not attempt to work Arnold's ideas into Marxist formulas. What is much more important, he shows, with an art which conceals design (if any), that in his view of history, literature, and politics Arnold is in line with the thought that is replacing the liberalism of the nineteenth century with the socialism through which alone democracy can survive.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Democrat in Berlin

THROUGH EMBASSY EYES. By Martha Dodd. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

TO begin with, nothing here is seen "through embassy eyes," nothing is heard through embassy ears, nothing is thought by an embassy brain—and that is perhaps the best thing about this refreshingly undiplomatic book. Martha Dodd, daughter of the former American ambassador to Berlin, meets us at the beginning of the story as a typical American girl—intelligent, curious, sincere, still flexible, still impressionable, but already searching for knowledge and a definite goal. In the course of the narrative we see this young person developing, and as she endeavors to conjure up for us the people and scenes of the Third Reich, she herself comes alive—unprejudiced and thoughtful, saucy and companionable, ready to help, eager to discipline herself through freedom and to make fruitful for herself and others the incredible situation in which she suddenly found herself.

The family of William E. Dodd, a professor of history, is enjoying a modest, retired, and industrious vacation on a small farm in Virginia when the father is appointed ambassador of the United States to Germany. Professor Dodd has never been a diplomat, but he knows history—the history of the country to which he is being sent as intimately as that of the nation he represents. He has studied in Germany and received his doctor's degree there; he loves Germany—its civilization, its people, its language. At home he is valued as a clever and upright man, a prominent Democrat. Roosevelt, who wants to meet the new Germany in a new way, sends a human being to Berlin, not a diplomat.

At first young Martha thinks Berlin is splendid; and her father, who does not recognize in the Third Reich the Germany of his youth, speaks in a joking but worried way of his "Nazi child." In all sincerity she tries to feel at home in the dictatorship; she looks about her, she makes inquiries, she learns. There is much to learn all at once; things stand in strange opposition to each other. She learns in the school of diplomatic social life and in the school of the Nazi terror. She learns that it is quite impossible—it is simply not allowed—to leave an evening party before eleven o'clock, or to depart from the rigid seating arrangement prescribed by the "Protocol." At the same time she learns that it is neither impossible nor forbidden to break international treaties, to throw hundreds of thousands of men into concentration camps without trial, and to transform all Germany into one big prison in which the vicious and the sick keep the watch.

She learns. And although she learns little that we did not know, little that would have escaped an alert newspaper reader, her sincere, childlike, conscientious presentation of events gives us a good picture. The conclusions she draws are often amazingly correct. And her portraits live. The Nazi rulers pass before us: Hitler—an amorphous, inhuman, amoral, hysterical figure; Göring, fat and red, but a splendid host; little Goebbels, who sparkles with "irresistible gaiety" and has such a "soft voice" that one cannot believe the horrors one knows he has instigated; Schacht and Rosenberg, Ribbentrop and Papen, Hanfstängl and Neurath, and the other great men of the Third Reich, some now overthrown, some still in power. They smile and bow on the parquetry floors of the American embassy. The diplomatic corps smiles also, and the representatives of the great European democracies bow—they do not come off too well in the sketches of the young and impudent Martha. Against this background the father, who according to the daughter presents the "rare spectacle of an informal and idealistic ambassador," appears like a man before a row of life-sized marionettes. He is struggling with a problem which he soon recognizes as insoluble. On what plane shall he, the representative of a free democratic nation, meet the crafty terror which sees a plot when the democrat would like to negotiate, which plans extortion when the democrat believes in honorable transactions, which practices violence when the democrat dreams of justice?

After the terrible events of June 30, 1934, Miss Dodd suddenly decides to fly to Russia. She spends a month there and comes "home," to Berlin, full of most encouraging impressions. Her childlike self-confidence admits no doubt about the authenticity of such impressions. She might have said to herself that you cannot learn the truth about Russia when you do not know the language and for four weeks are led about by a government official; she might have remembered, too, that she was at first all enthusiasm for Nazi Germany. She fails to do so and pronounces judgment, but this judgment is based less on subjective impressions than on simple truths—the truth of the fundamental difference between Soviet and Nazi aims, even if the methods used are similar, and the other truth that the general situation in Russia is not comparable with that in Germany. In Russia government is for the people, not against the people as in simple truth it is in Germany. The standard of living has fallen under Hitler, while it has risen in the Soviet Union. Russia shows no sign of intending military aggression against the world, while fascism threatens to stick Europe in its pocket. Meanwhile, the atmosphere in Germany is filled with fears as with bacilli—the people's fear of their rulers, the rulers' fear of one another. Trembling persecutors and quivering victims, unhappy tyrants and a despairing people! Even the house of the foreign diplomat teems with hidden microphones and spying servants. William E. Dodd, who soon does not conceal his abhorrence of the regime, has reason to be especially on his guard; the American family lives as if on an island, with the waves of the terror breaking around them.

After four years and a half the father resigns, but he had really resigned long before. The knowledge that Germany is spoiled for peaceful intercourse with civilized humanity as long as Hitler is master there, that Hitler's desires are boundless and his methods thoroughly unacceptable, fills the brain and heart of the democratic Professor Dodd while Ambassador Dodd takes his leave. They go back to America, the richer for a great if bitter experience, but poorer by, oh, so much. The mother dies. Four years and a half in Nazi Germany have literally broken her heart; the gay and charming woman whom the daughter describes with so much tenderness has reached the end of her strength as her husband finally brings her home to freedom. And where is that saucy young person Martha, the "Nazi child" who at the beginning of the story went out to seek adventure? In the poisonous hothouse atmosphere of the Third Reich four years are like twenty, and it is an earnest, understanding woman, knowing life in all its wretchedness, who here undertakes to speak out about the unspeakable, to portray what cannot be portrayed In conclusion, the young Martha (I have a sisterly feeling for her, for six years of exile are also like twenty years) makes a confession of faith—which is also mine—faith in a just freedom and in the struggle against dishonorable barbarism. ERIKA MANN

A Happy Eternity

THE MIRACLE OF HAWORTH. A BRONTE STUDY. By W. Bertram White. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

"A LITTLE credulity," said the first of the Brontë biographers, "helps one on through life very smoothly," and some of Mrs. Gaskell's heirs have both practiced and banked on this. With at least four Brontës of talent, the life of each turning closely upon all the others, what indeed cannot be done? Brontë combinations and permutations are almost infinite, and irresistible. Which one of them wrote "Wuthering Heights," or rather which did not? What are the relations of Charlotte to Arthur Nicholls, George Smith, and Branwell, of Branwell to Mrs. Robinson and Anne Brontë, of Anne to Emily, of Emily to William Weightman, Branwell, and Charlotte? Was the Reverend Patrick Brontë himself fool, ogre, or genius? Did he live for or on his children? Such matters as these are the common fare of the Brontë specialists, and no wonder some of them, dwelling in the midst of keys, clues, and inklings, habitués of the devious, have invoked the improbable, confident that the Brontës, like Wordsworth's Nature, never did betray the heart that loved them.

Little daunted by such complexities, Mr. White has set out to make an end of them, to write a straightforward, conscientious, and sympathetic account of Haworth parsonage. Such a purpose is praiseworthy and courageous, yet I am afraid "The Miracle of Haworth" is marked by daring more than divination. In common with a larger humanity, Mr. White solves his problems chiefly by ignoring them. Sweeping away much of the bad theorizing of previous Brontë studies, he disposes also of most of the good. "The Miracle of Haworth," indeed, guards the Brontës from the unwelcome advances of their critics with the same sort of jealous love that Madame Héger utilized to protect her professor from the advances of Charlotte herself. Coming, in brief, at the end of a long tradition of Brontë commentators, including the valuable studies of Shorter, May Sinclair, Virginia Woolf, and E. F. Benson, Mr. White completes the arc and returns, almost as though no years had passed and no gains had been made in our psychological perceptions, to the tone of Mrs. Gaskell. Yet "The Miracle of Haworth" is simply another of those hortatory documents which the Victorian celebrities, for reasons I cannot always see, draw to themselves. Why should it be characteristic of Mr. White's book that what is tolerable in its fellows becomes so unfortunate in it?

Perhaps it is because the Brontës, even more than the unhappy Dickens, the morose Carlyle, the tormented Butler, reveal so sharply the moral sickness of their era. For the Brontës, in their years but especially in their spiritual lives, were closer to that state of being which seemed to draw down the special wrath of Victorian society—youth. This history of their childhood, surrounded by solemnity and disease, from which the imprint of the Victorian morality crushed whatever pleasures might have remained; this picture of the Brontë children forced by their father's vision of their genius, a vision more like a threat, into a dreadful maturity—is there anything very inspiring in such a chronicle? "Tell me," says the Reverend Brontë to his daughters; "What is the best mode of spending one's time?" "By laying it out in preparation," says Maria, aged ten, "for a happy eternity." Were Charlotte and Emily also preparing for their happy eternity—shy, nervous, precocious children as they were, taking refuge in the story-telling which was to be their only fruitful adjustment to life; these virginal young women revealing to a shocked society a passion as intense as it was aimless, and one which, afraid of human response, sought as its sure object the printed page? "Out of travail," says Mr. White, "a soul is born," but he does not specify what sort of soul. Perhaps the Miracle of Haworth is not that the Brontë children lived so beautifully, but that they managed to live at all.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Lustier Than Life

HANNIBAL HOOKER. By William Harlan Hale. Random House. $2.50.

"HANNIBAL HOOKER" is rich in history, brilliant in dialogue, a lustier chunk of life than anything you'll be likely to be living yourself. It is a true carnival for the spirit. But if you are a literary critic, your canons will be outraged.

The hero, who gives the book its title, is the son of a small-town banker and a pious mother in Waynesboro, Indiana. He is sent to a theological seminary in Boston. Here he makes two lifelong friends—Saulpaugh, whose mentality is Anglo-Catholic, and Limbach, a Shavian character of wit and learning. The conversations of these three recur throughout the long novel, punctuating the adventures. In themselves they are brilliant; and aside from their intrinsic value they supply a much-needed integration to the novel, a Greek chorus linking the separate stories. This link should have been supplied by the evolution of the hero, but it is not. The character of the hero does change, but except in the case of his dramatic break with the suburban church, the reader cannot tell why. From that point on, a certain chaos comes over the novel.

Now if "Hannibal Hooker" were truly "picaresque," as the publishers and even the writer seem to think, there would be no need for integration of the symphonic type. No one asks a Hervey Allen to keep score. We could blithely follow Hannibal through his first pastorship, his escape to Haiti and involvement in a comic Caribbean revolution, his work for pacifism just before the Great War, his adventures as a correspondent in Europe. But to write this sort of story-suite Mr. Hale should have been trained as a pulp-writer, putting aside his intellectualism, personal subtlety, and moral idealism. The author is much too good, and not good enough, to write for the pulps; he is a writer for educated adults and should resign himself to that audience.

Isolated episodes, to be sure, come through magnificently. Hannibal's great love affair is real and clear and moving—though much more so when handled as a recurrent theme through the years of adventure than under the glaring sunlight of an island of escape. And the adventures with such unforgettable characters as Pat Deasy, the treacherous Irish revolutionary, Johnny Papadakis, the Greek saloon-keeper, and Alois Kastenhuber, the stone-cutting anarchist, are excellent. But Mr. Hale in his next novel should eschew definitely the string-of-beads organization in favor of the symphonic, because that is the only way his highly humanistic sense of life can be projected into a telling whole. The reader does get, through the choppy life and conversation of the hero, a dim sense of man with his fist against the sky, but whereas he should have emerged as the immortal Faustian seeker, the modern man in search of his soul, Hannibal Hooker is always merely the central operative in a number of events, never quite emerging as character.

If Mr. Hale is right now too inspired for his skill, that is not to say that he hasn't enough to outstrip his American contemporaries. He has. His first novel must be read. And his second will be.

EUNICE CLARK

South Carolina Town

THE WEDDING. By Grace Lumpkin. Lee Furman. $2.50.

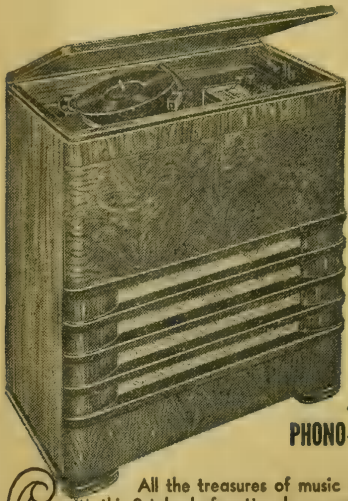
YOU won't be much worried for fear the wedding presents sent to Jennie Middleton may have to go back, because you have a feeling that she will make up her quarrel with Dr. Gregg in time. Besides, it would be no tragedy if she didn't, because—Miss Lumpkin being rather hard on her own sex in this novel—Jennie is not exactly a prize package. When she wants to be, she is very much the ingratiatingly charming Southern girl, the darling of the saber-scarred Confederate Veterans, but she also has a streak of Yankee selfishness and stubbornness that—oh well, as the Bishop in the book says, let's not stir up any more of these old sectional hatreds. The main purpose of the story is not so much to entangle you in the very tenuous web of its plot, which covers merely the twenty-four hours between the quarrel and the marriage ceremony, as to depict the complex cross-currents of life in a Southern town (called Lexington, but sounding very much like Columbia, South Carolina), poised between the old and the new. The wedding lies in the center of a mesh of wires that connect with the church, the bank, the town's traditions and economic future, even with its penitentiary and red-light district. The threatened hitch merely adds additional complications, greatly to the amusement of Dr. Gregg's small and Puckish best man. Miss Lumpkin, whose novel "To Make My Bread" was dramatized a few years ago as "Let Freedom Ring," is no stylist, but she writes with the sincerity and conviction that come from first-hand knowledge of her setting. Robert Middleton, the bride's father, is particularly well drawn: an amiable scion of an old family, endowed by nature to grace a drawing-room but doomed by circumstances to shuttle back and forth between petty cares at home and small notes at the bank. LOUIS B. SALOMON

FILMS

"CRISIS—MADE IN GERMANY" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse), the full-length documentary film about the developments in Czechoslovakia from last May till after Munich, is an exciting and illuminating piece of sincere work. It also poses unintentionally the whole problem of the reporting of political situations and actions by means of the movie camera. The newsreel outfits of the great companies report generally only the surface of events, unconnected bits which, if you had not read your newspaper, would be meaningless; and usually, the farther removed any given event is from politics, the more complete and truthful the picture report. Catastrophes for which God alone seems to be responsible—hurricanes and floods—can be sure of excellent handling. Reels about political actions, on the other hand, which may concern the lives of millions in all parts of the world, are composed mainly of shots of statesmen with and without umbrellas rushing to and from conferences: you see planes, cars, desks, fountain pens, smiling faces, but you must choose your own criminal. Herbert Kline, an independent young American producer, and Alexander Hackenschmiedt, an excellent Czech camera man, intended to do more. They set out to photograph whatever was to happen in Czechoslovakia, and to a certain extent also to interpret and explain it.

We see the first Czech mobilization which stopped Hitler in May; meetings in Sudetenland of fanatical Nazis and democratic anti-Nazis who hold out for their convictions against tremendous pressure from over the frontier; terrorized Jews. We see two funerals: historical and pompous rites for two dead Nazis attended by Henlein and Hitler's representatives; and seven simple coffins in which rest workers beaten to death. We see marching boots, truncheons, barricades, smashed windows. The atmosphere of a countryside under a terror springs from the screen in all its tenseness.

And there is more: the fitting of gas masks that make little children look like monsters; the faces of simple women with big honest eyes, who understand only too well what war will mean; the beautiful hills and fields; villages and towns; people at work and people at leisure, taking walks, looking at shop windows full of Nazi propaganda or of books by Freud and Thomas Mann; soldiers, tanks, cannon, fighting planes. The contrast between everyday life which is hard but sweet and the bloody future ahead is conveyed so convincingly that it chokes you. Especially touching, and full of hope for days less barbarous, is the sequence showing the work in Czech-German solidarity—the children's camp and the visit of the two eminent Czech comedians and satirical poets, Voskovec



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and Werich. (We live in fast-moving times: both are already exiles in New York.)

The end: Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, again mobilization. The producers saved seven thousand meters of film for the outbreak of the war which did not come. They show us a stream of refugees—German socialists, Jews, Czechs, stranded in no man's land. The commentator of the picture, Vincent Sheean, points to their misery: such are the consequences of Munich! But would war not have been a thousandfold more disastrous? This question and many others the picture does not answer? The Czech fascists, the fifth column in Prague of financiers and industrialists, the big landowner friends of Hitler do not appear. In short, the whole truth about what happened last year in Central Europe is not yet told even in this gallant attempt. But the feeling of what life was like in those desperate months in Czechoslovakia comes through, and that in itself is a great experience.

"Stagecoach" (United Artists) is the best Western picture in years. You get all you expect—Indians on the warpath, wild frontiersmen, corrupt bankers, noble gamblers, youthful officers, hypocrites, drunkards, heroes, innocent ladies, whores, and horses. But they have never been presented more expertly. The story moves fast, with ever-growing suspense. There are no slips into false romance. The known types almost become characters. The dialogue is to the point and as true as possible. And the beauty of plain and sky takes your breath away. The direction (John Ford) and the production (Walter Wanger) show unsurpassed craftsmanship. The picture is an unspoiled pleasure from beginning to end.

This cannot be said of Sacha Guitry's "Champs Elysées" (Tri-National Film), which nevertheless has enough of Parisian wit and irony to be amusing most of the time. Sacha Guitry plays five parts and is best as the old teacher who, on the pretext of telling the story of the famous boulevard to his ten-year-old pupil, explains many things about love.

A warning for thriller addicts: "Torchy Blaine in Chinatown" is terrible. I saw it on a rainy afternoon with an audience of poor kids—to whom such trash is sold. But even they were bored.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

HAYDN'S Symphony No. 102, issued by Victor (three records, $6.50), is Haydn at his best—which I would not say of the Boston Symphony's recorded performance: even the Haydn vigor would sound the better for the lightness of hand with which Koussevitzky treats the Haydn playfulness. On a single record ($1.50) Bruno Walter offers a sensitive and warm performance with the London Symphony of the lovely Ballet Music Nos. 1 and 2 from Schubert's "Rosamunde"; on another Walter single Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture loses the power it would have in a performance that was steady and controlled.

Such steadiness and control made Walter's recent Victor set of Brahms's Third Symphony the excellent thing it was; and they are to be heard again in Weingartner's performance of the work with the London Philharmonic, now issued by Columbia (four records, $6). The superiority of the new version is in recording which gives clean-cut reproduction of the sounds, as against a slight clouding of the older performance by reverberation. On the other hand there are occasions when strands of the Brahms texture are not heard in the new version that are heard in the old; and in the new one the fourth movement is recorded at a lower volume level at the end of side 6 than on sides 7 and 8.

Fauré's Requiem is the first of his works that I have found not only beautifully contrived but, in its quiet way, deeply felt. It is well recorded for Columbia by French singers and players with Commette at the organ (five records, $7.50). In a two-record set ($3.25) are four arias from operas by Lully—lovely music sung quite well by the tenor Villabella and the soprano Renaux; in another such set is French music of still another sort—the charming music of Offenbach arranged for the Ballet Russe's "Gaieté Parisienne," buoyantly played by the London Philharmonic under Kurtz; on a single ($1.50) is Beecham's superb performance of the Overture to "Oberon" with the same orchestra.

Richard Crooks's Victor record ($2) of "Il mio tesoro" from "Don Giovanni" is surprisingly bad: I was not prepared for such constricted, harsh singing from him. But Roy Harris inflating nothing into Nothing in his Chorale for String Sextet—well played by the Kreiner Sextet on another Victor single ($1.50)—is something I was fully prepared for. Hertha Glatz's record ($1.50) of Schubert's "Seligkeit" and "Wehmut" offers musically intelligent use of a voice that is a little metallic.

Technichord Records (39 Worthington Road, Brookline, Mass.) has issued an album (five records, $8) of Bach's organ music played by E. Power Biggs on the Baroque Organ in the Germanic Museum at Harvard University, which was built for performance of such music in accordance with the principles of organ design of Bach's period. The volume offers several fine works: the Concerto in A minor after Vivaldi, the Chorale-Prelude "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," the Prelude and Fugue in E flat known to many in the Busoni arrangement for piano recorded by Fischer; and on the fifth record is the Trio Sonata No. 1, which I find less interesting. The sound of the instrument is recorded with beautiful fidelity, but there are places where the texture is not clear: after the first *b* flat of the E flat Prelude, for example, one cannot hear the *a* flat, *g*, and *f* that lead to the *e* flat. The Prelude suffers a great deal from this sort of thing; and it would gain from something more imposing than Mr. Biggs's simple, direct treatment of the various works.

I have had much pleasure from the Victor album (six records, $9) of Jerome Kern's show music sung and played in the style in which one hears such music sung and played in the theater.

B. H. HAGGIN

In Coming Issues

A Review of Hitler's "Mein Kampf"
BY FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

The Fetishism of Power
BY SIDNEY HOOK

Letters to the Editors

Job-Insurance Amendments

Dear Sirs: An editorial, Job Insurance in Peril, in your issue of January 28, contains several misconceptions. The proposed amendments to the New York law are an attempt to correct the conditions which you describe so mildly in your first paragraph; these conditions are the real peril to job insurance. Our objectives may be summarized as understanding of his benefit rights on the part of the employee; equitable distribution of the funds between regular industrial workers and the casual, seasonal, and part-time workers; maintenance of actual living standards; simplicity of procedure so that benefits will be paid accurately and promptly; reduction of unnecessary administrative cost and delays.

The proposals offer uniform duration of benefits of sixteen weeks to all eligibles, instead of the present additional limitation, based on one-sixth of earnings, which terminates benefits short of sixteen weeks for 75 per cent of the claimants. Estimates made with the cooperation of the Division of Placement and Unemployment Insurance show that the proposals will reduce the payments to those who have little unemployment in the benefit year, but will increase the payments to those who remain unemployed for a long time.

The annual-wage proposal allows benefits equal to 50 per cent of the weekly full-time wage for employees who have worked (in typical wage ranges) forty weeks or more in the base year; more than 50 per cent of the full-time wage is allowed to those who have worked regularly in the base year and are unexpectedly unemployed in the following year.

The proposals offer definite liberalization by the inclusion of benefits for partial unemployment, which is not now protected by the New York law.

Employee contributions at a fraction of the employer's rate will go far toward preservation of the employee's self-respect, as will the continuance of unemployment benefits as a matter of earned right, not to be confused with various forms of dole or relief.

The stamp-book system proposed in the editorial does not answer all the problems of enforcement and simplification with equity; it raises a whole series of new questions. Nevertheless, it may be desirable for certain types of employment, particularly if coverage is extended to smaller employers and farm labor.

There has been no quiet threat or surreptitious attack in the launching of these proposals; a draft was presented to the New York State Advisory Council in September, with specific authority to broadcast as widely as the council desired. Early in October the proposals were discussed with the Social Security Board in an all-day session. Late in October copies were sent to each of the representatives of the Unemployment Division from every state who attended the board's Interstate Conference. This is important, because of the board's failure to take decisive action, as pointed out by your editorial. Wherever organized labor has carefully studied the proposals, and discussed them with the designers, labor has found much unexpected merit in them.

F. B. CLIFFE,
Assistant Comptroller,
General Electric Company
Schenectady, N. Y., February 20.

[*The Nation* readily admits that New York's unemployment-insurance law stands in serious need of revision, and that Mr. Cliffe's proposal for a uniform sixteen-week duration of benefits is a desirable change. His proposal that the "annual wage" be substituted for the "full-time weekly wage" as a basis for determining the benefit rate, on the other hand, involves a departure from the basic principle of American unemployment-insurance legislation: compensation for unemployment at a rate commensurate to the loss suffered. When a worker is unemployed, he does not lose an income equal to his average week's earnings but his full week's wages. The use of the average wage imposes a definite penalty on the most insecure worker because of his insecurity. The effect would be most disastrous in a depression since benefit rates would decline more rapidly than full-time weekly wages. Thus the unemployment-insurance system would fail to maintain purchasing power at the time when it was most needed.

Mr. Cliffe slides over the most reactionary of his proposals by saying that employee contributions "will go far toward the preservation of the employee's self-respect." The fact remains, however, that the tangible effect would be to place an increased share of the burden of unemployment on the group that now carries most of the burden—the workers—rather than on business and society as a whole, where it rightfully belongs.

As to the attitude of labor, since our editorial appeared we have been assured by numerous labor groups that they recognize the dangers inherent in the Cliffe proposals and are actively opposing them.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

"When Germany Awakes—"

Dear Sirs: During the very week when the German-American Bund held its meeting at Madison Square Garden, a once well-known German novel, forgotten by the present generation, happened to fall into my hands. It contains a memorable political confession — or should I say a prophecy?—made by a German-American a hundred years ago.

The novel first appeared in 1855, causing a great sensation. Its title was "Der Amerikamüde ("The Man Who Grew Tired of America"), and subsequently the phrase gained wide popularity in Germany. The author was the Vienna journalist Ferdinand Kürnberger, who had achieved considerable reputation as an incisive political analyst and was regarded as a successor to Ludwig Börne, the great democrat.

Kürnberger describes the disappointments of a German immigrant who seeks to establish an ideal farm settlement of his countrymen in America and sees his enterprise suffer shipwreck. This disillusioned idealist was modeled after the poet Nikolaus Lenau, who actually spent a few years in the United States. The hero turns out to be somewhat prematurely "tired of America," in fact, from the first page on. The novel, moreover, abounds in unfairnesses to the American people and in misrepresentations of Americanism, faults which were sharply criticized by contemporary reviewers and which doomed the work to oblivion, despite its literary qualities. One passage, however, remains of great interest. In fact, it seems more timely today than ever. The hero works himself up to the following climax in a speech delivered at a German meeting:

> When I look into America's future, I see our own German greatness. For this I know in my heart: America will not perish until Germany has completed her revolutions, beyond which lie unity and freedom. Until then, I can wait. The spark of German spirit that I shall hand on to my heirs will stay alive. Have not the German farmers of Pennsylvania instinctively known how to hold fast to their German ways for one hundred years? So fast that whole communities understood not a single word of English today. . . . The fall which I see facing this mongrel people concerns me no more than the fate of the goat that suckled Jupiter. Let it come—we shall not perish. Germany will send her fleet and know how to defend her German province Pennsylvania. What am I saying? Pennsylvania? All of North America will become German, for our immigration will then rest upon a mighty motherland. But why merely North America? The whole world will become German, for Germany's rise will mean England's decline. When Germany awakes, no nation in the world will maintain its old rank.

From the distant past we seem to hear the voice of an orator in Madison Square Garden, his mask of "honest Americanism" lifted for an instant. Even Adolf Hitler and Fritz Kuhn could hardly have formulated it any better than this German author of the fifties. And this German vision coincides remarkably with the conception of the role of Germans in the United States current in Berlin today. Yet Kürnberger was really a progressive and democratically minded (which throws a good deal of light, by the way, on the asumption that there are "two kinds of Germans").

Ferdinand Kürnberger never visited the United States. This spiritual anticipator of Hitler and the Bund, who sat in such stern judgment on America, never set foot on American soil. His vision of German-Americans and their future role was from across the sea. In view of Nazi world policy this may be the most significant point.

ANTON KUH

New York, March 2

"Dear Junior"

Dear Sirs: I have sent the following letter to Frank Hague, Jr.:

Dear Junior: So soon you will become a Judge of the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals. Here, indeed, is a milestone in the history of New Jersey jurisprudence. I realize how pleased your daddy must be with this appointment and I hope he will find time to come up from Miami to be present at your induction.

I too have a junior, aged seven, who like you is eminently qualified to don the Jersey ermine, and I trust that you will put in a good word for him with our distinguished governor in order that *his* daddy may also be pleased.

I am now preparing a biographical sketch to be entitled "All That He Is Today He Owes to His Father, and What Governor Moore Owed His Father Nobody Knows," and in this connection it may be necessary to call upon you for further details as to the acquisition of that degree tendered you by the renowned Southern college whose name both you and I have unfortunately forgotten. At all events at the outset of what assuredly will be the growth of the fairest judicial rose in the "Garden State," will you accept the hearty congratulations of a layman who looks forward to years of many errors but few appeals?

I am about to make a tour of New Jersey under the auspices of the Workers' Defense League to present to the youth of the state the inspiring details of your rapid rise to juridicial honors. It will be an inspiration to our youth to think how well you conned your Blackstone before the burning logs in the remote Deal cabin of your distinguished father, or how in the boulevard apartment you nightly had by heart the dissents of Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Cardozo. Youth must be served, and the fact that you flunked at Princeton in your sophomore year need cause you no qualms. I see that another princely heir, Prince Fumitaka Konoye, son of the former Japanese Premier, Prince Fumimaro Konoye, who was busted out of Princeton altogether, is now dean of the Japanese-sponsored Tungwen College in Shanghai.

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Radburn, N. J., March 3

One-Act Play Contest

Dear Sirs: The American Civil Liberties Union, through the medium of the *One-Act Play Magazine*, announces a contest for one-act plays. Plays submitted must deal with some aspect of civil liberties in the United States or its colonial possessions and must not be longer than one hour of playing time or shorter than twenty minutes. A first prize of $75 and a second of $25 will be given. The judges will be Brooks Atkinson, Sidney Howard, William Kozlenko, Archibald MacLeish, and Elmer Rice. The contest closes April 30.

Manuscripts should be sent to the American Civil Liberties Union Play Contest, care the *One-Act Play Magazine*, 112 West Forty-second Street, New York.

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

New York, February 20

Doctors in Germany

Dear Sirs: Under the heading "Doctors Needed in Germany," the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* of January 16, 1939, says: "Panel and insurance-practice patients are treated badly as there is a great need for doctors after the purge of Jewish and half-Jewish doctors. In private practice the fees are very often two or three times what they have been; so that also private patients are in a bad situation."

These lines show that not even fascism with its hard methods of education is able to change human nature.

R. KUHN

New York, March 6

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The Shape of Things

THE NEW CRISIS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA IS THE direct result of the constant Nazi intriguing in that country since the Munich agreement put it at Germany's mercy. Not content with its territorial conquests in the Sudetenland, Berlin has steadily pressed Prague for economic and political concessions. On many points the Czechs have yielded, but they have stood out on others, including a demand for a part of the Czech gold reserve. Meanwhile, Nazi agents have been busy encouraging separatist sentiment in Carpatho-Ukraine and Slovakia, the most economically backward and politically reactionary parts of the country. Last week Prague at last moved to halt disruptive movements in these two provinces, sending in troops and removing the local governments. This bold action brought hot denunciations from the German press, which quickly dusted off its old headlines about "Czech tyranny." At the time of writing Hitler is receiving with honors the deposed Slovak Premier, Dr. Tiso, and an ultimatum is reported to have gone out from Berlin ordering the division of Czechoslovakia into three "independent" states and the reorganization of the Prague regime. German occupation of Czechoslovakia to "restore order" is also hinted. In preparation, the Nazis in Slovakia are busy manufacturing disorder. In the face of these threats the Prague government shows signs of retreat. Indeed, it is in no position to resist. Hitler made sure of that at Munich, and nobody regards the tentative guaranty of the Czech frontiers given by Britain and France as more than a bad joke. This sudden crisis is an indication that lack of news recently about Germany's eastern drive is no proof it has been abandoned. After all, the east and west campaigns are halves of the same whole. Hitler can only feel free to put full pressure on Britain and France when he has consolidated not only his military but his economic position in the Danube Basin.

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ON ANOTHER PAGE LOUIS FISCHER REPORTS by cable on the struggle in Madrid. The position as he describes it coincides with the analysis of close observers here. Growing hatred of the Communists linked with a desperate desire for a quick peace made possible a coup

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that was undoubtedly planned in consultation with British and French interests; the coming overthrow of the Negrin government was known in Washington three days before it occurred. Every faction in Spain wants peace. The certainty of ultimate Fascist victory leaves only the problems of time and method. Negrin believed that the only hope of saving the lives of active Loyalist leaders lay in continuing the struggle and so making it worth Franco's while to offer some measure of amnesty. The Casado-Miaja faction now in power believes—perhaps honestly—that a government purged of Communist influences stands a better chance of winning decent conditions of surrender. Since Franco is in a position to dictate, and since he has never wavered in his insistence upon an unconditional surrender, the hopes of both groups were probably vain. In any case, whatever the merits of their calculations, it is certain that the coup and the brutal fratricidal struggle that followed have wiped out whatever faint chance existed of an "honorable peace." In spite of bitter political differences behind the lines, the army of the Republic for two and a half years has demonstrated a courage and solidarity almost unequaled in history. That these comrades should have turned to slaughtering each other in their hour of defeat is a tragedy almost as great as the defeat itself. Communist resistance to the new government is now apparently ended; all that remains is for Franco to pick the fruits of his victory.

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WHAT AWAITS THE LOYALIST SURVIVORS with the final triumph of the rebels was made clear long ago by General Franco himself. In an interview with a United Press correspondent in November, 1938, he announced that "we have more than 2,000,000 persons card-indexed with proofs of their crimes." Of late the Burgos regime has stated in answer to appeals for clemency from abroad that only those guilty of crimes will be punished; but the "law of political responsibilities" recently promulgated shows that under the Burgos definition of "crime" every person over fourteen years of age in any territory ever held by the Republicans is liable to punishment. And this is not all. The law is retroactive to October 1, 1934. Its clauses specify for punishment ranging from execution through exile and imprisonment to loss of civil rights those who held executive positions in the Popular Front parties, those charged with missions of trust by the Popular Front, those who organized the 1936 elections, and even Free Masons. Republican officials will be held punishable not only for acts "which would have brought conviction by a court martial or acts of political responsibility" but for failing to support the nationalist movement if they had the opportunity to do so or for showing "a passive attitude." Behind the Franco censorship the vast court martial of the Spanish people has already begun. And for lack of evidence to the contrary we may assume that the second Inquisition, like the first, will have the blessing of the Vatican.

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THE TRADE AND CREDIT AGREEMENT WITH Brazil represents a new kind of "dollar diplomacy." Unlike the old variety its primary aim is not the protection of American investors—though, incidentally, they may reap considerable benefit—but the mobilization of this country's economic power against the politico-commercial drive of fascism. It combines Secretary Hull's belief in expanding trade as a path to peace with the President's policy of enforcing "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" by methods other than war. Our agreement with Brazil provides for an extension of credits by the Export-Import Bank, for a gold loan of $50,000,000, subject to the approval of Congress, to assist a new Brazilian Reserve Bank to achieve currency stabilization, and for technical aid for Brazilian development. Brazil, for its part, agrees to safeguard American investors against discriminatory treatment, to promote the production of non-competitive commodities, such as rubber, and to resume partial payments on the debt service suspended since November, 1937. With the means that the agreements provide for the reestablishment of credit and relaxation of currency restrictions, Brazil should be able to restrict, if not cancel, its barter arrangements with Germany, which have proved disadvantageous in many ways. Instead of being forced to accept whatever goods Germany chooses to dump in payment for raw materials, it will be able to buy railroad and other capital equipment in this country. The agreements will perhaps be criticized by those who feel that foreign investments stink of imperialism. But if Brazil is to raise its standard of living it must obtain capital from an industrial state. If the new agreements are carried out in the spirit of cooperation which their terms suggest, they can help remove the flavor of exploitation which has hitherto clung to our foreign investments.

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CONGRESS CONTINUES TO BE EXTREMELY vocal on the subject of economy, but deeds are conspicuously lacking. One or both houses have considered five regular appropriation bills—independent offices, legislative, Treasury and Post Office, military establishment, and Interior Department—totaling around $4,282,000,000, or roughly $552,000,000 more than was provided for the current year. The gross reduction of this figure effected by Congress is only $56,000,000, and some of these cuts are not yet agreed on by both houses. The Senate has in fact shown a tendency to reject the economies favored by the House. Thus it restored $17,000,000 for the TVA and $2,000,000 for New England hurricane relief, and the House meekly agreed. Of the bills still to be acted upon, those for the WPA and agriculture are most likely to come under attack from the economy bloc.

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But before they are voted on, there will be a battle royal over this year's WPA deficiency bill, in respect of which the President's renewed request for $150,000,000 is imminent. Congressmen, frightened at taking responsibility for dropping a million or more workers from the WPA rolls at a blow, are almost begging the President to find them an excuse for reversing themselves. The numerous reactionaries in this Congress would no doubt like to vote relief for the big taxpayers while denying it to the unemployed. But we suspect they lack the nerve.

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LABOR AS WELL AS CAPITAL HAS VESTED interests, and these are now the chief obstacles to peace between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. In more normal times it might be argued that the split in the labor movement was not without useful by-products, that competition between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. was stimulating to both organizations. But in a time of growing reaction, with the Wagner Act under organized attack and the prospects of reactionary victory in 1940 increasing, the division in labor's ranks is suicidal. It is not hard to believe that certain leading figures in the A. F. of L., who have always been associated with the Republican Party in the past, look on disunity with partisan satisfaction as a factor calculated seriously to weaken the New Deal. But the chief opposition to a democratic merger of both organizations, together with the Railway Brotherhoods, in one united American labor movement comes from the top bureaucrats and chair-warmers of the A. F. of L., who realize that the proposal would inevitably shake the little monarchies of many of the old-line unions. The Greens, Wolls, and Morrisons have long outlived their usefulness to the labor movement and should be retired. We know that the rank and file of both organizations want peace. If their leaders fail to reach an agreement, we hope the President will use his enormous influence to bring one about.

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THE SOUTHERN TENANT FARMERS' UNION had already established itself as the first successful union of Southern agricultural workers when it voted to affiliate with the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America (UCAPAWA), a C. I. O. affiliate. It stipulated that its autonomy must remain effective, for very good reasons. Its policy and technique had proved successful in a backward area offering extraordinary difficulties in union organization; the fact that the UCAPAWA, widely or unwisely, is made up of cannery and packing as well as agricultural workers in widely scattered and divergent sections would seem to indicate a loose federation of autonomous unions rather than centralized control. The S. T. F. U. has now, after a referendum of its membership, withdrawn from the C. I. O. affiliate on the issue of autonomy. The break was precipitated when Donald Henderson, president of the UCAPAWA, suspended the elected officers of the Tenant Farmers' Union on charges which boil down to refusal of the union to surrender its autonomy. The union has made it clear that its grievance does not lie against the C. I. O. On the contrary it has appealed to the C. I. O. to bring about a fair settlement. Specifically the union charges Donald Henderson, president of the UCAPAWA, with a long series of disruptive acts motivated by his allegiance to an outside political group, namely the Communist Party. The records of S. T. F. U. officials, of H. L. Mitchell and J. R. Butler, make any counter-charge of red-baiting irrelevant. We hope the top executives of the C. I. O. will find the time to resolve the difficulties of a union whose importance is far greater than its size.

Isolation Is Not Enough

BY HIS able exposition of the case for an affirmative foreign policy, in place of one compounded of "drift and negation," former Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson has performed a twofold public service. He has contributed to the discussion of the most vital issue of the day a calm and carefully reasoned statement of the dangers to this country involved in a policy of isolation; and by placing himself firmly at the President's side in a controversy which cuts clean across party lines, he has made difficult any attempt to snipe at the Administration's foreign policy from a partisan angle. This is all the more important because after weeks of desultory debate on foreign affairs Congress is now faced with the necessity of getting down to brass tacks.

On May 1 the "cash and carry" section of the Neutrality Act expires. Unless it is reenacted or the whole statute is amended, this means that, although the embargo on the sale of arms, ammunition, and the implements of war to belligerents will continue, other commodities, including oil and metals, may be exported to belligerents in American ships. The lapse of this section, therefore, would be displeasing to the isolationists, one of whose chief fears is that incidents involving our ships will once again force us into war. On the other hand they do not want to open up the whole issue lest in the process the act should suffer emasculation. They have therefore made no move so far except to announce untiring opposition to any serious change in the act.

Meanwhile Senator Pittman has announced that the Foreign Relations Committee will begin discussion of revisions of the act shortly. Four definite proposals have been put forward. Senator Lewis has introduced a bill to repeal the Neutrality Act and substitute a simple declaration that this country's policy in case of foreign war is one of neutrality, to be put into effect by regulations and executive orders by the President. Senator King has offered a simple resolution of repeal. A third suggestion is an embargo on the export of arms and munitions in time of peace as well as war. Finally there are the amendments to the act put forward by Senator Thomas of Utah, under which the President could ask Congress for authority to apply embargoes against aggressors—defined as powers which embark on war in violation of a treaty to which this country is a party.

Of these proposals the last seems to us to do most to give the Neutrality Act that flexibility which it requires if it is to become the instrument of a positive foreign policy. Whether its definition of aggression would prove adequate in view of modern tendencies to make war without declaring it, and whether the association of Congress with the President in deciding when embargoes should be applied would lead to undue debate and delay are questions which need to be carefully considered. Nevertheless, the Thomas amendments do seem to afford an opportunity both to Congress and the public to arrive at conclusions on the main issue. In the words of Mr. Stimson it is: "Shall we bury our heads in the sands of isolationism and timidly await the time when our security shall be lessened and perhaps destroyed by the growing success of lawlessness around us? Or shall we use our present strength and security to throw our weight into the vacillating scales in favor of law and order and freedom?"

Judging by the defense debates, simon-pure isolationists form no more than a small minority in Congress. But they are a sincere, vocal, and influential group and are quite capable of attempting to carry out Senator Nye's threat of engaging in a summer-long filibuster if any effort is made either to repeal or change drastically the Neutrality Act. Such tactics might prove successful in view of the fact that the convinced supporters of legislation which would serve warning on the aggressors are also a minority. Much therefore will depend on those Congressmen whose minds are not yet made up. This last section is perhaps the most representative of the country at large. There can be little doubt that the public mind is in a state of considerable confusion on the leading issues of foreign policy. Recent Gallup and *Fortune* polls suggest an overwhelming hostility to the fascist powers coupled with a general belief that if war breaks out in Europe America will inevitably become involved. A large majority favors supplying Britain and France with food in the event of war; a bare majority would sell them planes and other war material. But to any idea of military support there is tremendous hostility.

Public opinion is, rightly, first and foremost concerned with the maintenance of peace. The belief that this objective can best be secured by having as little to do with Europe as possible is still widely held and is an obstacle to the kind of affirmative policy Mr. Stimson desires. Yet on the premise that a general European war would eventually engulf us, there is everything to be said for taking steps now that will discourage any aggressor from precipitating a conflict.

Isolationists are aware that this is a difficult argument to meet, and in their efforts to overcome it they are driven to an attitude of Chamberlainism. We must not encourage the European democracies to expect aid, they argue, lest we give them courage to resist demands for appeasement and so cause the aggressor powers to enforce their claims by war. Accepting all fascist bluff at its face value, this argument logically leads to the conclusion that a bloodless Nazi conquest of Europe by way of a series of Munichs would be advantageous to America. Can our isolationists seriously maintain such a position? Only by rejecting all the evidence that points to fascism as an international religion sworn to a worldwide *jehad* for the extermination of democracy.

Liberals Never Learn

THERE is a good deal of repetition in the story of democracy's efforts to control our economic monarchs. The report of the Industrial Commission of 1898 led to the establishment of the Federal Bureau of Corporations in 1903. The inefficacy of that agency in dealing with our corporate mammoths was aired in the Pujo "money trust" hearings of 1912. Those revelations were largely responsible for the enactment of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act and the creation of the Federal Trade Commission in 1914. Twenty-five years later the puny successes and colossal failures of the commission are being examined at Washington in a new inquiry into the monopoly problem.

Considering the present mood at Washington, it is instructive to recall the words with which Woodrow Wilson in 1914 recommended the establishment of the Federal Trade Commission.

> What we are proposing to do [he said] is, happily, not to hamper or interfere with business as enlightened business men prefer to do it, or in any sense to put it under the ban. The antagonism between business and government is over. We are now about to give expression to the best business judgment of America. . . . The government and business men are ready to meet each other halfway in a common effort to square business methods with both public opinion and the law. The best-informed men of the business world condemn the methods and processes and consequences of monopoly as we condemn them. . . . That is the strength of our position and the sure prophecy of what will ensue when our reasonable work is done.

The prophecy proved as false as the hollow assumption on which it was based.

For it is not merely a few malefactors of great wealth or even big business as a whole that seeks constantly to

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monopolize, to control the market, to fix prices. The Federal Trade Commission cases outlined in the monopoly inquiry show that the little business man is as ready to join in restraint of trade as any steel baron. Now, as when Adam Smith first made the observation 150 years ago, "men in the same trade seldom meet together but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public or in some contrivance to raise prices." The failure of the anti-trust acts is due not only to the ambiguity of the laws, the duplicity of the courts in interpreting them, and the niggardliness of Congress in providing for their enforcement. They run counter to the natural trends of the business community, which is constantly talking about competition and as constantly striving to stifle it. The difference between little business and big business is simply that the former finds it more difficult to act in restraint of trade, and is more easily policed and regulated.

The brilliantly written report on "Monopoly and Competition in Steel" made by the Federal Trade Commission to the Temporary National Economic Committee vividly illustrates the uneconomic results of monopoly practices and the complete failure of the anti-trust laws to stop those practices. The industry's regimented prices "allow it to make a profit when operating at less than 40 per cent of capacity"; the buyer of steel—and we are all buyers of steel directly or indirectly—pays fixed charges and a profit on 100 per cent of capacity in return for the use of less than 40 per cent. The excuse that to allow unlimited competition would enable the biggest companies to drive the others to the wall, as Rockefeller did in oil, is a specious one. "To sanction private price controls such as those in the steel industry as a protection against price-raiding is to establish monopoly by agreement for the sake of avoiding monopoly by capture." Furthermore, as the commission points out, "capitalist theory has always held that industry was expected to produce in the hope of a profit, not that it was expected to stand idle at a profit." The commission believes that "sound competition in steel would be preferable from every point of view: it would be better for the consumer; it would make for more efficient operation of the industry. But how bring it about?

Two answers seem to be taking shape in the monopoly inquiry. Professor Frank A. Fetter spoke for the trust-busters when he told the committee: "Business leaders are vainly trying to operate a capitalistic system by methods and practices which are in conflict with its fundamental principles. The ultimate alternative to a regime of competitive prices is one of authoritarian prices. You can take your choice between private monopoly and public socialism." The trust-busters take their stand in the second sentence. They are for restoring competition. Jerome Frank and the group which wants a revival of something like the NRA says that "where an industry involves a large amount of fixed capital with high fixed costs, one must recognize that, by the very nature of the facts, there cannot be the same kind of competition as between farmers." Both seem to us correct in their analyses, hopeless in their conclusions. We have been trust-busting since 1890, and American business has constantly grown more monopolistic. In industries like steel, where experience has shown the restoration of competition impossible and where an NRA code merely pinned a policeman's badge on the monopolistic Steel Institute, government ownership is the only way out. But both sides recoil from this solution, preferring to shut their eyes to the lessons of the past two generations. It is said that the Bourbons never learn. Neither, in some fields, do the liberals.

Open Letter to Governor Lehman

DEAR GOVERNOR LEHMAN: Undoubtedly you are familiar with Section 192, Clause G, of New York State's military law, which provides that "an armory shall not be used for political or religious purposes except that an armory may be used for the purpose of holding the national convention of a political party." In view of the unambiguous terms of this law, we urge you to investigate the use of New York's Seventh Regiment Armory by the "General Committee on Americanism and Neutrality." Newspaper accounts of a public meeting staged by the General Committee at that armory on February 19 correspond with a detailed memorandum submitted to us by a spectator; all these reports confirm the openly political character of that meeting. Speakers hailed General Francisco Franco and urged immediate recognition of his government; a resolution was passed advocating "neutrality" in foreign affairs and criticizing by clear implication the anti-Nazi utterances of the Roosevelt Administration. Few issues are as obviously political and controversial as these aspects of American foreign policy. Yet Colonel Ralph C. Tobin, commanding officer of the armory, apparently insists that the meeting did not fall within the scope of the law. We regret that he will not allow us to quote his written reply to our inquiries; we also regret that his reply is entirely unsatisfactory. Gratuitously reminding us of the libel laws, he does not explain his own apparent misunderstanding of the military law. We therefore submit for your attention the following quotations which will indicate the nature of the armory meeting:

1. "If we expect to maintain close relations with our neighbors to the south, if we expect to maintain the Monroe Doctrine, we should recognize the new Spain." From the address by Merwin K. Hart, quoted in the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*.

2. "The resolutions, which were adopted with cheers by the audience, further demanded that Congress forbid an accord of special privileges to any foreign power, and emphatically condemned indulgence in abusive and contemptuous comment upon the rulers of foreign states and upon the forms of government they administer." From the *Herald Tribune* report.

3. "References by speakers to General Franco, Premier Mussolini, and Chancellor Hitler were applauded." From the *Times* report.

4. "Ogden H. Hammond . . . described pre-war Spain and said General Franco was a great man who would unite Spain and give it a stable government." From the *Times* report.

As final and clinching evidence we cite the address of Dr. Joseph F. Thorning, since published in full in the Brooklyn *Tablet*. Dr. Thorning's pro-Franco oration corresponds verbatim with large sections of the leading article, signed by Dr. Joseph Code, in this month's issue of *Spain*, an avowed pro-Franco propaganda magazine. We cannot believe that even Colonel Tobin would deny its political character.

It is possible, of course, that the legal restriction on the use of armories is unwise and should be done away with. The question is arguable, though we incline to the opinion that it is just as well to keep the National Guard and its properties completely out of politics. But even if a change in the law were desirable, surely it should not be effected by individual interpretations by commanding officers. If there is any doubt as to what constitutes a political meeting, that too should be clarified. In any event the law should not remain open to interpretations which may vary with the character of those who seek to hold meetings. We believe the incident calls for prompt investigation.

(Signed) THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

Hitler's New Threat

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, March 4

THIS is a "lull." The tension of last fall is supposed to have subsided. When President Roosevelt announced that international events might bring him back in a hurry from the naval maneuvers, those who strive to direct public opinion here made an effort to utter a surprised, "Why? What for?" Officially all's well. Except of course that the British government has just decided to borrow £800,000,000 for rearmament. The defense services next year will spend £580,000,000.

On February 24 Premier Daladier warned the French Chamber that "the next few months or even weeks would bring some redoubtable reefs to be faced, and peace would have to be defended with vigilance." "We must not deceive ourselves," Marshal Göring echoed on March 1. "The world situation is tense."

Germany has yet to digest its victory over Czechoslovakia, and the two Fascist invaders of Spain can only now contemplate the economic exploitation of the Iberian peninsula. The fact that they are already pressing new territorial demands with an insistence which makes all Europe nervous suggests that Hitler and Mussolini may feel they had better not delay in using their recently gained strategic positions in Central Europe and the Mediterranean to achieve further expansion. This year, some authorities here contend, marks the end of the era of map-recarving by blackmail. British and French rearming is proceeding so rapidly, they submit, that the anti-Comintern powers will be afraid to attack or precipitate another "Munich" situation in 1940 or thereafter.

Is this so? If Berlin and Rome think it is, then the chances of an early serious international crisis are increased. Apprehension is widespread in Western Europe. Hence, it seems, the vigorous public assertions by Chamberlain and other responsible ministers regarding Britain's improved defenses, and hence apparently the repeated reaffirmations by the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax of British readiness to protect France.

Since the unnecessary surrender at Munich, Great Britain has probably added 1,500 airplanes to its air force. These are said to be of exceptionally high quality, and the bombers among them could inflict damage on Berlin. But Germany has not been idle, and the gap cannot be much less now than it was in September, 1938. This month, however, one hears that British industries will produce 400 military planes, compared to the previous 250. By October the monthly rate is expected to reach 700, and by February, 1940, 1,000. The British government and people, moreover, are engaged in a titanic and partially successful effort to build up their navy, already superior to any other, to perfect the woefully deficient anti-air-raid services, and to furnish all branches of the army with ample modern equipment.

The howls which have gone up in Berlin and Rome over the latest American and British astronomical defense budgets justify the suspicion that many Fascist minds are perturbed by the anticipated effect on Germany's and Italy's rocking national economies of the necessity of

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keeping pace with the accelerated rearmament programs of Great Britain, France, and the United States. Wiser perhaps to gamble immediately on another cheap triumph which would give strategic and material advantages to offset the democracies' added arms strength.

This is certainly a possibility which today troubles Western statesmen. Danzig, Memel, and Danish Schleswig could be seized with impunity at any time. But all these together are a small catch, and preoccupation with them might postpone a bigger effort.

Holland is being gravely discussed as a possible object of aggression. On January 28, 1939, a number of very influential Englishmen, among them Lord Willingdon, Lord Derby, Lord Dawson of Penn, Montagu Norman, Lord Stamp, Lord Horder, and John Masefield, issued an open appeal to the leaders and people of Germany to "lay the specter of war" and cooperate with Britain to destroy the "spirit of uneasiness" which oppresses the world. This document had been prepared in the British Foreign Office and was given to some of the signatories by Lord Halifax. It sought to prevent a German invasion of Holland, which, according to official information, was then imminent. To this very day an attack on the Netherlands is regarded in the highest quarters as a real danger. The Dutch have some frontier fortifications and put trust in the device of flooding the low lands—although this expedient would necessarily inconvenience the defenders too. But could the British navy and air force save Holland from a swift assault? Can England send an expeditionary force? Would France, in the probable event of Belgian neutrality, advance frontally into Germany? It is supposed that Germany might seek to forestall French participation by turning the Maginot line with a lightning drive into Switzerland. This move, plus an Italian threat from the Alps and from Catalonia and the knowledge that after the Japanese occupation of Hainan Island Tokyo would be tempted to occupy Indo-China, the richest French colony, as soon as France became engaged in Europe, might give the Flandins and Bonnets enough arguments to keep France out. The peace-loving Dutch no longer sleep securely.

Germany, in any case, is looking westward. The Ukraine has dropped out of the headlines. Whether by intent or not, the effect of Munich was to direct German expansion toward the east. It had the additional virtue, from Chamberlain's and Daladier's point of view, of separating by a long distance the spheres of activity of the two ends of the axis—Germany in Eastern Europe, Italy in the Mediterranean basin. But the fall of Barcelona reversed these effects of Munich.

After Munich, Chamberlain would have best served his Munich policy by becoming pro-Loyalist. For a fascist-encircled France offers Hitler an attractive alternative to the hazardous *Drang nach Osten.* Moscow is no Jericho, and neither the hysterical shouts of an enemy nor the ultimatums of friends are likely to reduce its walls. Hitler has never fought a war, and without one he could not obtain Soviet territory. The Poles too seemed firm in the face of Nazi Ukraine propaganda, and immediately sought comfort in better relations with Moscow.

Hitler has enough means of persuading Poland to shun a war in the West. All the hunting in and for Poland appears to total up to Polish passivity in the next major diplomatic crisis and in the early stages of a physical conflict between the fascist and democratic axes of Europe. With Poland neutral, the Soviet Union is more likely to remain neutral. Soviet domestic trends are confirming the U. S. S. R. in an isolationism which is the compelling by-product of the disappearance of democratic Czechoslovakia. Even if Russia wished to go to the aid of a France in peril—and I am not sure it would have any such desire until the "1917" stage of a war—the new geography would make intervention difficult. The Kremlin is now in a mood to allow everybody to court it but to leave England, France, and America to do their own wrestling with the anti-Comintern powers.

Lord Halifax is reliably reported to have told a recent private meeting of Conservative M. P.'s that Britain cannot afford to ignore the U. S. S. R. It did ignore it in the Czech episode. Neville Chamberlain attended a reception at the London Soviet Embassy on March 1, the first British Prime Minister who ever did. The flirtation is on, for unless London and Paris can create an eastern front against Germany, the stage is perfectly set for another act of international blackmail. Hence, too, the revived British interest in Poland. Will Hitler and Mussolini anticipate the possible success of these efforts by advancing the date of the next crisis?

Upon whom would pressure be directed? Hitler's last speech to the Reichstag on January 30 was significant because in it he revised "Mein Kampf" for the first time. He demanded colonies. "Mein Kampf" did not; in fact, it minimized their usefulness. He promised that "a war against Italy, from whatever motive, will find Germany at its side." This means Nazi support for Mussolini in an offensive war too. Any such war would be against France and England—never, in view of the Anglo-French alliance, against France alone. The German demand for colonies and the military solidarity with Rome have therefore direct and serious anti-British implications. "Mein Kampf" is not anti-British. Fascist successes in Spain, Germany's western orientation, and Hitler's encouragement to Mussolini's bellicosity inaugurate a new phase in European affairs. Great Britain has been warned. Berlin's announcement of new submarine and other naval construction shows that Hitler is thinking more about England and France than about Russia. Mussolini gloats. The axis revolves more smoothly. The stubborn idea that it could be broken has proved an expensive illusion. While something can be gained by keeping the world on tenterhooks, the two Fascist powers will stick together. Peace cannot be established by paying them to separate. A firmly established peace would divide them.

Beneath the surface calm there is anxiety in Britain. One senses it in conversation with people of all classes, and it is partially reflected in the acts of the government. After the Republican defeat in Spain, the Fascists' next play would logically be to arouse the Arabs in the British- and French-ruled states as a preliminary to a Mediterranean crisis. The changes in Palestine at the expense of the Zionists are conceived as a measure to block such a development. The hasty recognition of Franco by England and France—the recognition was not unconditional; Franco imposed humiliating conditions on Bonnet—cannot merely be the climactic expression of well-known British and French sympathy for the Spanish insurgents. (Compare it with British recognition of Soviet Russia in 1924.) It is an effort to wean Franco from his masters. But does the decision rest with Franco? He had decided to take Minorca by peaceful means and British intervention. Yet the Italians bombed the island and, I am told, the British cruiser Devonshire, which carried the negotiators to Port Mahon. In September, 1938, Franco had decided to remain neutral in case of a European war. According, however, to a statement by General Harrington, the British commander of Gibraltar at that time, Germany replied that it would employ the military airdromes in Spain. Franco will undoubtedly be an independent puppet. In the early period of his regime, at least, he could not, even if he would, prevent the fascist powers from using Spain as a war base and a source of cannon fodder. I cannot see what effective means are at England's disposal for changing this situation. Certainly money will not do it. But it is natural that the present British government should try.

Prime Minister Negrin

The evacuation of congested cities is being planned with an urgency which suggests that London has no faith in the present peace. Individual air-raid shelters are being distributed. Perhaps these and other energetic measures will deter Germany and Italy. And then again they may convince Hitler and Mussolini that time is working against them. Suppose Germany overran Holland while Italy took Tunis and Japan occupied Hongkong and all of Shanghai. Which way would England and France turn first? A coalition of Germany, Italy, and Japan (and Poland?), bent on the redistribution of Dutch, Portuguese, French, and (why not?) British colonies would be a formidable combination. The sacrifice of Czechoslovakia and Spain and of the prestige and respect of the democracies has not appeased the aggressors or reassured the appeasers.

SPAIN'S FINAL TRAGEDY

Paris, March 13, by Cable

It is all very sad. This bloodshed in Madrid is senseless. The very officers and soldiers who saw Communists die in thousands at their side are shooting down the Communist executives. The few remaining Loyalist planes, tanks, and cannon rain explosives on Loyalists.

Now, of course, many people will say, "I told you so. I always knew the Loyalists were reds." But it seems to me that this last and ugly phase of the Spanish struggle proves the very opposite. Casado, Besteiro, Miaja, and their friends in the defense junta are all prominent Loyalists; yet they are bloody anti-Communists. Moreover, if Republican Spain were Communist, could Casado in three days have turned a large part of the army against the Communists? Before the Socialist Negrin and Del Vayo, together with many Communist leaders, left Spain last week, Negrin rang up all the important cities and army centers. Casado told Negrin over the telephone, "I've rebelled." Valencia, Murcia, Albacete, and Estremadura answered in much the same way. In the little village where Negrin and Del Vayo stayed, a handful of militiamen volunteered to make a last stand, but several companies of the Casadist troops were already en route to arrest the Negrin government. Where, then, was that Communist Spain which Mussolini, Hitler, and some sincere anti-fascists had summoned up in their imagination? Part of it never existed; part of it lies in unmarked graves.

The Communists are putting up a swell fight. According to the last report published by the Paris *Temps* civilians are joining the Communist soldiers, and private information suggests that non-Communists are supporting the Communists against the junta; but whoever wins, Franco wins. It is clever of him to wait. The longer the intra-Loyalist war goes on, the less resistance he will encounter when he advances.

The Casadist revolt diminishes the possibility of obtaining terms from Franco. Why should Burgos negotiate even an unopposed Loyalist surrender? The fascists want a complete victory, achieved by force of arms. Italy and Germany will reject any peace parleys chiefly because France and England have favored them. Apparently both foreign partnerships feel that the manner of ending the war will help determine their rival positions in Spain after the war.

The Minorca incident disturbed Mussolini and Hitler. That's why Italian bombers raided the island, although arrangements for it to be peacefully turned over were about to be sealed. The totalitarians feared the receipt of Minorca on a British platter would put Franco under obligations to London. England's success at Port Mahon raised high hopes of a similar diplomatic coup in the Valencia-Madrid area, and the Anglo-French contacts with Casado may date from that time.

The Fascists throw armaments into the balance when they wish to win battles. France and England trust to political maneuvers and money. England precipitately recognized Franco, expecting that he would feel honored and forget his debt to Roman-Nazi intervention. France sends as ambassador to Burgos its most revered citizen, Marshal Pétain. Just candy for babies. No one nowadays respects those who humiliate themselves. Burgos replies by appointing to the Paris embassy a little-known, anti-French Falangist.

The hasty, unconditional recognition of Franco by the British and French had a great deal to do with Casado's outbreak. When Barcelona fell, the Loyalists realized that the war was lost and would soon end. On February 1 Negrin enunciated to the Cortes three conditions for the cessation of hostilities—national independence, a regime with popular support, and the promise of no reprisals; but within a week the British and French governments were informed that the republic was ready to reduce these to one—clemency. No reply to this démarche has ever been received.

Negrin and Del Vayo flew to central Spain after the collapse of Catalonia, not to prolong the war, but to organize resistance with the sole purpose of extorting the best possible peace terms from Franco. Perhaps it was a forlorn hope, but could Negrin just deliver thousands of valiant armed men to the Fascist hangman? Had he tried, he would have met with the same response that Casado got—fighting. Before they left Spain Communist leaders gave orders not to oppose Casado with arms. I know definitely that the Communist pilots were told by their chief not to move against Casado. But it would have been unnatural and un-Spanish for the men to obey. It is at least possible that some guaranties might have been obtained through Negrin's firm attitude. The difficulty of suppressing a few thousand brave Communists intrenched in isolated buildings and parks without benefit of preparation or coordination shows how costly it would have been for Franco to take a desperate, determined Madrid by storm. He might have counted the costs and come to terms, especially if England and France had insisted on clemency as a preliminary condition to recognition. But unconditional recognition was granted on February 27, and Casado rose on March 5. I suspect that many foreign powers knew at least a week in advance of his coming putsch. A foreign diplomat showed a foreign friend of mine in Madrid a list of members of the junta three days before its formation was announced to the world. Casado and the powers feared that further resistance would upset their plan of a peaceful surrender. Actually the rising against Negrin spoils the Anglo-French Minorca strategy by facilitating a violent Fascist occupation of the remaining Republican zone.

When Negrin discovered that most of the military opposed resistance, he availed himself only of officers who supported his policy whole-heartedly, and they were Communists. This precipitated the crisis. A powerful hatred of Communists had developed in Loyalist Spain. (I discussed this phenomenon from time to time during the war in my dispatches.) Defeatism and anti-communism are twin brothers. The longer the war lasted, the more some Loyalists despaired of a successful conclusion; therefore they abhorred the Communists, who had faith and tenacity. The Soviet Union's failure to send as many munitions as Germany and Italy sent was booked to the discredit of the Spanish Communists. Besides, the Communists made many enemies by their irritating attempts—which, as is now apparent, failed—to control important institutions. While the war was at its height, even the pessimists restrained their anti-red animus, but when all was clearly lost, their restraint disappeared. Had Negrin flown from doomed Barcelona to Madrid, he might have prevented an explosion of their passions, but he hoped for a moment to reestablish a line of defense in Catalonia, and when the later débâcle engulfed him he didn't get to Alicante until February 10. By then the bitter rage which comes with the imminence of an inescapable, crushing disaster had gained the upper hand. I suppose if a dying man were in possession of his strength and a gun, no one within reach would be safe. This is probably the psychological explanation of the Casadist adventure.

A defeat after so many lives have been lost and the country ruined must release boundless resentment. The Spaniards abroad will now proceed to cut one another's throats with denunciatory articles, books, and speeches. Services will be forgotten; the moral capital accumulated in the heroic struggle will be dissipated in an internecine war of mud-slingers. That has already begun. Each will proceed to explain how he would have saved the situation and why the others failed. What an end to a glorious struggle for freedom!

As a postscript, the Casadist junta has no status in law or in the Spanish constitution or in popular support. Negrin vehemently denies its right to pose as his government's successor. The closing of De Los Rios's embassy in Washington wouldn't hurt the Spanish Republic any more than keeping it open hurts Franco. This doesn't mean we should recognize Franco. Sixteen years elapsed between Kerensky's fall and Ambassador Bullitt's arrival in Moscow.

America in the Post-Munich World

IV. MOBILIZE FOR DEMOCRACY

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

THE PROBLEM OF THE MARGINAL FARMER

BY 1922 it was evident to American farmers that the biggest export boom ever known in this country had ended. Agriculture the world over was settling down to peace and hard times. But almost everyone assumed that crop exports would eventually come back, if only—horrible thought—with another war. No one suspected that Europe's next reversion to militarism would be made with the slogan "Guns or Butter," and that guns would win a complete and easy victory over wheat, corn, and other food products.

In 1922 militarism had faded, and the American farmer hoped that the peaceful New Europe would soon achieve prosperity and begin to absorb his products again. These products, though, must be taken at a high price if all of American agriculture was to prosper. For the European market was needed by just those farmers who could profit only when wheat sold at $1 a bushel and cotton at 13 cents a pound. Low-cost farmers do not need the European market to prosper; they can supply the domestic market at a profit even when prices dive far lower. But for the marginal farmer Europe offered the only hope, as it had for the past fifty years.

Some persons, however, suspected that all might not be well with the export trade. Was it, indeed, desirable at all, they asked, that the American farmer continue to be dependent upon exports, which have done far more to bankrupt him than his favorite bogy man, Wall Street? The ablest of this group was Henry A. Wallace, who argued that even when exports revive after a cycle of stagnation they don't balance the losses on agriculture's books. For, he wrote in *Wallace's Farmer*, "the history of the export trade in corn shows that Europe makes large purchases only when corn is selling for far less than it costs the American farmer to produce it. . . . Are we prepared to sacrifice ourselves in this way so that Europe will have enough cheap food to make it possible to maintain standing armies and to build battleships? . . . Is a big export trade on these conditions worth having?"

Today Europe has become so enmeshed in maintaining its armies and building its battleships that it is no longer able to take advantage even of below-cost corn. Yet Wallace the Secretary of Agriculture seems strangely to have lost the insight of Wallace the editor. American agriculture is still dependent upon the moribund European market. Instead of attempting to find a new outlet for it, governmental policies have subsidized the waste and the loss caused by the European collapse. First, at a pegged and artificial price the government has bought up the surpluses no longer wanted abroad. Then it has dumped them, pocketing the loss between the pegged price paid to the farmer and the much lower yield received from foreign purchasers. Finally, it has subsidized the withdrawal from production of land made marginal by the closing of the European market. We are paying, then, for what we export, for what we produce but do not export, and for what we do not even produce. We have spent a great deal of money, but it has not gone to solve our farm problem. Instead, we have underwritten the continuance of an outworn farm system on the theory that the European market would eventually return. And this there is absolutely no prospect of its doing. We have wasted our money and our time.

With the passing of the European market, the small, inefficient farmer, now becoming marginal, is facing occupational unemployment, and we cannot conceal the fact by keeping him on relief and trying to gear our price structure to his high cost of production. Not all the millions poured into farm relief have succeeded in bolstering prices: the high-cost farmer is not making his cost of production; he is not making anything but surpluses. And the surpluses depress the price. But while the marginal farmer and the surplus-ridden government suffer with each drop in price, the cost of food and clothing is still too high for the urban consumer—much too high to allow the great increase in consumption which would really begin to absorb existing surpluses.

If prices were to fall even farther, to a point where consumer demand would materially increase, that portion of agriculture which is modern and efficient would still be able to operate at a profit. Just as the big mass-production industrial units are the profitable ones, so the large-scale mechanized farms are the ones which pay. The earnings of how many small farms would have to be added together to equal the $1,500,000 earned in a recent year by Henry Ford's farm enterprises? Similarly, any number of great industrial organizations have found it profitable to satisfy their raw-material needs by intensive farm operations; and of course there are successful large independent farms.

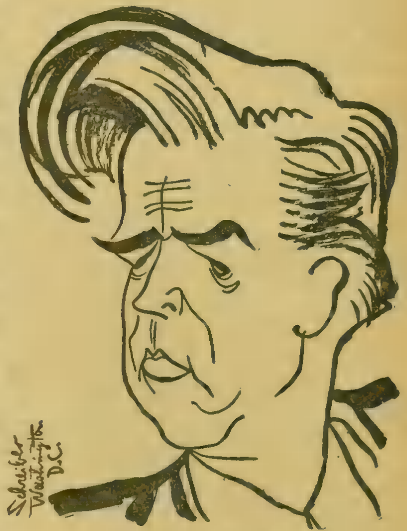
The high-cost, marginal farmer operates in the same way as the little fellow in industry. He gambles on price movements, hoping to make a price profit as well as an operating profit and trying to avoid suffering a price loss as well as an operating loss on the down side of the business cycle. If a large corporation gambles on price movements, it does so because it wants to, not because it has to. No matter what the commodity market may do, it has contracted for its supply well in advance. But it is precisely the farmer, the least prosperous entrepreneur in the community, who is forced to gamble on the most violent price movements in our economy. The corporate farm does not have to gamble; it can count on making a profit simply by producing crops. It can do this because it takes advantage of every development in farm technology. Thanks to mechanization, seeding, irrigation, modern fertilizers, rotation, soil treatment, animal husbandry, and so forth, an entirely new cost structure has been created by the top layer of American agriculture—American agricultural enterprise would be a more accurate term. With this application of mass-production methods of farming, the yield of the land has multiplied: hybrid corn, for example, with whose development the Secretary of Agriculture was associated, increases output per acre from 20 to 250 per cent.

Scientific practice has increased the nutritive output of corn and wheat land as much as five times, and has obtained yields of four and one-half to eight times the average crop of 1927-30. Professor B. W. Kunkel estimates that all grain and potatoes required by the United States can be raised on an acreage smaller than the total area of farms in Kansas. (Increased yield, due to technological progress, is the reason why all the acreage reduction effected by the AAA has not been able to reduce output.) The individual farmer must not only face the competition of low-cost, mass-production units, but must also see the productivity of his own land lessened by erosion and exhaustion. The technological revolution in agriculture, which is barely under way, is making both the farmer and his land unable to compete. The combination of export collapse and mass-production, low-cost farming has rendered millions of farmers and millions of acres of farm land superfluous.

REHABILITATING THE LAND IS THE ANSWER

This can be either a curse or a blessing. Here are four out of six million farm families occupationally unemployed, living on or close to a bare subsistence basis. We can keep these farmers on the land, gearing our farm prices to their costs, at the expense of the consumer; or we can realize that it is a fine thing for 4 million families, 15 to 18 million people, no longer to be needed on the farms. We can leave the task of feeding and clothing us to the relatively few farms which can produce cheaply, and which are already large-scale consumers of every type of work-making manufactured goods, from tractors to clothes and bread; and we can use the four million families for one of the most urgent jobs facing the country—for rehabilitating the land they have been working. Unless this land is reclaimed from erosion, put back to forest and pasture, made fit, in the South particularly, for dairy and truck farming, a first-rate catastrophe threatens the nation. We saw in the Dust Bowl what happens to defenseless land. And we know what happens to the people. Our economy cannot afford to have these people frozen out of its retail markets.

The labor force needed to do the work of salvage is already on location. No private agency can fight against drought and erosion and flood; only the government can do it. If we can buy protection against these menaces for only $2 billion a year, we may consider ourselves lucky. Putting our marginal and subsistence farmers to work on such a campaign will not of course employ all of the four million families. But they will be employed when the ultimate purpose of the campaign, the rehabilitation of the land for forest industry and dairy and stock farming, is accomplished.



Secretary Wallace

There is no reason why the government should carry the load alone. If the government restores the land, why should not industry contribute toward what is to be its own source of supply for raw materials? Once the land has again been made fit for productive use, why cannot the chemical companies buy and tend the new forest land which they need? And why cannot the dairy and packing companies raise herds on the newly created pasture land? Such supplementary private investment would go far toward putting on pay rolls this latest addition to our technologically unemployed. Meanwhile, by the absorption of these four million subsistence families into productive work, the retail market—and, not least, the retail market for food—would be considerably expanded.

Remember, too, that as soon as the marginal farmer no longer needs to be protected by pegged prices, technological progress can facilitate a really radical readjustment of the price structure. Dr. Isadore Lubin, Commissioner of Labor Statistics, has shown, for example, that an increase from $1,200 to $1,500 a year in family income creates a 66 per cent increase in the purchase of textiles by such families. The same increase can occur because of a reduction in price, and cheaper cotton and wood pulp would mean a reduction in the price of textiles. Lower meat and dairy prices would cause an even more sensational rise in food sales.

SALVATION IN PLANNED GROWTH

The next great task facing the nation is the rehabilitation of the exhausted land and its people. In order to do this, we must expand our economy. Retail sales in 1938, considered in terms of our 130,000,000 people, came to less than $300 a person. Actually, many millions of people never, or only rarely, enter the retail market. Unless these millions can be drawn to our markets, there is no hope that industry will conquer its tendency to overproduce, even at the present level. Here is an opportunity to use our agricultural crisis, and particularly the crisis of Southern agriculture, as a lever to force our economy into a period of planned growth. It was grasped and exhaustively described in "Save America First," one of the most seminal economic inquiries of recent years, by Jerome Frank, who was instrumental later as a New Dealer in arranging for the sensational study which appeared last autumn as the "Report on Economic Conditions of the South." Frank demonstrated conclusively that our economy can no longer depend on exports, that, in fact, we cannot export unless we subsidize foreign customers to take our surpluses. We did it by loans during the twenties, and we are doing it now by permitting them to unload their sterile gold on us. Writing before Munich, Frank anticipated the rapid closing of the small European market left to us and warned that we might be tempted to precipitate economic war with smaller countries in this hemisphere for the remnants. He urged, instead, that we recognize that our salvation as a democracy —indeed, that the salvation of democracy—depends upon our ability to expand the scale of our domestic economy. His program of economic reconstruction begins with the immediate problem of agriculture in the South and the Dust Bowl and embraces railroads, utilities, housing, and hemispheric trade in a way that is broad and practical enough really to start government and private capital forward on the road to genuine revival.

Exactly how great this revival must be to solve our national unemployment problem has been roughly estimated by Louis Bean, economic adviser to the AAA. (Much of the most illuminating analysis in Washington comes from Henry Wallace's office.) Bean assumes that by 1945 we shall have an employable population of 46,000,000. To absorb them he estimates that we shall have to have a volume of production far above the 1929 figure of 116 on the Federal Reserve Board Index, running, indeed, to a level around 160. Now if 116 could not be sustained in 1929, 160 is visionary today, when we have suffered from overproduction at a level of 105. Moreover, technical advance in production methods has already outmoded the old scale of values, and if such advance continues at a rate as rapid as that of the past nine years, it may be that Bean has set his production rate necessary for complete employment too low. For example, although 1938 was not a year of great capital investment in the automobile industry, the opening of the new-model year in November-December found production running 20 per cent ahead of the previous year, with the number of men employed the same as in 1937. It is inevitable that industries which have been technologically stagnant for a generation, like building and textiles, should be completely remade during the next few years—at least, if Bean's production level is reached. These developments already exist in embryo in the laboratory.

MORE SPENDING, NOT LESS

The experience of the past few years, as I said, seems to prove such a production level visionary. But before we put it aside as impossible let us consider whether the fault may not lie rather in the practice of the recent past than in the Frank-Bean production schedule itself. If we examine the program of government spending that the New Deal has put into effect, and defended so firmly, we find that it has been almost completely self-defeating —entirely so in the years since 1936. In 1937 government cash income virtually balanced cash spending, so that there was no cash contribution to purchasing power; the 1936 cash contribution had been nearly $4 billion. Spending that is balanced by tax collection has no real effect on purchasing power; at present taxes on consumption have increased to a point where they take a 13 per cent toll of income available to purchase goods. Remember that during the two war years, when our economy really climbed to a mass-production basis, government contribution was $11 billion a year.

Today when we need an increase in production quite as revolutionary as that of the war years, in order to absorb the unemployed in the city and on the farm, investment in capital goods is lagging $10 billion behind the $23 billion invested in 1929, although to support a production rate that will put our people back to work, it should stand at least $10 billion higher. Industry is simply stagnating at a level that is unprofitable for all but the greatest and most efficient companies. Obsolescence is mounting. All that the present self-defeating level of government spending can do is to perpetuate this unsatisfactory state of affairs. What we need is the financial equivalent of war—an increase in government contribution striking enough to employ our resources.

If, as I suggested in my last article, government and private capital between them could invest $3 billion to $4 billion in industrialization for Latin America, a good beginning would be made. Sooner or later the government will have to spend $2 billion a year at least on land reclamation. If this can be done in cooperation with corporations investing an additional $2 billion in forest and herd culture, we shall begin to approach the necessary $10 billion annual investment increase required to give us a fighting chance for real recovery.

On top of such basic investment, supplementary underwriting by governmental agencies, preferably in partnership with private capital, will doubtless have to be undertaken in order to permit modernization and expansion of thousands of small enterprises. Today they are hopelessly inefficient; and they can get no new money, at present. But they could use $2 billion of new private capital a year for reorganization, underwritten if necessary by the government—as is the FHA, which has *spent* no money but stimulated the investment of a billion.

All such measures would only begin to solve our unemployment problem, and so to make our democracy secure against fascism. At least an additional $5 billion or $6 billion of investment money a year would still be needed to accomplish it, and only private capital could provide this. We must recognize frankly that fascism threatens to become the only political alternative to a successful democratic attack, by public and private capital, on the problems of unemployment and stagnation. With such a program of rehabilitation, reemployment, and contribution to purchasing power the New Deal could safely say to business, "We will see that the people are fed; you take the risks." With the goal no longer the self-defeating one of "balance" but the dynamic one of contribution, taxes could be reduced both on consumption and on capital. Once contribution of this magnitude had had its effect, and declining tax rates had increased both consumption and investment, the national income would really rise to an adequate level. Even with lower tax rates an increased national income would provide increased tax revenue, sufficient finally to permit government debt formed in the recovery-financing period to be written off—something the Republicans did not do during the boom days of the twenties.

All that remains to be said is that this program to mobilize our men and resources for peace, as fascism mobilizes them for war, cannot wait. But if our economic aid to fascism stops, if our foreign trade is redirected into hemispheric and domestic channels, if our farm problem is faced and solved, if reemployment is achieved, Roosevelt and democracy can still win.

[*This is the fourth and last article in Mr. Janeway's series. The others appeared in the issues of January 28, February 4, and March 4.*]

Power Dams and Politics

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Bonneville, Oregon, March 7

NEW ENGLAND'S six Republican governors are taking heroic measures to protect their people from the tyranny of the federal government's flood-control and power program. No New Deal dams across the rivers of Vermont and Massachusetts shall destroy the liberty won by the Founding Fathers.

On the other side of the continent such valiant defenders of freedom are missing. There the citizenry is meekly submissive. The people of the Pacific Northwest are going to submit to the thraldom of paying $2.25 for 100 kilowatt-hours of electricity from Bonneville Dam. In the Vermont capital of Montpelier, where Governor George D. Aiken bravely invokes the doctrine of states' rights against President Roosevelt's dam-building plans, the inhabitants enjoy the liberty of being billed $5.23 for the same amount of juice. Shopkeepers in the Oregon town of Eugene are to be subjected to a commercial rate of $13.53 for 750 kilowatt-hours of Bonneville power distributed municipally. Montpelier's business men shall be preserved from this servitude; they can go right on paying at the rate of $40.50.

The issue of hydroelectric power reduces to a sham G. O. P. protestations of internal harmony. It splits the Republican Party like a wedge. Governor Aiken, as quoted in the New York *Times*, believes that the New Deal would "break down the structure of the states under the cloak of flood control and of cheap-power development." Herbert Hoover in New York last month insisted that the dams constructed by the federal government were wasteful. "We build them," he said, "by the impulse of Congress, not by the impulse for low-cost power." All along the Atlantic seaboard Republicans are militantly opposed to federal power projects. The *Congressional Record* is filled with New England weeping about local government and the sovereignty of the states.

Out West the story is slightly different. "I've got to give Charlie his dam," said the President when he signed the authorization for the great $75,000,000 barrier at Bonneville. "Charlie" is Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon, the Republican Senate leader and the party's shrewdest strategist on Capitol Hill. McNary's stand on power is practically the same as that of Senator Lewis Schwellenbach of Washington, one of the most aggressive New Dealers. Together they successfully sponsored a bill to set aside at least half the Bonneville hydroelectricity for public agencies. When McNary was reelected in 1936 his championing of Bonneville Dam formed the principal plank of his platform. Every Republican from the Columbia Basin states voted to support Senator Norris's plea for a new TVA dam at Gilbertsville.

From the Rockies to the Pacific Coast this situation prevails. The supposed Republican blood-brothers of Governor Aiken and Herbert Hoover are whooping it up for the President's power program with no regard for tranquillity in the family. Charles A. Sprague, the new Republican Governor of Oregon, recently delivered an address on public power which was termed "magnificent" by J. D. Ross, the administrator of Bonneville Dam. Sprague is now advocating additional legislation to get Bonneville juice to the people via "public-utility districts." When Glenn Frank spoke in the Pacific Northwest a few weeks ago, he was warned not to criticize the New Deal's power and reclamation projects. Colonel Knox did that at Spokane in 1936, and newspapers and politicians in the region raced each other to the exits of the Republican encampment. At the last election G. O. P. candidates not only demonstrated their enthusiasm for Bonneville and Grand Coulee but said they wanted the government to build another dam at Umatilla Rapids.

George Schreiber

Senator McNary

There is a reason for all this. Republican leaders do not swallow the New Deal brew because they personally approve the flavor. The taste of the voters generally governs. Compare the Bonneville objective rates with those in New England and New York, where dwell the Republicans most hostile to Mr. Roosevelt's flood-control, power, and reclamation projects:

	100 kwh.	250 kwh.	500 kwh.
Bonneville	$2.25	$4.75	$6.25
TVA	2.50	5.00	6.90
New York City......	4.70	7.95	12.95
Boston	5.10	9.60	12.50
Montpelier	5.23	9.48	11.98

When Hoover ridiculed the notion of low-cost power from New Deal dams, he spoke in a New York hotel which pays more than double the Bonneville rate for electricity. The federal projects on the Columbia River have had a terrific impact on the whole Northwest. While Bonneville and Grand Coulee have risen block on block across the country's swiftest waterway, private utilities in the area have reduced rates as much as 15 per cent. The Portland General Electric Company has certified the low cost of Bonneville juice by announcing that it wants to buy power from the government and thus pass on substantial savings to its customers. When Mr. Roosevelt moved into the White House only 31 per cent of the farms in Idaho and Oregon had electricity. Today the figures for the two states are 55 and 50 per cent.

Money talks; the storekeeper in Klamath Falls is interested to learn that the electricity which costs him $35 from the California-Oregon Power Company can be had in Eugene for $13.53 from Bonneville Dam. Massachusetts housewives might view Governor Leverett Saltonstall's hostility to federal power projects in New England with something less than enthusiasm if they knew they paid more than twice the Bonneville Dam rate to light their homes.

Bonneville Dam is completed now and ready to produce electricity. Grand Coulee will be finished about 1941. Already twenty-five "public-utility districts" have been organized in the state of Washington. Similar units will be formed in Oregon. One of the obstacles to this development is that the districts have to obtain the money for financing the work in the general bond market. They have to turn to promoters, salesmen, and investment bankers to get started. This has aroused considerable criticism. Secretary Ickes, Ben Cohen, and other New Dealers are said to favor loans of RFC money to the districts. Some members of the Washington State Grange have approached Jesse Jones on this matter with no definite result. Incidentally, although the Grange nationally is conservative, its chapters in Washington, Oregon, and Idaho are overwhelmingly for public ownership of utilities and the federal government's power program.

The governors of the New England states do not seem especially concerned that electricity in their region costs two and three times as much as at Bonneville Dam. Testifying before the House Flood Control Committee last year, Governor Aiken was asked if he thought federal power projects "would result in the reduction of the cost of electricity to consumers in Vermont":

> GOVERNOR AIKEN: I do not know.
> CONGRESSMAN CLASON: You never looked into that?
> GOVERNOR AIKEN: No.

One of the most remarkable men in American public life, James Delmage Ross, is supervising the New Deal's drive to cut the price of power to the people of the Far West. For thirty years he has been superintendent of the municipal light plant in Seattle. His power project on the Skagit River is the biggest hydroelectric undertaking in the United States outside those owned by the federal government. Once a conservative mayor fired Ross. The voters of Seattle immediately recalled the mayor, and Ross was reinstated. He is a tradition in the Northwest.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Famous throughout the country is the $4.05 vacation he offers to the people of Seattle in conjunction with the Skagit River plant. For that sum he provides a week-end in the mountains, with room, board, railroad transportation, and entertainment included.

Since the President authorized Bonneville and Grand Coulee, no Republican who failed to support these projects enthusiastically has been elected to public office in the Columbia River basin. Even chambers of commerce make pilgrimages to the huge structures. Business men want cheap power, too. Republican newspapers in New England may believe that Governor Aiken has saved Vermont from federal tyranny, but the Republican *Spokesman-Review* of Spokane and the *Oregonian* of Portland have published special editions devoted to Mr. Roosevelt's dams on the Columbia River. Unless the G. O. P. platform makers next year combine the talents of Houdini and Talleyrand they will have difficulty in satisfying both Republicans in the East, who insist New Deal power projects are despotism, and Republicans in the West, of whom the President was thinking when he said, "I've got to give Charlie his dam."

Living Philosophies

XI. THE PURSUIT OF FREEDOM*

BY JACQUES MARITAIN

IT WAS after my conversion to Catholicism that I made the acquaintance of Saint Thomas. After my "passionate pilgrimage" among all the doctrines of modern philosophers, in whom I had discovered nothing but disenchantment and splendid uncertainties, I felt, as it were, an illumination of the reason. My vocation as philosopher became clear to me. And through thirty years of work and combat I have followed in this path, with a feeling that I could understand more completely the gropings, the discoveries, and the travail of modern thought as I tried to throw upon them the light of a wisdom which, resisting the fluctuations of time, has been worked out through the centuries.

In order to advance along this way we are constantly obliged to bring together singularly distant extremes, for no solution of our problems can be found ready-made in the legacy of the ancients. We are also obliged to make the difficult separation between the pure substance of those truths which many "moderns" reject as a mere jumble of the opinions of the past, and the dross of prejudice, worn-out expressions, and arbitrary constructions which many "traditionalists" confuse with that which really deserves intellectual veneration.

In the Middle Ages philosophy was usually treated as an instrument in the service of theology. Culturally, it was not in the state required by its nature. The coming of a philosophical or profane wisdom which had completed its own formulation, for itself and according to its own finalities, responded therefore to a historical necessity. But unfortunately this was accomplished under the emblem of separatism and a sectarian rationalism; Descartes *separated* philosophy from all higher wisdom, from everything in man which comes from above man. I am certain that what the world and civilization have lacked for three centuries has been a philosophy which would have developed its autonomous exigencies in a Christian climate, a wisdom of reason not closed but open to the wisdom of grace. Reason must battle today with an irrational deification of elemental and instinctive forces which threaten to ruin the whole of civilization. In this struggle reason's task is one of integration; understanding that the intelligence is not the enemy of mystery but rather lives by it, it must reenter into communication with the irrational world of instinct, as with the world of the will, of liberty, and of love, and with the supra-rational world of grace and the Divine Life.

The pursuit of supreme contemplation and the pursuit of supreme liberty are two aspects of the same thing. In the order of the spiritual life man aspires to perfect and absolute freedom, and therefore to a superhuman state. The men of wisdom of all times have given evidence of this. The function of the law is one of protection and education of liberty, the function of a pedagogue. At the conclusion of this tutelage the perfect man is freed from every servitude, even, St. Paul says, from the servitude of the law, because he does spontaneously what the law demands and is one spirit with the Creator.

The pursuit of liberty is still, to my way of thinking, at the bottom of the social and political problem. But here, in the order of temporal life, it is not a divine liberty which is the object of our desires but rather a liberty proportionate to the state of man and to the natural possibilities of his earthly existence. We must make no mistake about the nature of the object thus pursued. It is not simply the protection of free will in each of us, nor is it the liberty of power of the social community.

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* Translated by Fenton Moran.

It is the liberty of expansion of the human beings which make up a people and participate in its virtues. Organized society is intended to develop conditions of life in common which, while insuring first of all advantages and peace to the whole, help each person in a positive manner progressively to obtain that freedom of expansion which consists above all in the flowering of moral and rational life. So justice and love are the very foundations of the life of society, which places truly human advantages above all manner of material advantages, technical progress, and the implements of power. I believe historical conditions and the yet inferior state of development of humanity make it difficult for organized society fully to reach its objective, and that in respect to the possibilities which the Gospel develops in us and the demands it makes on us in the social-temporal domain, we are still in a prehistoric age. As we can see today in the psychoses of the masses which adore Stalin or Hitler, or dream of exterminating certain classes which they consider diabolical, such as "the reds" or "the fascists," or "the Jews," human collectivities bear such a burden of animality, easily inclined to morbidity, that it will take centuries still for human personality to be able to take on among the masses the breadth of life to which it aspires. We can see, then, that the objective toward which organized society tends is the common advantage of the multitude procured in such a manner that the individual person, not only the one belonging to a privileged class but all members of the mass, may truly reach that measure of independence which is proper to civilized life and which is insured by the economic guaranties of work and property, political rights, civic virtues, and cultivation of the mind.

These conceptions belong to a wider general view which seems to me most fittingly designated by the term "integral humanism," and which involves a whole philosophy of modern history. In the social-temporal order it does not call on man to sacrifice himself for any imperialism, be it of the race, of the class, or of the nation. It calls upon him to sacrifice himself to a better life for his brothers and to the concrete good of the community of human beings. Thus it can only be a heroic humanism.

It has often been remarked that middle-class liberalism, which tries to base everything on the individual considered as a little god and on his gracious pleasure, on absolute freedom of property, commerce, and the pleasures of life, must inevitably lead to a despotic paternalism of the state. Communism may be regarded as a reaction against this individualism. It claims to lead to the absolute release of man, who is supposed to become the god of history, but in reality this release, presuming that it were accomplished, would be that of man taken collectively, not of the individual. Society as an economic community would enslave the whole life of the person, because economic functions would become the essential work of civil society instead of serving the liberty of expansion of the person. We already see in Russia that what is represented as the release of man taken collectively means the enslavement of all individuals. As for the anti-communist and anti-individualist reactions of the totalitarian or dictatorial type, it is not in the name of the social community or of the liberty of man considered collectively but in the name of the sovereign dignity of the state, or of the spirit of a people, or of a race and blood, that they would turn man over bodily to a social entity in which the person of the chief is the only one to enjoy, properly speaking, the privileges of a human personality. This is why totalitarian states, having need of the entire devotion of persons for whom they have neither feeling nor respect, inevitably seek to find a principle of human exaltation in myths of external grandeur and in the never-ending struggle for power and prestige. By its very nature this leads to war and the self-destruction of the civilized community. If there are churchmen who count on dictatorships of this kind to promote the religion of Christ and Christian civilization, they forget that the totalitarian phenomenon is an aberrant religious phenomenon in which a kind of earthly mysticism devours every other sort of mysticism and will tolerate no other one besides itself.

Confronted with bourgeois liberalism, communism, and totalitarianism, what we need is a new solution, at the same time personalistic and communal, which views human society as the organization of liberties. We are thus led to a conception of democracy differing fundamentally from that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, which we might call "pluralist," because it requires that the state insure the organic liberties of the different spiritual families and the different social bodies assembled within it, beginning with the natural basic community, the family. The tragedy of modern democracies is that under the appearances of an error—the deification of a fictitious individual closed to all realities from above—they have sought something good, the expansion of the personality open to realities from above and to the common service of justice and friendship. Our personalist democracy is really inconceivable without those super-elevations which nature and temporal civilizations receive, in their own order, from the energies of the Christian leaven.

I am certain that the coming of such a democracy, which presupposes class antagonism overcome, requires that we go beyond both capitalism and socialism, which are tainted by a materialistic conception of life.

We shall never give up the hope of a new Christendom, of a new temporal order inspired by Christianity. Now if it is true that the means must correspond to the end and are themselves the end, as it were, in the state of formation and preparation, it is then clear that in order to prepare a Christian social order, Christian means are needed, that is to say, means which are animated, even when they are perforce harsh, by a true spirit of love.

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The present state of the nations obliges us to record that never have the mind and the spirit been so thoroughly rebuffed in the world. In the end, however, pessimism is always the victim of its own deceit. It disregards the great law which might be called the law of the double-energy movement of history. While the wear and tear of time naturally dissipates and degrades the things of this world and the energy of history, the creative forces which are characteristic of the spirit and of liberty, and are also their witness, and which normally find their point of application in the effort of the few—destined thereby to sacrifice—constantly revitalize the quality of this energy. Such is the work accomplished in history by the sons of God; such is the work of Christians if they do not give the lie to their name.

This work is not understood at all if it is imagined that it claims to be able to set up a state in the world from which all evil and all injustice would be banished. Naturally, on this ground it would be too easy, in view of the results obtained, stupidly to dismiss Christians as Utopians. What the Christian has to do is to maintain and increase in the world an internal tension and that movement of slow and painful delivery which comes from the invisible powers of truth and justice, goodness and love, acting upon the mass in opposition to them. Woe to the world should the Christians turn their back on it, should they fail to do their job, which is to heighten here on earth the charge and tension of spirituality; should they listen to those blind leaders of the blind who seek the means to order and to good in things which are in their very nature dissolution and death.

One of the gravest lessons we learn from the experience of life is that in the practical behavior of most of us all those things which are in themselves good—science, technical progress, culture, the knowledge of moral laws, and even religious faith itself, faith in the living God (in the civil war in Spain the inhuman feelings which have swept over "crusaders" and "reds" both have demonstrated what we are saying)—all these things, *without love and good-will,* only serve to make men more wicked and more unhappy. This is because, without love and charity, man turns into evil the best that is in him.

Once we have understood this, we put our hope here on earth only in that good-will of which the Gospel speaks, in the obscure strength of a bit of real goodness which brings forth life without cease in the most hidden recesses of things. Nothing is more destitute, nothing is more secret, nothing is nearer to the weakness of childhood. And there is no more fundamental, no more effective wisdom than a simple and tenacious confidence—not in the weapons of force and cleverness and malice, which, though they always triumph at the outset, a grain of sand suffices to ruin—but in the resources of personal courage and good-will. Through this kind of lightness of heart flows the force of nature and of the Author of nature.

In the Wind

TO MANY newspapers the false report of a clash between French and Italian troops on the Tunisian border, with eighty-four killed, was headline news; a few treated it gingerly; and the CBS news broadcasters deliberately played it down. The most novel handling of the story was by the Louisville *Times,* which interviewed American army men and reported their skepticism of the report. They cited expectancy tables to show that if 84 men were killed, there must have been from 375 to 500 wounded, and almost 10,000 soldiers engaged. If a battle of that magnitude had been fought, they concluded, there would have been a good deal more news and less vagueness in the February 22 dispatches. They were right.

AFTER DEMOCRATIC and Republican chieftains in the House had announced where their respective caucuses would be held, Vito Marcantonio, lone American Labor Party Congressman, took the floor. He announced that his party's caucus would be held in a telephone booth on the main floor.

THE RESULTS of a certain recent Gallup poll received significantly little press comment. The survey showed that three out of four voters had never read or heard about the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee, a token of the meager publicity given the hearings. In contrast, two out of three knew about the Dies committee; yet the La Follette committee has been functioning two years longer than the Dies committee.

IN THE course of the current Guild strike the Chicago Hearst papers have lost more than $500,000 in advertising revenue. . . . The Colorado legislature has set up a "little Dies committee" to probe "reds" in the state. . . . Money is being raised on the West Coast to finance broadcasts by Father Coughlin over stations there. . . . The new issue of *High Time,* published monthly by Communist employees of Time, Inc., reports that readers are using subscription cards—postage prepaid—to urge that the company use union printers. . . . William Pelley's fascist weekly *Liberation* solemnly reports that plans are on foot for the impeachment of President Roosevelt.

ANXIOUS TO reassure its American customers, J. Tanaka and Company, a Japanese seed company, prefaces its English catalogue with this announcement:

> OUR SEED GROWING DOES NOT DAMAGED
> BY THE CHINO-JAPANESE DIFFICULTY
>
> **From some letters recently received from our oversea's customers, we are anxious that some of our friends are considering that our many stuffs were going to war, and our business were rotten, so we have to inform you that no one members of our stuffs has been going to the Chinese war, and also the war only doing in China. . . . In our country real peace coming at all times, as Japanese are lovers of PEACE. . . . If you have been received another reports from newspaper they are all demagogues whoppers from Chinese side.**

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TWO comments on the German situation which have come to my attention lately have impressed me. One of them was in an article by Anne O'Hare McCormick—who, by the way, is doing fine work in the field of correspondence, better than almost anyone else—printed in the New York *Times* on March 4. She speaks of the mystery of Germany, which, she says, "deepens as you try to penetrate it. It is like a machine geared to top speed and running away. Nowhere in Europe is there anything like this motion, this tension, this fever of tearing down and building up. Berlin is in a turmoil of work and change. Everybody hurries and pushes, as people used to do in New York." That we have heard from others, but the significant thing in this article is that she can throw no light whatever upon who runs the machine. "To some destination," she says, "it is running at ever-increasing speed. But who decides where?" She says it is not Hitler, and she does not credit Göring with it, though he has developed great drive and executive ability. The bulk of the Nazi hierarchy is composed of "commonplace men, agitators who rattle around in their big jobs and live in their big expropriated mansions." Who is supplying the brains and the vision for what is indubitably an extraordinary administrative and creative undertaking?

I am sorry that Mrs. McCormick could not answer the question, because I have been asking it myself for several years. Germany has developed in the most extraordinary way since Hitler came in—on the physical side. The very face of the country is being made over. Berlin is being reconstructed on a huge scale and, as Mrs. McCormick testifies, practically overnight. When we think how long it takes us to get a PWA job going, to read that a suburban road in Berlin which last year curved through a deep forest is now lined with enormous apartment houses makes us wonder how it can be achieved with such speed. It takes, of course, not only amazing planning and a tremendous drive in construction never before associated with German industry, but also quick decisions and most elaborate allocation of the funds available. If this were being done by a humane and decent government, interested in benefiting all humanity and leading the world along the roads of justice and peace and good-fellowship, it would be really a wonder of the time. As it is, the explanation is the more difficult to obtain when one realizes how cast down and discouraged Germany was in the first fifteen years of the republic. Again one asks, Whence this sudden tremendous burst of creative energy?

Not that the republic did not do many remarkable things. Some of them I summarized in my book "The German Phenix." There was constructive work of a high order from 1918 to 1933, but it was not spectacular and, being decent and humane, naturally did not attract the attention of the world as have the brutalities of Hitler. Undoubtedly the republic lacked a showman, someone to dramatize its acts, to use the spotlight and the massing of flags and all the rest. Still that lack alone does not explain the difference, and one must wait eagerly for Mrs. McCormick or someone else to discover finally whence has come the present great impulse of the German nation, albeit along such utterly mistaken lines so far as human liberty and respect for laws and obligations are concerned.

The other thing that has impressed me is the following extract from a letter of a German woman who waited until she got out of Germany to write me of her horror at what has been happening there and to assure me that she had not met a single person in Germany who did not react to the pogrom of November 10 with the utmost "shame and disgust." She criticizes a great deal and envies me that I can speak out freely against what has happened. Then she declares that while millions of Germans protest against this phase or that of the Hitler regime, there is, on the other hand, "not one German who does not have the feeling that he is being used, that he is cooperating in a great undertaking, that something is happening, that things are being done, and that is something beautiful and it gives us a feeling of security not easily described." All of which is indubitably true; it will make the reaction in Germany frightful when the present illusion passes, when the whole truth is told and the national balance sheet totaled up with the crimes on one side and the physical achievements on the other.

All of which makes me mourn all the more that there has been no one connected with Mr. Roosevelt who could dramatize the great achievements of the New Deal; Mr. Roosevelt himself has failed utterly to make the country realize that it has been cooperating in a great undertaking, that something tremendous has been happening, and that taking part in it is a beautiful and inspiring experience. If people could only visualize all that has been done and recognize how much the physical plant alone has been improved, they could bear the New Deal's tremendous failures with greater resignation.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Nazi Koran

MEIN KAMPF. Complete, Unabridged, Fully Annotated. By Adolf Hitler. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

MEIN KAMPF. Complete, Unauthorized, Unexpurgated. By Adolf Hitler. Stackpole Sons. $3.

"THE true test of faith," declared an early church father, "is to believe what is absurd." Every creed fascinates the faithful by an impressive gallery of heroes and saints and an elaborately verbalized mumbo-jumbo. Every creed requires a Sacred Book, preferably written by the Prophet, ostensibly inspired from on high, and invariably ponderous, bulky, difficult to read, obscure and ambiguous in its meanings, and heavily compounded of platitudes, homely wisdom, folklore, and mystic visions of tribal genesis, cosmic battle, and millennial salvation.

"Mein Kampf," acknowledged bible of National Socialism, follows the prescription closely. In the tradition of other seers, Hitler began the work in prison and dedicated it to the "martyrs" of the Beer Hall Putsch. Unlike "Das Kapital," it is devoid of intellectual content or any pretense of rationality. Unlike the Jewish and Christian sacred writings, it is devoid of poetic beauty or ethical catholicity, for its only song is that of fierce tribal fanaticism. Its author lays no direct claim to divine inspiration. But the pagan deity of *Deutschtum* glares malevolently from every page. This Giver of the Word belongs in the ranks of Mahomet, Joseph Smith, and Mary Baker Eddy in that he became the Leader of millions of converts during his lifetime. "Mein Kampf" differs from most holy writ in that it is vicious, vulgar, and violent. These qualities, however, are but a measure of that cultural degradation of which Hitlerism is the most complete contemporary expression.

This was not a work meant to convert alien infidels to fascism. Its appeal is only to *Deutschtum* and, within *Deutschtum,* only to the debased and debauched *Bürgertum* which found its soul by losing its mind. Der Führer has consequently opposed any full English or French translations. Anglo-Saxon heathenry has hitherto had no access to this scripture, except in the diluted and condensed translation by E. T. S. Dugdale issued here in 1933 by Houghton Mifflin. Now, by way of compensation, two full translations are made available simultaneously. Reynal and Hitchcock went to press by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin. They promise "profits to the refugees." Stackpole Sons asked for no authorization, on the assumption that Hitler's shift from Austrian to German citizenship in 1932 furnishes a legal loophole under copyright agreements. From either volume curious pagans may now discover what the faithful Nazi believes and what manner of man the Führer once conceived himself to be.

As for the merits of the two versions, both offer competent translations of Hitler's crude German. Both were rushed into print at top speed. Both lack an index, though Reynal and Hitchcock promise one in the second printing. The Stackpole edition, with a preface by Ludwig Lore, has fewer pages but is larger in format and bulk. Reynal and Hitchcock offer as special attractions a sketch map; an introduction by a distinguished editorial board; a topical table of contents; an appendix of early party posters; the text of the party program of 1920; and numerous historical and analytical notes.

Most readers will doubtless peruse these pages in the hope of finding answers to the perennial question: What will Hitler do next? They will not be disappointed, for the Leader follows his blueprint closely. His general objectives, domestic and foreign, are set forth as frankly as his prejudices, his background, his propaganda technique, his racial mythology, his megalomania, and his views of the nature of the world and of man. And in the light of current hopes and fears in Paris and London, it is worthy of note that Hitler's *Drang nach Osten* and his promised crusade against Moscow were postulated upon a supposition that has not materialized—that is, the "disintegration" of the Russian state under the impact of the "Jewish ferment of decomposition"—and that the prerequisite of eastward expansion was (and still is) an alliance with Italy and Britain to bring about the "annihilation" of France. This objective also bids fair to be realized.

What is missing in "Mein Kampf" is as important as what is present. Here are the symbols by which Hitler recruited a mass following among psychotic little men. But the other, and more significant, half of fascist strategy is not here revealed. When he completed the second volume of this work, Hitler already knew that he could count upon his enemies and future victims to rescue him. But he could scarcely anticipate that he would be put into power by precisely those Germans whom he was sworn to destroy, nor could he quite guess that the Third Reich would be granted hegemony over Europe by the very democratic powers he was pledged to annihilate. Hitler's best allies have ever been those who have actively aided him to consummate their own ruin under the delusion that he was thereby "saving" them from a worse fate. Fascism can be stopped only by force. But the élite of the decadent West have consistently refused to use force, not out of fear that they would lose in a contest of arms, but out of fear that they would win! Whom the gods would destroy they first induce to save the savior who is in reality their own nemesis.

This suicidal mania is the counterpart and complement of Hitler's neuroses and his sadistic drive toward omnipotence. "Mein Kampf" is half the record of the psychopathology of the twentieth century. The other half is not thus conveniently available in a single volume. But those with eyes to see will find much of clinical interest in the words and deeds of such "statesmen" as Blum, Laval, Londonderry, Chamberlain, Eden, Bonnet, and Daladier. Thanks to them the absurdities of "Mein Kampf" are successively translated into fact. And, since it is later than we think and it is already happening here, two names may be added to the roll of dishonor: Sumner Welles and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Chinese and Spaniards will understand why they deserve inclusion.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

The Scientist and the World

DOCTOR ADDAMS. By Irving Fineman. Random House. $2.50.

IN 1650, when England had beheaded a king and was in the throes of revolution, William Harvey, who had published his famous treatise on the circulation of the blood twenty-two years before, was asked "if all were well with him." "How can that he," he replied, "when the state is so agitated with storms and I myself am yet in the open sea?" Sir Isaac Newton, whose long life was as fully occupied with pure science as any man's before or since, served in Parliament on three different occasions, was active in a dispute between Cambridge University and the crown, was for the last thirty-three years of his life warden and then master of the mint, and was president of the Royal Society for twenty-five years.

This random information will nevertheless indicate that the problem of the scientist's relation to the world of affairs, with which Mr. Fineman occupies himself in his new novel, is by no means a new one. We are too prone to think of the contemporary world as somehow unique. When we read that Mr. Fineman's book is in the direct tradition of "Arrowsmith," but that it is concerned with "pressing problems that did not even exist when Sinclair Lewis's character was created" we may doubt. If this statement has any truth, it is only in a superficial way. The problem of socialized medicine is perhaps new; but race prejudice is as old as history; and the scientist's difficulties with respect to love and marriage, which is Mr. Fineman's other theme, are hardly peculiar to our own times.

Dr. Addams is a biophysicist in the pay of a large foundation doing research on the subject of procreation in all its manifestations. The foundation itself, depending for its support on the capricious attention of wealthy men, is blown upon by all the winds of current doctrine and superstition. Jews who work for it are likely to have a hard time; "radicals" are suspect; doctors who prefer to do their work, whether it be clinical or in research, in "groups" sooner or later get into trouble. Dr. Addams prefers his laboratory to contact with patients outside it. He is performing experiments which may be of the greatest ultimate benefit to mankind; but he refuses to concern himself with improving society so that his scientific results can be the more readily put into practice. While the medical congress at which he is a lecturer is torn apart by discussions of socialized medicine, he goes on writing abstruse mathematical equations on the blackboard before a steadily diminishing group of listeners.

All this is interesting and highly pertinent not only as a contemporary problem but as a continuing struggle between the present and the future, between theory and practice, between man's unhappy body, which needs food as well as healing, and his restless mind. Mr. Fineman has stated the problem with the most impressive documentation, with scientific data which are as fascinating as they are sometimes difficult to read; his characters illustrate the variations in his argument and at the same time are recognizable men in a recognizable world. His Doctor Addams is a likable fellow, credible as a scientist and as a perplexed human being.

The conflict between science and the world, however, is not his only trouble. The other is love. Most of Mr. Fineman's doctors are troubled by love. It is perhaps unfair to hold an author responsible for the description on the jacket of his book. But when we read of these characters that "scientific knowledge has freed them from moral restraints" we may not only doubt but smile. It is as if we were to say, "My knowledge of French has cured my indigestion." Dr. Addams, as is certainly not surprising, finds that his scientific knowledge and his love affairs do not seem to have much to do with each other. His marriage is not a success; his subsequent "free" relationship with a woman who is combined lover, nurse, and mother is not a success either. Mr. Fineman's scientific conversations, esoteric as many of them are, are nevertheless unfailingly interesting. His conversations about love are interesting only if you like that sort of thing and like a lot of it. His heroine who learns about life, love, and herself by going to bed with most of her medical colleagues and then by marrying one of them in order to have children and a proper family life has appeared in fiction before, though never perhaps in as much detail. She is Woman, the helpmeet, the healer, man's solace and restorer. As a person, despite Mr. Fineman's evident care, she hardly exists. Compared to the head of the medical foundation, a niggling fellow who plays politics because he has not the strength to do anything else, or even to the perturbed Dr. Addams himself, or his humanistic New England father, she has about as much life as a sheet of decorative blotting-paper or a feather-bed.

In "Dr. Addams," in short, science and society are absorbing, love is pretty much of a bore. Which is no reason why an adult reader cannot read it with both pleasure and profit. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

The Road That Led to Munich

BETRAYAL IN CENTRAL EUROPE. By G. E. R. Gedye. Harper and Brothers. $3.

EUROPE IN RETREAT. By Vera Micheles Dean. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THESE two books—the first a vivid record of events by the New York *Times* correspondent in Central Europe; the second a concise study and brilliant analysis of the forces behind these events by the research director of the Foreign Policy Association—make one feel hopeful because their clarity and spirit stand in such happy contrast to the defeatism of the day. Both books deal with the period of historic changes in the map of Europe which started a year ago with Schuschnigg's secret visit to Berchtesgaden and ended, for the time being, with the march of the new German army into Czechoslovakia.

G. E. R. Gedye arrived in Vienna in the summer of 1925 and had his first breakfast, *Kaffee mit Schlag,* on the sunny terrace of the Cafe Heinrichshof. Vienna, the beautiful city of crass psychological contradictions, remained his headquarters for thirteen years, till he was expelled by the Nazi Gestapo for sending truthful dispatches. Two-thirds of his book deals with Austria, the last third with Czechoslovakia, where he went from Vienna in order to remain on his job.

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Without accurate, reliable *information on the* comparative value of *competing brands your everyday buying can be a wasteful business.* With *it, you can save substantial sums. This month,* CU Reports *helps consumers save money by reporting on soap, canned peaches and asparagus, tea, men's topcoats, can openers, and juice extractors.*

"We will eat a bar of it while doing handsprings up Fifth Avenue"

"If any soap is soothing to any kind of skin," says *Soap,* the leading trade magazine of the soap industry, "we will eat a bar of it while doing handsprings up Fifth Avenue."

With the same engaging candor, *Soap* states, "To him who would advertise successfully in the intensive competitive fight for soap business, not too much attention can be paid to these minor details such as scientific exactness, strict adherence to proved facts, and misleading implications."

With these findings, the results of recently completed tests of toilet soaps, published in this month's issue of *Consumers Union Reports,* agree. Over 150 brands are rated by name, for price and quality (you can pay anywhere from 50c to $1.97 per pound of dry soap for certain brands but get better quality for only 9.1c); those that may irritate or actually damage the skin are pointed out.

It's Illegal, but . . .

. . . plenty of packers put less peaches into their cans than the law requires. The names of the 21 out of 36 brands of canned peaches tested by CU which were illegally slack-filled are given in this report. Another report gives price and quality ratings of 39 brands of canned asparagus and asparagus tips.

Good bills and bad bills . . . A bad one costs consumers plenty

New food and drug bills are now pending in 13 states. In an article describing this legislation, the bills which should be vigorously backed and those which should be opposed are pointed out. In another article the effects of the Miller-Tydings price-fixing act—now in operation a year and a half—are discussed. The results of studies showing that this law has cost consumers many thousands of dollars are noted.

How to be rich and successful . . .

The dazzling promises of correspondence school ads are analyzed and clues given for determining which schools are fakes and which are honest. Many an impressively-titled "institute" is but a one-room office in an obscure business building. Hundreds have been proceeded against by Federal authorities for fraudulent practices.

"A major crime in gastronomy"

"We buy it ignorantly, prepare it abominably . . ." says a recent article on tea in a popular magazine. Far be it from Consumers Union to concur in a sweeping statement like this, but there is something to what this writer says. To help American tea drinkers acquire skill in tea purchasing, 40 brands of black, mixed, oolong and English Breakfast tea were given taste tests by tea experts and rated by name. Instructions on how to prepare tea properly are given and current advertising claims to the effect that tea "peps you up" are analyzed.

This year the consumer will get the best value for his money . . .

. . . in men's topcoats of a certain type at a certain price level. What type and which price level may be ascertained by reading the report on men's topcoats in this issue. Twenty-three brands sold under the manufacturer's names are rated for quality and workmanship.

●

Other reports and articles in this issue rate can openers and fruit juice extractors and discuss phases of the sugar and insurance industries of particular significance to consumers. To get this issue just mail the coupon below.

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"Betrayal in Central Europe" is not a rehash of newspaper articles. It is a remarkably homogeneous account of vast experiences, written under the sway of the terrific emotions which swept Central Europe last summer and fall when history was being enacted with all the suspense of a grandiose and cruel melodrama. This suspense is felt almost in spite of the writer, who simply tells all he knows, all he sees—always speaking straight from his heart. On page after page an immense amount of material is piled up: little incidents and great actions; the contours and the content of personalities, whether they are key men, hypocritical servants of hidden powers, or just common citizens who want to live; the atmosphere of streets and countrysides in critical and in peaceful moments; the unseen spinning of intrigues of far-reaching consequences; monetary and military problems; private pleasures and public functions—a whole world is pictured as this world really was. I know that world, and I have never read a better journalistic account of it.

Take the sketch of the thin-lipped Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, the Catholic priest whom the workers of Vienna called the "no-mercy cardinal." Austrian chancellor in the twenties and ruler of the country till his death and afterward through his pupils Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, he was obsessed by ambitions entirely out of proportion to the needs of a small country of only six million inhabitants. He organized the Heimwehr as an arch-enemy of socialism even in its reformist Austrian form, and inaugurated the artificial course of atavistic reaction which led his successors and his country to their bloody suicidal end. One cannot understand the post-war history of Central Europe without knowing the "no-mercy cardinal" and his philosophy. Gedye makes this difficult, sly character and his fateful politics absolutely clear. Equally plastic is the sketch of Seipel's Socialist opponent on the Austrian political stage, the "Bolshevik" Otto Bauer, who fought with "spiritual weapons" till it was too late—the Christian Fascists used cannon and gibbet to crush this most peaceful and most European section of Austria's population while a third party, the Nazis, laughed. One would like to emphasize the merits of each chapter, but that is impossible in a short review. I will simply say that Mr. Gedye's history of the Austrian Republic is the best on record.

In Prague the English-born correspondent reports with shame the next act of the drama. (We still remember how we waited for his dispatches day by day.) Now the marionettes Henlein and Runciman come on the stage and entertain us with their ghastly tricks till their masters show themselves in Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, and Munich. The great and noble illusion of democratic solidarity which deceived the Czech people and their leaders explodes with a shock felt around the world. The author was one of the few Englishmen who understood the importance of Central Europe for the Western world. He also knew the true intentions of the Nazis. He therefore favored resistance. He is still convinced that Hitler would not have dared to fight had England and France told him in time not to touch Czechoslovakia. And he has many cogent arguments to prove that if war had broken out, Hitler and the whole Nazi plague with him would have perished. As for the French and English ruling classes who prefer fascism to socialism, he quotes a lady who compared fascism with a drought and socialism with a flood and said to her troubled husband who feared both: "When the drought has passed, it leaves behind it an arid desert where nothing can live. After the flood subsides, new forms of life spring up, some monstrous, some young, vigorous, and healthy —we see it in this world of ours today. I think, dear, that you and I could never choose the drought." With the question "And You?" the book closes. Any reader who starts it will, after an exciting experience, arrive at this question— and will have no peace until he makes up his mind how to answer.

Vera Micheles Dean starts with an analysis of "Mein Kampf," which she calls a new edition of pan-Germanism. She sees German imperialism as a young buccaneer who is disturbing the peace of many satisfied and retired pirates. Into this conceptual scheme the post-war development of Europe is fitted move by move—France attempting to block Germany, Hitler counter-attacking. The diplomatic struggle between the status quo group and the rest of Europe since Versailles is retold excellently and briefly and with an admirable knowledge of the complicated forces at work in the hundred conferences which culminated in the Munich accord. Mrs. Dean disentangles the diplomatic wires leading to the Bavarian capital, and in posing all the questions which the Big Four did not answer she takes pains to draw the highly necessary distinction between established fact and conjecture. Her book is a marvel of objectivity, but a very definite point of view is taken. Her last sentence reads: "If the Western world is to prevail over fascism it must redefine, in equally dynamic terms, the ideas it offers as an alternative, and correct those grievances against democracy which in the past have proved Hitler's most effective allies."

The newspaper correspondent lived in the midst of events which the research worker scrutinizes from a more detached observation point. Both books are "must" books for people who do not merely cherish their prejudices but want to live conscientiously and honestly. FRANZ HOELLERING

After the Ghetto

EAST OF EDEN. By I. J. Singer. Translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT IS startling to realize that we have nurtured on our doorstep a foreign literature of major proportions. In the short space of fifty years since the first Yiddish newspaper was issued, New York City has become the literary capital of the Yiddish-speaking world. Its most prominent authors live and write here—and first publish their work in the daily press. To them America has been, not the land of material opportunity, but the land of spiritual release, since in circumstances of democracy they were able to develop their gifts as they never could have done in Eastern Europe.

Yet Yiddish literature, in spite of its high development, is still extremely close to its folk culture. Although the various movements of reform and enlightenment encompassed the Jews of Western Europe in the time of Napoleon, it was not they who made Yiddish literature. To the Jews in Poland and Galicia, in Russia and in the Ukraine, a day in 1913 was hardly distinguishable from a day in 1773. Not until the World War was there any real change in the tenor of their life. Therefore it is not surprising that the majority of Yiddish novels begin in the timeless existence of the ghetto; and there can be hardly a Yiddish reader to whom the transition from its medieval culture, hermetically sealed and preserved by religious customs, to the outer world of politics and revolution, science and mass-production, is not the greatest of all dramatic themes.

This at first appears to be the theme of "East of Eden." The first third of the book is a magnificent picture of the unchanging life of the Jewish quarter of a Polish village. Each Sunday Reb Mattes the peddler shoulders his pack of mirrors, needles, thread, aprons, and thimbles and plods out along the dusty roads from Pyask. Each Friday night he returns to spend a day with his family in their poor hovel; each year his wife bears him a daughter. When at last she gives birth to a son, Nachman, in Reb Mattes's heart there flares that great ambition of all poor Jews—to educate his son to be a rabbi. The scrimping and saving to pay the boy's *cheder* fees, the death of the boy's mother and Mattes's second marriage, the flight of Schiendel from her stepmother's torments to domestic service in Warsaw—all this flows by in a rich narrative.

And then suddenly Schiendel comes home and gives birth to an illegitimate child. Mattes and his family are forced to flee from the scandal to the oblivion of a crowded Warsaw tenement. Up to this time "East of Eden" has been the story of Mattes, and the reader has come to share his gentle dreams and hopes. But once in Warsaw the whole focus of the book changes. At the cost of alienating the reader's sympathy, Mattes is roughly demoted from his position as the central character of the novel. The opening sentence of the second section sets the new tempo: "A war demonstration was pouring tumultuously through the principal streets of Warsaw." With the turning of a page we have stepped from an ancient into a modern world—and for the first time the action is dated. It is 1914.

Singer must have felt that Mattes's comprehensions were too narrow to present this new world through his eyes. He therefore swiftly disposes of him in an early battle of the war, and makes Nachman his central character. In doing this he risks much, for he violates the great pattern to which the best realistic novels since "Madame Bovary" have adhered: the shattering of a dream by reality. Before Mattes's dream can be shattered, we are offered Nachman's dream—and a very different dream it is. In Warsaw he abandons his studies, becomes a baker's apprentice, falls under the spell of Comrade Daniel, a Communist organizer, and learns to dream of a proletarian Utopia. Eden is to the east, in the new land of Soviet Russia. It is to the east that Daniel forever gestures during his stump speeches, which Singer characterizes as hypocritical and demagogic. At this point the whole novel seems to be wrenched apart to make place for a harsh, opinionated, and acrimonious attack upon the Soviet Union, and we come to perceive why Mattes was so swiftly slaughtered. We remember that "East of Eden" was serialized in a New York newspaper. If the Yiddish press has assisted in a literary renaissance, it has also cultivated perfervid political attitudes in its contributors.

It matters not in the least, from the point of view of literature, whether Singer likes the Soviet Union or not. It does

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matter that the tone of a hitherto fine novel is debased by political pamphleteering. When he deals with Daniel, Singer abandons his patient, creative methods; his characterization amounts to little more than this: because Daniel is a Communist, he is a rogue.

For his new beliefs and revolutionary activities Nachman suffers beatings, torture, and eight years of imprisonment. Broken in body, he thinks that he has earned the right to go to the promised land to the east. But he finds that while it is easy for powerful bureaucrats like Daniel to escape when danger threatens, the Soviet authorities insist that it is still his duty to make the revolution in Poland. Nevertheless, he sneaks over the border. When he finally proves that he is not a spy, he is granted citizenship and put to work in a bakery. He hopes to serve his new country well, but he is depressed by the long hours and miserable pay, by the corruption and sabotage, and by the gloomy disappointment of the workers. Although his protest takes the innocuous form of opposing the punishment of a fellow-worker for drunkenness, he is arrested as a spy and a saboteur. With the treason trials in mind Singer attempts to show with what malevolent skill the authorities piece their charges together. Once again, just as in Poland, Nachman goes through the whole round of imprisonment and torture. This time, no longer sustained by his dream, he yields. The confession that is extorted from him becomes the foundation for a new treason trial, but his own punishment is merely expulsion from Eden.

Is this a novel of the transition of the Jews from a medieval to a modern world? If so, of what pertinence is the detailed analysis of Russian economic conditions? Or if this is an exposition of bureaucratic mismanagement and despotism in the Soviet Union—of which Singer's first-hand knowledge seems to date from 1922—why the stress upon Jewish life? Only by the most charitable effort can one uncover a unifying theme: the futility of Jewish meddling in nationalist politics, and the ineffectualness of the idealism of Mattes and Nachman in the modern world.

HAROLD STRAUSS

DRAMA

The Swing Mikado

I DO not know what either Savoyards on the one hand or swing addicts on the other think of "The Mikado" as produced by the Federal Theater and sung by an all-Negro company. The general public, however, enjoyed it mightily and so did I, for it is a rousing and hilarious entertainment in its own right whatever it may be when considered as an "interpretation" of Mr. Gilbert's text and Mr. Sullivan's music. Both of these are adhered to most of the time with superficial fidelity, and the novelty of the effect produced is due less to the "swing" arrangements used repeatedly as encores than to a clash of temperaments—to what results when the work of two Victorian gentlemen is taken in hand by a company of enthusiasts who never heard of the Savoy tradition but who are quite willing to "express themselves" in connection with "The Mikado" or anything else. Occasionally it is quite evident that a particular performer does not know what a particular song or a particular bit of business is all about; more often he succeeds somehow in so reinterpreting it that one is almost ready to swear that the original intention of the authors was to be, not politely fantastic, but as rowdy as it all now seems.

The scene has been transferred to some tropical isle, and though the members of the opening chorus still introduce themselves as "gentlemen of Japan," all that is soon forgotten amid goings on under the bamboo tree which certainly do not suggest anything to be seen "on many a screen and jar." Mr. Gilbert, stickler that he was for propriety, would be shocked to see any members of his company of ladies and gentlemen comporting themselves as Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum do in that scene where they show each other just how they would behave if love-making between them were permissible; he would also, I think, marvel at the completeness with which mere intonation and emphasis transformed the ballad of the dicky-bird into an unmistakable coon song. Not all the performers have good voices; one or two, as a matter of fact, have almost no voices at all; but everyone attacks everything with such vigor and such enthusiasm that one soon forgets all else and is carried along through thick and thin on a wave of uncritical delight.

At least one or two of the novel "swing" arrangements —notably those of "Three Little Maids from School" and "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring"—seemed to me extraordinarily exhilarating, and so did the wild dancing which went with the latter. Certainly the whole is a triumph of main force and high spirits rather than of any sort of finish, but it is a triumph nevertheless. I should add that it is now current at the New Yorker Theater, where, I venture to prophesy, it will remain almost as long as the six months it played in Chicago.

Two recent comedies—"Miss Swan Expects" by Bella and Samuel Spewack and something called "Off to Buffalo"—disappeared before my comments, which were nothing worth waiting for, could appear in print. I should not be too much surprised if a similar fate should overtake "Close Quarters" (Golden Theater), a two-character tour de force said to have enjoyed a considerable run in London. The acting of Elena Miramova and Leo Chalzel is much more than ordinarily good, and the play itself is an ingeniously constructed shocker, but an evening-long appeal to a single emotion grows monotonous, especially when the emotion happens to be apprehension. The two characters are expecting to be arrested for a murder which one of them committed, and they kill themselves when they can endure the suspense no longer. A few seconds later the audience knows that there was no evidence against them.

At the Windsor Theater a revival of Clifford Odets's "Awake and Sing" is alternating with the same author's "Rocket to the Moon." Seeing the earlier play again convinced me that I was right when I found the original production extraordinarily interesting.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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MUSIC

IF, glancing through announcements of piano recitals with their stereotyped program sequences, you encountered a program that comprised Schubert's Sonata in C minor, Weber's Sonata in A flat, and Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata, you might suspect that behind this different program was a pianist with different qualities of mind and feeling that caused him to be interested in different music and to hold a different view of his function as a public performer: the view that this function was to concern himself with music of great significance and to present himself to the public as an interpreter of such music. You would expect this attitude and the qualities behind it to show themselves also in his playing; and at the recital on February 24 you would find this to be true of Schnabel's performance. Not one sound had any purpose other than illumination of the music; the greatness of the performances was apparent only in the greatness they revealed in Schubert and Beethoven; and in the playing that created such startlingly heightened significance in each phrase, so startling an order in what had previously appeared to be the rambling finale of Schubert's sonata, one heard evidence of extraordinary powers of integration—integration of experience and emotion inside, which expressed itself in integration of the music outside.

A musical phrase which we think of in its entirety is heard as a succession of sounds: its significance is in the relations established among these sounds by timing and force; and no pianist I have heard has, by his timing and coloring of the sounds, brought them into dynamically continuous and significant relations in the way Schnabel has. These are the relations of things arranged in a design, a form; and one may say that the composer's written score, in prescribing exactly what sounds to produce but only approximately their duration and degree of force, indicates only roughly a shape—whether of phrase or of large structure—to which the pianist must give sharp definition with precise degrees of force and durations of time. And I would say then that no pianist I have heard has shaped a piece of music in a way that integrated its details, brought them into significant relations with each other, as Schnabel has.

What he does requires a powerful mind, but one that requires powerful emotions to work with. It cannot be done without long thought, but it cannot be done with cold calculation. It can be done only by someone who feels in a sequence of sounds what it was that caused Beethoven or Schubert to create it, and who knows from this the relations that must exist between each sound and the next, the shape the sequence must have, for it to fulfil the intention embodied in it. And the lifetime of thought and feeling behind the performance goes to create something that sounds as though it were being felt and thought through for the first time.

There were vacant seats at Schnabel's recital; but in the program one read that only standing-room was left for Josef Hofmann's recital on March 26; and earlier Hofmann had advertised the fact that he would play Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata and Liszt's "Liebestraum." From his programs of the past twenty-five years I predict that he will also play small pieces by Chopin, including the "Minute" Waltz, Liadov's "Music-Box," Mendelssohn's Spring Song, Rubinstein's Melody in F, Moszkowski's "Juggleress," and Rachmaninov's most famous Prelude, or their equivalents. From these you might suspect that Hofmann was a different sort of pianist from Schnabel—with different qualities that caused him to hold a different view of his function as a public performer, to play different music, to play this music in a different way. And you would be right: Hofmann—about whom there has been such an outpouring of effulgent words in the press recently—presents one of the worst examples of the virtuoso career.

The virtuoso pianist presents himself to his audience for the same purpose as the acrobat—to show all the things he can do with his instrument and with the music; and he regards the instrument and music in the way the acrobat regards his trapeze—as things to be used for his purpose. In his youth he learned his pianistic and musical tricks in a certain number of works; and since then he has used the same works to show off his pianistic and musical tricks. Thus, in the twenty-five years that I have heard Hofmann he has gone on recombining into programs of one pattern the limited group of works that he learned fairly early—a group that has included a large quantity of trashy salon and display pieces but not one sonata by Mozart or Schubert (he has played Liszt's Concerto in E flat and both concertos of Rubinstein, but not one by Mozart.) And in his playing of these works there have been such things as the left-hand octaves crashed out sensationally to achieve nothing more than left-hand octaves crashed out sensationally; the series of notes extracted from within accompaniment chords and brought out as a counter-melody which the composer never dreamed of; the Brahms variation or the exposition of a Chopin sonata played with one set of crescendos, decrescendos, and rubatos the first time and another set the second time—each set for no other apparent reason than to show he could think up crescendos, decrescendos, and rubatos different from the composer's, and the two sets for no other apparent reason than to show he could think up two sets different from the composer's—things which have added up on occasion to some of the worst performances of music I have ever heard.

Most recitals are given by other Hofmanns big and small; in a few the conventional recital program is analogous to a conventional form like the sonnet: it acquires interest and distinction from its use by musicians of taste. This may be said of the 'cello recital, this season, of Emanuel Feuermann, the violin recital of Orrea Pernel, the Lieder recital of Gertrud Pitzinger. As for Szigeti, the normal continuity of his phrasing was destroyed this time by its abnormal intensity—the effort to crowd into one note meaning enough for the entire phrase.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Gadfly to Chicago

Dear Sirs: Milton Mayer is an effective writer and a gadfly to Chicagoans. His latest sting, "It's Hell to Be a Chicago Liberal," in *The Nation* of February 25, has provoked considerable discussion, including a snorting *Daily News* editorial on February 27 rephrasing Mayer's title as "A Chicago Liberal Is a Hell of a Liberal."

In this placid discussion neither Mayer nor the *News* nor anybody else is qualified to speak for "Chicago's liberals." The supporters of the Committee to Draft Ickes for Mayor did not switch to Kelly as a bloc; they formed an independent group named A Better Chicago League to push a program for Chicago, and the league did not indorse a candidate. Though many of its sponsors favored Kelly, some supported Courtney. What, then, did the "Chicago liberals" do? What is a "Chicago liberal?"

I object to Mayer's Delphic gloom: "the worst city in America went right on getting worse and is going to get worse faster from now on," whereas "national reformism" had left its mark on "most American cities." This highly generalized thesis that a liberal national Administration has reformed most cities is doubtful at best. The condemnation of Chicago is sweeping enough to be silly.

In the sense that a "liberal" is one seeking new social adjustments, a liberal is generally not with a majority and to this extent has a hell of a part to play everywhere, at all times.

ROBERT ACKERBERG, JR.

Chicago, March 9

Of Interest to Consumers

Dear Sirs: In Helen Woodward's column in *The Nation* of February 18 a reader asked about the National Consumers Tax Commission. May I call your attention to the December issue of *Propaganda Analysis,* which is devoted entirely to explaining the connection of the A. and P. Company with this organization? Also in the November issue of the *N. C. T. C. News,* the monthly publication of the National Consumers Tax Commission, is the following statement: "The National Consumers Tax Commission is gratified to announce that John A. Hartford, president of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, has pledged the big retail organization to 'go along as far as it is necessary for us to go to see that your work is not hampered by lack of funds.' "

To your list of organizations interested in the consumer I should like to add the National League of Woman Voters, which has supported the TVA as a yardstick, worked for an adequate food-and-drug law, and is still working for grading of canned goods, against price fixing, and for tariffs which will lower prices for the consumer.

ELIZABETH KELLERS

Montclair, N. J., March 1

Birth-Control and Public Health

Dear Sirs: The President's Interdepartmental Committee to Coordinate Health and Welfare has recommended a health program at an estimated cost of $850,000,000. Millions of this sum will be requested for the purpose of reducing infant and maternal deaths.

Addressing a Conference on Better Care for Mothers and Babies, at Washington, in January, 1938, the Surgeon General said: "The 12,544 mothers who died as a result of conditions of pregnancy and childbirth in 1935 do not represent the whole of the loss from child bearing . . . for there were more than 60,000 babies who died two weeks after birth and more than 77,000 recorded still-births. In other words, there occur in the country each year more than 150,000 deaths, 60 per cent of which are needlessly lost, because of the mismanagement of the child-bearing function." He also stated: "Approximately one million children are born each year to families on relief or with an annual income of less than $1,000." (Among this group is found the highest death-rate of mothers and infants.)

Breaking down these 150,000 deaths, 90,000 of which are unnecessary, with the aid of statistics from the Public Health Service, we find that five out of every six babies born to untreated syphilitic mothers will be born dead or infected; one out of every eleven babies will die or be born syphilitic, even if mothers have received adequate treatment before the fifth month of pregnancy; two out of every five babies will die or be infected even if adequate treatment is given the mother after the fifth month of pregnancy; there were 25,000 still-births in one recent year because the mothers suffered from venereal disease.

Birth-control is one weapon by which these appalling conditions can be combated. Yet the Children's Bureau, the United States Public Health Service, and the Departments of Health of the several states, with the notable exception of North Carolina, take a neutral or negative stand on giving out birth-control information.

J. F.

Baltimore, Md., March 7

Correction

The drawing of Pius XII attributed to George Schreiber in last week's issue was by Bert Hayden.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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HELEN WOODWARD'S column "Pocket Guide" was unavoidably omitted from this issue.

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The Shape of Things

THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES BY 321 votes to 264 and the Senate by 286 to 17 have in effect suspended the Constitution of the French Republic and suppressed democracy in France until the end of next November. A dictatorship has been set up which will almost certainly be of a quasi-fascist character and which may lead to the establishment of a fascist regime in France. The new law authorizes the French Cabinet "to take by decree until November 30, 1939, all appropriate measures to maintain and increase the strength of France." The power to legislate by decree is thus unlimited, for there is no authority in France except Parliament able to decide whether any given decree comes within the scope of the law, and Parliament will be silenced until after November 30. After that date the decrees must be ratified by the Chamber before the end of this year, but will the Chamber then be allowed to meet?

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCEPT THE PRETEXT that Daladier will use his dictatorial powers only for national defense. If that is true, why did he refuse to agree to any limitation? Why did he insist on being given power to dissolve the Communist Party or establish a press censorship unless he intended to use the power? The censorship will probably be applied in the first place to press telegrams, and there will be one more European country where foreign correspondents are prevented from telling the truth. The fact that Daladier has asked for and obtained dictatorial powers certainly does not mean that he will adopt a firm policy toward Germany and Italy. Such a policy would have the support of the very people against whom the powers will primarily be used. Daladier would not have had the support of all the friends of Hitler and Mussolini in the Chamber, as he did, had they believed that a real stand was to be made against the totalitarian aggressors. P. J. Philip, the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, who is exceptionally well informed about the intentions of the French reactionaries and pro-fascists, said in his dispatch Sunday: "Some quarters believe that French diplomatic action is more

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BURLINGAME

likely to be directed soon toward mending the Franco-Italian situation than toward assisting Rumania." It is probable that these quarters are right and that new capitulations to Mussolini are to be expected.

*

THE NOMINATION OF WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS to fill the vacancy created on the Supreme Court by the retirement of Louis D. Brandeis can hardly fail of confirmation by the Senate and will meet with much approval and little criticism. *The Nation* in a recent issue expressed some misgivings as to the breadth of his qualifications. It does not question his learning, integrity, or loyalty to the New Deal, nor does it deny that he has on the whole done a good job as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. We sincerely hope that as justice Mr. Douglas will prove our doubts groundless and show himself a worthy successor to the most consistent progressive ever to sit on the Supreme Court of the United States.

*

WHEN THE "REFORM" COMMITTEE OF THE New York Stock Exchange took over last May, we were given to understand that the bad old days were gone for ever. The Stock Exchange was in future to be governed in the spirit of the securities acts, and its aim would be to provide not a casino but a genuine investment market. Speculation, naturally, could not be completely abolished, but no longer would the speculative tail wag the investment dog. In the past ten months, however, not much visible progress has been made, while the murmurings of brokers against restrictions have been growing louder. Wall Street is arguing that business recovery needs increased investment, which is dependent on broader and more active markets, which in turn can only be created by giving greater scope to speculators. In accordance with these ideas a committee representing sixteen stock exchanges has sent a statement to the SEC suggesting a number of revisions to the securities acts. Some of their proposals, particularly those bearing on the simplification of prospectuses, are worth consideration. But others are inherently vicious, and we are glad that Chairman W. O. Douglas of the SEC has promptly exposed their nature. The committee complained of the vagueness of Section 9-a (2) of the Securities Exchange Act, which aims at eliminating manipulation, particularly by pool operations. Mr. Douglas points out that the alternative wording suggested would call upon the SEC "to foresee and define every conceivable variety of manipulation. Such a procedure might well result in the ceaseless invention of new techniques to evade regulation." Again the stock exchanges want to repeal completely the prohibition against short-term trading by insiders under penalty of paying all profits to the corporation involved. This would be a further encouragement to pool operators, who in the past have been most successful when operating in conjunction with insiders.

*

THE REFUSAL OF THE HOUSE WAYS AND Means Committee to extend the protection of social security to the employees of non-profit organizations, to domestic workers, or to farm laborers comes as a bitter shock. Of all the changes proposed by the Social Security Board, the extension of coverage seemed most likely to be accepted. President Roosevelt has definitely promised such a change on several occasions. The Advisory Council and the Social Security Board were both unanimous in recommending it. It is true that certain technical difficulties are involved in bringing domestic employees and farm labor under the act, but no one is more familiar with these difficulties than the Social Security Board which recommended their inclusion. No technical difficulties exist, however, with respect to the employees of religious, charitable, and educational organizations. Nor has any plausible argument been advanced why such persons, numbering several million, should be denied the rights now granted the majority of American employees as a matter of course. Several churches, it is true, have disgraced the principles they profess by opposing the inclusion of their employees, thus provoking much sardonic comment among hard-boiled Congressmen. But they have failed to show any reason why there should be discrimination against organizations performing public service. It is to be hoped that the protest against the committee's decision will be strong enough to force a reversal on the floor of the House.

*

THERE WAS A MINIMUM OF SUBTLETY IN Congressional handling of the Barkley amendment to the Air Corps Expansion bill. The amendment, which would have prohibited the award of national-defense contracts to industrialists who violate the Wagner Act, was buried by the House-Senate conferees and is unlikely to rise again. The episode merely emphasized for the benefit of latecomers that business men can be as patriotic as anyone, but only if offered a decent rake-off. Conservatives who have been lamenting the President's "alarmism" over Europe suddenly warned that the enemy was at the gates, with the plain implication that this is no time for collective bargaining. Wasn't it clear, they wanted to know, that industrialists couldn't serve their country efficiently if they were harassed by labor laws? Apparently that was perfectly clear, for after a minor skirmish led by Administration supporters the subject was adroitly dropped. It is naive, we concede, to imagine a large-scale arms program which will not ultimately violate many of the amenities of industrial relations, but this performance was as premature as it was clumsy. The projected amendment would merely have empowered the government to discriminate against firms which flout its laws. Under those conditions, it was pretty bluntly indicated, industrialists won't show much school spirit.

* * *

STARTLING NEWS COMES FROM PUERTO RICO —startling for those who have been unaware that that unhappy island was heading straight for disaster. At the close of the present sugar-harvesting season 110,000 workers will be unemployed, and altogether some 750,000 persons will be in need of immediate relief. With only $6,000,000 of relief money in sight, an economic congress of 300 persons, called by bankers, merchants, and industrialists, met in San Juan on March 12 and voted to demand of Congress an immediate referendum as to the future political status of the island. Plainly the most conservative forces called the congress, and they consulted in advance with the reactionary Governor, General Winship. Every effort was made to keep politics out, and there was no mention of statehood or independence in the resolution as passed. Yet when, after nearly twelve hours of discussion, the resolution calling upon the legislature to demand the referendum from Congress came up, so many people were standing and cheering that no formal vote was taken. Thus the chief economic interests have paved the way for a vote which may demand independence or, if not that, in all likelihood, statehood. When Senator Tydings proposed such a referendum two years ago and offered a bill to that effect, no one denounced him so much as the big business men. Congress cannot overlook this new development, for the Administration in Washington well knows that if something is not done soon for Puerto Rico there will be widespread violence, bloodshed, and starvation—providing the Hitler press with another opportunity to jibe at American hypocrisy in Puerto Rico.

* * *

THOSE WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THE PRO-NAZI activities and speeches of Senator Reynolds of North Carolina will not be surprised at his latest exploit. In a speech printed in the *Congressional Record* of February 1 he quoted the following sentence from an interview which he said Erika Mann had given the New York *World-Telegram:* "I have no hesitancy in calling for the blood of the sons of American mothers just so I can get even with that government which I despise." The interview was printed in the *World-Telegram* on January 27. Miss Mann in a letter to that newspaper calls attention to the fact that she made no such statement and that no such statement appeared in the interview. The Senator is guilty of exactly the kind of barefaced whopper used by the Nazis he admires. We wonder whether he and Goebbels had a nice long chat on propaganda technique when the Senator from North Carolina was in Berlin last year.

Munich: Act II

THE tragedy of Czechoslovakia—and Europe—moves rapidly. When the curtain fell at Munich, Hitler, breathing self-determination, was leading away his victim. In the wings stood the faithless friends who had bound and delivered her, attempting to convince each other, and the world, that by her sacrifice peace was saved. After five and a half months the curtain rises again. Hitler's jack-boot now rests upon a corpse. His mask, never well-adjusted, is ripped off; the imperial purple is about his shoulders. In belated horror Chamberlain and Daladier gaze at the "Aggrandizer of the Reich."

Hitler's inclusion of Czechoslovakia within his empire marks the adoption of new tactics and slogans. When he began his career of treaty-breaking his professed aim was to reverse the "crime of Versailles," and he found a road smoothed by the guilty consciences of Britain and France. Next he exploited Wilsonian "self-determination" and under this banner gathered in without opposition Austria and the Sudetenland. Now he turns to an all-embracing theory that can excuse any aggression. By the "law of self-preservation" the *Herrenvolk,* the superior German people, are entitled to more "living space" and lordship over inferior races such as the Slavs.

In tune with the new theory is a revival of the old imperial tradition, in fact, of two imperial traditions. In addition to assuming the mantle of the Hapsburgs, Hitler looks back to Otto I, who in the tenth century conquered Bohemia for the German crown. This is the basis for the claim in Hitler's proclamation that "for a thousand years Bohemia and Moravia have been part of the living space of the German people." If this is to be a precedent, nearly all Europe comes within the range of Nazi ambitions. Otto's empire included the Netherlands, part of Belgium, France, and Switzerland, nearly all of Italy, and part of Croatia. Addition of the Hapsburg heirlooms would bring in Hungary and large portions of Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. A sobering thought for Mussolini, whose prospects of compensation in the Mediterranean have probably been postponed once again by the latest Nazi coup! But no matter what his feelings, he is bound fast to the axis. Sink or swim he must stick to Germany.

In the circumstances the Duce must take what comfort he can from the thought that, in a showdown with Britain and France, the strategic position of the fascist powers has been immensely strengthened. The seizure of Czechoslovakia is a long step toward the organization of Southeastern Europe as a war supply base. Since Munich Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia have shown some signs of resistance to the destiny Hitler has decreed for them. The two former have been flirting with Russia, and all have been seeking aid from the west in reducing their economic dependence on the Reich. The fate of the

Czechs is intended to be a warning against such impertinent activities.

Poland now is half surrounded by the German army. The Slovak protectorate forms a wedge between it and Hungary for which the precarious link supplied by the Hungarian seizure of Carpatho-Ukraine is quite inadequate compensation. Moreover, that move by Budapest had the benevolent approval of Berlin. Why? Perhaps because disorders in Hungary's new territory—and disorders are easily fomented—would give the Reich an excuse to "protect" not merely Carpatho-Ukraine but the whole of Hungary. Again Hungary's military activities are bringing masses of its troops close to the Rumanian frontier, making incidents possible and arousing the suspicions of Bucharest. Fear of Hungarian irredentism is a method of putting pressure on Rumania to accede to German economic demands—a method already bearing fruit.

HITLER'S LOOT

That is one of the indirect economic consequences of the march to Prague. The immediate results are even more imposing. Of first importance is the loot in gold and foreign currencies which was so quickly and avidly seized. The Reich this year has been hard-pressed for means to pay for vital raw materials. The Austrian plunder has been used up; exports continue to decrease. The new protectorates are self-sufficing so far as food is concerned, and their inclusion in the Reich again gives the Sudetenland access to its natural sources of supply. The industrial equipment of Bohemia and Moravia makes an imposing addition to German resources. The Skoda works are reputed to be the most efficient munitions works in Europe. They equipped the Czech army of one and one-half million and did a huge export business. Of importance also are the Czech steel, machine, airplane, and motor industries. It is probable that the new owners will greatly extend these factories, for strategically they are perfectly placed. Within its mountain ring the Bohemian plain is safer from aerial attack, particularly from the west, than any spot in the old Reich.

Germany's conquest still leaves it short of raw materials. Czechoslovakia has some coal and iron ore, and large timber reserves to supplement the Austrian forests which have been so ruthlessly stripped since Anschluss. But on the whole it was a country which imported raw materials, paying for them with manufactures. It is clear that its foreign markets for the latter will now be much restricted. Consequently when the stolen gold is dissipated, Germany's raw-material problem will be intensified by the necessity of feeding Czech factories. There is one raw material, however, of which Germany is desperately in need, to be found within its new colony. That is labor. There are 200,000 unemployed in Czechoslovakia, and when the army is disbanded there will be another 250,000. With Germany hard-pressed to find enough men for both fields and factories, this pool of labor is regarded greedily. It is said that thousands of agricultural workers will be drafted to German farms, while industrial workers will be employed in extending local production. But how efficient will this slave labor prove? In the long years of oppression under the Hapsburgs, the Czechs acquired great skill in sabotage; it is unlikely that they have wholly forgotten the art.

Now, of course, they come under taskmasters more efficient and more ruthless than the Austrians. There can be no doubt that persecution will be intense. Already the Gestapo has swooped down on Prague and made thousands of arrests. Cultural autonomy is promised, and existing laws are to be maintained "in so far as they do not run counter to the spirit of the German Reich." It is not hard to foresee that these promises will prove worthless. The people who have flocked these past few days to the shrine of St. Wenceslaus, their national hero, will not be easily *gleichgeschaltet.* And the Nazis will be led to attempt suppression of every manifestation of the national spirit, to follow the same course Mussolini has followed in South Tyrol. It is a task calculated to subdue even Nazi self-confidence.

SELF-PRESERVATION FOR THE DEMOCRACIES

Faced by an open avowal of German ambitions and a great extension of German economic and military strength, are the democracies going to stir at last? The first reactions of the British and French governments were completely spineless. On March 14, when German troops were already crossing the border, Premier Chamberlain told the House of Commons that while he bitterly regretted the German action as something not contemplated at Munich, he would not associate himself with charges of ill-faith. Two days later he adopted a very different tone, for in the interval the cup of British shame, disillusion, and anger had flowed over. In his speech at Birmingham Chamberlain continued to defend Munich, but he denounced Hitler in terms which appeared to mark the end of the "appeasement" policy. Moreover, words have since been followed by deeds. The British ambassador to Berlin has been recalled, the Anglo-German trade parley has been canceled, recognition of Germany's protectorate has been refused, and consultations have been started with other interested powers, including Russia. British alarm has been increased by reports of Nazi pressure on Rumania, whose oil might prove the decisive factor in a war. Russia is equally concerned in the maintenance of Rumanian integrity, and this real coincidence of interests may prove the basis for an Anglo-Soviet understanding of first importance.

We should feel more confident, however, of the ability of democratic Europe to make a stand were it not hampered by tainted leadership. Eleventh-hour conversions are insufficient proof of that courage, conviction, and drive essential for the construction of a determined front against fascism. For those peoples in Europe who value democracy, freedom, civilization itself, the issue is now one of self-preservation. If Hitler's murder of Czechoslovakia can shake them into forcing leadership commensurate with the crisis, it may yet prove a crime fatal to its author. But the time is short.

A New NRA

THERE are only three ways of dealing with a monopoly. One is to break it up. Another is to regulate it. The third is to bring it under government ownership. Experience has shown that though some trusts have been broken up by law—the Standard Oil and tobacco trusts are examples—the operation has been more than nine-tenths illusory and the results have been negligible. The remedy of regulation—whether by administrative commission or the kind of self-regulation with government blessing that we had under the NRA—has proved as ineffective. Few dare suggest the third alternative, for liberals must be as fervent in their denial of "socialistic" ideas as were their British counterparts of 150 years ago in denying any sympathy with regicidal democratic Jacobins. There was a time when American progressives ventured to suggest this solution—William Jennings Bryan did in the case of the railroads—but the terrific clamor of "communism" that has greeted most of the New Deal's reforms has pretty well frightened their successors. Thus in the monopoly inquiry the New Dealers oscillate between the two futilities—solution by another attempt at "trust-busting," and acceptance of monopoly practices under some system of government "supervision."

The older "New Dealers"—most of them were New Dealers before the New Deal—lean toward the first; the younger men toward the latter. Though they are careful to disavow any intention of reviving the NRA, some of these younger New Dealers, notably Leon Henderson and Jerome Frank, seem definitely headed in that direction. "It seems to me that in a given industry of an integrated character," Mr. Frank suggested at one of the recent hearings, "if all the units of that industry could confer with one another and with the government and with the producers of the raw materials (if there be any, if it isn't a raw-material industry and doesn't do its own extracting), with the persons who buy the product, with labor, and with ultimate consumers, and ascertain in a given year what an intelligent price and production schedule would be; in other words, try to ascertain by canvassing the entire situation, by procuring adequate information of the kind that unfortunately we have too little of, just how much of the product, by means of a given reduction of prices could and would be absorbed by the ultimate consumer." Fundamentally, let Mr. Frank deny it as he will, this is the NRA idea all over again.

It is a monument to the hope that springs eternal that Mr. Frank and Mr. Henderson should still lean toward the NRA solution. For both were in Washington during the NRA days and their brave attempts to make the NRA and the similar AAA marketing-code machinery work as they were supposed to work met with the most dismal kind of failure. Mr. Frank was run over by the meat trust while Mr. Henderson and his consumers' advisory counselors were soon reduced to querulous impotence. As Willis J. Ballinger of the (very anti-NRA) Federal Trade Commission said of Mr. Frank and Mr. Henderson and the other idealistic young NRA men, "They put up a tremendous battle on the inside but they got licked." And in our opinion that is the inevitable fate of blue eaglets; the NRA idea is merely the trust sugar-coated—and the sugar coating soon wears off.

Loving Hitler Less

FOR a long time we Americans, in office and out, have enjoyed the luxury of criticizing British and French vacillations in foreign policy without meanwhile developing a recognizable policy of our own. Now at last our chickens have come home to roost. Within a few days the United States will probably have to make up its mind whether or not to join a "stop Hitler" conference with Britain, France, and Russia and a group of lesser, threatened states. The differences of opinion already emerging in Congress reflect similar divisions in the country. Hitler marched not only into Czechoslovakia; he marched into the United States as well. And we are not ready for him.

It is true that our State Department met him with strong words and prompt action. Sumner Welles's statement last week was as forthright as that of Benes himself—and it antedated Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham by several hours. The refusal of the government to recognize the conquests of Czechoslovakia is in line with recent American practice; apart from its effect abroad, this position will enable Mr. Hurban, the Czechoslovak minister, intrenched in the legation against all comers, to work with other prominent Czechs, including Jan Masaryk and Eduard Benes, for the ultimate restoration of their republic. The decision to jack up our tariff rates on German goods by 25 per cent became a political act through its very timing. In effect it is an official boycott, a gesture of economic warfare, and Germany clearly recognizes it as such. This move was followed by a proposal by Senator Pittman to amend the Neutrality Act to permit the sale of arms on a cash-and-carry basis to nations at war.

So much for Administration measures. The President and his advisers are clearly ready for strong action "short of war." Their line is bolder and more intelligible than it has been at any time. The period of sniping and moralizing seems to be past.

But a stiffer stand in the Administration is certain to be met by stiff resistance. Already the isolationist Senators are voicing their alarm. Borah "assumes" that we will refuse to take part in an anti-Hitler conference. Wheeler, while apparently accepting the cash-and-carry amendment to the Neutrality Act, urges that we "mind our own business." Clark announces that he will fight for a tighter neutrality law with no loopholes for executive discrimination. As war becomes more probable, as the dangers to Europe and the world multiply, we shall see, I am certain, an increasing reluctance in Congress to rush to the rescue.

The public will share that reluctance. It is a thankless and dangerous job we are invited to undertake. If we tackle it as a people and a nation we should do so without illusions. The hour has come that all intelligent people feared: war looms as the probable last resort of powers that refused to move until their own existence was threatened. Democratic Spain is dead—or all but dead—and fascism waits along the undefended southern border of France. Last week Germany gained control not so much of a country as of 1,400 planes, 200 tanks, full equipment for 1,500,000 troops, upward of $100,000,000 in desperately needed gold and foreign exchange, a new supply of labor power, and the finest munitions works on the continent of Europe. And suddenly the statesmen, though admitting no past errors, wake up and wonder. Perhaps betrayal doesn't pay after all. Perhaps "appeasement," at the expense of everyone but yourself, is more costly than you believed.

Of course enlightenment is a good thing. It is fine to have Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier learn at last what has been common knowledge in New York and Kamchatka and even London—that Adolf Hitler's promises are nothing more than the small change of diplomatic negotiation, worth whatever he can get for them. It is good that the powers are, at last, aware of the old truth that peace is not to be bought by cowardice and treason or international order built on the destruction of democracy and of the instruments of collective action. All this is good; because the facts of life must be faced even when they spell death.

But is it possible to applaud them without migivings? Is it easy to applaud at all in the bitter knowledge that the awakening has come in all probability too late to avert war but just about in time to wage it? Flanked by the corpses of Spain and Czechoslovakia, the powers now move to "stop Hitler." And they ask the United States to help. Shall we do so? The answer must be based on somber calculation, not enthusiasm. We are faced with an alternative of evils.

The Administration has already chosen. It is supporting Britain and France against the threat implied in Hitler's new drive. The position of the State Department is easy to understand. Without defining its policy, it has generally trailed the British Foreign Office in the past few years. Our embargo against Spain was an integral part of the non-intervention maneuver. Mr. Roosevelt's approval of the British-Italian agreement was used as an indorsement for the Chamberlain policy of appeasement-at-any-price. The President's two notes to Hitler in the days of wrath last fall were a constructive aid to the Nazi drive that has now reached its logical climax. The Administration has on several occasions, it is true, gone farther than the gentlemen at Whitehall in showing displeasure at Nazi *Schrecklichkeit*. It was to be expected, then, that in the present emergency, when even Neville Chamberlain shows signs of firmness, the President and his advisers would clearly express their willingness to take sides.

Congress and the public are another matter. Pacifists, isolationists, and common-or-garden Republicans will attack the Administration stand. And even those who have urged a positive anti-fascist policy will think twice about commitments in Europe. But in the end, I predict, the general sentiment will favor measures of aid for Britain and France.

It is not that we love Chamberlain and Daladier more but that we love Hitler less. It is not that we trust the governments of Britain and France to create a democratic, peaceful Europe. It is only that we are convinced that a conquest of Europe by Hitler and the subjection of its peoples to the rule of fascism would for many years obliterate even the semblance of human freedom in a large part of the world. We are not—most of us—fanatics who fear a fleet of Nazi planes over New York or the Panama Canal. Rather we fear the gradual crumbling of the economic and political and cultural relationships of men and nations until we all shall be forced, in order to survive, to fit into the framework of a Nazi world.

I believe that this is the present feeling of the average American as he switches on the evening news broadcast. Expressed in terms of policy, it means a change in the Neutrality Law to permit sales of supplies to the non-fascist powers in case of war and a willingness to consult on other possible measures of resistance. This much at least. Whether public sentiment would also support a complete and open rupture of trade and diplomatic relations with the fascist powers, I do not know. I rather doubt it. But such a move would be the logical next step beyond where we now stand.

Further than this we are not likely soon to go. The sympathies of the United States were trampled into the earth of Austria and Spain and Czechoslovakia. They are not likely to be resurrected by Messrs. Daladier and Chamberlain even in their hour of need.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

You Can't Appease Business

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, March 20

DEVELOPMENTS of the last month in Washington add up to only one conclusion: American business is as unappeasable as Hitler. New Dealers, prodded by John Hanes and Harry Hopkins, have all but turned themselves inside out demonstrating the sincerity of their attempt to give the business community what it wants. But business remains unconvinced. Markets refuse to respond. Either business is what Charlie Curtis told an audience of Iowa farmers they were in the 1928 campaign, "too damned dumb to understand," or it is actually so determined to ruin Roosevelt that it is willing to subordinate profits to principles. Students of business behaviorism discount the second possibility.

The fact is, whether business believes it or not, that Hopkins, Hanes, and company are desperately trying to surrender to Wall Street on something like reasonable terms. Perceiving that the irresistible reactionary swing which started in the 1938 election is still on, the more politically minded of the New Dealers have decided to run with it and, if possible, run fast enough to get out in front and lead it. The warning of Solicitor General Jackson that they will be outdistanced by the Republicans in any such race has not deterred them. As the President's favorite and the man who stands to gain most by refuting Jackson's theory, Hopkins has dashed into the rail position. The President is lagging a few paces, but there is every indication that Hopkins has persuaded him to go along.

The trend is obvious from an examination of post-election events. After the failure of his purge campaign, Roosevelt at first refused to bow to political expediency. Instead, he set about doing what he could to pin down his reforms, strengthen his Cabinet by the Hopkins and Murphy appointments, liberalize federal agencies by such nominations as that of Tom Amlie for the ICC, and refurbish the judiciary by replacing Judge Manton with a Republican and calling Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court.

After Hopkins's appointment as Secretary of Commerce and his business-must-have-confidence speech in Iowa, the direction suddenly changed. The President consented to a revamping of business taxes—undistributed-profits, excess-profits, and capital-stock levies included—in favor of a simplified corporation tax. While he turned thumbs down on any reduction in the sum total of revenue, he consented to consider proposals to raze the tax structure he had so laboriously constructed and to abandon his budget-message request for new taxes to produce $400,000,000 a year additional revenue. He also, it appears, encouraged Murphy to revive the often repeated experiment of granting business at least partial immunity from the anti-trust laws.

In another even more important but generally unappreciated gesture to business he instituted a resumption of peace negotiations between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. Coming at a time when the A. F. of L. was riding the crest of the reactionary wave as a part-time ally of the National Association of Manufacturers, and the C. I. O. was feeling the after-effects of political reverses and the recession, this move definitely imperiled the position of the C. I. O., the President's biggest and staunchest supporting unit. Business, which has been harassed by jurisdictional fights, and the A. F. of L., which has been outmaneuvered consistently until now by John Lewis, stand to benefit most from any agreement that can emerge from the conferences.

On top of all this the President gave business definite assurances that there would be no new reforms. He will make good this promise willy-nilly. Even if he wanted to break it, as business contends he has broken previous promises of breathing spells, it would be impossible. There is not the slightest chance for any new reform bill to get through the present Congress, with the possible exception of Senator Wagner's legislation to extend the socialized-medicine frontier a few inches.

But there is one thing more business wants if its spokesmen mean what they say—government economy. Actually, enlightened leaders of business are no more anxious for government economy than are the unemployed, who would be the first to starve by it. They know as well as anyone else that to pull the government purse-strings tight would do again what it did in 1937. This time, indeed, the recession might be a tailspin. With polls of public opinion showing that a majority of voters are attracted by the plausible argument that the government ought to quit throwing its money around and balance the budget, as every prudent family must, it is all right for Pat Harrison, Arthur Vandenberg, and the rest of the Republico-Democrats to talk for political effect about economy. Business would be the first to squawk if it thought they intended to make good.

The realities of the situation clearly indicate not less but more spending. At the very time when he was braying about economy, Harrison was quietly pushing his

$100,000,000 educational-aid bill. Vandenberg, meanwhile, was leading the fight for liberalization of the Social Security Act along lines which may boost its cost some $500,000,000. Both the Harrison and Vandenberg bills have a chance for enactment. So have the $500,000,000 public-works bill sponsored by Joe Starnes and the $250,000,000 agricultural-relief bill. It is probable, too, that Congress, after some vigorous kicking, will appropriate the additional $150,000,000 needed for relief.

There is a distinct possibility that acts of the present Congress will throw President Roosevelt's budget as much as one billion further out of balance than it was when it was submitted last January. All this spending, coupled with the announcement of Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, that the credit throttle will be kept open, holds the promise of a greater degree of business recovery in the next two years than anything the country has had under the New Deal. The day-to-day news from Washington emphasizes economy, but the chances for real economy are nil.

Developments in Europe also are bullish despite the immediate adverse market reaction to Hitler's Central European plunderings. Government economists are agreed that conditions now are not comparable with those of 1914, when war news produced a panic and forced exchanges to close. While the outbreak of a general war probably would produce a temporary break in prices, this break would be negligible compared with the 1914 débâcle, and recovery would be quicker if not so exaggerated. War orders from France and Great Britian inevitably would boom domestic industry, particularly if, as is now indicated, the Neutrality Act is repealed or modified.

Whatever the immediate gyrations of the business indices, the long curve between now and election time in 1940 will almost certainly be up. President Roosevelt and the Administration will do all they can to push it in that direction. Therein lies what hope they have for the reelection of Roosevelt or election of the successor he designates. However much business men may want to get rid of President Roosevelt and all his work, they won't pass up a chance to make an honest dollar.

Business will never be appeased so long as Roosevelt is in the White House. But fortunately there is practically no connection between business prosperity and the abstraction known as business confidence. Business has confidence when it sees a chance to make money, lacks confidence when it doesn't. Everything points to a season of unappeased confidence.

Are the Balkans Doomed?

BY ALBERT VITON

THE partition and conquest of Czechoslovakia prove that the spirit of Munich is marching still. For one hundred glorious days—from the beginning of December till the new crisis—Balkan states breathed freely. One after another they began to straighten their backs. There were whispers of British and French support; that the great democracies would take a stand on the Danube; that, above all, the heroic words of Mr. Roosevelt had not been in vain. King Carol of Rumania took a determined stand and crushed German agents boring from within; Yugoslavia and Hungary were not slow to follow his lead. Even Colonel Beck of Poland, first to build a diplomatic bridge to Berlin back in 1934, was compelled to recast his policies. A conference was held at which the slogan "The Balkans for the Balkan Peoples" was heard. Now this trend, unless London and Paris take stronger action to stop Germany than is yet in prospect, is in danger of being reversed.

I was in the Balkans when the tide began turning against the Nazis. The little states around the Great Reich did not embark lightly on the new policy. On the contrary, there was careful analysis; and they certainly did not underestimate the extent of German opposition. In Bucharest, after touring the Balkans, I found that since Munich there had been a furious increase in Nazi activities. German agents frankly admitted that this year was likely to prove decisive in their struggle for hegemony over Europe; they realized the full importance of the Balkans for both peace and war. The grain fields of Rumania and Hungary, the oil of the former and the meat and fats of the latter, the raw materials of Yugoslavia and the tobacco of Greece are vital to the Reich. But developments convinced the Nazis that an economic monopoly was impossible without political control, and they left nothing to chance.

Everywhere organizations of Germanic inhabitants, *Rassengenossen*, were overhauled and tightened. Neither money nor trouble was spared. The Germans in Czechoslovakia, the Swabians in Hungary, and the Saxons in Rumania were placed under Berlin's direct control. All *Rassengenossen* were officially directed to keep in constant touch with German consular representatives. Although all political parties had been outlawed in Rumania, the government not only had to close its eyes to the very active Saxon organizations, but even had to permit their unification under leaders designated by Berlin. Spreading anti-Semitism was only a minor part of the duties of the organized Germans. They acted as spies; they fomented trouble; they everywhere formed nuclei of anti-government parties.

That those parties were heavily subsidized has been proved times without number. No denial followed the revelation of a Budapest democratic daily that one of the presses turning out local Nazi propaganda had once belonged to the Social Democratic *Vorwärts* of Berlin. Many millions of marks as well as highly interesting documents were found when the Hungarian police, acting on a tip, searched an automobile coming from Germany. Leaders of the Rumanian Iron Guard, the Hungarian Arrow Cross, and the various fascist organizations in Czechoslovakia made repeated pilgrimages to Berlin and Munich. Codreanu, leader of the Iron Guard, was confronted at his trial with a draft of a memorandum he had sent to Berlin through the German minister appealing for financial assistance on the ground that "solidarity of interests . . . binds us in an indestructible" manner.

That Berlin would attempt to strike was common knowledge; the question was whose turn would be first. The Hungarian police discovered a complete plan worked out between the Arrow Cross and the German minister. Ammunition had already come from across the border and competent S. S. leader had arrived to direct the putsch. Toward the end of last November the Iron Guard, on instructions from the Reich, launched a widespread campaign of terror to disorganize the government and demoralize the population. Guardists shot and seriously wounded the rector of the University of Cluj; a policeman was killed; the royal residents at Czernowitz and Cluj received letters informing them that they would be "executed between December 1 and 15." Private residences were set on fire, and bombs were thrown in theaters and public buildings and at officials.

The ruthlessness of the Reich and its absolute disregard of the *amour propre* of other peoples when it was bent on obtaining concessions antagonized public opinion everywhere. A wave of resentment spread through Rumania when an official of the German legation who had been hurriedly recalled upon the disclosure of his relations with the illegal Iron Guard made a triumphant reentry into Bucharest. At the demand of the Reich he was permitted to return to give some farewell parties, which were extraordinarily large. The inhuman treatment of Polish Jews, expelled from their homes without a moment's notice, was profoundly resented in Poland, notwithstanding that country's scant consideration for its own Jewish citizens. As for the Czechs, they found the arrogant bearing of German visitors almost as difficult to bear as the memory of their great national humiliation. "I will close my hotel rather than continue dealing with those Nazi *Schweine*," a fat citizen of Prague said to me in Budapest.

Nowhere, however, did public opinion take such a sharp anti-Reich turn as in Hungary. The Carpatho-Ukrainian affair convinced everyone that in its ruthless drive for hegemony the Reich made no distinction between friend and foe. I need not go into the merits of the Hungarian and Czech claims for that area. Certainly it was not ethical considerations that prompted Hitler to veto Hungarian ambitions. At the Vienna conference Ribbentrop forced Ciano to agree to an absurd frontier because Germany had plans of its own for the area. When news of Germany's role in the negotiations leaked out, even avowedly pro-Nazi groups and newspapers in Hungary were swept along by the wave of bitterness. So strong was the demand for defiance of the Reich that Erdmannsdorf, the German minister, had to make strong démarches to the Foreign Office; the government organ *Uj Magyarsag* frankly declared that "Hungary's internal affairs are by no means as much a sovereign internal right as many seem to think." The Imredy Cabinet fell.

What added substance to the general resentment was the way the Reich was using its preponderant economic power. Almost 50 per cent of the total foreign trade of the various Balkan countries is in the hands of Germany. The Reich's share in Bulgaria's export trade grew from 25 per cent in 1930 to 48 per cent during the first eight months of 1938, when it supplied 49 per cent of that country's imports. Hungary sold 11 per cent of its total exports to the Reich in 1933; last year it is estimated that the proportion was about 40 per cent. Preliminary figures for 1938 indicate that the Greater Reich will control about half of Rumania's foreign trade. Yet even these figures do not reveal the full importance of the German trade. Of more significance is the fact that Germany now takes 65 to 70 per cent of all Balkan agricultural exports. More than 70 per cent of Hungary's flour, about 70 per cent of its bacon, about 80 per cent of its fresh fruits, more than 85 per cent of its eggs, went in 1937 to Austria and Germany.

Having achieved this preponderant economic position, the Reich began before long to use its power to impose terms advantageous to itself. Not a Balkan state but has been made to pay for the Reich's valuta difficulties; Berlin began to interfere with their currency policies. Although it paid higher prices than those prevailing on world markets, the prices of its industrial goods also went up. The bait of long-term credits was gradually withdrawn, and the number of articles available for export was drastically curtailed. Some countries discovered that, having piled up huge credits in Berlin, they had to take whatever was offered. Huge shipments of quinine, thermometers, phonograph records, photographic and optical apparatus—and armaments—flooded Balkan markets. People awoke to the German practice of buying goods which could be resold for strong currency in world markets. Greek tobacco was dumped by the Reich in London, and Greece thus prevented from getting valuta, of which it is badly in need, while world prices were undermined. Greece has suffered also from other German tricks. After resorting to all sorts of economies to save enough currency to import about a third of its wheat needs, it discovered that a portion of the home crop had been bought up, of course for blocked marks, and shipped to the Reich. Above all, Balkan industrialists came to realize that Germany was increasingly using its power to undermine local industries. "The Nazis are trying to degrade us to the position of colonies," a Rumanian manufacturer said at the conclusion of a long talk about German practices.

Hatred and fear of the German colossus were ready to burst into the open at the first opportunity. King Carol visited London, and though he extracted no definite assurances, he was received cordially by the royal family. There were other straws. Sir Reginald Hoare, Britain's minister to Bucharest and a consistent advocate of a firm policy toward the fascist blackmailers, returned after a prolonged absence more optimistic than he had been for years. Both France and England began to launch propaganda campaigns to counteract those of the Reich. The arrival of a large number of British commercial travelers and industrialists was taken as a good omen; a French commercial *attaché extraordinaire* came to Bucharest. Balkan diplomats in Paris and London began sending in slightly more optimistic reports. The Washington broadsides and the cordial response of the two European democratic capitals had far-reaching effects.

King Carol, menaced most by the Nazi aggression, decided to rebel. The special which brought him back from his London-Paris-Berchtesgaden trip was boarded at a wayside station by M. Calinescu, then Minister of the Interior, who hates the Iron Guard and wants to keep out the Germans, and plans for an offensive were laid. Hardly had the train arrived in Bucharest when nine Guard leaders, including Codreanu, were shot "while trying to escape." Threats of Guardist counter-terror disappeared into thin air when Calinescu revealed he was prepared for any emergency; German hopes for a civil war evaporated when at least 85 per cent of the population solidly aligned itself behind Carol in his struggle for Rumania's independence. The German press was furious; Göring's newspaper insinuated that relations between the two countries had deteriorated; probably energetic measures were taken to stimulate the Guard into action. But far from beating a retreat, Carol steadily became more defiant. Effective steps to improve relations with neighboring countries were taken; a new German trade mission in February had to listen to stiff words. Significantly, Calinescu was elevated to the premiership. When Radu Djuvara was transferred from Berlin to Athens, the Rumanian Foreign Office indicated that no new minister would be appointed "for some weeks" since relations with the Reich were not as cordial as they should be.

The spirit of revolt spread like wildfire to other Balkan states. One of the most surprising developments was the resignation of Stoyadinovich, the Yugoslav Premier, whose policy was considered pro-German and pro-axis. Shortly afterward Yugoslavia signed a new commercial agreement with France. The Minister of Economics announced that France had shown "that it does not intend to abandon any of its financial and economic interests in this part of Europe." A series of diplomatic visits between the Balkan countries followed, and the Yugoslav legation at Bucharest was raised to an embassy. Pressure forced Metaxas of Greece to begin negotiations for a new trade agreement with the United States. Hungary made strong efforts to gain a foothold in British markets.

Poland, frightened by Nazi intrigues in Ruthenia and in Polish Ukrainia, also put up a bold front. Colonel Beck's approach to Moscow hit Berlin squarely in the face. The German press did not even disguise its hostility. And for the first time in years Hitler heard plain threats of resistance when Beck visited Berchtesgaden. Beck demanded that an end be put to intrigue in the southeast, informing Hitler that Poland was not Czechoslovakia and would fight. Talk of resistance could be heard everywhere in Warsaw during December; even Nqra members, bitter anti-Semites, applauded when the government rounded up Germans in retaliation for Berlin's measures against Polish Jews. As so often before, Budapest again provided a barometer of the changed political atmosphere. Premier Imredy's resignation upon the discovery of Jewish blood in his veins did not bring either Homan or Daranyi, Berlin's proteges, to power. On the contrary, German protests notwithstanding, Count Paul Teleki, whom Vinci and Erdmannsdorf, the Italian and German ministers, had vetoed ten weeks earlier, was selected.

Such is the background of the last Nazi offensive in the Balkans. Whether the occupation of Czechoslovakia will spell the doom of the new spirit of resistance, as Berlin undoubtedly hopes, is too early to say. There can be no doubt that Germany's position has been considerably strengthened. Unlike Austria and the Sudetenland, Bohemia and Moravia and Slovakia will prove no mean economic assets. The strategic position of Poland, which now has a border 1,600 miles long with the Reich, and of Rumania and Hungary has been considerably weakened. The Reich's economic grip will tighten. On the other hand, it should not be overlooked that the brutal aggression, by bringing the menace closer to all these countries, may prompt them to strengthen their defenses through some sort of general agreement. Indeed, various capitals have issued calls for such an entente during the past few weeks. The fact that almost complete subservience did not save Prague will not go unnoticed. But all depends on Britain and France. Balkan statesmen are painfully alive to the fact that their own efforts, even if united, can be no match for the Reich.

"In Spite of the Gestapo"

BY KLAUS AND ERIKA MANN

IT IS important that the world should know the truth about Germany, but it is still more important that Germany should know what is going on in the world. It is the duty of the exiles to flash light into the darkness of Germany. The Germans under the scourge of the Nazis must be shown Hitler's machinations; they must be told what the world thinks of them; they must above all be taught what free Germans are thinking, doing, and planning; they must realize that preparations are being made for a new Germany.

The paths which lead from the German exiles into Germany are many, intricate, and thorny; death lurks at every corner. We love and admire the unarmed and defenseless heroes now moving on those paths. We have spoken with many of them, known many a one who fell in the battle. Here is the story of one fighter for German freedom who was lately beheaded in our country.

He was about twenty when Hitler came to power. As a boy he had been a member of a republican organization; as a young man he had joined a Social Democratic group known as the Black, Red, and Gold Banner. It was dissolved and many of its leaders thrown into concentration camps. The young man of whom we are speaking was young and obscure, but he was resolved that his submission to the horror should be no more than a pretense. We have heard him tell of the illegal work he undertook against Hitler.

"The chief thing," he said, "is to spread the truth. The rest will come of itself. If only our people knew the whole truth, it would soon be all over with Hitler. Thus our work is not revolutionary in the ordinary sense; it is a work of enlightenment."

"But how is the truth to be spread since death is the penalty for spreading it?"

"I am a skilled worker," the young man said, "and had a good name in the factory I worked in. A lot of my mates there—60 or 70 per cent, I should say—are against Hitler. Of course we don't dare to speak openly with each other. Even when there are only three or four of us together, one is often a spy. I begin to tell them about a radio talk I heard yesterday—a German one, of course—and I pretend to admire it. Then, I say, something went wrong—all of a sudden some foreign station cut Germany out. I couldn't help it, and of course I didn't believe what they said. My mates ask me what it was about. 'Oh!' I reply contemptuously, 'foreign lies—atrocity mongering.' And then I quote the speeches of the English opposition in the House of Commons, a question about the German 'volunteers' in Franco's Spain, or a few sentences from an appeal by Roosevelt. It is staggering, I say, how people can lie. Yes, say my mates, it is staggering. And all the time their eyes are glowing with hatred of the real liars."

We asked the young workman if it was possible to hold meetings of any size in Germany where the enemies of the regime would have the opportunity of open discussion. He shook his head. "Of course not," he said, "but we find ways. We are great funeral-goers. If someone dies who we know was one of us, the announcement of his funeral is for us a summons to a political meeting. Without further notice we turn up at the cemetery in hundreds; walking behind the hearse, we tell each other all there is to be told, and exchange news and inquiries."

"Where does the news come from?" we asked.

"From various sources," the young man replied, "from the German Liberty wireless station, which the bravest of us listen to in the evening, and from leaflets which are sent to us from abroad or are brought in by friends. Have a smoke," he said suddenly, offering us a box of cigarettes he opened specially for us. "German cigarettes," he said, "Remtsma No. 3." We lit up. The young man watched us. "Haven't you noticed anything?" he asked after a time. No, we hadn't noticed anything. "Look at the smoke," he said. "When it gives off fumes like that we know what's up. Give it to me." He took our cigarettes out of our mouths, put them out, and unrolled them. A whole sheet of very thin paper appeared, covered with close but legible print. "There you are," he said, and we read it.

We were touched to see the facsimile signature of one of us, Heinrich Mann. The paper was the printed copy of a speech he had broadcast from Barcelona. "On Hitler's birthday," the young man told us, "cigarettes were distributed in the factories—Remstma No. 3. We replaced thousands of boxes—you'll admit that nobody can see anything from the outside. But as soon as they light a cigarette, our men notice—too much smoke, too much paper. Then they read." There was satisfaction in his voice.

"And if you get caught?"

"Well," he said, with an expressive movement of his hand round his neck, "then it's all over."

When we met this young man over a year ago—he came to see us at our New York hotel—he had already gone dangerously far. He had been abroad several times and had gone back with pamphlets in the double floor of his trunk—cheap paper-covered editions of the classics and travel advertisements for the Third Reich which looked just as innocent as the cigarettes and contained just as much inflammable material in the form of truth.

"I get a lot of hints from our friends out here," he said to us then. "They provide me with information and the names of go-betweens. I settle dates with them. For such and such a thing which has to be done in Germany I get, let's say, five days. Five days later I have to turn up and report—I must. How I do it is my business. If I don't get there it's a sign that something has gone wrong, that I've been observed or caught. Now and then one of us falls into the hands of the Gestapo, which may merely keep him locked up for a few days. But those days can break his back—his spirit. The torture, you know, and the threats that his parents or his girl will be put to death. However, when his spirit is broken, he is set free, but he's a changed man, even though nobody can see it. He goes about, free, but he is watched and spied on by the agents of the Gestapo. Every step he takes is reported, everyone he speaks to, all the people he knows at home are reported, the hiding-places of our printing presses are reported, and so is the whole network we have spun with so much toil and at the risk of our lives. That is why we have to be on time. If one of us can't give an account of himself for every day and every hour he spent in Germany, he is at once under suspicion. He has been in the claws of the Gestapo, and has been broken and changed."

We looked at the young man as he spoke. He looked perfectly ordinary—brown hair, medium height, distinguishing marks none. He spoke without emotion, dryly and to the point. We felt ashamed that our names and not his should be mentioned here and there in the world when people speak of the fight against Hitler; it was he who deserved it.

"Everyone fights in his own way," he said. "And the exiles, you know, are our lines of support; they provide us with important points to fall back on. Besides, they can—they *could*—proclaim our will to the world. They are free! The political exiles are really important."

The emphasis lay on the word "political," and it was clear that among the élite which is, or should be, represented by the exiles there is again a small, carefully chosen élite which plays a part in the fight against Germany.

Our friend, a metal-worker, twenty-five years of age, was beheaded in the little town in the German midlands which was his home. But he hadn't let his back be broken: he had refused to become a decoy for the Gestapo; he did not betray the names of his friends. He was killed. His young wife put on mourning; for two days as she went about the streets the townsfolk bravely went up to her and pressed her hand. They said nothing; they merely pressed her hand and looked at her face, which was frozen with grief. Two days later she appeared in the streets in her colored clothes. One reckless spirit asked her why. "The Gestapo," said the woman. "They forbade my wearing mourning—it was a public nuisance."

What is going on in Germany is a war; the weapons of the troops of liberty are whispered words, their bombs are thin sheets of closely printed paper—but they are staking their lives.

> We are not seen, we are not known,
> We have no badge to wear,
> Our foes' revenge is powerless
> To reach us anywhere.
> We're no more to be grasped than air
> Or water swiftly flowing,
> Our foes have never caught us yet,
> They only feel we're growing.

That is a verse of a song which is often sung in Germany. It is called "The Illegal Whisper," and it is imbued with great revolutionary fire.

The German Liberty radio station, which has for years past made an onslaught on the Nazis every evening, always closes down with the promise, "Goodby till tomorrow evening, same time, wave length so and so, and in spite of the Gestapo." In spite of the Gestapo, these men, with the little transmitter that has to be perpetually shifted to some new vehicle, dare to travel through Germany. The voice issues from motor boats, racing cars, delivery vans, from dark high roads or the open heath. "Hello, hello, German Liberty Station calling." The station is wonderfully well informed about everything going on in Germany. Very often it knows about the schemes of the Nazi leaders sooner than anyone else. There must be among its reporters men in the closest touch with the Führer. Many of its communications, however, come from abroad. And here again the exiles, that is to say, the militant élite among the exiles, can be seen at work. They provide the Liberty Station with truth from all over the world. The speech given at Geneva by Del Vayo, the Spanish Foreign Minister, an appeal to the German people by Thomas Mann—such are the things which the Liberty Station broadcasts to the heads and hearts of the German people. "Hello," we can hear it say, "the Gestapo is cutting us out. We're going a bit to the right." The voice dies out. We turn the knob a little to the right—there it is again. Now it is quoting Goethe, Schiller, Herder, reminding the German people of the best it has, calling the great minds of the past to witness that what it says is the truth and what it demands is just and right. And all over the country people are sitting breathless over the wireless sets, with doors and windows closed, listening spellbound to the voice, the fearless voice they have to tune down until its words have faded into an inspiriting whisper, for in Germany it is high treason to listen to it.

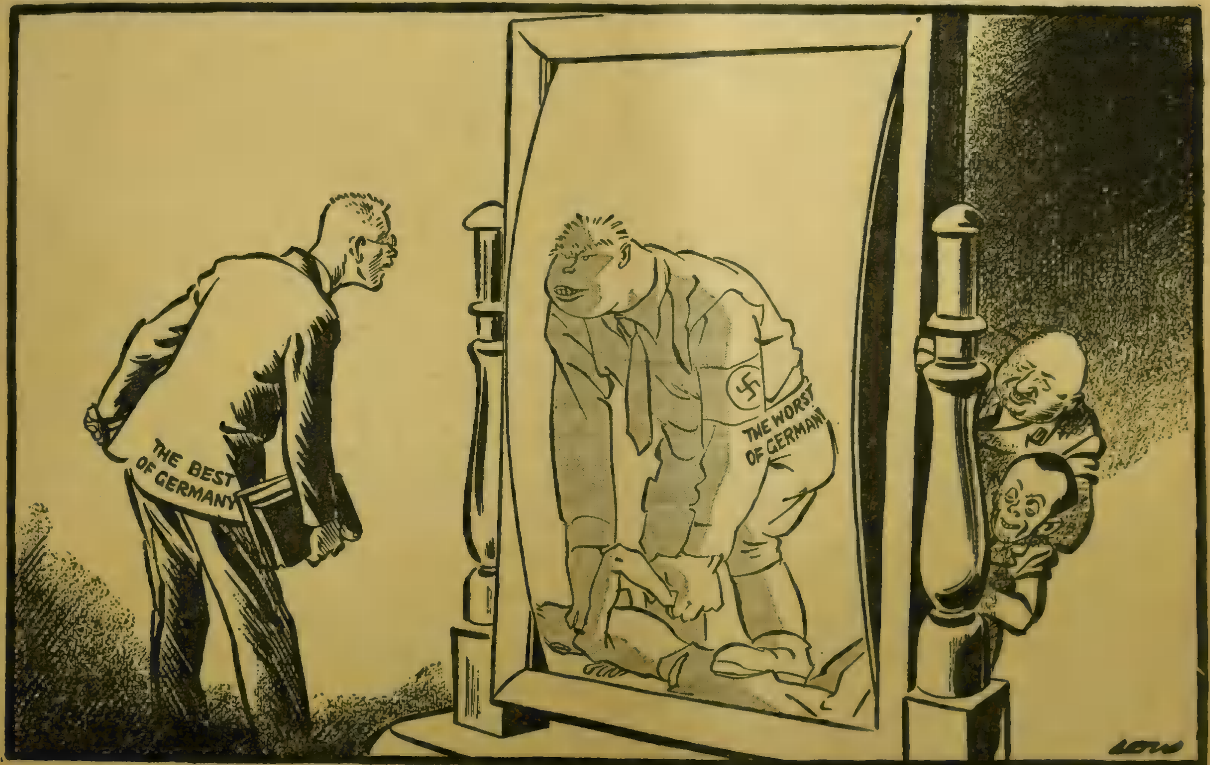
At night, when a few gaily colored balloons glide over the big cities along the frontiers of the Reich, such as Düsseldorf or Saarbrücken, when they burst in the air, dropping their contents—thousands of sheets of thin, closely printed paper—into the streets, when people rush after the leaflets to pick them up and read them, this also is high treason. The truth comes from abroad; the militant élite among the exiles use this way of sending it into the country; the people at home then know that their friends who are at liberty are at work. The knowledge gives them renewed courage, and we may be sure that they will do their share.

When German steamers put in at Copenhagen or Madeira with a boatload of "Strength through Joy" trippers on a fortnight's strictly supervised holiday, rowboats go far out to sea to meet them, flying odd little pennants with messages such as "Rescue Niemöller," "Stop the armaments," "We want a democratic Germany in a peaceful Europe." Generally these trippers are not allowed to get off the steamer. If they are given permission to do so, they are watched like convicts. They might gain too much strength and joy by free contact with the free citizens of a free country. But the militant élite among the exiles are at work, find their way to the prisoners, contrive to get their literature on board, and many who left home blind and ignorant, dull and hopeless, take courage and truth home with them.

Hitler says in "Mein Kampf": "The British and American war propaganda was psychologically correct. By displaying the German to their own people as a barbarian and a Hun, they were preparing the individual soldier for the horrors of war and so helped to spare him disappointments. . . . It heightened his rage and hatred against the villainous enemy." And he acts accordingly. The German political exiles are his enemies—perhaps the most dangerous enemies he has. Not on account of the weapons they use—they have none—but because they know him.

True to his stated program, the Führer magnifies their dangerousness, which in his heart of hearts he probably underestimates, and their influence to superhuman dimensions; they become a worldwide, insidious, and bloodthirsty band of conspirators. Every other issue of the *Völkischer Beobachter* has headlines such as "Jewish Bolshevist Agitation Poisons Public Opinion in England," "Treacherous Machinations of Emigrants in Paris," "New York under the Scourge of the Emigrants." We admit that we are glad to see such headlines, not because they flatter our self-esteem, but because we believe that they must give new strength to all those in Germany whose eyes are fixed upon us. Our German friends count on us; it is a good thing if our enemies reckon with us. There is no doubt that the political exiles will be a factor —a small, but very decided factor—in the settlement of accounts now due.

[*The foregoing article is a section from "Escape to Life," to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company on April 11.*]



HIMMEL! IS THAT ME?

The Greatest Strike-Breaker of All

BY I. F. STONE

I

IN A sense it might be said that on February 28 the United States Supreme Court upheld Karl Marx. Not that Chief Justice Hughes and his four colleagues of the majority in the Fansteel, Columbian, and Sands cases now subscribe to the views expressed in "Das Kapital" or the "Manifesto." But their rulings and their reasoning in these three Wagner Act decisions provide the strongest kind of support, not merely for the subtler elaborations of Marxist theory, but for one of its cruder soapbox expositions—capitalist court bites working class. The event, as those whose memory extends beyond the court's recent excursion into liberalism will recognize, is not news; the Fansteel sitdowners take their place in a melancholy procession that reaches back through the Danbury hatters to the first attempts of the American judiciary to settle labor disputes—by sending strikers to jail for conspiracy. The court, which follows liberal election returns only at a great distance and most unwillingly, is off at a gallop at the first whiff of reaction in the hope that the 1940 election returns will follow the court.

The creative ingenuity that enabled the Supreme Court to find the sugar trust pure as driven granulated the same day it sent Debs to jail for violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act is now being applied to the task of using the Wagner Act to interfere with the collective bargaining it was to foster. How far the process may go no one knows, but it is as well to be prepared for the worst. Those who have been taught to look judicial gift horses in the mouth suffered a premonitory shiver on April 12, 1937, amid the jubilation over the Jones and Laughlin decisions validating the National Labor Relations Act. "The act," Chief Justice Hughes said in a passage too little noticed at the time," has been criticized as one-sided in its application; that it subjects the employer to supervision and restraint and leaves untouched the abuses for which employees may be responsible. That it fails to provide a more comprehensive plan—with better assurances of fairness to both sides and with increased chances of success in bringing about, *if not compelling* [my italics], equitable solutions of industrial disputes affecting interstate commerce. But we are dealing with the power of Congress, not with a particular policy or with the extent to which policy should go. We have frequently said that the legislative authority, exerted within its proper field, need not embrace all the evils within its reach. The Constitution does not forbid 'cautious advance, step by step' . . ." To compulsory arbitration?

It is safe to assume that, if the time comes, the Supreme Court will not lack the dialectic skill to reconcile a law forbidding strikes with a Constitution whose Thirteenth Amendment forbids involuntary servitude. A court that is prepared to rewrite the Wagner Act as high-handedly as our new conservative majority of five has done in the Fansteel, Columbian, and Sands cases may do anything. It is instructive to compare the act as written by Congress with the act as rewritten by these three decisions. The act says, "The findings of the board as to the facts, if supported by evidence, shall be conclusive." The court says it may review the evidence for itself and approve or reject the board's findings as it pleases. The act guarantees certain rights to employees and defines the term "employee" as including "any individual whose work has ceased as a consequence of, or in connection with, any current labor dispute or because of any unfair labor practice." The court says the employee loses these rights if his employer discharges him for breach of contract or "tortious conduct" (which may be anything from participation in a sitdown to a fight on a picket line or carrying an abusive strike banner) or, indeed—in the opinion of the dissenting minority, Reed and Black—for any other reason, or for no reason, provided "the discharge is not used to interfere with self-organization or collective bargaining." The loopholes are broad enough for John W. Davis and Tom Girdler, walking abreast. Finally, the act expressly states that "nothing in this act shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike." Chief Justice Hughes in the Fansteel decision did not overlook the clause. In fact, he quotes it. But he goes on to say that "this recognition of 'the right to strike' plainly contemplates a lawful strike—the exercise of the unquestioned right to quit work. . . . Here the strike was illegal in its inception and prosecution." Nor is the category of illegal strikes limited to sitdown strikes. Examination of the decisions shows that any strike in breach of contract, no matter how technical, may be illegal and that a strike in which violence or property damage occurs may also be held illegal by this court.

Justice Stone, whose liberalism seems to be on the wane, protested in his AAA dissent that "courts are not the only agency of government that must be assumed to have capacity to govern." But the three decisions in which he has joined are based on that assumption. Certainly Congress never intended the act to be interpreted in this way. The provision as to findings of fact was based on similar provisions—similarly ignored by the courts—in older statutes setting up other administrative bodies. As Justice Black protested in the Columbian dissent, "The Labor Board, the Federal Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and many other administrative agencies were all created to deal with problems of regulation of ever-increasing complexity in the economic fields of trade, finance, and industrial conflicts. Congress thus sought to utilize procedures more expeditious and administered by more specialized and experienced experts than courts had been able to afford. The decision here tends to nullify this effort." The court, in fact, as Justice Brandeis pointed out in a famous concurring opinion in the St. Joseph's Stockyards case, arrogates to itself more power to set aside the findings of an expert administrative tribunal than the findings made by a jury in an ordinary trial.

Nor did Congress ever intend, nor has the court held in the past, that strikers guilty of misconduct lose their rights under the act. In the Carlisle Lumber case the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals refused to deny enforcement of an NLRB order against the company on the ground that picketing had resulted in violence and had been in violation of state laws. In the Remington Rand case the Second Circuit Court of Appeals held that an employer may not refuse to bargain with a union on the excuse that the union has been guilty of misconduct. The Supreme Court showed its approval of both decisions by refusing to review them. Both rulings were in accord with the intention of Congress.

II

The time may come, if the present trend on the court continues, when labor will seek the repeal of the Wagner Act, for it will have become the Wagner Anti-Labor Act. The courts will have given the answer to all who, like the President, believe that our economic and social problems may be peacefully and democratically solved within the framework of capitalist democracy. For reform legislation is futile if the courts insist on nullifying it, either by holding the legislation unconstitutional or by the less palpable process of "interpretation." If the Wagner Act is to be amended, and I see no reason why it should be if it is to accomplish its purpose, the amendments ought at least to be made by Congress. If the Supreme Court makes the amendments, it sets itself up again in opposition to democratic processes; it usurps legislative power. And it provides chapter and verse for those who contend that the state is the instrument of a ruling class and that government instrumentalities—whatever the good intentions of those who set them up—must ultimately become new means of exploiting and oppressing the less privileged orders of our society, whether workers, farmers, consumers, small investors, or little business men.

It is not workers alone but all these classes who ought to be alarmed by the Fansteel, Columbian, and Sands decisions. For the temper revealed in them bodes ill for all our administrative and regulatory agencies, and for other forms of protection Congress has established to make more equal the bargaining power of the farmer when he goes to sell his wheat or cattle, of the consumer when he buys a pretty label, of the small investor when he goes into the stock market, or of the little business man trying to compete with chain store or trust. The court in these cases is back at its old game of deciding questions brought before it on the basis of principles unimpeachable in themselves but bearing little relation to the facts. The examples are classic. No one believes a rate-making agency ought to have the power to confiscate the property of a utility, but it is a far step from this general principle to the conclusion that a return of less than 7 per cent on so intangible an item as "going value" is thereby "confiscatory." "Liberty of contract" is certainly one of the basic rights in a free country, but it is a far step from this general principle to the conclusion that a minimum wage drawn up to protect a washwoman deprives her of this "liberty." The avoidance of the realistic makes the rationalization of a hidden bias easier.

Judge Florence Allen for the Circuit Court and Justice Roberts for the Supreme Court could hardly have examined the facts when they held the union in the Sands Manufacturing case deprived of its rights under the Wagner Act because it was guilty of breach of contract. The plant of the Sands Manufacturing Company was shut down, not by a strike, but by the employer after he had presented the union with an ultimatum—that unless it accepted the employer's interpretation of a disputed clause on seniority he would close the factory. Wasn't that a lockout rather than a strike? And in the absence of any decision on the correct interpretation of the contract, could one be sure that the employer was right; could one be sure that it was not the employer rather than the union that had breached the contract? In the Fansteel case Chief Justice Hughes upheld the board's findings as to the employer's illegal conduct—coercion of the men, attempts to introduce a company union, employment of a labor spy (who repeatedly urged a strike), and finally a refusal to bargain collectively with a union representing a majority of its employees. "Reprehensible as was that conduct of the employer," Chief Justice Hughes said, "there is no ground for saying that it made respondent an outlaw or deprived it of its legal rights to the possession and protection of its property." But doesn't the same principle apply in reverse? Assuming that the conduct of the sitdowners was reprehensible, did that deprive them of their right to protection in collective bargaining? The Fansteel concern was not deprived of *its* rights, though the Chief Justice would lead one to believe that it was. A state-court order authorized the sheriff to clear the plant; all the workers in it were arrested; and thirty-seven of them and two non-employee union organizers were punished by sentences ranging from $100 fine and 10 days in jail to $1,000 fine and 240 days in jail. But the Fansteel Corporation was not punished for violating the Wagner Act, even though its actions had precipitated the strike. On the contrary it was absolved of its obligations under the act and allowed to go free on the ground that their own reprehensible conduct had deprived its workers of their legal rights.

Was the sitdown strike as reprehensible as it may appear? There was no evidence of sabotage. The head of the corporation admitted that the strikers had gone out of their way to take good care of the machinery and the buildings while in occupation. The only damage was done when the sheriff and his deputies attacked with tear and emetic gas, and windows were broken by the bombs and by the men in an effort to let out the fumes. The law protects the employer against seizure of his property. It also, under the Wagner Act, protects the employee against seizure of his job by strike-breakers during a labor dispute. Is it reprehensible if the worker, so long as he does not damage his employer's property, symbolizes his vested right in his job by sitting down at his machine instead of going out on a picket line? If the employing corporation felt that men who took part in a sitdown were unfit to continue as its employees, why did its foremen solicit the strikers after the evacuation to return to work, why did it rehire thirty-nine of the sitdowners? Why, after the plant was reopened, did the state court try only those who refused to go back to work?

Counsel for the Columbian Enamelling Company of Terre Haute has the distinction of having first advanced the contention adopted by Chief Justice Hughes that a strike in breach of contract is illegal and deprives the workers of their rights under the Wagner Act. Columbian Enamelling, by its stubborn refusal to recognize an A. F. of L. union and the use of the National Guard to break picket lines and reopen its plant, caused the famous Terre Haute general strike. "I don't need any longer to go through with this fallacy of collective bargaining," the head of the plant told labor conciliators, "I have the power out there in those bayonets." The Supreme Court upheld the company on the flimsy ground that it did not know that conciliators were speaking for the union when they asked company officials to resume collective-bargaining negotiations. The court also held there had been a breach of contract. The contract did provide for arbitration and did forbid strikes while an arbitration award was pending, but there was none pending when the strike was called because the company had refused to arbitrate the union's request for recognition as representative of the majority. In the eyes of Terre Haute workers, bitter over that lost strike and the use of the National Guard to break it, in the eyes of workers everywhere, must not the Supreme Court now appear as the greatest strike-breaker of them all?

Everybody's Business

WHAT ODDS ON RECOVERY?

NOW that the Administration is staking its all on recovery, it might be wise, before placing our own bets, to study carefully that animal's staying powers and the conditions of the track. Business is trying to sell us the idea that, given the proper amount of appeasement as fee, the race may safely be left in its hands, but if the horse is lame how will business get it off the mark?

Abandoning the metaphor, let us inquire into the present economic situation and the prospects for the immediate future. The advance in business which began last June was checked at the end of the year. For December the Federal Reserve index of industrial production stood at 104 compared with 77 at midsummer. In January it retreated to 101, and the preliminary figure for February is 99. Such a setback, however, coming as it did after six months of very rapid improvement, need not be taken too seriously, especially as other indicators suggest early renewal of the upward trend.

The two most prominent factors in last year's recovery were the automobile industry and residential housing; both remain very much to the fore. Automobile production during the first quarter is expected to show a 60 per cent gain over the same period of 1938. At this season a large part of output is for dealers' stocks in anticipation of spring sales, and prospects for the remainder of the year depend largely on whether these fulfil expectations. Actual retail sales for the first twenty days of February were 33 per cent better than a year ago.

Residential housing is continuing to receive a great stimulus from the FHA mortgage-insurance scheme, and in the first quarter new contracts are expected to be 75 per cent better than in 1938. Recently two leading institutional lenders in New York have announced they would reduce mortgage rates from 5 to 4¼ per cent. This means that the benefits of cheap money are at last seeping down to the small property-owners, who, in the aggregate, form a huge potential market for capital goods. It is worth remembering that Britain's vigorous recovery in 1933 was based on a housing boom made possible by cheap and easily available mortgage money. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the FHA will obtain the additional powers for which it is asking. It is equally important that this promising housing movement should not be checked by higher prices for materials.

Among the capital-goods industries, steel has been stagnating around 55 per cent of capacity. This level compares favorably with a rate of about 30 per cent a year ago but is hardly consistent with a strong industrial revival. There are signs, however, of a growing demand from some leading consuming industries. The railroads, for instance, which as a whole quadrupled their net operating profits in January, are in many cases budgeting for much greater capital expenditures in the current year. Already steel-rail orders from fifteen leading carriers are 153 per cent higher than for the whole of 1938. Other favorable signs include growing activity in the chemical and machine-tool industries which supply the raw materials and equipment for a host of other trades.

Hopeful factors for further recovery, therefore, are not lacking, although it cannot be denied that the durable-goods industries are still lagging way behind those producing consumption goods. Nor does the recent action of the new-issue market suggest that any spectacular improvement in real capital investment is imminent. In the first two months of the year corporate financing, apart from refunding operations, has been negligible. Some important new issues are on the way, and the next few months may make a better showing; but it is clear that capital expansion by private industry is not yet affording any very impressive support to recovery.

If, then, economic prospects are moderately bright, that is undoubtedly due to government spending, which has not yet reached its peak of effectiveness. During the remaining months of the fiscal year pump-priming expenditures should average $350,000,000 a month—a rate well beyond that which accompanied the fall recovery. Nor should there be any very alarming letdown next year unless the President's budget is heavily pruned, an unlikely eventuality despite the spate of economy talk. The federal contribution to purchasing power is certainly a powerful factor in maintaining the demand for consumers' goods, and it is noteworthy that retail sales are exhibiting considerable resilience.

Yet business spokesmen claim that deficit financing is undermining confidence and insist, publicly at least, that "appeasement" must include stringent economy. Ask Wall Street men, however, what would be the effect of a drastic cut in government spending and they will tell you that it would be a severely deflationary move and that its immediate effect would be to impede entrepreneurs from making new capital commitments.

Indeed, it would be an unusual sight to see manufacturers extending their plants while the bears made hay on the exchanges and consumers reduced their buying. Yet the National Economy League in its plan for cutting the deficit to half a billion in the current year actually assumes an increase in revenue as a result of improved business conditions. This is flying in the face of Wall Street, which has always insisted that the Stock Exchange accurately forecasts the course of business. Moreover, it is axiomatic that new investment capital cannot be easily raised except when stocks are strong and active. Indeed, it is on these grounds that relaxation of SEC regulations is asked as a contribution toward recovery.

Who then will deny that drastic economy at this time would kill what recovery we have and still not produce a balanced budget? For even though expenditure fell, revenue would fall too, and, let us not forget, a $40 billion debt with a $40 billion national income (the 1931 level) is much more burdensome than a $45 billion debt on a $75 billion income —this year's possible figure. Government borrowing, which after all represents a draft on the large *idle* sector of our productive machinery, is now pulling our economy toward the point where private investment may be galvanized into action by rising consumption. Does anyone really advocate slackening the rope and dropping our economy back into the inflationary abyss? For my part I am prepared to place a moderate bet on recovery if government spending stays in the saddle. But if business rides, using the economy curb-rein, my shirt goes on slump. KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

WHILE RECENT press dispatches have stressed renewed British interest in Russian friendship, most of them have overlooked a significant piece of evidence. Ever since the Bolshevik Revolution the London *Times* has had no Moscow office; now that paper, which has consistently voiced Chamberlain's policy, has asked for visas for *Times* correspondents. The *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express* are taking similar steps.

SOME WEEKS ago the Italian paper *Tevere* proclaimed, "We spit in the face of all citizens of the cowardly French republic. . . . We spit in the face of France." The editorial, which developed that theme at some length, was widely republished. The British-operated Japanese *Chronicle* carried this comment: "Italy expectorates every man to do his duty."

WASHINGTON INSIDERS say there was a stiff tussle in New Deal circles before it was announced that the monopoly committee would continue. These sources report pressure from influential persons in the Administration as well as from Congress to end the much-ballyhooed investigation because business was "frightened." Its continuance was held to indicate that there are definite limits to "appeasement."

FROM A letter to the Baltimore *Sun,* signed by "Another Music Lover":

> Having read in the papers the other day there was to be a musical program by a Russian composer whose name I could not pronounce, I went there with my good wife to hear it. As it was foreign music, it is hardly necessary to say that it fell on deaf ears. It was, I am sure, the work of some Moscow agents who are attempting to pass off this kind of alien music in order to make us sympathize with the Soviets.

D. A. R. JOKE: While members have maintained silence on the Marian Anderson episode, they couldn't keep it out of a skit presented at their Washington conference. In the skit a columnist for the *Congressional Record* is asked: "Dear Auntie Hat: What hat shall I wear to the Marian Anderson concert in Constitution Hall?" "Auntie Hat" replies: "By the time that concert comes off there is no telling what hats will be in fashion." That brought the house down.

METAPHOR: Congressman Joseph B. Shannon, addressing the House of Representatives: "Just a word to the Republicans in closing. Beware lest the Dies torpedo which proved so useful to you in the 1938 campaign turn out to be a boomerang and hoist you by your own petard in 1940."

WHILE ARMY men are gleeful, there's considerable anguish among Washington naval officials over an advertisement for "Wings of the Navy," a Hollywood film glorifying the navy's air power. The poster, widely exhibited to ballyhoo the picture, shows the army's prize bombers flying in formation

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AGAIN the world faces a great crisis. Again the issue of war and peace actually confronts it. Yet everybody knows that the outcome of war can only be disaster for all Europe and for humanity itself. Let me repeat here once more the words used by the former Prime Minister of Great Britain, Stanley Baldwin. He said in 1934: "Few can be so callous, so ignorant, as not to have noticed how the very foundations of our mid-European and Western European civilization have rocked in these last fifteen years. *They cannot stand a second explosion akin to the one that wrought such damage at that time.*" Today these words are more pertinent than ever, for in the years that have elapsed since Mr. Baldwin spoke them, all countries, including our own, have been burning up their resources in the armament race. If war comes, no person will dare prophesy that civilization will survive, that we shall not have bolshevism in every country—chaos, anarchy. Everyone is aware of this, and yet the statesmen in this crisis have again nothing in their minds but war!

Now I am one of those who have believed for years, as the readers of this page are aware, that there *are* other methods that can be used to bring a country to book. President Roosevelt spoke of these methods without defining them in his speech to Congress demanding an enormous air force. Surely, if there are such, this is the time to apply them in concerted action against Hitler and his threat to mankind. War is suicide; war spells bankruptcy, misery for millions the world over. War now will be a disaster that will make the World War seem an insignificant event. "Well, what would you do, Mr. Villard, under the circumstances?" My answer is that a first step is non-intercourse and a second is the boycott. I have felt that when Hitler invaded the Rhineland the answer of the Allies to him should have been to stop the passage of every train out of Germany on the western side; telegraphs, telephones, and the mails should have ceased; the German nation should have been sent to Coventry. There should have been a definite notification to it that its ships could not enter British harbors or French harbors or Russian harbors. That was not done then, but I see no reason why measures of this kind should not be tried now, and the 25 per cent penalty on all German imports points the way.

Those are measures that Hitler would dread beyond anything else, because he could not conceal from his deluded people what was going on. They would learn that to get out of their country they could only go in certain directions, and they would soon see that they were not getting mail from relatives and friends in the Allied countries. It could not be kept from them that such a move was backed up by a consensus of the moral opinion of the world. Of course this would be a difficult policy to employ. There would be a tremendous outcry in England and France against the losses it would inflict upon those doing trade with the boycotted country. But what is the alternative? It is, I repeat, the destruction of civilization. Any reimbursement of persons suddenly deprived of their livelihood by the boycott would put England and France to infinitely less expense than would a long, difficult, and dangerous war; and it would save millions upon millions of precious lives. I know that some people will say that I am crazier than ever. Perhaps I am. But the burden of proof is certainly upon others—let them explain why we should not try other methods than that of physical force, which we know leads only to economic disaster for victors and vanquished alike. The one road leads to suicide; the other at least offers a possibility of finding some way to discipline berserk nations.

I shall be told for the thousandth time that such methods would bring war, that Hitler would declare war if any such thing were done. I do not believe it. Everybody knows that the relief in Germany when the September crisis passed without war was greater than in any other country; that after Munich it was Chamberlain who was cheered in Germany and not Hitler; that from that moment the personal prestige of Hitler began to decline and the decline was greatly augmented by the pogrom of November 10. One eyewitness after another has told me of these things on his return from Germany. It was a dreadful shock to the German people to find that after all his protestations about his devotion to peace Hitler could take his country right to the brink of war. It will be a tremendous shock to them again when they learn of the magnificent comment of the government of the United States as voiced by Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles, and the fighting speech of Chamberlain at Birmingham—if they are allowed to read it. If in addition there could be a united statement by England, France, the United States, Russia, Belgium, Holland, and all the smaller countries in Europe denouncing Hitler's move as a menace to humanity, the German people's eyes would be opened still further. If then non-intercourse were enforced, I believe the reaction in Germany would be stupendous, and I cannot for a moment believe that war would result.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

HUMOR has had a long and hilarious career in this country. Considering the ever-increasing supplies of raw material easily available both at home and abroad, and the technological advances it has made in 300 years, one might look forward with confidence to the highest standard of laughing ever known. But humor is being threatened from strange quarters. We have it from E. B. White, in the current issue of *Harper's*, that a gifted crackpot he knows has taken a solemn pledge not to write anything funny or light-hearted or "insignificant" again till things get straightened around in the world. And the Council of the Federation of Actors, which is made up of vaudeville performers, of all people, has passed a resolution forbidding the federation's 10,000 members from making jokes about WPA. One might think the doughty troupers of vaudeville had had enough hard knocks. "The WPA joke," says a solemn Mr. Whitehead, executive secretary of the three-a-dayers (shows, not necessarily meals), "is a very great injustice. In my opinion it is often vicious and cruel, something like a joke at a funeral. It is high time that something was done, etc., etc." He said that WPA workers have been known to walk out of theaters because of such jokes. I sympathize with the WPA workers, but I wonder if Mr. Whitehead has considered the implications of his modest proposal. Jokes about mothers-in-law are unjust to model mothers-in-law. Many jokes about Mrs. Roosevelt are unjust. I'm sure Mr. Whitehead would think it unjust if I made a joke about Mr. Whitehead to the effect that it is high time that something was done about people who are always saying it's high time that something was done. I am not prepared to sacrifice Mark Twain—"Mrs. So-and-so started the fire with kerosene Wednesday morning. The handles on her casket cost $13.50"—for "jokes" like those that won prizes from Herr Goebbels. I can't even get upset about a joke at a funeral. It is the only thing that might conceivably raise the dead. If people generally followed the WPA worker's example and walked out of the theater whenever they thought an unjust joke was being made about them, the seats of almost any revue would be empty at the end of the first act if the revue were any good. One of the early results of Mr. Whitehead's policy, if logically extended, would be a rapid increase of unemployment among vaudeville performers; the final one, God help us, would be a law forbidding a man to laugh at himself.

Book Note: While John Longo was serving a sentence in the Hudson County jail for challenging the right of Frank Hague to win all the elections, copies of books by Oswald Garrison Villard and Norman Thomas were sent to him. The warden told Mr. Longo with apologies that he must withhold these gifts since he considered them unfit reading matter for a prisoner.

"But," said the warden, "I know you are a religious man [Mr. Longo is a devout Catholic]. A gentleman in California named Charles Erskine Scott Wood has sent you a religious book." Whereupon he handed the prisoner a copy of C. E. S. Wood's "Heavenly Discourses," which continues to be one of the most popular items in atheistic literature.

The Oxford University Press recently issued under the title "The German Reich and Americans of German Origin" a collection of the original Nazi regulations and instructions relating to propaganda abroad that should be put on the shelf next to "Mein Kampf." The theme is set by Adolf Hitler: "The German Reich as a state must embrace all Germans, not only for the purpose of uniting and maintaining the most valuable racial elements in this nation, but also for the purpose of raising the German nation gradually and safely to a dominating position." "We are a nation of a hundred million," reads another pronouncement, and the accompanying map of the world shows that of thirty-five million Germans living outside the borders of Germany approximately fifteen million members of this "nation" live in the Western Hemisphere, eight million in the United States. "We must not tire to say to ourselves, to our twenty-five neighboring countries, and to the world that state boundaries of today are not national boundaries and must never become cultural boundaries." Germans traveling abroad are instructed to establish contact with "the National Socialist Group Leader . . . the representative of the movement for German Reconstruction and German Conservation." It is the responsibility of this leader "to make the Foreign Organization the true home of Germans abroad and to teach them to understand fully the present policy and the future plans of the Führer, in spite of distance and in spite of the distorted influence of their environment." The Nazis will still of course be outraged whenever a foreign government accuses its emissaries of carrying on espionage or propaganda. But any German traveler will be called to account if he doesn't.

The book ends with a quotation from the Yearbook of the German-American Volksbund in New York, which gives a glowing account of the increasing unity among German Americans. "In the past year more and more of those uprooted Germans have expressed the desire to see their fatherland again after an absence of decades." The boasts of Nazis need not be taken too seriously, but this little book should be brought to the attention of those who still doubt the reality, or would combat the spread, of the Pox Germanica.

> *Gilroy, Cal., March 11.*—A "moving mountain," a quarter of a mile wide and 125 feet deep, which has advanced a mile and a half since Monday, threatened today to destroy a highway bridge. . . .
>
> . . . The name of the hills is Lomeritas Muertas, Spanish for "dead hills." . . . Riders on the J. G. Murphy ranch said they lost a young bull in a fissure which opened on the rolling hillside cattle range. . . . Range riders found sheer cliff faces where rolling grasslands had been the day before. . . . Huge oak trees were torn from their roots.—The New York *Times*.

Sounds like a poem by Robinson Jeffers.

The Prague dispatches of G. E. R. Gedye, European correspondent of the New York *Times* and author of "Betrayal in Central Europe," have disappeared from the *Times's* pages. Mr. Gedye within the past year has become the involuntary advance harbinger of Hitler's triumphal marches. I don't know where he will turn up next, but if I were a citizen of any European capital I'd feel very nervous if Mr. Gedye came to town.

What is a gentleman?
HILAIRE BELLOC: A gentleman is a wealthy male.

"If bathrooms were munitions, said John J. Downey of Boston, . . . the United States would be the best-armed nation on the face of the earth."—Newspaper dispatch.

If bathtubs were munitions
And low-priced cars were tanks
If ten-cent stores were fortresses
And children marched in ranks . . .

Write your own from here on.

From Anton Kuh, who escaped from Austria just before Hitler made his triumphal entry:

> *Q.*: What is the difference between Hitler and Napoleon?
> *A.*: Napoleon rode before his troops. Hitler rides behind them.

MARGARET MARSHALL

A Great Democrat

THE SPIRIT OF VOLTAIRE. By Norman L. Torrey. Columbia University Press. $3.

VOLTAIRE. By Alfred Noyes. Sheed and Ward. $3.50.

VOLTAIRE was not only one of the greatest Europeans of all time but, though he might be surprised to hear it, one of the greatest fighters for democracy, and one who should be as much a hero to us as Socrates or Jefferson. As Professor Torrey says: "Voltaire has an important message for the present age. His readers in the period preceding the World War were mildly amused or mildly shocked but not deeply moved. . . . Today our hopes are not so sanguine. . . . It is in such periods of increasing fanaticism that generations will turn again to the spirit of Voltaire." Professor Torrey has certainly done his best to insure that they shall. Voltaire has suffered the greatest misfortune that can befall a writer; he has become a legend, which insures that he will not be read until someone destroys the legend. This Professor Torrey has done with scholarship and perfect taste. If these admirable books of Professor Torrey and Mr. Noyes are as widely read as they ought to be, it will be an encouraging sign. For democracy is not a political system or party but an attitude of mind. There is no such thing as the perfect democratic state, good for all time. What political form is most democratic at any given period depends on geography, economic development, educational level, and the like. But in any particular issue it is always possible to say where a democrat should stand, and to recognize one, whatever party label he may bear.

It is a pity that the most widely known of Voltaire's works should be "Candide," for the facile optimism of Leibnitz, which it attacks, the view that "everything that is, is right," is a side issue. Such a view bears only a superficial resemblance to the profound intuitions of Spinoza or to Rilke's "dennoch preisen," which are the basis for all reverence for life and belief in the future. It is too patently contradicted by daily experience to be held for long, even by the rich.

Democracy has three great enemies: the mystic pessimism of the unhappy, who believe that man has no free will, the mystic optimism of the romantic, who believes that the individual has absolute free will, and the mystic certainty of the perfectionist, who believes that an individual or a group can know the final truth and the absolutely good. For Voltaire these beliefs were embodied, the first in Pascal, the second in Rousseau, and the last in the Catholic church.

Pascal's extreme view about original sin, by denying to fallen man any free will, makes the intellect useless, all human relations a hindrance, and all social forms meaningless. We feel, he says, that we must have absolute certainty; therefore absolute certainty must exist. Only the Catholic religion professes to offer certainty. Therefore we should accept it. Rousseau, starting from the other extreme of asserting the absolute free will of the natural individual, came to similar conclusions. Man is good and corrupted by society; therefore all social forms are bad. If every individual will were allowed to operate freely, there would emerge a general social will. Like Pascal he felt that certainty should exist, and since the intellect could not give it, one should trust to feeling. In the end, since it was impossible for him to become a savage, and no absolute political creed had been invented, he accepted Pascal's wager and died a Catholic.

Voltaire's reply to them both was, in essence, very simple. Examine all the evidence and don't try to go beyond it.

Pascal says that all men are wicked and unhappy. They are, but not all the time. People are often happy and do good acts. Pascal says that the human passions are the cause of all evil. They are, but also they are the cause of all good. They are an integral part of the creation.

> The miseries of life no more prove the fall of man than the misery of a hackney coach-horse proves that, once upon a time, all horses were fat and sleek, and were never beaten, and that since one of them ate forbidden hay all its descendants have been condemned to draw hackney coaches.

Rousseau says that civilization is horrible. Much of it is, but not all. We neither can nor want to become savages or babies again.

> Never has anyone employed so much wit in trying to become as witless; the reading of your book makes us want to creep on all fours. However, since it is now more than sixty years since I lost that habit, I feel unfortunately that it is impossible for me to take it up again, and I leave that natural attitude to those who are more worthy of it than you or I.
>
> Neither can I embark to go and live with the savages of Canada. . . . The ailments with which I am afflicted retain me by the side of the greatest doctor of Europe, and I could not find the same attentions among the Missouri Indians.

Voltaire saw that those who say that they cannot live without absolute certainty end by accepting some person or institution that offers it. In his day there was only one such offer, that of the Catholic church.

Mr. Noyes disposes once for all of the popular conception of Voltaire as a shallow cynic who felt and believed in nothing. The man was not lacking in reverence who wrote:

> I was meditating last night, I was absorbed in the contemplation of nature, I admired the immensity, of course, the harmony of those infinite globes. . . . One must be blind not to be dazzled by the spectacle, one must be stupid not to recognize the author of it, one must be mad not to worship him.

When he wrote, "Ecrasez l'infame," he had in mind the assumption, under whatever disguise, religious, philosophical, political, that the final absolute truth has been revealed.

Allow that assumption, and tyranny and cruelty are not only inevitable but just and necessary. For if I know the good, then it is my moral duty to persecute all who disagree with me. That is why the Catholic church can never compromise with liberalism or democracy, and why it must prefer even fascism to socialism. Fascism may persecute Catholicism, but as a competitor; it is based on the same premise of being in possession of the final truth, and if it persecutes, in the end it can only strengthen its persecuted rivals. The first principle of democracy, on the other hand, is that no one knows the final truth about anything, and that the most one can say is: "At this particular moment, and in this particular instance, the nearest approximation we can get to the truth seems to be this. We do not know what absolute goodness is, but this man seems to be better than that man." In such an atmosphere Catholicism withers. There are many liberal Catholics, like Noyes and Maritain, some of them the salt of the earth, but they will always see their hopes defeated. They will deplore the politics of their church without realizing their necessity, for a revealed religion must be centralized and authoritarian, and must oppose any political system which encourages the freedom of the individual conscience.

At the time when Voltaire wrote, social change seemed impossible, and supernatural security was the only refuge for the unhappy; Catholicism, as in any backward country today, had no rival. But as soon as misery is seen to have natural causes which might be removed by political action, absolutist political creeds appear.

Pascal and Rousseau illustrate like parables how people come to prefer certainty to freedom. Both were sick men, and sickness is one cause of unhappiness. Poverty and feelings of social inferiority or insecurity are others. Like Rousseau, liberal capitalism began in the belief that all individuals are equally free to will, and just as Rousseau died a Catholic, so the masses, disillusioned, are beginning to welcome the barrack life of fascism, which at least offers security and certainty. Voltaire was no social revolutionary, but within the economic and social conditions of his time he attempted on his estate at Ferney to create a community of which the members would feel happy enough to allow the spirit of democracy to flower. For one of the symptoms of happiness is a lively curiosity that finds others as interesting and worth knowing as oneself, and it is only by removing the obvious causes of misery, poverty, and social injustice that a democracy like the United States can protect itself against the specious appeals of the enemies of freedom.

W. H. AUDEN

Young Modern

IN DREAMS BEGIN RESPONSIBILITIES. By Delmore Schwartz. New Directions. $2.50.

THE young writer is close to his education, to his enthusiasms for his masters, and to those endless notebooks, diaries, and miscellaneous jottings of the young. And the present time is a propitious one for gathering, into a first book, all sorts of influences, expressed directly and without disguise. Some ages would have been bothered by a downright display of strong literary derivations, sown through early work in a dashing way; not so the present. If Pound has siphoned off poetry from all periods, if Eliot has presented "the fragments shored against my ruins," there's nothing to stop their junior contemporaries from doing the same. In fact, the junior contemporaries, when they are bright and widely read, draw back in distaste from a simple presentation of what they have seen, known, and felt. How banal it is to put down a declarative account of one's experience with a flower, a machine, a wakeful night, a fit of nerves, a memory of childhood or a kiss, when the whole range of modern and ancient literature provides one with tags, symbols, and ways of approach which may with a slight effort be worked into the fabric and adjusted to the emotional tone! The literary and philosophical conventions which operated on Dante at the close of the Middle Ages and on Shakespeare at the end of the Renaissance seem only moderately elaborate compared with the possibilities of modern literary eclecticism. Modern talented youth does not think well of itself if it skips one field of modern reference, which includes anthropology, psychiatry, Whitehead's science, pre- and post-romantic music, and at least one form of up-to-date mysticism—such as Kafka's.

Delmore Schwartz is a very brilliant young man. He has touched all the influences, sometimes at first hand and sometimes through the works of writers he admires. In this book he has published a long short story, a long philosophical poem, a play in verse, and thirty-five lyrics. In the play there are a psychiatrist, and a prophet dismally reminiscent, though at a distant remove, of something out of Jeffers. The philosophical poem presents the author in the company of Marx, Freud, Kant, Beethoven, and Aristotle, in the act of watching and, from time to time, explaining "Coriolanus." (An unnamed fifth companion never unmasks; this person may be a father-image or even T. S. Eliot, an authority on Coriolanus; Schwartz never allows us to know.) A generation or two ago the companions might well have been Wagner, Ibsen, Plato, and Walter Pater, and the play goodness knows what—perhaps Hamlet, that tragedy which deals with incest but is minus the elements of power and the people. In the lyrics one gets many glimpses of old favorites; Schwartz has acknowledged most of these influences fully, in his title and in one subtitle: "Poems of Experiment and Imitation." So there is a good deal of Yeats, especially of the Yeats (late-middle) who liked to introduce ancient and modern guides, counselors, and friends into his work. There are the tiger, Christ, and the Kafka-Auden-Isherwood Dog, a monocle and some ice cream from W. Stevens, playing cards from Eliot, and Anglo-Saxon monosyllables from Molly Bloom. Mention of these things should not be taken as the sneer of middle-aged criticism; they are mentioned in order to indicate how difficult it is, under the circumstances peculiar to our post-Eliot literature, to get down to the young writer: to hear, in this instance, something of Delmore Schwartz.

For Schwartz exists, with real gifts of expression, under the eclectic wrappings. When one gets down to the actual writing, in the more complicated show-pieces in the book, the reward is not very great. In "Coriolanus and His Mother" it is annoying to read garbled Shakespeare, for one thing, and the remarks of the illustrious onlookers are more pompous than illuminating:

> O as desire indeed! Marx intervenes,
> See what [illegible] fracture such uniqueness means.
> He who would rend himself from his own class
> Shall feel his self ragged [illegible] broken glass.

Or Beethoven belies himself and his "Coriolanus Overture":

> Ludwig van Beethoven, Marcius in tone,
> Rumors in woodwinds all there is to come,
> Massing crescendo of the poor king numb.

When Schwartz is speaking without so much strain, however, his actual quality comes through. The title story in the book, "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," is completely successful. Schwartz has sensitively given the material of childhood memory one of its most moving attributes—its "period" quality. There is no portion of life more poignantly "period" than childhood when seen from the near distance of post-adolescence. Schwartz has evoked this atmosphere without one false accent; everything in the story is truly and freshly seen. And the nightmare atmosphere of a dream is also successfully introduced. In this story and in two poems, "For Rhoda" and "A Young Child and His Pregnant Mother," we hear the young poet himself. And it is the young poet we should and want to hear. *"Dans la forme un peu banale quelques traits du poète futur s'annonce."* The future will not be able to say this of Schwartz's first book. But if he matures, he will discover how much simplicity and directness are needed if a growing writer is to continue to be able to write, to feel, and to see.

LOUISE BOGAN

Rivals for the Mediterranean

MEDITERRANEAN CROSS-CURRENTS. By Margret Boveri. Translated by Louisa Marie Sieveking. Oxford University Press.

THE MEDITERRANEAN IN POLITICS. By Elizabeth Monroe. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THESE two books deal with a phase of European politics which has so far been neglected. Both Miss Boveri and Miss Monroe see the Mediterranean as a world arena and outline the history, division of power, and forces of the states which are interested in dominating the Mediterranean basin.

Miss Monroe's book is deliberately addressed to the general reader. She has often slighted statistics and technicalities in order to give a general view; she is more concerned with uncovering the motives which determine England's policy toward Italy, let us say, or France's toward Spain. There is a chapter on Germany's drive to the south and another on Turkey's stake in Mediterranean politics and the future of a greater Arab empire. Miss Monroe tells in flowing English what significance domination of the Mediterranean took on for England, France, and Italy after three other major powers—Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Russia—had been eliminated by the World War treaties. But three other states, smaller to be sure, have taken their place—Turkey, Spain, and Egypt. Spain especially may play an outstanding role in this struggle for power. Turkey too, which finally gained the freedom of the Dardanelles after long and toilsome diplomatic maneuvers, must be regarded today as a power to be reckoned with. We follow the moves of the rival powers with Miss Monroe as we might follow a game of chess; and we are led to see the meaning of the Mediterranean for each power through its own eyes.

Miss Boveri's work is much more thorough. It gives not only the history of the Mediterranean from antiquity to the present but also a detailed account of the industrial, military, and dominating interests of the rival states. Miss Boveri has traveled through all the countries which surround the Mediterranean basin, even to the smallest of the Aegean Islands, and in her book the people of Algiers and Syria, Cyprus and the Sudan come to life. She handles political and strategic battles more intensively than does Miss Monroe. She tells the fascinating story of how Italy managed to get control of the Dodecanese Islands; she relates the arduous struggle for the Dardanelles over a score of years.

Both books are objectively written, though Miss Monroe is obviously on the side of the democracies in the great battle which up to now has been confined to the conference table. She believes that when to Germany's strength is added that of Italy, the joint force becomes capable of striking not only at Central Europe but at the British and French empires. To her the most important key to British foreign policy—with which she is most concerned—is the solution of the miserable problem of Palestine. "Until the British government carries out the policy defined, it will continue to engender disrespect and distrust throughout the Middle East." The second key is to be found in Anglo-Italian relations. "On Great Britain's approach to Italy, and on the Italian response to that approach, hangs Europe's best chance of a term of peace."

Margret Boveri sees three different reasons for conflict arising from the situation in the Mediterranean itself. First there is "the divergence between the expansionist desires of some European nations and the wish of others to preserve the status quo." Secondly "there is the divergence between the striving for independence, and in some cases the irredentist struggles, of peoples who are today colonial or semi-colonial, against the reluctance of the ruling races to agree to any change." The third potential source of conflict is "the conflict between the internal political nationalist ideologies." She concludes: "It appears probable that this conflict will take the place of the great religious differences of the Middle Ages, of the struggle between Christianity and Islam. The only active and—according to many people—aggressive factor of power, however, is up to the present Italian Fascism."

Neither the professional nor the superficially interested student of world politics can afford to overlook these two books.

HENRY B. KRANZ

Children of Rebels

THE STRICKLANDS. By Edwin Lanham. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

JAY and Pat Strickland are true children of the rebels who pioneered the Southwest. They are born of stock which hewed its farms out of wilderness, fought every encroachment of the financial East, participated in the abortive "Green Corn Rebellion" against America's entry into the World War. In "The Stricklands," Jay and Pat continue, each in his own way, the traditions of their fathers.

Pat is an outlaw from the Oklahoma "bad lands"—a pure individualist who knows only a selfish way out of the social maze that has meant misery and poverty for his people. His elder brother, Jay, has a different solution; an organizer for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, he gropes for freedom through collective action and organization. Out of the conflict of both brothers with the "planters' law" the author has written his novel of Oklahoma.

It is skilfully woven, exciting melodrama, highly flavored with the salt of social realism. Pat has escaped from a Texas jail where he was serving a ninety-nine-year prison sentence for "armed robbery"; he returns to his native hills but is finally hunted down and killed by a sheriff's posse. Mr. Lanham outlines this stark narrative against a background of Indian stomp-dances, Negro barbecues, and union mass-meetings of Oklahoma's disinherited; long after the plot itself is forgotten, the reader will remember "The Stricklands" for its portrayal of a section of America few of us know.

Jay discovers that organizing for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union is no simple matter. He must grapple with the mutual suspicions and prejudices of Indian and Negro and white man and fuse the three races into one organization to fight the common enemy. He finds that the economic problem is more than that of the tenant who farms cotton; thousands of these tenants have become day laborers who compete with one another for a few cents a day in the spinach fields. But the most difficult obstacle to organization is the terrorism of the law.

"Oklahoma is different from Arkansas," Jay once tells Rocky Jones, the Negro organizer from Memphis. "The red man and the white man and the black man growed up together in this state side by side and we got independent people here. They won't stand fer no rough tactics. You won't find no terror here in Oklahoma. The nigroes here come down from freedmen of the Indians. They hasn't no bigotry or prejudice took root here. Oklahoma has been the melting-pot of the redskins and the black skins and the white skins and that's the reason. I'm telling you Oklahoma won't have no terror."

But Jay is wrong. He first learns it when he is visited by representatives of the Spinach Growers' Association, who come to warn him "to lay off them niggers." It is then that Jay learns that Rocky has been lynched by the respectable, law-abiding citizens of the community. The planters, however, guessed wrong; Rocky's martyrdom is the final spark which brings to life the union organization.

Mr. Lanham knows his Oklahoma and its people; he has woven into the texture of "The Stricklands" the story of

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its folklore and tradition. His is the simplicity of good writing; Pat and Jay and Rocky live on every page of the book. The book is more than the story of two or three men; it is a novel of an entire people striving through union for true emancipation from the slavery into which they were born.

SAMUEL ROMER

Austrian Memoir

MY LIFE AND HISTORY. By Berta Szeps. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

MEMOIRS, a specifically Austrian genre, were somehow symbols of an empire that, long before its ignominious death, looked chiefly back on bygone glories. Yet Cohen-Portheim in his remarkable "Discovery of Europe" explained Austrian baroque quite convincingly as a concentrated expression of European culture. The essence of this decadent culture was the gentle delight in art and belles-lettres mixed with littleness, incompetence, *Gemütlichkeit,* a kind of cheerfulness, and the medieval rigidity of the Hapsburgs.

In the first part of a book which presents a profile of this culture, Berta Szeps records the correspondence and personal interviews of her father, a pre-war Viennese newspaper lord, with the ill-starred Crown Prince Rudolph. From the hitherto unpublished letters it appears that the Crown Prince, as early as the eighties of the last century, clearly saw the *mene, tekel, upharsin* staring from the walls of old Austria and, disgusted by Prussian arrogance, followed, like Szeps himself, a constant Francophile policy. Though Rudolph was a true liberal —"I regard national and racial hatred as a big step backwards," he wrote in 1882—Frau Szeps's explanation of his death as the result not of a love romance but of an insupportable political antipathy seems to me rather doubtful.

Through her father, her husband, a famous anatomist of the University of Vienna, and particularly through her brother-in-law, a younger brother of Georges Clemenceau, Berta Szeps had many friends in international life and some insight into European politics before and after the war. However, what she has to say of her interviews with Rodin and Carrière, Johann Strauss and Gustav Mahler, whose creations "rang out like a fiery tocsin," is more interesting than her account of how the Marquis de Reverseaux, the French ambassador, thwarted an Austro-Hungarian-French entente in 1906 or of why Clemenceau, after his interview with Edward VII in Marienbad ten years before he dismembered Austria, still believed in the reestablishment of the balance of power. It shows little political judgment that, in 1916, thinking of a separate peace between Austria and France, she could write, "Sofie [her sister] as a Frenchwoman and I as an Austrian could bring it about without, of course, letting our 'allies' [Germany] down."

Her information, too, seems not always trustworthy. Whether "England [in 1917] wanted to see a great, strong, and powerful Austria after the war is over" is a posteriori less interesting than Otto Bauer's letter of 1918, in which the Austrian Socialist leader predicts the Czechoslovak tragedy. Apart from the semi-official mission of the author to France to get the League of Nations' control over Austria lifted, the part she played in post-war history seems somewhat overestimated. But wherever the memoirs record personal interviews with Paul Painlevé or the Countess de Noailles, Count Czernin or Hugo von Hoffmansthal, they have an undeniable literary interest.

What the recollections of Frau Zuckerkandl-Szeps offer could be scarcely called history, but her gift for journalism is a real one and reflects the culture of Austria. Perhaps this journalism was superficial, this culture hackneyed; nevertheless, whoever reads the excellent translation of these memoirs must deplore their loss.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

RECORDS

ONLY part of the March releases are at hand; and these offer little to get excited about. From Columbia, for example, there is the Divertimento K. 563 for string trio (five records, $7.50), which Mozart composed for Michael Puchberg, the merchant and brother-Mason who repeatedly helped him with money in response to those desperate appeals that one can hardly bear to read in the last volume of the Mozart correspondence. Apparently this is a world in which goodness does not receive its due and gratitude is not the effective artistic stimulus it should be; for the Divertimento is long but dull. But its performance by the Pasquier Trio is finely wrought.

The other Columbia item is a two-record set ($3.25) of an excellent performance of the Overture to Tannhäuser by Beecham with the London Philharmonic—to me a deplorable waste of first-rate performing talent.

From Victor, thus far, there is the Suite that Barbirolli has put together from Purcell's dramatic works—much of it superb music, including the famous Lament of Dido, which I do not think should be included. I do not, that is, believe that this piece of music for contralto voice should be played by an English horn; the other pieces Barbirolli has scored and conducted with the New York Philharmonic effectively (two records, $4.50).

And for the rest there are the early vocal music which I find only moderately interesting but which those with a stronger taste for this sort of music will find beautifully sung by the Trapp Family Choir of Salzburg (five ten-inch records, $7.50); the Bach Concerto in A minor for flute, violin, clavier, and strings, no less dull to my ears for the way it is played by Frances Blaisdell, William Kroll, and, most prominently, Yella Pessl, with strings led by Carl Bamberger (three records, $6.50); the tenuous Satie-Debussy Gymnopédies Nos. 1 and 2 played with delicacy, but not without fussy shadings, by Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra (one record, $1.50); and three Spanish piano pieces of slight consequence by Albéniz and Mompou, well played by Copeland (one record, $2).

I have listened to an additional number of Decca re-pressings (50 and 75 cents each) of Lotte Lehmann's old German records of Lieder. They offer her voice at its prime, but with it one must accept tasteless and often disfiguring accompaniments by instrumental ensembles instead of the original piano. The best—with the finest songs, the loveliest singing, the least disturbing accompaniments—are Schubert's "Geheimes" and "Der Tod und das Mädchen," "An die Musik" and "Du bist die Ruh'," "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," and Schumann's "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Widmung." Beautifully sung, too, are Strauss's "Morgen" and "Mit deinen blauen Augen," which I care less about, and his lovely "Ständchen" and "Traum durch die Dämmerung," which have horrible accompaniments. Also Mendelssohn's "Gruss" and Brahms's "Sandmännchen" and "Der Schmied," the last of which needs the hammer-strokes of the piano; Weber's "Wiegenlied," and Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesangs," each with a song badly sung and played on the reverse side—in the one case Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht," in the other Brahms's "Von ewiger Liebe." The record of Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Ständchen" is fairly good; both singing and accompaniments in Brahms's "Vergebliches Ständchen" and "Die Mainacht" are poor; and the orchestra is bad enough in Wagner's "Träume" and "Schmerzen."

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

"INDECENT, inhuman, immoral, sacrilegious, tending to incite to crime and corrupt morals." This is the judgment rendered by the moving-picture Board of Censors on "The Puritan" (Lenauer International Films). Because the Board of Regents of the State of New York has upheld this death sentence, the picture cannot be shown in New York State. But if you cross into Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or Connecticut you can see it. In these states, in all but six of the forty-eight in fact, your morals are not so carefully protected. Protected from what?

Story and dialogue of "The Puritan"—a French film with English titles—were written by the famous Irish author Liam O'Flaherty. Moviegoers will remember his Hollywood picture "The Informer," which won high praise everywhere for its artistic and dramatic excellence. His new picture is even more impressive. Its theme is timely and important—the workings of a fanatical mind. What it advocates very effectively is tolerance.

In a short opening sequence from which the directors of our gangster pictures could learn the effectiveness of restraint, a sensitive young man with a Savonarola face murders a young woman. From there on we watch two parallel actions—the police tracking down the murderer, the murderer tracking down himself. While he exposes his thoughts and instincts, the commissioner uncovers the facts. The suspect does not drink or smoke. He hates vulgarity. He has resigned from a secret society of moral vigilantes because it was not radical enough for him. He has burned books like a Nazi. He is a fanatic who sees everything out of proportion. Gradually his psychology and his crime become clear. His victim and a young doctor had been lovers. He had wanted to stop the affair. Why? Was it merely because their behavior—which is not shown—offended his moral sensibilities? There is a remarkable scene in which the

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murderer goes to church to confess, not knowing any more whether God or Satan has inspired him, but still rationalizing. Finally, cornered by the realization of his own motives and by the police, he admits the murder—and his suppressed love for his victim.

In presenting the story the author, the director (Jeff Musso), and the actors (Jean-Louis Barrault as the fanatic, Pierre Fresnay as the police commissioner, both outstanding) have taken precautions not to be misunderstood. They have avoided every vulgar appeal. Most of the scenes, especially the meeting between the victim's aunt, a simple, noble peasant woman, and the murderer, are full of chaste poetry. In a cheap Paris night club sin does not look so slick and seductive as it does in California. No, there is no abuse of the basic idea of the picture. It is a work of art in which every detail serves the high purpose of the whole. Fanaticism is exposed very humanly: the sick state of mind into which an unhappy, highly intelligent, and honest youth falls in his futile attempt to escape from, instead of facing, the contradictions to which the human being is born. The film has only one effect. One says to oneself: Be tolerant! Why, then, this unbelievably stupid judgment of the censors?

The censors are not obliged to explain their rulings and they don't. They may call black white and white black, and so it is. In comparison with "The Puritan" the majority of pictures approved by them are swinish affairs. The decision in this case seems to be a mystery—but only if one tries to find an explanation in the legal basis and the practice of the board, which normally objects to too long a kiss or too beautiful a leg. Here something new and dangerous has happened. The censors have objected to an idea, the same idea, shockingly enough, on which the United States was founded.

The practical consequences of such an abuse of power should not be underestimated. More and more, audiences are becoming disgusted with the ordinary run of pictures. Entertainment which kills two hours is no longer the only function of the screen. But how can a producer satisfy the growing cultural demand when in doing so he risks losing his tremendous investment?

The decision against "The Puritan" is a hypocritical act against which the whole industry should protest and against which audiences should demonstrate by patronizing the film where it can be shown. The puritans must not be allowed to succeed in suppressing "The Puritan."

"The 400,000,000," Joris Ivens's documentary film about the Chinese-Japanese war (Cameo), illustrates the daily news of the struggle of the Chinese people against a ruthless invader. Here are actual scenes which the most fertile imagination could not conceive. The long sequence of the recapture of Taierchwang by Chinese regulars and guerrillas brings near the reality of the war as no dispatch has yet done. Unforgettable are the poor peasants returning to the ruins of their homes, looking to see whether the stove is intact, and the shots of the railway station after an air bombardment—mutilated children lying between the tracks. "The 400,000,000," like "Crisis—Made in Germany," is proof of the daring and skill of American camera reporters. If you want to know the truth, go and look at it!

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Letters to the Editors

Eyewitnesses Differ

Dear Sirs: For purposes of accuracy, may I be permitted to point out errors of fact and of judgment in the account and comment given in your editorial The Nazis Are Here, concerning the Bund rally in Madison Square Garden, in your issue of March 4.

According to your informants, "Isadore Greenbaum, the lone Jew who attempted to scale the platform in the midst of Kuhn's attack on his race, was beaten up not by the storm troopers but by the police who 'rescued' him. . . ."

This is distinctly untrue. From a vantage point in the press section I was enabled to observe that Greenbaum not only succeeded in reaching the platform but that he was attacked by Nazis in the uniform of the Ordnungsdienst. After the dispersal of his assailants on the platform by the police, Greenbaum was rather roughly removed by them from the hall. Considering the general excitement, however, and the danger of mass hysteria, and in the absence of proof or of presumptive evidence to the contrary, it seems unfair to lay this action of the police to a punitive motive.

From direct experience I would be the first to agree with your general estimation as to the apparent "occupational antagonism [of the police] to all picket lines." Yet it appears to me that your criticism of the city administration and of the police in preventing the carrying out of the announced intention of the Trotskyists to break up the meeting is invalid on the elementary ground of the right of all groups in a democracy to free speech and assembly.

These objections, of course, are not to be understood to be in opposition to your recommendation, in which I heartily concur, that the Nazis should not be permitted to usurp the functions of the police. EDWARD LEAVITT

New York, March 15

[Eyewitnesses of the same event often disagree about its particulars. In this case the eyewitnesses whose report we mentioned in our editorial and whom we have consulted again are as insistent upon the accuracy of their report as Mr. Leavitt is in branding it untrue. These witnesses were seated in the balcony and thus looked down on the proceedings. One of them, moreover, asserts that he has seen the films of the incident, which have not been shown publicly, and that these films confirm the report that Greenbaum was beaten by the police.

Mr. Leavitt implies that we somehow advocated that Nazis should be denied the right of free speech and assembly. We advocated nothing of the sort. We challenged the implication in Newbold Morris's statement that the way to overcome the Nazi pestilence is to shun it. While there might be differences of opinion as to the strategy of counter-demonstration, we think those who chose to picket the Bund meeting had a right to do so. We criticized the police, not for protecting the rights of the Nazis but for interfering with the rights of others and especially for the needless violence used against pickets, to which more than one observer testified.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Children Without Hope

Dear Sirs: The first ray of light which lit up the gloom of the November pogrom days was the task initiated by the Quakers to bring children to England and Holland. Whoever knows what separation from a beloved child means for any mother would have been deeply impressed by the sight of the great crowds waiting at the doors of the Quaker offices. Every parent wanted to be the first to send his child to safety.

These parents feared not only actual want for their children; even greater was their fear of that destruction of morale which one notices among Jewish children in Germany. For these children lack everything which gives content to the moral life of a child. Above all they are no longer part of any orderly and regulated community life. The Jewish religious idea has little appeal to many of them; the family is for most of them merely the stage for all kinds of excitements and catastrophes. Moreover, the children have a very distinct feeling that their progress at school is not of the least importance to their parents, whose one idea is to find some refuge from their misery. Added to this is the consciousness that they cannot achieve anything by attending school since there is no professional training for Jewish pupils.

These children are living without any future, without any spiritual guidance, and daily and hourly they become more and more used to the idea that they are human beings of the lowest rank. Thus it happens—and this is the most frightful effect—that they gradually see themselves in the same light as the Nazis see them. You may observe children who show indifference and disregard of their teachers, and even of their parents, while they stand up when the Aryan janitor enters the classroom. In the streets you may hear Jewish children calling each other names which are given them by the Nazis, and there are Jewish young people who consent for payment to be photographed for the *Stürmer* to serve as pictures of disgusting types of human beings.

Almost worse than the fate of Jewish children is that of the children of mixed marriages. They are still allowed to attend Aryan schools. What must be their feeling when all the class is forced to buy this or that copy of the *Stürmer* because it is to serve as a basis for the next composition!

Surely, bringing about the mental and moral destruction of the children is the most devilish method of encompassing the fall of a people. Those who have recognized this have only one wish—to awaken in the hearts of men the desire to undertake actively the rescue of these helpless children, to remove them from that poisonous atmosphere of hate and lying, and to take them to a place where human dignity and loving care will instil in them a belief that men are made in God's image for a brighter future.

New York, March 8 H. T.

Protection for Labor

Dear Sirs: Helen Woodward's "Pocket Guide" is followed with interest by many of our members, principally because they value the information in her column and only incidentally because she has been a member of the Board of Directors of the New York League of Women Shoppers since it was established.

We had thought that Mrs. Woodward and *The Nation* did not underestimate the importance of a consumers' organization that acts to improve the working conditions of the men and women who make and sell consumers' goods. Yet we noted in the February 18 issue of *The Nation* that the League of Women Shoppers was omitted from a list of ten "excellent consumer organizations," although Mrs. Woodward included in this roster the American Association of University Women and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, neither of which is primarily a consumers' organization.

Women and men all over the country have come to recognize that shoddy and sometimes dangerous products are the result of low-waged labor and inferior working conditions. Because they wish to belong to a consumers' organization that concerns itself with the quality of merchants' and manufacturers' labor relations, as distinguished from those consumers' organizations that concern themselves with the quality of products, these consumers have formed locals of the League of Women Shoppers in thirteen cities in the West, East, South, and North.

We are hopeful that in some future issue of *The Nation* you will deal with what consumers are doing to bring about more just conditions for laboring men and women.

SOPHIE A. BOYER, President,
New York League of Women Shoppers
New York, March 9

And for Our Pocket-Books

Dear Sirs: My opinion of the work of the League of Women Shoppers is, I think, expressed fully by the fact that I am and have been since its beginning a director of that organization.

In "Pocket Guide" I try each time to say something that will be of direct use when the consumer starts to spend money. Though better goods may be made under union conditions, it is not the chief function of the League of Women Shoppers to bring about the making of such goods. Nor is that the chief function of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union or of the American Association of University Women. But both these latter organizations have a special department which gives advice on marketing.

To be sure the protection of labor on the job is more important than the protection of the buyer's pocket-book. But high wages are not high if they are used up by high prices. The League of Women Shoppers might well have been mentioned in my piece, but since I was listing only groups working directly for the consumer I thought I ought to leave it out.
HELEN WOODWARD
New York, March 15

CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH G. CRAWFORD is Washington correspondent of the New York *Post.*

ALBERT VITON recently returned to this country from extensive travels in the Balkans.

KLAUS and ERIKA MANN are children of Thomas Mann. They are now living in the United States.

W. H. AUDEN, English poet and critic, is coauthor with Louis MacNeice of "Letters from Iceland" and with Christopher Isherwood of "On the Frontier."

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HENRY B. KRANZ is a Viennese journalist living in the United States.

SAMUEL ROMER fought with the International Brigade in Spain. He is now active in the work of National Sharecroppers' Week.

RUSTEM VAMBERY, formerly professor of sociology and criminology at the University of Budapest, is now in the United States on a lecture trip.

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The Shape of Things

THE CONGRESSIONAL ECONOMIZERS HAVE been put on the spot by the bland Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. In a statement before a special Senate committee on silver legislation he said the country was entitled to "a clear-cut and prompt determination of policy" on the vital issue of budget balancing. He agreed that there was a strong demand in business circles and among the general public for economy. Apparently the majority in both houses of Congress shared this sentiment. He himself felt that retrenchment now would be hazardous, but this was a democratic country and the will of the majority should prevail. Congress was the constitutional authority intrusted with the final determination of appropriations and taxation, and if a majority favored a drastic economy program it "should assume full responsibility for it and put it into effect without delay, and without compromises for the benefit of any special groups." Faced by this challenge Senators Byrd and Harrison, who are attempting to lead the economy bloc without committing themselves to anything so politically dangerous as specific proposals, could only reply that Congress was helpless unless the Administration gave full cooperation. That is to say, these Senators, while believing that the budget forest needs to be cut down, insist that the ax must be wielded by the President in defiance of his own firm opinion that such a policy must inevitably lead to further erosion of business and employment. Surely Mr. Roosevelt's critics should show the courage of their own convictions before asking him to sacrifice his.

*

FORCE IS LENT TO THIS ARGUMENT BY THE recent blow which economy has suffered in its supposed stronghold. Almost simultaneously with Mr. Eccles's speech the House Appropriations Committee reported out the Agricultural Department Supply bill at a total of $1,067,274,427, or $244,593,376 more than the Budget Bureau estimate. This result was achieved by the addition of $250,000,000 for farm-parity payments, which the President had opposed unless some special

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form of taxation was voted to supply the money. In taking this step the Appropriations Committee not only wiped out savings of $83,000,000 achieved by cutting other estimates but added to the total budget no less than $161,000,000. If this decision is confirmed by the House as a whole, the President will certainly be entitled to question the sincerity of the Congressional economy campaign.

*

THERE IS ONE "TRIUMPH" FOR ECONOMY, however, which deserves mention. This is the deletion by the House Appropriations Committee of a sum of $12,250,000 asked by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics for the creation of additional research facilities. Evidence was presented regarding the inadequacy of present provisions for research, and attention was drawn to the efforts being made in this field by Germany. Yet the Appropriations Committee, which had cheerfully voted hundreds of millions for building new planes, grudged this comparatively small expenditure to insure that the construction program should have a sound technical basis.

*

AFTER MORE THAN TWO YEARS OF HEROIC resistance Madrid has surrendered. All efforts to arrange an honorable peace have failed. Far from promising to withdraw his Italian troops, General Franco is reported to have forced the Madrileños' cup of bitterness to spill over by allowing Mussolini's soldiers to lead the triumphal entry. Italian and German flags have sprouted throughout the city on the cars and houses of Madrid's Fifth Column. As for reprisals, there is to be no vindictiveness except for those found guilty of political "crimes," such as having held office under the Popular Front and the even graver offense of having "prolonged" the war. In other words, Casado and Miaja have proved no more successful than Negrin in obtaining terms, despite the lives squandered in their tragic revolt. At best only a few hundred of the seven million persons living in Republican territory will be able to escape abroad. For the rest, it is only a question of the thoroughness of Franco's terror.

*

THE TREASURY IS TO BE CONGRATULATED for withdrawing its insistence on a full social-security reserve at a moment when its decision can be exploited as a major step in "business appeasement." The projected $47 billion reserve for old-age insurance was fantastic and highly dangerous from the outset. Realistically, it was little more than a glorified plan for retiring the national debt at the expense of the wage-earner. The payroll tax, falling directly on the worker and indirectly on the consumer, is perhaps the most indefensible of our federal taxes. Postponing the scheduled rise in the tax from 1 to 1½ per cent on employers and employees should be definitely beneficial, provided the action is not made an excuse for failing to carry through the amendments to the Social Security Act suggested by the advisory council. From the standpoint of recovery, it is important that the money collected for social security be distributed to the victims of insecurity as rapidly and as fully as possible. Otherwise, the act is definitely deflationary in its effect. In an altogether different category is the proposal to lower income-tax rates with a view to inducing a greater amount of private investment. The effect of such a step could only be to increase our already huge hoard of idle funds, and to decrease, through destruction of mass purchasing power, the existing openings for investment.

*

TAKING THE PROFIT OUT OF WAR IS A slogan generally approved, but its translation into practice is no easy matter and is not to be accomplished by ill-considered and carelessly drafted legislation such as the bill just introduced by Senator Bone. This measure proposes the war-time levy of a 6 per cent normal tax on all incomes over $500 for a single person or $1,000 for married couples, with a steeply graduated surtax ranging up to 98.9 per cent on the largest incomes. Since no provision is made for state-income-tax liability, taxpayers in the higher brackets living in states like New York would be required to pay more than their total incomes. When this snag was mentioned to Senator Bone, who clearly had not studied his own bill, he could only say there might be some provision somewhere in the measure to take care of it. A much more serious criticism of the bill is that it makes no provision for the simultaneous recasting of the economic system without which such a drastic taxation program would be unworkable. No doubt war would necessitate a sharp curtailment in the production and distribution of consumption goods, but to attempt to bring this about immediately on the outbreak of war by means of automatically effective taxation could only lead to a complete dislocation of trade fatal to efficient defense measures. Perhaps it is wasted effort to raise such questions of practicability since the real purpose of the bill is not to conscript wealth but, in the words of Senator Bone, "to keep the country out of war." It is, in fact, an attempt to scare business into support of isolation, on the debatable assumption that there would be little chance of war if the hope of profit were removed. It is a sad comment on the responsibility of the Senate that fifty of its members put their names to this bill without considering its implications and, in many cases, without even reading it.

*

WHETHER BECAUSE OF THE ILLNESS OF CHIEF Justice Hughes or because of some delay within the conference room, the Supreme Court again failed this week to pass on either the Strecker or the Hague case. The long delay may be ominous. Last Monday the court made three

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rulings which all liberals will approve. Through Justice Stone and Justice Black respectively it upheld the right of New York and Utah to levy state income taxes on the salaries of federal employees. The decisions complement last year's ruling that the federal government may impose an income tax on the salaries of state employees. Taken together these decisions destroy the reciprocal immunity of government salaries from income taxation established by the Supreme Court in 1871 and take a long step forward toward eradication of the mushroom growth of tax exemptions which owe their ultimate origin to Chief Justice Marshall and their continuance—largely—to the court's refusal to apply the plain meaning of the Sixteenth Amendment. The court held unconstitutional the New Jersey "gangster" statute which permits a man to be fined and jailed, not for crime, but for bad reputation and absence of visible means of support. We think the law patently unconstitutional. Equally to be praised was the court's refusal to grant review of the decision of the New York Court of Appeals upholding the constitutionality of the "Minkoff" law, named for its American Labor Party sponsor, forbidding landlords guilty of dwelling-law violations to raise their rents. The landlords appealed to "due process," but this time in vain; their defeat in the United States Supreme Court means that owners of New York fire traps will be hit where it hurts.

*

HITLER'S ATTEMPTS TO LINE UP THE AXIS powers for a united stand against the democracies received an unexpected setback last week when Tokyo virtually rejected his plan for transforming the Anti-Communist Pact into an outright military alliance. Japan's hesitancy, after its recent belligerent outcry against the Soviet Union over the fisheries issue, is remarkable, and can be taken as fairly good evidence that it has no intention of widening the zone of conflict beyond China for some time to come. The formula which it utilized to temper its rejection is as remarkable as the act itself. Japan, it is reported, will refuse to join an unconditional alliance, but might enter into an agreement to support Hitler if the Soviet Union "attacks Germany without provocation." Meanwhile, Japan has taken advantage of the spring weather to launch major offensives in three widely separated sections of China. One of these, the drive on Nanchang, has proved successful, and Japan has taken on itself the responsibility of policing another important city. The other drives—a long-delayed attack on Chengchow at the junction of the Lunghai and Peiping-Hankow railways and an expedition into Chekiang—have thus far yielded little. The important thing is that after nearly two years of war Japan is encountering more resistance than in the early days of the conflict. Under the circumstances its decision not to tie up too closely with Hitler would seem a necessary one.

The Axis Revolves

HITLER'S march on Prague shocked Britain and France into firm talk, but the sphere of action is still a fascist monopoly. While democratic diplomatic activity has been concentrated in an effort to achieve a four-power declaration pledging resistance to further German aggression, Hitler has seized Memel, concluded treaties with Lithuania and Slovakia which reduce these countries to vassal status, and made an agreement with Rumania giving him first call on its economic resources. Thus the two weeks since the slogan "Stop Hitler" received official recognition in London and Paris have been noteworthy on account of Hitler's increased acceleration. Yet Mr. Chamberlain is still capable of asking, as if there were some doubt about the correct answer, whether the German government "is not seeking by successive steps to dominate Europe."

Clearly if any kind of collective resistance to fascism is to be organized at this late hour, a sterner realism is needed. The project of the four-power declaration is already moribund. An important stumbling-block was Poland's reluctance to sign a platonic instrument. The only kind of pact in which Warsaw could be interested would be one giving watertight guaranties of military support in the event of a German attack, and these guaranties are wanted not merely from Russia, to which the Western powers apparently desired to leave the defense of the eastern front, but from London and Paris as well. The Poles can hardly be blamed for refusing to assist in rhetorical gestures against the Reich. It is not that they are blind to their peril as Nazi arms stretch farther and farther around their borders. They have proclaimed their determination to resist any attack on their frontiers and are taking precautions against a Nazi coup in Danzig, but until the Western powers prove their sincerity by taking risks, the Poles see no sense in signing a toothless proclamation which Germany might choose to regard as provocative.

Meanwhile, so far from attempting to put teeth into the anti-aggression pact, influential Cabinet ministers in both London and Paris seem to be swinging back to the idea that the way to stop Hitler is to appease Mussolini. They are blind to the fact that successful blackmail by one end of the axis always serves to strengthen its joints. Il Duce's brutal but clever speech on Sunday contained a clear invitation to such self-deceivers. After a belligerent declaration of Italy's might and an expression of solidarity with Germany which might seem slightly formal, he pointed out that the Spanish barrier between Italy and France was about to be demolished. The studied ambiguity of this sentence was no doubt intended on the one hand as a bid for friendship, on the other as a reminder to France of a vulnerable third border. He went on to name the problems to be settled with France—

Djibouti, the Suez Canal, Tunisia—but he did not make his demands specific. Obviously he is looking for an offer.

The trap is nicely baited, and if Foreign Secretary Bonnet has his way, the French will walk into it. But once they yield so far to Mussolini's threats as to offer to begin negotiations, once they suggest concessions to him, however modest, they will be on their way to a Mediterranean Munich. At that point they can expect still greater belligerency in Rome, warlike noises at the other end of the axis, and demands for new concessions.

Dickering with Mussolini at this juncture can hardly fail to strengthen rather than weaken the axis. Not that Il Duce is incapable of double-crossing his dear friend, but he cannot be expected to do so unless the disadvantages of adhesion to Germany become greater than its advantages. This could only happen if Britain and France organized a "Stop Hitler" alliance prepared to resist aggression, wherever it occurred, *à l'outrance.* So long as Bonnet rules the French Foreign Office there is little chance of such a firm step. But there are reports that he is on his way out, while in London his fellow-protagonists of appeasement to the limit, Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare, are also under fire. The hopes of the growing number of Britons and Frenchmen for a strong and positive policy must depend a good deal on whether these three pro-fascists can be retired.

Rediscovery of Russia

AMONG the many disheartening events of the past weeks, a few developments stand out as distinctly hopeful. Perhaps the most striking of these is the apparent reversal in British policy. But scarcely less important from a long-range point of view is the rediscovery of the Soviet Union as a European power. For a period of about six months, beginning just before the September crisis, Moscow had been rigorously quarantined from Europe. Its importunities for military conversations to implement the French-Soviet and Czech-Soviet treaties were consistently ignored by the Western democracies, as had been its previous efforts to transform the Spanish Non-Intervention Committee into a realistic, honest agency. Its suggestion that the Czech-German dispute be dealt with by the League, as provided by the Covenant, was completely disregarded in the mad scramble to meet Hitler's demands. The map of Europe was redrawn at Munich without even so much as an invitation to Moscow to witness the ceremony.

This snub to the second greatest power in Europe could scarcely have been accidental. Regardless of what Mr. Chamberlain might say in defense of his policy in Parliament, it was quite clear that "appeasement" was primarily an effort to turn Hitler's attention eastward. Since the Soviet Union could hardly be expected to enter into the spirit of the party, it seemed best to ignore its existence altogether. But Great Britain and France were not the only countries participating in the quarantine. Czechoslovakia and Rumania, with much more immediately at stake, seemed equally oblivious of Russia's existence. Both countries based their foreign policies on the Western democracies, and when their faith in those countries was demonstrated to be ill-founded, reluctantly embraced Hitler. The Czechs did not even avail themselves of Soviet aid when it was promised just before Munich, a mistake for which they paid by forfeiting their national existence. It was Poland, long an implacable enemy of the Soviets, which first rediscovered Russia when faced by growing Nazi pressure. Chamberlain was a bad second. When the final complete absorption of Czechoslovakia had destroyed the last possibility of defending Munich, the British Prime Minister discovered the existence of the one great power which had been consistently anti-fascist in its foreign policy.

But Russia has not hastened to jump on the British band-wagon. Although Litvinov issued a scorching statement denouncing the German occupation of Czechoslovakia as "arbitrary, violent, and aggressive," and refusing to recognize Hitler's conquest, he held back for a time from accepting Chamberlain's proposal for a joint declaration. Moscow has good reason to be skeptical of Chamberlain's conversion. If it was sound tactics, from the British point of view, to try to divert Hitler toward the east in September, may it not still be sound in March? And what is more likely to achieve this end, and at the same time silence the opposition at home, than a protest which angers Hitler and yet provides no machinery for checking him? It happens that the two countries which lie in the immediate path of Hitler's march—Poland and Rumania—are neighbors of the Soviet Union. Both have huge ill-digested chunks of territory wrested from Russia at the end of the World War. What better strategy could there be than to induce the Soviets to defend them, provided that Britain and France need make no commitments?

Yet if the democracies actually have suffered a change of heart, it is clearly to the interest of the Soviet Union to cooperate in putting a stop to Nazi aggression. Germany has gained such power in recent months that no one country can hope to resist it alone. And the march of fascism threatens to enslave the working class throughout the world. If Hitler is stopped without war, it can only be while there is still hope of lining up Poland and Rumania with Britain, France, and Russia in a military pact against the aggressors. Such an alignment could only be achieved at a general conference such as Moscow has urged.

The sudden shift in the British attitude toward the Soviet Union is bound to have its effects in the United States. If Britain's long-range interests coincide at this moment with those of Moscow, the same can be said even more emphatically of those of this country. For in addition to serving as a bulwark against Nazi aggression in Europe, the Soviet Union stands as a potential check against Japanese aggrandizement in the Far East, where American interests are even more directly threatened. These two great countries, controlling between them the greater part of the world's resources, might still avert war if they worked closely together.

Save Democracy from Its "Friends"!

NOT since the flood of criminal-anarchy and syndicalism laws during the post-war red scare has the country seen so dangerous a wave of legislative proposals designed to limit basic liberties. Bills are pending in Congress and in at least four state legislatures which, if enacted, could be used gravely to abridge the rights of free speech, press, and assembly, whether exercised by citizens or aliens. We are not among those who believe that the democracies have no legal and constitutional means to stem the poisonous propaganda and stifle the growth of the private armies which proved so effective in the rise of European fascism. We approve the purposes and do not object to the methods of the bills introduced by Congressmen Fish and Voorhis to prevent the organization of "shirt" militias on European lines. But we must protest in the strongest terms against the Dies bills and the Dempsey bill in Congress, and against their counterparts in the state legislatures, notably the Devany bill in New York. For under the guise of attacking "alien isms" they would undermine the Bill of Rights and place un-American instruments of repression in the hands of reactionaries who seek to destroy democracy while pretending to defend it.

The most imminent danger is represented by the Dempsey bill, which has been unanimously passed by the House. Originally written to provide for the deportation of aliens advocating any "fundamental change" in the American form of government, it was revised before passage to permit deportation of aliens advocating "any change" in the American form of government. The amendment is an indication of the motives behind the bill, and a demonstration of how quickly repressive legislation can be and may be extended. The present deportation laws, though far more narrowly drawn, have already been used not only in breaking strikes but in cutting down the rights of free speech, press, and assembly. Citizens as well as aliens are often arrested and held under them in strike roundups. The xenophobia from which the Dempsey bill and a similar alien-registration bill in Pennsylvania spring is also worth noting. Suspicion of foreigners admirably serves Nazi purposes—if the Hitlerites can pour the anti-foreigner poison into the American melting-pot, the task of disrupting this country through setting one American against another because of the different racial stocks of their grandfathers will have been accomplished.

H. R. 4909, introduced by Dies, and the Devany bill in New York, with the similar measures in Minnesota and Kansas, are more obviously entering wedges for the destruction of the liberties of native Americans as well as foreign-born. They aim to make ineligible for public office all those who believe in "foreign isms," and their definitions are so sweeping that a reactionary court could use them against many New Deal liberals as well as against leftists of various kinds. The Dies bill, for example, would operate as a bar against those who would use "subversive means or methods" to establish not only a totalitarian system of right or left but "social control of all private property." In one very real sense we already have "social control of all private property" in this country, for this is the basic concept behind all regulatory legislation. When it is recalled that in certain circles such laws as the Wagner Act are still considered "un-American" and "subversive," it is easy to see how vicious these laws might become in their application. Democracy itself was once a "foreign ism" against which the Alien and Sedition Laws of John Adams were aimed; and it is only forty-one years since the income tax was assailed as "communistic" before the Supreme Court.

Blood and Geography

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE week's news was monotonous.

First, Memel. Hitler's entry by ship to the old town must have been a pleasant contrast to the march into Prague. Honest Nazi enthusiasm greeted him in Memel with all the familiar trappings—swastikas, heils, local storm troopers, Jews fleeing in panic over the border.

Second, Lithuania. Hitler tucked it under his belt without bothering to declare a protectorate. It will exist, economically or politically, only by his consent. Memel was its only port; now, through the magnanimity of the conqueror, its goods may be shipped from Memel free—but under the eye of German supervisors. Memel has given Hitler a new base on the Baltic about 600 miles from Leningrad.

Third, Slovakia. This nation, freed by the Führer from its thraldom as a part of Czechoslovakia, was joined to the Reich by a treaty which makes it an integral part of Hitler's eastern empire. Its economic development will be geared to the needs of Germany. Hitler will establish German garrisons at convenient points in Slovak territory.

But Slovakia is free. It is even to have its own Foreign Office—though its foreign policy will naturally be coordinated with that of its great protector—and its own legations in certain countries, including the United States. This may produce an interesting territorial struggle in Washington; Mr. Hurban, the Czechoslovak minister, retains possession of the legation which apparently has now been assigned to Slovakia by the Nazi authorities. Mr. Hurban is a Slovak himself, but an uncoordinated one, and he intends to stay where he is.

Fourth, Rumania. King Carol asked the British government whether he could count on help from Great Britain if he resisted German pressure. The regular formula was applied: he was encouraged to resist and promised no help. He promptly signed an agreement which makes Rumania an economic vassal of Germany and gives Hitler the first important addition to his inadequate sources of raw materials—above all, oil and an outlet on the Black Sea. The political subjection of Rumania will be unnecessary unless it shows signs of independence. In that case, Hitler can become its protector or the protector of the assorted irredentas within its borders, whichever he chooses.

And that's all so far. Danzig awaits its turn, which seems almost due. Reports of Polish attacks on Germans are roaring out of the Nazi radio stations as we go to press, and a German ultimatum may even now be in Beck's top drawer. Poland remembers Munich and expects nothing from the great powers of the West. It will make the best deal it can or fight if it must. But that is another week's news.

The current rationalization in Europe is to minimize all Nazi conquests made in the sacred name of "blood" and deplore only those based on geography or economics. And so we read that the seizure of Czechoslovakia "shocked" Europe. Mr. Chamberlain was not the only statesman to register surprise and horror when Hitler's men marched into Prague. All over Europe men in position to know better had staked their hopes of security and peace, or said they had, on the belief that Hitler wanted to absorb only those lands occupied by his own Teutonic "folk." Anne O'Hare McCormick, writing from Budapest in the New York *Times*, says that Hitler by marching into Prague "destroyed the foundation on which his rule and ideology and his expansive force heretofore have rested." She says that representative people and officials in the various East European countries have been both anxious and uncertain of the future, but that "the only thing on which they banked was that this man wanted to rule no non-Germans. He had said so passionately and repeatedly." And in the same issue of the same paper Edwin L. James wrote, "When Hitler marched into Prague he started the departure which has set German propagandists busy working out a new formula to justify the expansion of the Third Reich. It looks now as if the form will amount to saying that Germany has the right to take what she wishes, or what is 'necessary' for her proper development."

But Adolf Hitler long ago devised his own formula of justification and expounded it at muddy length in "Mein Kampf." Here are a few of the simpler passages which show that he didn't invent the idea of territorial expansion just last week:

> *The demand for the reestablishment of the frontiers of the year 1914 is political nonsense of such a degree and consequences as to look like a crime. . . .* We National Socialists must cling unflinchingly to our foreign-policy aims, that is, to guarantee the *German nation the soil and territory to which it is entitled on this earth.* And this is the only action which, before God and our German posterity, would seem to justify an investment of blood. . . . I must attack most sharply those folkish scribbler souls who claim to see a "breach of sacred human rights" in such an acquisition of territory. . . . By such an attitude they wantonly aid from within in undermining and cutting the ground from under our nation's only means of properly standing up for its necessities. . . . *State frontiers are man-made and can be altered by man. . . .* Just as our forefathers did not get the land on which we are living today as a gift from heaven, but had to conquer it by risking their lives, so no folkish grace but only the might of a triumphant sword will in the future assign us territory, and with it life for our nation. Much as we all today recognize the necessity for a reckoning with France, it will remain largely ineffective if our foreign-policy aim is restricted thereto. It has and will retain significance if it provides the rear cover for an enlargement of our national domain of life in Europe. For we will find this question's solution, not in colonial acquisitions, but exclusively in the winning of land for settlement which increases the area of the motherland itself.

That is about as plain as Hitler knows how to be. A good deal of trouble might be avoided if "Mein Kampf" were made required reading for statesmen. They would then at least be spared the succession of surprises that makes their progress toward general defeat unnecessarily painful.

For several weeks I have been listening to the radio news commentators and one day I plan to comment on them. But meanwhile I want to call attention to the broadcasts of Raymond Gram Swing, who talks about foreign affairs from WOR at three oddly assorted hours each week—10:15 p. m. on Tuesdays, 5:56 p. m. on Thursdays, and 7:15 on Saturdays. Unlike his fellow-commentators, he forswears elocutionary tricks and relies on sharp analysis. Why his periods are so awkwardly timed I don't know, but they are worth keeping in mind if you want to hear an intelligent interpretation instead of the more usual empty summary of known facts.

France Loses Its Head

BY ROBERT DELL

ANATOLE FRANCE used to say that it was never necessary for the French reactionaries to be in office. They could always find men of the left to carry out their policy. The remark has been justified again and again. Now a French Cabinet almost entirely composed of men of the left has become the tool of the reactionaries whose prisoner it is, for it depends on their support to keep a majority in the Chamber. John Elliott, the Paris correspondent of the *Herald Tribune*, said in that paper on March 20 that the law just passed by the French Parliament instals in France a regime similar to that which Chancellor Brüning introduced in the Germany of the Weimar republic, which paved the way for Hitler. Speaking from memory, I do not think that the powers given to Brüning were quite as sweeping as those now given to Daladier, but I may be mistaken. In any case it seems to me that the progress toward fascism in France has gone beyond the Brüning stage. Many months ago I said that Daladier and Bonnet might well turn out to be the French Hugenberg and Papen, and that seems to me now to be still more likely.

The men to whom unlimited dictatorial powers have been given are the men responsible for the capitulation to Hitler at Munich and the consequent disappearance of Czechoslovakia from the map of Europe, the men who consummated the betrayal of republican Spain, who have sacrificed the interests of European civilization and of their own country to those of a class. Theirs is a rump government composed mainly of members of the Radical Party, which at the French general election on April 26, 1936, polled between 14 and 15 per cent of the total votes cast and about 25 per cent of the votes cast for the Popular Front. No other groups or parties are represented in the government; the few non-Radical ministers represent only themselves. It is a party on the decline that has violated its election pledges and with the aid of the conservatives and reactionaries seized dictatorial powers. The voting strength of the Radical Party, once the dominant party in France, has been steadily declining. Before 1936 it had lost most of its representation in Paris and the other great cities and had become mainly a rural party. In that year it lost heavily in the country districts as well, and its total poll was less by 414,380 than it was in 1932.

After the general election of 1936 the Popular Front had a majority of 164 in the Chamber—386 against 222. Since then there have been slight changes—the Communists, for example, have gained two seats at by-elections—but they have not affected the balance of parties. On March 18, 321 deputies voted for the law establishing a dictatorship. According to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, only nine Radicals voted against the law and three abstained. Probably Henri de Kérillis and one or two other honest Nationalists voted against the government or abstained. Even so, Daladier's majority cannot have included more than about 100 deputies elected on the Popular Front ticket, nearly all of whom were members of the Radical Party. With the exception of the Radical Party, all the parties and groups that composed the Popular Front remained true to their electors.

What has happened in France shows the necessity of some check on what Walt Whitman called "the never-ending audacity of elected persons." It is monstrous that elected representatives in a democracy should be able to take measures directly opposed to the undertakings by which they secured their election without consulting the country. If it be true, as has been reported, that Daladier has the intention of prolonging the life of the present Chamber to avoid the general election due in the spring of 1940, there could be no more convincing evidence that he believes the feeling of the country to be against him.

The first decrees promulgated show that Daladier intends to use his powers against organized labor. The hours of labor in all the most important industries, including mining, have been increased to sixty a week, and even that limit may be exceeded if the government thinks fit. The extra pay for overtime, which has hitherto been on a sliding scale rising from 10 to 25 per cent according to the number of extra hours, has been reduced to 5 per cent whatever the number of extra hours may be. According to one report, overtime is to be payable on all hours exceeding forty-five a week instead of forty as hitherto, but this does not appear to be certain.

A press censorship seems almost certain. Already the publication of any news about military matters other than that given out by the government has been prohibited. According to one report a press and propaganda department on the lines of that presided over by Dr. Goebbels has been, or is to be, set up. A censorship of foreign press telegrams, which is already illegally practiced to some extent, may be expected. The suppression of the Communist Party and the prohibition of public meetings and demonstrations will probably not long be delayed. Nothing, it seems to me, but "direct action" on the part of organized labor can prevent the establishment of a fascist regime in France, and I do not anticipate any such action. Organized labor in France appears to have been reduced to impotence by its senseless blunder of ordering a general strike for twenty-four hours as a mere demonstration, which failed as it was bound to fail.

In an address broadcast from London on March 20 André Géraud (Pertinax) said that the British and French governments were no longer "under the spell of any illusions." The context suggested that he was referring to illusions in regard to Hitler, and with that limitation one may hope that he is right; but the French and British governments are evidently still under the spell of illusions in regard to Mussolini. It would appear that the policy of making concessions to Mussolini to detach Italy from the Berlin-Rome axis, which has so disastrously failed in the past, is to be revived. According to an Associated Press message from Paris published on March 23, Mussolini sent a secret emissary to Paris to urge "early overtures by France toward Rome." The emissary was none other than Hubert Lagardelle, whom I knew slightly before the war when he was a member of the French Socialist Party and one of the leading men in the French trade-union organization. After the war Lagardelle entirely disappeared from the public view, and I could never succeed in finding out what had become of him. Now he reappears on the scene as a "French resident in Rome and an old friend of Mussolini."

It would be difficult to imagine a more fatuous policy than that of making overtures to Mussolini at the present moment. That gentleman is pretty nearly on his last legs, as his feeble speech last Sunday very clearly demonstrated. He has been hoodwinked and let down by Hitler everywhere; his blundering diplomacy is in ruins; he has brought Italy to the verge of national bankruptcy, and economic conditions in the country are appalling. I am told that Mussolini is in such desperate need of ready cash that Italian lire are being offered on the American market at about half their nominal value. If this is so, it means that Italy is on the eve of a vast inflation like that into which Germany was dragged in 1921-23 by the incompetence and stupidity of its rulers. It is difficult to believe that Mussolini would dare to risk war in any circumstances. If he did take so desperate a risk, it would be the end of him. Indeed, discontent and resentment against him are increasing so rapidly in Italy that, even without a war, his end may not be far off. And this is the moment that the British and French governments choose for once more bolstering up the tottering power of the man whom Paul-Boncour so justly described as " a carnival Caesar"!

If they do this, the only possible conclusion will be that, as in 1935-36, they wish to save the fascist regime in Italy because they fear that it might be succeeded by "Bolshevism." From the point of view of French national interests, leaving out of account every other consideration, the only sensible policy to follow toward Mussolini is to leave him severely alone. That used to be the opinion of Paul Reynaud—before he became a minister.

Something seems to have gone wrong with the intelligence of French politicians. Even Léon Blum seems to be affected by the general intellectual decadence. In an article published in the *Herald Tribune* on March 20 he declared his belief "that the time is approaching when Italy will launch her ultimatum and France will be faced with the fascist imperial program." Instead of an ultimatum Mussolini has launched Hubert Lagardelle to beg France to come to his aid. It is true that one can hardly be surprised that Blum should be taken in by Mussolini's bluff after his grotesque proposal of an "international peace conference" at which all the nations of the world would be represented. Something must have gone wrong with Blum's intelligence when he can say that negotiations for a conference would transform the international situation "as if by magic." The only result such a conference would be likely to have would be to precipitate a general war. As for the "firm stand" to check Hitler's triumphant progress, of which we have heard so much, it has begun with British and French acquiescence in the seizure of Memel.

Hitler will no doubt now seize Danzig with like impunity. Indeed, it has been hinted in British and French official quarters that there will be no objection to the annexation of territory placed under the protection of the League of Nations. If the High Commissioner of the League, a Swiss gentleman with strong pro-Nazi leanings, is in Danzig, the world may be gratified with the spectacle of his expulsion by the German army. If all Lithuania passes under German control, as appears distinctly possible, both Russia and Poland will be seriously menaced. It has always been evident that before Hitler could attack Russia he must get control of one or more of the Baltic states.

The British and French governments have clearly not made up their minds to defend either Lithuania or Rumania against a German attack. The Rumanian government has been obliged under pressure to make a trade agreement with Germany, and its appeal for help to London seems to have been in vain. The reason why the British and French governments rejected the Russian proposal for a conference between England, France, Russia, Poland, Rumania, and Turkey was no doubt that at such a conference England and France would have been obliged to show their hands and say whether or not they were prepared to defend Poland and Rumania. The Russian government is to be congratulated on its initiative, which is not the first of its kind. It is to be hoped that the present Russian action will dispose of the rumors that have been current for some time of an understanding between Russia and Germany.

Living Philosophies

XII. SEVEN TRUE STORIES

BY STUART CHASE

I

I TAKE it one's living philosophy is a somewhat different kettle of fish from one's formal philosophy. I take it a living philosophy is a label for that collection of beliefs and opinions which tend to guide one's conscious decisions. For sixteen hours in the day I am faced with decisions which determine my behavior as a biological item on this planet. This behavior in turn determines how long I am to survive as a biological item. Happily, many decisions are automatically made for me by a nervous system well adapted to defend the organism from meddling by the conscious mind. Without these sheltered reactions I should have been dead long ago. Only this morning I escaped a nasty fall from a stone wall by unconsciously thrusting out an arm to regain balance.

Another long list of decisions is automatically made for me by the customs and folkways of my tribe. One does not go to a dinner party in a bathing suit, hot as the evening may be. One does not get up in the middle of a lecture and tell the speaker what a terrible bore he is, truthful as such a remark might be.

Many conscious decisions not determined by the folkways remain. For these I stop and think before I act. If I fail to act, that also is a decision. Why do I act or react *thus*, rather than *so?* Why do I throw *this* letter into the wastebasket, and spend two hours composing an answer to *that* letter, both being on the same subject? Why do I agree to serve on this committee and refuse that one? My living philosophy is manifested in these decisions. Let us now examine seven specific cases.

II

I am driving along a country road at night. My headlights are tilted for maximum visibility. I see a pair of lights approaching, half a mile away. When the distance between us is halved, I touch a button with my foot and dim my headlights. Not so in the other car. It sweeps by with a soft, powerful phut, blinding me as it does. "You poor damned so and so!" I shout to the night air, as I touch the button and extend the lights again.

Hullo, here is another car, blazing down the road. What is this misbegotten troglodyte going to do? I know what *I* am going to do. I am going to give him the works. That last Devonian ape man was the third in a row. Am I to devote my life to protecting hairy anthropoids who should be swinging from limb to limb? Here he is. Going like Halley's comet. I could run over every dog, child, and old lady in Fairfield County in the road shadow cast by that aurora borealis.

What? He's dimmed them, although a bulb is missing in his dimmers. And here are my lights going at full blast! I reach for the button, but in my haste hit the accelerator instead, and so give my friend not only a hideous glare, but the rudeness, not to say danger, of higher speed while passing him.

I am alone now in the darkness. Of all idiots, I am the world's loftiest. Trying to take the spleen generated by A, B, and C out on D. D is not C; he is not B; he is not A. D is to A, B, and C as Shakespeare is to Elbert Hubbard, Arthur Brisbane, and Dr. Frank Crane.

Just a minute, now. Elbert Hubbard had his moments before big business got him. Perhaps C had a foot button and broke it. Perhaps he was an unemployed carpenter in a 1922 Reo, going to Bridgeport in the forlorn hope of getting a job. Even if he was president of the Stock Exchange, that is no reason I should take out my displeasure on an ornament of civilization like D. I might have killed D. What lesson would that have preached to C or B or A, happy as lightning bugs, burning the eyeballs out of everyone they passed?

What am I going to do now? I am going to press that button for every car I meet, until I get home. I don't care if it is Al Capone breaking out of jail. Forty thousand dead on the roads last year, and most of them at night.

A trivial decision, true. Yet this nightly intercourse which millions of us experience involves life and death, man as a social animal, the organization of society in the power age, the engineering of roads, automotive design. It involves doctors, nurses, hospitals, and public health, the consumption of alcohol, and the question whether a biological species, geared to four miles an hour on its legs, can adjust itself to twenty times that rate and survive indefinitely.

III

A few years ago I was in Odessa. I spoke no Russian, and English-speaking guides were rare. Finally I was informed at my hotel that just the right man was waiting in the lobby. His English was indeed excellent. This was the more extraordinary because my guide wore blue overalls and was a coal-black Negro. As an American I do not expect Negroes to speak like Oxford graduates. I expect them to speak like Senators from Alabama.

We went to the docks, to rest houses for workers that were once palaces for the rich, to factories, stores, beaches, and to the famous stone steps down which the Cossacks had charged in 1904. My guide asked me to come home to lunch with him. I was born north of the Mason and Dixon Line, and therefore I accepted, especially as he said his wife could make the best borscht in Odessa.

We went to his house—very neat, very poor. His wife came out, wiping her hands on an apron and smiling a welcome. "Hullo," she said. That was her only word of English. She was a comely Russian girl, whiter than I am. I steadied myself against the door. The happy pair beamed at each other and at me. I looked apprehensively for children, but none appeared.

While we ate the admirable borscht with tin spoons, my guide explained his household. He came originally from Jamaica. He had been a stoker on a British freighter which sailed from Odessa in a hurry during the civil war, leaving him behind. Negroes were rare in Odessa, and the Soviet authorities made much of him. They got him a job in the local power plant. Then, because he seemed lonely, they found him a wife. The difficulties of mating black with white never seemed to enter anybody's head. His wife was a school teacher. She loved her husband and was very proud of him. No other girl in Odessa had such a distinctive husband, who could talk beautiful English besides.

I was a long way from Atlanta, Georgia, or even from New York. I could only turn a mental somersault, eat the borscht and the butterless gray bread, and accept without comment what a great city of half a million people accepted.

If one intelligent black man and one intelligent white woman can live happily together in Odessa, why cannot the same thing happen anywhere else? The answer to that is easy: because other places, such as Atlanta, Georgia, are *not* Odessa. Folklore changes in space and in time. Well, suppose folklore about race were unified around the world. Could black men and white women, or black women and white men, mate as naturally as white and black horses, without ill effects on themselves or on their brown children? Is it *all* a matter of folklore? The answer to that is harder. The deeper the biologists dig into the matter, the more racial differences *which count* seem to recede. Professor Haldane concludes from the evidence that racial differences occur in superficial characteristics to begin with, such as skin coloring or hair texture, and that so much interbreeding has taken place since that most notions about racial purity are moonshine.

IV

From Odessa we jump halfway round the world, to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Not far from that town the Rio Puerco comes down from the high mountains of the north to join the Rio Grande. I am out with a group of technicians from the United States Soil Conservation Service. They drive me around a 30,000-acre project on the arid plain. They explain that the number of grazing sheep has been limited to the carrying capacity of the grass, and that both mechanical and biological controls are being tried, to hold the soil against wind and water erosion. A wire fence separates the controlled area from the rest of the plain. The difference between the two sides of the fence is striking. On the project side the grama grass grows tall and strong; on the other side it is sparse, brown, and weak.

We drive down to the banks of the Rio Puerco, beyond the controlled area. The river was once a clear stream in a shallow, narrow bed. It fed many little irrigation projects of the Pueblo Indians. Look at it now. The water is thick as pea soup, and there is very little of it. The narrow channel has widened in places to half a mile, cut into horrible, quaking clay canyons by the silt. Flash floods come down, tearing out bridges, covering the irrigated lands with gravel, destroying the ancient economy of the pueblos. Grazing lands topple into this loathsome abyss an acre at a time. Between floods the river may dry up completely. The underground water table of the whole valley is sinking fast.

What has happened to bring this desolation? Overgrazing on the plain, overcutting and fire on the timbered head waters in the mountains. White men have overturned the balance of natural forces, wrecking in a few years what it took millennia to build. I feel as if smoldering volcanoes were at work, preparing to blast living things out of this land altogether. Against them stand the men of the Conservation Service, but they are still few, and the ruin is great.

I look around the broad valley. The mountain wall is white with snow, for it is early March. The sun is bright and warm. The cloud streamers across the sky are of that indescribable luminosity which only New Mexico knows. This world has been here a long time. This vulture wheeling above us has been here a long time; that antelope we saw through the glasses has been here a long time. Vulture and antelope and Indian accept this world. We palefaces have refused to accept it. We saw a cash return in it. But the forces of nature are in delicate equilibrium in the arid lands of the Southwest. Another generation of neglect, and paleface, Indian, antelope, and bird must go.

Money loss, crop loss, water loss, game loss—these are practical problems, but I do not have to face them, living two thousand miles away. I am facing another problem, a philosophical problem if you will. I am a creature of this earth and so a part of these prairies, these mountains, these rivers and clouds. Unless I feel this dependence, I may know all the calculus and all the Talmud, but I have not learned the first lesson of living on this earth.

If there is fire in your house, you fight it. If there is death along the Rio Puerco, you fight that, as these men beside me are fighting. I go back to my hotel and wire that I will accept an invitation to give a talk on conservation, at a place I did not want to go to, and at a time which is very inconvenient.

V

I am lying on a lonely beach under the Florida sun. The gulf beyond the breakers is the color of milky jade. A man in a pink-silk shirt comes up and sits down on the sand beside me. He is not a prepossessing man. "That's a nice tan you've got," he says. I do not like the way he says it. I do not like the way he looks at me.

"So, so," I say.

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

He continues to look at me, more and more strangely. Suddenly I am filled with rage. I look him in the eye.

"I have two children."

"Oh," says the man. He gets up from the sand, brushes off his not too clean flannels, and walks away.

There is a round stone on the beach by my hand. I have a hot impulse to pick it up and throw it at his retreating pink shirt. I tell myself to wait a minute.

I look at the man again. He is limping. His face was plain as a picket fence. Putting these two facts together I begin to picture a crippled boy who was never asked to parties, at whom the girls turned up their noses, who was met at every turn in life with frustration, if not contempt.

The anger goes out of me, though the disgust remains. I begin to reconstruct my scientific knowledge of homosexuals. Some of them are born so. Indeed, all of us are born with both so-called male and female characteristics. When the male predominate, we are boys; when the female, we are girls; when they are equally divided, we balance feebly on the edge. We can no more help it than a moth can help flying into a lantern. Boys who are not strongly male to begin with may be driven over on the other side by being shunned by girls, by being constantly thwarted or repressed. This is not a matter of morals but a matter of chromosomes or psychological conditioning or both.

Homosexuals are born so many per hundred thousand, like albinos or left-handed persons. Some border-line cases can be reversed by a good psychiatrist. Perhaps homosexual tendencies are a kind of sickness, a deficiency disease.

I roll over on my back and watch a diving gull, making a white streak from blue sky to jade sea. Sick gulls die quickly. Only the healthy survive. The sick children of men are tolerated, and many are restored by medical invention. It is not nature's way, but it is a kind way and worth trying. The pink shirt is far down the beach now. Why throw stones at biology?

VI

I have written a speech in the course of which I say: "America will never tolerate fascism; democracy is too deeply imbedded in the national consciousness." I put the manuscript aside, and pick up a book on philosophy I have been reading. Presently I come upon Hegel's definition of love: "Love is the ideality of the relativity of the reality of an infinitesimal portion of the absolute totality of the Infinite Being."

This sounds alarmingly like nonsense, but the reputation of Hegel is profound. Let me see if I can squeeze some meaning from it. "Love" is the name for an emotion which takes many forms—the love of man for woman, of woman for child, of friend for friend, of disciple for master, of man for country. Hegel does not say which kind of "love" he is talking about. "Ideality" is an abstraction so high I lose it in the stratosphere. "Relativity" is a useful label in many contexts, but Einstein has warned that the context must be precise. The "relativity of the reality" is anything but precise. "An infinitesimal portion of the absolute totality" sounds like a small bit of a whole lot, but on second reading it turns out to be a small bit of the Infinite. When modern physicists mention the Infinite at all, they usually stipulate that a piece of the Infinite is itself infinite. On this assumption an "infinitesimal portion" of the whole show cannot be distinguished from the whole show.

But perhaps Hegel meant something different. Whatever he meant, he was unable to communicate it to me. I doubt if it has ever been communicated to anyone. The verbal structure itself forbids communication. I could spend my life contemplating this string of symbols and receive no reward.

So I cease to contemplate it. I pass it up. But the talk of Einstein and Planck I do not pass up. I do not understand all of it, but I know that by diligence I could come to understand it. The symbols connect with real things. With the symbols of Maxwell's field equations one can build 100,000 horse-power generators. In reading, in listening, I try to separate talk which goes round and round from talk which refers to something definite in the world outside my head.

I return to the manuscript of my speech. With a soft pencil I draw a thick black line through the sentence about fascism and the national consciousness of America. Perhaps Hegel could understand it, but I cannot.

VII

The telephone rings. I lift the receiver.

"Yes, this is Mr. Chase. . . . Yes, I wrote that book. . . . That's very flattering. . . . Yes, I am interested in writing other things. . . . That is a lot of money. . . . What kind of copy? . . . Well, I'm damned!"

I jerk the receiver back on the hook. Presently the buzzer rings again, but I do not answer it.

This decision was almost as fast a reaction as the knee jerk. By it I lost a contract for a fabulous sum per week, to write advertising copy for a patent medicine which I had exposed as worthless. Give me no credit for renouncing the fabulous sum. I did not need it. My book was selling very well. But what made me violate the folkways of the telephone, and hang up on a man who was making me a handsome offer? As well as I could analyze it, it was a feeling of nausea about the integrity of communication among American business men. I had made and proved certain statements. These statements, in the form of a book, had produced a financial return. The man on the other end of the telephone—he was a very big shot indeed—saw nothing amiss in asking me to contradict the statements for a larger financial return.

When people are locked together in an interdependent economic machine, the price of tolerable existence is clear communication. Otherwise the machine cannot be operated. Persons who set themselves up as writers and word dealers have a special responsibility in the power age. If they cannot be trusted to talk honestly, who can be trusted? If they can be sold out to the highest bidder like hogs on the hoof, where is an interdependent culture going to land?

This, I think, was the reason why I hung up the receiver. I want to get the truest news I can about the world, from those in a position to report this part of it or that. My survival may depend on it. Per contra I want to give the truest news I can. It is something like driving a car. That unspeakable tycoon wanted to pay me for driving at seventy miles an hour on the wrong side of the road, smashing up other people and smashing myself.

VIII

He is waiting for me in the lobby of the building where I have an office. His face is haggard. "What is it now?" I ask. For eight years I have listened to his sad stories of a promising mechanical invention and a possible fortune wrecked by fast-moving patent attorneys, broken contracts, failing friends, and, above all, by a deepening business depression.

"Have you five minutes to spare?" he asks.

I hesitate. I know that five minutes means probably an hour, and I am hoping to catch a train. He goes on talking.

"I had to decide Monday whether I would jump out of a window or go on relief."

"I see that you decided right."

"I don't know. The shame of it is killing me."

I can take a later train. If he had brought good news I would have dodged the interview.

"Come on up," I say. We go silently into the elevator. I close the door and sit down at my desk. His eyes shift wretchedly about the little room.

"Has it been your fault?" I ask.

"No. I don't think so. Not altogether, anyway. It's this depression. People haven't done the things they said they'd do. They couldn't. I couldn't get anywhere without capital. I couldn't manufacture the thing and sell it with my bare hands. Since I saw you last I've tried for any kind of a job—washing windows, selling insurance, anything. I suppose I'm no good."

"It isn't your fault. Look at it this way. In 1929 48,000,000 people in the country had jobs. They were good workers; they couldn't be accused of failure. Today only 40,000,000 of them have jobs, many of those at lower pay than in 1929. How could eight million people turn into bums and loafers almost overnight?"

"No. It doesn't make sense."

"Of course it doesn't. You've got plenty of company. There are about 20,000,000 American men, women, and children on relief. The banks are on relief. The railroads are on relief. If it weren't for the RFC they'd be busted wide open. You aren't up against personal failure. You're up against the failure of a whole economic system. Take your relief money and spend it. You've got it coming to you, and the spending helps the rest of us."

"You really think I have it coming to me?"

"Certainly. On two counts: first, on the ancient principle of group survival; second, on the modern principle that consuming is as important as producing. If relief were shut off, a sixth of the American population would starve to death. Not only that, but the loss of their spending, which runs into billions in the aggregate, would finish wrecking the economic machine. If you should all jump out of windows instead of going on relief the rest of us would have a depression which would make 1932 look like a Vanderbilt garden party."

"That makes me feel a little better. But where will it all end? The government can't afford it indefinitely."

"Perhaps the government can't afford it, but the American continent can. By that I mean government bonds may some day cease to be valuable, but there are enough fields, mines, oil wells, factories, power plants, and machines in the United States to give us all a good living. That's what counts in the end. We aren't going to throw up our hands and sink for the third time, with good solid life rafts all around us."

"But how are we going to get aboard these rafts?"

"Well, you're aboard one now. We can't 'afford' relief, but we've got it. Germany couldn't afford to rearm, but it did. Italy couldn't afford to conquer Ethiopia, but it conquered it. Russia couldn't afford a Five-Year Plan, but the factories, dams, and schools were built to schedule. England could never leave the gold standard without instant disaster, but it left it and began to prosper. What is impossible for bankers is becoming increasingly possible for engineers."

"So you don't think we're going all to hell?"

"No. We are in for a rough transition period. But I think, if a given community has enough resources, technical skill, man-power, and physical plant, the chances are it will find a way to eat what is already on the shelf. If that horrifies the bankers, it's too bad."

"I feel a lot better. I'm going to apply for one of those WPA engineering-research jobs. You don't mind shaking hands with a poor bum on relief?"

He held out his hand, with the first real smile I had seen on his face in years. I smiled, too.

"I may be with you any time. No one's job, no one's income, is sure today."

IX

These are all true stories. They show my reactions and decisions in seven specific situations. The reader is perhaps in a better position to construct my living philosophy from these experiments than I am myself. To me it seems that I tend to be guided in conscious decisions by four criteria:

1. That I am a creature of this earth. (The Rio Puerco case.)
2. That I am a member of a human group. (The headlight case, the telephone case, the relief case.)
3. That it is meaningless to judge other members of the group until the biological and psychological facts are in. (The Florida case, the Odessa case.)
4. That progress depends, not on revealed authority, not on ethics and morals which shift with the folkways, but on using the scientific attitude in social as well as in physical affairs.

Every human being is confronted with two major tasks: to establish a relation with the physical environment in which he is rooted as deeply as any oak, and to establish a relation with his fellow-creatures. The physical environment, in the sense of fresh air to breathe, cannot be neglected five minutes. In the sense of the balance of soils and waters, the penalties of neglect are less immediately apparent. But in the end, retribution is sure and terrible. Look at the dust bowl, at the Yellow River, at the blasted lands of Asia Minor.

If people were not members of a group they would not be human. Stripped of his group a man becomes as helpless as if he were stripped of his nervous system. If this truism of anthropology were better appreciated, there would be less silly talk about individualism and rugged independence. We cannot get away from other men, and wouldn't if we could.

How large the group should be for healthy survival becomes an increasingly interesting question. The dangers of inbreeding tend to fix a minimum size, while economic interdependence today indicates a much greater maximum than hitherto. Already a good part of a continent must be integrated if men are to be supplied with a reasonable budget of necessities and comforts. Even the 3,000,000 square miles of the United States do not furnish quite all the raw materials for that budget. Some day a Great Society may swing around the whole world. With the planet as the group unit, the only kind of war possible would be civil war.

Large or small, if one is perforce a member of a group, it is a good idea to realize it, and play ball. I find the easiest way to play ball is to analyze what makes my fellow-players act the way they do. Which of their more infuriating characteristics have been fixed by inheritance; which built in by early conditioning; which determined by custom and the folkways?

Finally, I admit to a deep conviction that progress is attainable through the methods of science. These methods have changed the face of the world since Bruno died at the stake to witness them three centuries ago. The applications of science have quadrupled the population of Western civilization, greatly improved its health, released billions of man-power of energy from coal, falling water, and oil, created a vast collectivized, interlocked culture. This is enough to indicate that the scientific method works, and that its laws and techniques are very powerful medicine indeed.

But the word has not got around. Most literate persons use the products of science continuously, but have little conception of the discipline. They still cling to revealed authority, and the revelations clash. Their minds are littered with ideological concepts incapable of verification. They subscribe passionately to Nazi dogma, Marxist dogma, Fascist dogma, Christian dogma, Jewish dogma, Mohammedan dogma, laissez-faire dogma, property dogma, and even dogma about political democracy. When a dogmatist like Hitler seizes military power, he stands ready to destroy a continent, his "Aryans" perishing with non-Aryans.

Once a person acquires a scientific attitude, dogma begins to melt out of his mind, as when the sun shines on an ice field. The scientific attitude reverses the older thought channels. Facts come first. Then one employs his reason to draw inferences from the facts. No facts, no useful concepts. The dogmatist uses his reason—and very powerful it often is—to select or torture the facts in support of his ideology. Dogma first, facts second.

The shoreline of history, to use the eloquent language of historians, is littered with the wrecks of civilizations. I will not list them, for the recital is getting to be tiresome. Perhaps civilizations are too much for *Homo sapiens* altogether. Perhaps we shall have to go back to gathering cocoanuts and spearing fish. But two observations are in order. When civilizations have fallen in the past, others have sprung up. We keep on trying. This is encouraging. Secondly, there has never been a civilization like the present one, built on inanimate energy and mathematical equations, with stations all over the world. If Europe's civilization is blotted out, America remains. If Europe and America are blotted out, Australasia and South Africa remain.

More cheerful than blotting out is the hope that the members of a culture founded on science will gradually be inculcated with the scientific attitude. For a few hours in the day, a few days in the year, millions of us are already capable of it. Can that small margin be extended, so that we can climb and hold on, and climb again? I do not know. But my hope is strong.

Poison in the Melting-Pot

BY GEORGE BRITT

THE German-American Bund at Madison Square Garden, New York, on February 20, gave the worst exhibition of Jew-baiting ever seen in the United States. It is doubtful if anything remotely approaching it in boldness and volume was ever staged here before. It has been sufficiently described—the keynote banners "Stop Jewish Domination of Christian America!" and "Wake Up, America! Smash Jewish Communism," the uniformed Nazis gleefully strong-arming dissent, prolonged applause for Father Coughlin, speakers dinning into the ears of the audience fierce abuse of Jews while at the same time flag-waving for Americanism.

Alongside this mass effort at character assassination it is quite justifiable to place two other attacks upon Jews, stabbings with knives instead of words, one occurring a few days before the Bund rally and the other a few days afterward. I would not overemphasize the coincidence. I haven't traced a direct connection of cause and effect. Still, they belong together.

On the evening of February 15 a little old bent, bearded Jew, past sixty, Hyman Mankas, was going home to Brooklyn. Two passengers, Joseph Quinn and Grant Martin, according to police charges, began insulting him in the subway. He left the train, went up an escalator, and got on the elevated. The men pursued. They got off at his station, the accusation runs, pulled his beard, beset him with cries of "lousy Jew" and "Jew refugee from Germany." A Jewish lad of eighteen who came to help him was knocked down and cut three times on the leg with a knife. When brought into court the two husky prisoners pleaded that they had acted in self-defense. An indictment on charges more serious than the original third-degree assault is still being sought.

The second stabbing of a Jew occurred in the early morning of February 23 on the half-deserted platform of the Grand Central subway station. As Irving Berger and a woman companion were waiting for a train, Berger relates, three men walked up and shouted, "Dirty Yidel." Those are fighting words. The young Jew struck back. And then, according to eyewitnesses, one of the trio held Berger against the guard-rail while a second stabbed him. He was cut five times, once in the abdomen quite seriously, receiving wounds which kept him two weeks in a hospital. Two men were arrested and gave their names as William and Joseph Molloy. Indicted for felonious assault, they pleaded not guilty.

Without more data it would be hysterical to read pogrom psychology into these two unprovoked attacks on Jews by non-Jews, notwithstanding the anti-Semitic battle cries. But it can be said that these stabbings are accurate symbols, at least, of what is bound to result from the anti-Jewish rabble-rousing now going on in New York. The German-American Bund rally was unfortunately no more than a magnified conglomerate of numerous other meetings held every week in New York, in obscure halls and on street corners, from Yorkville to the far edges of the city, all inducing hatred and inciting to violence.

Zealous proselyting by the Bund is to be taken for granted. But of late organizers have been busy also among other racial groups—Hungarians, Swiss, Scandinavians, Syrians, and Arabs—unifying them with the common denominator of anti-Semitism. All Bund meetings sell the official weekly paper *Deutscher Weckruf*, the "Protocols of Zion," and other anti-Semitic writings with incredibly moronic cartoons, seldom omitting Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*, Pelley's *Liberation*, and the rest.

Members of the Christian Front, an organization in the main Irish rather than German, deserve special citation as Coughlin's storm troopers. Only the brown uniforms are lacking. This group is strongest in Brooklyn, though it also meets in Manhattan. A delegation wearing "C. F." buttons attended a united veterans' meeting at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn on March 19 and booed loudly when the Jewish representative on the program, the distinguished Dr. Elias Lieberman, rose to speak. They were ejected, but when the audience started home it found "C. F." men waiting at the door, shouting for Coughlin, Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco.

The weekly programs of the Christian Front last summer featured the redoubtable Russell J. Dunn along with the group's own leader, a noisy stripling by the name of John F. Cassidy. Dunn has been screaming anti-Semitism with few interruptions since 1917, when he served a workhouse sentence for disorders provoked by his slogan, "Jews are all slackers." This experience he still refers to in self-indulgent emotionalism. Dunn works up his audiences with the skill of a Holy Roller revivalist until the men and women sit muttering, not "Amen, Brother," but "Kill the kikes."

During Dunn's recent illness his place has been taken most often by Floyd A. Caridi, president of the Flatbush Anti-Communist League, whose favorite subtlety is, "The first thing I do when I walk into a store is to call for a Christian salesman." Christian Front speakers have lifted certain Bund phrases which they repeat tirelessly: "President Rosenfeld," "the pink lady in the White House,"

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

and "the little red flower in City Hall." They warn the Mayor that they are going to ride up with guns. Members know their cues and are quick to boo at "Perkins" or "refugees," and to cheer "Coughlin" or "Hitler."

Long-suffering under abuse as they have been, the Jewish War Veterans at last turned out a thousand or more strong at a Christian Front open-air meeting held last fall at East Seventeenth Street and Kings Highway, Brooklyn. The meeting was smothered, the speakers retreated, Caridi was struck, and the program never started.

At a recent meeting of the Christian Front in Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, the Franco film, "Spain in Arms," was shown, with speakers adding comment. The recorded voice on the film itself did not mention Jews although it repeatedly insinuated the idea. When a group of prisoners from the International Brigade with somewhat Semitic features was shown, it advised, "Watch their faces closely." "Oy, Oy," responded the audience. "Look at the kikes, the Christ-killers, the mockies." One speaker solemnly warned, "I have been informed that the Jews are about to plunge America into a war with Hitler and Mussolini, and that Madame Perkins and President Roosevelt are in on the deal." Socialists, Communists, and Jews received a common denunciation. But it remained for the chairman, one Harold Walsh, to accomplish a dialectical masterpiece with the blast: "The Jewish War Veterans can denounce communism all day and all night, and they can call themselves Americans, but we members of the Christian Front are not fooled—we will deal with these people when the time comes, and we will pay special attention to Jews who sing the Star-Spangled Banner." Even Father Coughlin pretends to attack only Communist Jews. But the Brooklyn disciple makes all Jews Communists.

Dunn was the principal speaker at a meeting held in February at the McKinley Square Gardens in the Bronx, in the name of the Veterans' Organization of Christian Crusaders for Social Justice. The chairman was John O'Shea, head of the Queens Committee of the Flying Squad for Americanism. Praising Father Coughlin, Dunn condemned the Catholic church for not giving him more ardent support and for harboring his critics. He lingered fondly over Spanish atrocities. All the trouble in Spain, he said, was due to Jewish meddling. He reviled and assailed the Jews, winding up with "We must drive the lousy"—pausing here and waiting for the audience to scream "Jews, Jews, Jews." Then he resumed, "Shut up. I'll do the talking here. It's people like you who get me in jail. I mean Communists." And the audience roared with delight.

A meeting of the Christian Crusaders against Communists, held in Yorkville on February 13 with about 500 in attendance, started with an appeal to the American Nationalist Party, Italian Fascists, the German-American Bund, and the Christian Front to join hands with the Crusaders. Then the Franklin forgeries were brought up; then Coughlin, "greatest man since Jesus Christ," destined to be the Franco of America—cheers for Father Coughlin; then Coughlin's identification of the Bolsheviks as Jews; praise for William Dudley Pelley; eulogy of Hitler.

A speaker told how Jews had taken over New York while the Irish and Germans were away fighting the war. "What are you going to do about it?" Back came the shouts, "Kill the bastards!" The speaker smiled indulgently. That would be too much trouble. There mightn't be room to bury them all. Maybe the East River was the solution. With the Jews in control of everything, he said, he very much feared that violence was coming. How his blood had tingled, he recalled, when he saw the cops beating up Communists in front of the City Hall nine years ago, and he had stepped in and helped. He described a newspaper photograph of a policeman beating a Spanish Loyalist sympathizer in California. His hope was for a return of the good old police field days—"you know what I mean."

New York's plainest current display of anti-Semitism is the weekly picketing of radio station WMCA at Fifty-second Street and Broadway every Sunday afternoon in protest against the station's demand for advance editing of Father Coughlin's speeches. Coughlin's refusal to speak over WMCA on those terms has been a boon to anti-Semites. It was the most useful peg of the winter on which to hang demonstrations demanding toleration for his intolerance.

The first picketing was on Sunday, December 18, after a big rally on the previous Thursday by the Committee for the Defense of American Constitutional Rights. Attendance at the rally was predominantly Catholic—Christian Front members and the credulous worshipers of Coughlin. One organizer was a promoter by the name of Allen Zoll, then head of American Patriots, Inc., an associate of Bund Führer Fritz Kuhn. A few weeks later Zoll was to raise the anti-Semitic outcry against Felix Frankfurter's appointment to the Supreme Court. Since then he has been more quiet, and Christian Front speakers call him a renegade. Another was Edward James Smythe, a fellow-worker with the Bund, a user of multifarious letterheads, publisher of fly-by-night propaganda sheets, and for years a petty dealer in anti-Semitism. Smythe's most recent creation is the Protestant War Veterans of the United States, whose banner was in line at the first picketing. The Christian Front turns out faithfully every Sunday, and there are numerous pickets whose rich German accents suggest a Bund connection.

The anti-Semitism of the picket line exceeds Father Coughlin's simultaneous incitements over the air. The pickets shout, "Wake up, America—Buy Christian Only," "Down with the Jewish Warmongers," and "No Kosher Frankfurters." An occasional "Heil Hitler" is heard.

They paste anti-Jewish and "Buy Christian" stickers on walls and automobile windshields. They wear Coughlin's picture in their hatbands and carry it on banners. Their banners display the slogans: "Out with Internationalists —America for Americans," "Palestine! Has the Arab side ever been told over the radio?" "No More Refugees," "Is Flammsky going to decide your radio programs?"— a reference to Donald Flamm, president of WMCA.

The racial melting-pot of New York City invites hate propagandists. If you doubt that the Bund sees its chance, read the *Weckruf's* complaint of arrogance in the old-stock Americans: ". . . the nativistic spirit, the arrogant assumption that an unwritten clause of the Constitution grants them a patent of superiority . . . that unless you can trace your ancestry to some shoemaker or weaver in Britain, you are a citizen only by tolerance." This, from the fanatical Aryan racists who would make life unbearable in Germany for all but "pure" Germans, may sound like a joke. But the intent is serious. The Nazis are out to exploit every racial antipathy.

The Irish, thanks to Father Coughlin, have been enlisted by thousands as allies and instruments of Nazi anti-Jewish propaganda. Through the anti-Communist and pro-Franco trimmings supplied by Coughlin the campaign has won much useful help. Strong support is furnished by the Brooklyn diocesan weekly the *Tablet,* edited by Patrick F. Scanlan. Apparently the *Tablet* has thrived on this policy, lifting its circulation to a high of 100,000 and widening its appeal beyond Brooklyn. Coughlin is defended also by the influential anti-Communist publicist Father Edward Lodge Curran, although Father Curran has publicly washed his hands of Russell J. Dunn.

The Italians have fallen in line patriotically. The paper *Il Grido della Stirpe* regularly attacks the Jews; last fall it sponsored an anti-Jewish radio program over the Jersey City station WHOM which almost cost the station its license. Italian Fascists and the Nazis fraternize, and black-shirted *Squadristi* attend Bund celebrations. Teachers in New York schools report spasmodic downpours of anti-Jewish leaflets and stickers, and outbursts of defamatory mottoes chalked on the blackboards. These have been traced to children from Nazi and Fascist homes. And it is not uncommon in foreign-neighborhood schools for a current-events class dealing with Hitler or Stalin to be interrupted by some youngster speaking out to the teacher, "Those are lies and you are a red. I reported you to the Friday-night meeting."

This account of anti-Semitism in New York City today could not have been written a year ago. These things now in abundant open manifestation were not happening then. But in 1939 anti-Semitism in New York has ceased to be whispered and has become an open instrument of demagoguery, a vast outlet for idle energies. If a few stabbings occur after all this poison of hatred has been poured into the ears of dissatisfied small people, who can be surprised?

Pocket Guide

I GET a lot of letters from people who want to know what they can do to help themselves as buyers. Well, there's something going on in Washington right now about which you can do a good deal. These are the hearings under the new Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act.

Important features of the new law are to be carried out through regulations based on evidence given at these hearings. You should have somebody there to express your views. You can appear personally if you want to, or you can send a representative of any shoppers' organization you belong to. So far, hearings have been held on tomato products, egg products, and coal-tar coloring in foods, drugs, and cosmetics. The next hearing is set for April 10 and will be on canned peaches, apricots, pears, and cherries. Another on April 17 will be on canned peas.

A HEADACHE FOR YOU

On March 7 the Food and Drug Administration began to seize shipments of Bromo-Seltzer as "dangerous to health when used in the dosage or with the frequency prescribed" on the label. This is part of the government's drive against acetanilid-and-bromide preparations sold for headache and neuralgia. In order to put an end to such seizures, all that the manufacturers of Bromo-Seltzer and other such "packaged medicines" (new name for patent medicines) need to do is to get through Congress the first amendment to the new Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act. Passage of this simple amendment (H. R. 3951) would ruin that hard-won act. Any product coming under the act has to give certain information on its label. But if this new amendment goes through, any patent medicine sold by mail can escape these label requirements if it has a doctor on its staff to make diagnoses by mail.

The amendment was inspired by Dr. Nathan Tucker's Asthma Specific, a cocaine preparation made in Mount Gilead, Ohio. Its manufacturer doesn't seem to want to tell on his label what is in his remedy. Congress is getting numerous complaints from voters with asthma who say they will no longer be able to get "relief" unless they go to Mount Gilead for a diagnosis. That is nonsense, but it is also pathetic.

The sponsor of the amendment is Dr. Frederick C. Smith, a member in good standing of the American Medical Association. So far as I can find out, the A. M. A. hasn't opposed the amendment or jumped on Dr. Smith. But, then, it never did support the act during its birth struggles.

ROTTEN FISH

In the last few months the Food and Drug Administration has seized 150 or more shipments of frozen red-perch fillets because they were infested with parasites. These were put out by about twenty-five manufacturers around Boston and Gloucester, among whom were Gorton-Pew, Booth Fisheries, General Sea Foods, and Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Red perch is a kind of rock fish which fishermen used to throw back into the sea. Recently someone got a bright idea. Why not slice a fillet from each side of the fish, freeze it, and ship it to the Middle West? Customers there don't know so much about sea food. As a matter of fact, the red-perch fillets quickly became popular at fish fries and in small shops.

But the Food and Drug Administration took a look at the fish and found that they looked as though they were hung with medals. The decorations proved to be parasites, not worms but copepods, which, I learn, are related to shrimps but not so good to eat. As if the parasites weren't enough, the seized fish have often been rotten besides. The manufacturers were no doubt guiltless of any evil intention. They were merely carried away by a bright idea which they never subjected to any sensible testing.

GELATINE AND YOUR MUSCLES

Did you see all that publicity and those ads about gelatine and how it gives your muscles a pickup? All supposed to be a new discovery. But two years ago Squibbs began to introduce Glycine, the important constituent of gelatine, to doctors. Before you start drinking a lot of gelatine it might be a good idea to find out what success Squibbs and the doctors had—and also to wait for more experiments.

BUYING A NEW CAR?

Automobile manufacturers spent $50,000,000 in 1938 telling of their wonderful cars. But they sounded like a crowd of little boys yelling, "My Pop's bigger than your Pop." It's pretty hard to spread $50,000,000 over such a limited appeal. And it's even harder if you happen to believe, as do the automobile manufacturers, that "a car is its own best advertisement," and that "it's up to the dealer."

Better throw all the ads in the wastebasket. Take a few hours to drive around to your neighborhood dealers and see where you can make the best dicker on a trade-in for your old car. The difference between one new car and another is sometimes not so great as the difference in what the dealers will allow you on your old one.

SELLING YOUR OLD CAR?

In 1938 used cars had so piled up that a million dollars was spent to clear them out of the way. Remember the newsreels, showing bonfires of used cars? That million dollars sold some cars but not enough to pay, because you can't sell used cars in such a flashy way.

If you've got a used car you want to sell, the best place to advertise it is in the modest Want Ad columns. Use the briefest description. Give facts only. The statement, "Four good new tires," will work better than any talk about the engine.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

REPERCUSSIONS of Jerry Voorhis's appointment to the Dies committee are already evident. Recently the committee held an executive session, pledging all present to secrecy and barring all reporters. One paper, and only one, got a report of what took place—the Silver Shirt weekly *Liberation,* which described Voorhis's conduct at the meeting. Voorhis, considerably aroused by the leak, is hunting down its source. Incidentally, the same issue of *Liberation* carried ads for reprints of Representative Thomas's speech denouncing Secretary Perkins. Thomas is another Dies committee member.

SPURRED BY the introduction of loosely framed laws to curb "un-American" groups, the Communist Party is quietly hastening its own "Americanization." The clenched-fist salute is being discarded, singing of the "Internationale" soft-pedaled; "fractions" are being wiped out and even "shop papers" slated for extinction. The last point is causing controversy because of the popularity of sheets issued at the New York *Times* and *Time* offices; these may get a special dispensation.

IN AN account of a recent Supreme Court argument the New York *Times* quoted Felix Frankfurter as expressing doubt that Congress could permit states to tax salaries of federal employees; Frankfurter said, it reported, that a constitutional amendment might be necessary. Intimates of his who were present at the hearing insist that the reporter missed the point—that Frankfurter spoke in a tone of pronounced irony, ignoring the possibility that he might be taken literally.

AMID THE universal uncertainty over Hitler's ultimate course, it is worth noting that the Nazis haven't forgotten Eupen-Malmedy, the territory lost to Belgium after the war. The 1939 edition of Spemann's art calendar, a popular German calendar, lists "national memory days"; for July 24, 1939, Nazi memories are to recall the *"Scheinabstimmung in Eupen-Malmedy"* (fake plebiscite in Eupen-Malmedy).

THERE'S ONE story which World's Fair publicists aren't promoting but which may get headlines soon—about the discrimination against Negroes seeking World's Fair jobs. Negro organizations are up in arms over the fact that Negroes are apparently being denied all but menial jobs at the fair. Thus far they've got no satisfaction from Grover Whalen. If he is adamant, there may be a national outcry with important echoes in Washington.

FROM HOLLYWOOD come reports of pressure on Eddie Cantor to soft-pedal anti-Hitler notes in his broadcasts. . . . Senator Burke is deluging newspaper editors, employers, and others with anti-Wagner Act material furnished by the N. A. M.; the material goes out under a government frank. . . . France is imposing a strict censorship on Tunisian correspondents. . . . The firm bringing out the German edition of Rachel Lyman Field's "All This and Heaven Too" asked her to let her name appear as Lyman Field; she refused. . . . A new afternoon daily, tabloid-size, is definitely being born in New York.

WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER: The Chicago *Tribune,* in a story on the Washington hotel strike, reported that numerous New Dealers had openly or surreptitiously passed the picket lines. Among them, it said, was Congressman Adolph Sabath of Illinois, who was reported to have sneaked from the hotel drugstore to his rooms when the pickets weren't looking. But the Congressman, it developed the next day, had an air-tight alibi. At the time he was said to have entered the hotel he was at a funeral in Chicago.

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item received in March goes to H. B., of Pittsford, New York, for the clipping about Japanese seed-growers published two weeks ago.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Stage Set for Massacre

IT WAS a great privilege to meet the other evening Herbert L. Matthews, correspondent in Spain of the New York *Times,* who stayed with the Loyalist forces until they were driven into France. I am not at liberty to quote any words he spoke on that occasion, but I want to take this opportunity to pay my tribute to him. I think that he upheld the finest traditions of American journalism in his reporting of the Spanish struggle. Although he has been charged, as honest journalists often are, with having been in the pay of the government whose acts he reported, I have been convinced all along that he was being extraordinarily objective, and I was confirmed in that opinion when I heard him talk. In Ethiopia, in Spain, wherever he has been, Mr. Matthews has distinguished himself. That men like him, Jay Allen, Vincent Sheean, and Lawrence Fernsworth, to say nothing of Ernest Hemingway and others, have felt so deeply for the Loyalist cause is proof to my mind that it was not only a just one but compelling in its appeal.

This whole Spanish situation is dreadful beyond words. On the human side the outlook is appalling, for submission of the Loyalists can only be postponed a short time and Franco is on record as having threatened wholesale massacres. It is pretty reliably reported that 5,000 people were shot within forty-eight hours after Franco got into Barcelona! He has decreed the "Law of Political Responsibilities," designed "to liquidate the political errors of those who contributed by their acts *or by serious omissions to the provocation of red subversion* [italics mine], and continuing in their conduct for more than two years have thus helped to paralyze the triumph of the Nationalist movement. . . ." This covers about three million people, and a special court has been set up to try the victims and to pronounce sentence on those who are found guilty of some "omissions" or other. The law mentions as specially guilty those who "held executive positions in the Popular Front parties and their affiliates"; those who were charged with missions of trust by the Popular Front; those who organized the 1936 elections; those who were government candidates for the Cortes of 1936, which includes the electors for the presidential elections; members of the Cortes of 1936 who contributed by action or abstention to implant the ideas of the Popular Front; those who were Freemasons after July 18, 1936; those who remained abroad after July 18, 1936, and fail to return within a given period of two months.

It is to be noted that the election of the Cortes in 1936 was legal and took place *before* there was any talk of rebellion, and therefore the victims who fall into this category are to be tried by an ex post facto law for having exercised their legal rights and functions. In other words, the stage is set for one of the greatest massacres in history, and if England and France and other countries, and the Catholic church, permit this to come to pass without protest they will have only themselves to blame for what will be another horrible indictment of humanity and civilization—already so discredited and degraded by what has happened in Germany and Ethiopia and China. I wonder that anyone dares say today that human beings are superior to the animals in the jungle. In this connection may I express the hope that if there are philanthropically minded people who still have money left to give away they will not overlook the pitiable conditions among the hundreds of thousands of refugees driven out of Spain and living in holes and horrible shanties or sleeping on the ground in France?

As for the political aspects of the Spanish situation, it seems to me that they are going to avenge the Loyalists upon England and France very soon—and dreadfully. I cannot claim to be an expert on Spain, but I do believe that the British lifeline has been definitely and permanently cut, that Gibraltar is finished as a useful fortress, that France is now in greater danger from attack on its unfortified Spanish frontier than at any other point on its boundaries, and that Spain will be a tremendous weapon in the hands of the Germans and Italians. I cannot recall in all history another case of such sublime stupidity as that which has marked the attitude of England and France toward the Spanish war. It looks as if they have literally dug their own graves. Is there anybody so innocent as to believe that Italy and Germany will yield their economic advantages in Spain, or that Italy will give up the Balearic Islands, or Germany its base in the Canary Islands, which would be of vast importance in the event of war with England? It may be that Franco really wants to be finished with his allies, but he will not decide that; the Italians and the Germans will decide. Experts believe that Spain holds more danger for Europe than Rumania. This is Christianity and humanity in March, 1939. And we are asked to defend with the lives of our sons two such monstrously unjust and stupid governments as those of France and England.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"Come, Sleep . . ."

BY LOUISE BOGAN

The bee's fixed hexagon;
The ant's downward tower;
The whale's effortless eating;
The palms' love; the flower

Burnished like brass, clean like wax,
Under the pollen;
The grasses' rough blade upright;
The smooth swathe fallen:

Does the shadow of these forms and appetites
Appear, when these lives give over,
In sleep, the role of the selfish devourer,
The selfless lover?

Surely, whispers in the glassy corridor
Never trouble their dream.
Never, for them, the dark turreted house reflects itself
In the depthless stream.

Open Letter to Nora Waln

REACHING FOR THE STARS. By Nora Waln. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

DEAR MRS. WALN: Reading your book "Reaching for the Stars" was an exciting experience for me. The years which you passed voluntarily in my country I have passed voluntarily in foreign lands, and I was beset by varied feelings as I breathlessly turned your pages. Your report is thoroughly sincere, it seems to me; my letter shall also be sincere, and I address it to you instead of to the readers of this magazine because you are used to receiving letters from Germans and because I should like to have you listen to my voice with the same patience and open-mindedness with which you listened to voices in the Third Reich.

The Nazis were enthusiastic about you. Hitler presented thirty-five copies of "The House of Exile" to his friends, and you were "pleased." You have chosen to tell three little stories about the Führer, each more ingenuous, more charming, more touching than the others. He settled a quarrel among the inhabitants of a village in wise and kindly fashion; he refused to let the wheels of his motor car crush the flowers which had been strewn before him (perhaps you know that according to a Nazi law strewing flowers before the Führer is strictly forbidden—bombs might be hidden among the bouquets); and he offered a chair to an aged veteran. These are the three anecdotes which you tell about Hitler. Yet you have seen the German terror with your own eyes, heard it with your own ears, and felt it in your heart, which is filled with the sense of justice and love for your fellow-men.

The Nazis were enthusiastic about you. I, too, am enthusiastic about much in your book. There are stories in this diary that are classic in construction, and doubly effective through their seeming lack of art: for instance, the account of that shocking Christmas celebration—how the fairy-tale forest and the magical *Gemütlichkeit* of Christmas Eve were filled with horror when a faithful old servant (he had worked at the castle for twenty-three years) refused to serve the feast because there was a Jewess among the guests. He stands there and utters Nazi threats against his good masters, whom he has been spying on for years. "International pacifist," he shouts insultingly, and, "You read the *Times,*" which is almost a sentence of death. In the end the children serve the meal, and the cook and the chauffeur show their friendliness. The festival becomes a truly charming one after all: you go to Christmas mass, and in the enchantment of the snowy Christmas morning the reader recovers from the shock caused by the surly Nazi butler. Much later in the book—one could easily overlook it—you mention in an aside the arrest of your Christmas host. Dear Mrs. Waln, this is an example, and it is typical. You have seen frightful things, and you are honest enough not to deny it; but often you wipe out the impression which you have created by speaking in the next breath of the sunshine or the flowers or the "transitoriness of human errors." These errors, these inhuman errors, of the rulers of Germany have not been transitory, and the mildness with which you judge them without ever really condemning them will do little to banish them.

In a long chapter you discuss the marriage laws of the Third Reich. You study old marriage customs and the decrees of the Führer with the same scientific respect. You speak of his race and sterilization laws as if they were natural and acceptable. You say nothing of the indescribable human misery that they provoke; nothing of the shameful and senseless cruelty of compelling a healthy man to be sterilized because he limps—while the German Propaganda Minister trots his children on his club foot; nothing of the disappearance of "love" in Germany. Instead you give us attractive bits of local color and tenth-century proverbs.

The chapter A Nation at Work could have been written by a Nazi except in a few minute places, and the credulity with which you repeat without comment the propaganda slogans of the rulers of Germany would be touching if one did not have to fear the harm it will do. Once you catch a Nazi official in an especially glaring falsification. He has named with pride a small sum which you afterward establish to have been ten or fifteen times as large. Yet you say, "I am sure that he believed what he told me." Why? On what experience do you base that opinion? Don't we know how they lie, and that for them the end justifies all means?

Your first experience in Germany was the blood bath of June 30, 1934. You wanted to leave. You stayed to please your husband, who had his heart set on pursuing his musical studies in Germany and nowhere else. Blood and tears you saw flowing. Persons dear to you vanished into the abyss, and the cries of the tortured penetrated your flower-decked home. But, on the whole, life in Hitler's working, singing Germany wasn't bad, was it? Better perhaps than in the United States, where there is so much noise and so many unemployed. That is the impression your readers will gain, I am sure. You are a Quaker, dear Mrs. Waln, and you spent fourteen years in China. You believe in intelligent goodness, and you do not believe in force. I beg you to realize that I share your belief. But the future will be dark in Germany and everywhere else on the earth as long as Hitler stays in power, and his power cannot be broken by intelligent goodness. A good German, a professor and an upright man, said to you, "An author has power to influence others and power to confuse others. Words must be used with care."

I am certain you have used care. Nevertheless, you leave me confused. The feeling of friendship and admiration which I have for you because you have written this earnest, beautiful, and careful book is overlaid by my uneasy sense of how dangerous your undertaking can be. You reach for the stars while here below the terrible confusion demands that everybody take a clear and definite position. I am a foreigner in your country. Thankfully I breathe deep drafts of the air of freedom. I hope you will pardon this letter and not call it a misuse of freedom. I have written it out of a very deep anxiety for the continuance of this freedom, which I value more than life. ERIKA MANN

French Family

THE THIBAULTS. By Roger Martin du Gard. The Viking Press. $3.

THE chief service of the Nobel Prize to literature is not to confirm acknowledged excellence: after all, what is the need of informing the world, a trifle late, that Kipling, Shaw, or Thomas Mann has attained international fame? A much more vital benefit is to bring before the civilized public some work of the highest value which somehow has missed popular acclaim. This is eminently the case with Roger Martin du Gard. He was not ignored in France; but he never won the popularity, the academic rewards, the obvious or esoteric authority that went to his luckier rivals. In America a translation of the earlier parts of this novel, a few years ago, created absolutely no stir.

The unique quality of "The Thibaults" is elusive. Outwardly the book belongs, like "Buddenbrooks" and "The Forsyte Saga," to the well-known genre of family chronicles. The theme is simple: like "Fathers and Sons," like "The Brothers Karamazov," like "Not the Murderer but the Murdered Bears the Guilt," it deals with the mutual incomprehension, the secret hostility or flagrant conflict, between generations. The formula is obvious; the treatment is restrained. With one minor exception Martin du Gard in this book eschews the abnormal and the melodramatic as rigorously as the farcical. The style is unobtrusive. Martin du Gard has no tricks. He does not display even the Calvinistic austerity of form which is the one trace of affectation in André Gide's most perfect passages. The book presents itself with a simplicity, an honesty, a modesty which are profoundly classical.

This classical impression is enhanced by the curious timelessness of the work. In his first great novel, "Jean Barois," Martin du Gard used as his background and even as his main theme the spiritual crisis of the Dreyfus case; in his last one, "Summer 1914," the drama is less that of the individual soul than that of Europe rushing to destruction. In "The Thibaults," on the contrary, the subject is eternal, and the setting, although very definite and realistic, almost irrelevant. The Thibaults belong to that upper middle class which, for six centuries and under all regimes, has been the mainstay of France. We are reminded once that fat old Fallières is President, but we have no sense of the impending world crisis. Jacques is a militant Socialist, but only as a century before he would have been a Carbonaro. Tone and spirit do not radically differ from certain scenes in Molière's "Miser." The extraordinary continuity of French life and letters could hardly be better illustrated.

Oscar Thibault, the father, is the protagonist: with his death this cycle of the saga properly ends. He is presented almost exclusively through the impression he produces on his two sons. The younger he drives twice into flight; even the elder, not rebellious, but solid, energetic, disciplined, is frankly hostile. Yet this indirect portrait is not a caricature, and the book is not a one-sided satire against the world of Oscar Thibault. Slowly, after the man's death, sons and readers begin to realize the elements of greatness in him—veiled but not destroyed by his superficial will-to-greatness, his conceit, his dictatorial manner. There is no revelation, no conversion; if Oscar Thibault were still alive, we should shun him and combat him as vigorously as ever. But there is a growing sense of pity over the frustration of the lonely man, and the waste in him of those earnest virtues that the world so imperiously needs.

Antoine is the model son; ambitious, a hard worker, he is well started on a brilliant medical career. He believes himself to be an emancipated Thibault. His father is a pillar of the church; he is an agnostic. His father stands for the most rigid puritanism; Antoine avails himself without compunction of the unlimited freedom offered by cosmopolitan Paris. But, faults and virtues, Antoine is a thorough Thibault, a *grand bourgeois.* He is eager to assume his rightful place among the masters; he is without meekness, without humility; in his alleged anarchism he is guided by a hereditary sense of *Bourgeoisie oblige:* a Thibault must rule, but can rule only when he serves. At last he is obliged to confess that his own "modern" principles are not providing the armature of his life; it is his father's faith, his father's pride, his father's example which are still working within him and through him.

Although the Unprodigal Son, for once, is not sacrificed, it is undoubtedly the "problem child," Jacques, who is the central character. Nervous, ill-balanced, rushing into romantic and equivocal attachments, ever on the perilous edge between saintliness and vice, he is a fervent disciple of the earlier André Gide:

> Nathanael, I will teach you fervor . . .
> A throbbing, lawless life . . .
> A harrowing existence, Nathanael, rather than tranquillity.

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His father tries to tame him by imprisoning him in a reformatory, and nearly succeeds in degrading him beyond redemption. Jacques makes a last effort to fit in with organized society. He is admitted to the great Ecole Normale, which molds an élite of scholars and writers. At the last moment he cannot bear even this refined regimentation; as in childhood, he runs away again. But he is no true "immoralist." If he rebels, it is against lies, and in order to reach, in his own conscience, the eternal verity. A Rousseauistic dream! Will the truth be found in his own instincts? Jacques wrestles with the same doubt which still torments his master and guide, André Gide. Both are too proud to capitulate to the low, to the beast within. They seek a sign that their impulses are at one with the moral law, which still haunts their puritanical consciences; and they seek in vain. Jacques hates, dreads, and loves the law, as he dreads and secretly loves his father. He alone brings to the grave a disinterested tribute.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Descent into the Good

BEWARE OF PITY. By Stefan Zweig. Translated from the German by Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt. The Viking Press. $2.50.

STEFAN ZWEIG is of course like some Viennese Jupiter from whose brow leaps not only Minerva, "mature and in complete armor," but Marie Antoinette, Mary of Scotland, Mrs. Eddy, etc. Astute propagator, Zweig has himself populated that literary cosmos he hails in "Three Masters," its continents inhabited only by the great and their lives formed of essences. Yet even a Zweig must grow weary upholding such a world. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown of Stendhal, Mesmer, Tolstoy. During those twilight moments of the consciousness in which our anxieties give their shape to all things, does Zweig, I wonder, ever behold his Casanova converting his Calvin? In such illogical periods does Zweig's Freud whisper a few words to him on the probable water phobia of Zweig's Magellan? Perhaps it is to free himself from the resounding chains of his own fecundity that Zweig now writes, in his first full-length novel, the strange story of a very ordinary Austrian officer who has no exalted role in history, whose main distinction, in fact, is that he has never thought or felt at all.

Such is the valiant hero of "Beware of Pity," Herr Leutnant Hofmiller, this gossipy, sweet-hearted, most peaceful warrior whose sympathy for the crippled Edith Kekesfalva betrays them both. In a provincial garrison town of pre-war Austria, the "busily empty" days filled with the deliberations of little magistrates, notaries, apothecaries, the sick girl attracts the officer first by her wealth, then by her companionship, and lastly by her disease itself. For the first time in his life Hofmiller feels pity for another human being, and this pity ruins his life. He has the desire to do good but not the courage. Zweig develops this thesis very eloquently, using a dramatic, perhaps even a theatrical story, but through his irony saving himself from sentiment or sententiousness. Poor Hofmiller is so eager to become a Magyar Samaritan. As he advances down the dreadful path of good intentions, as we behold his parched soul at once flourishing and perishing,

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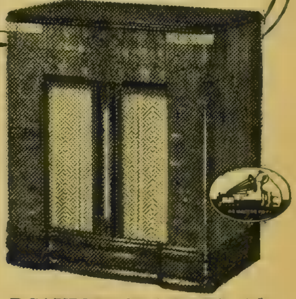

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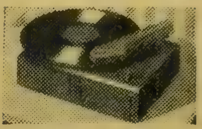

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how joyous he is! "Could it be that an ordinary young fellow like me had power over other people?" Zweig does not, however, rest on irony. It would be tempting for us to conclude that Hofmiller should never have yielded to the corrosive force of emotion, but this conclusion implies an easy cynicism which Zweig has never affected. Today especially, as Zweig realizes, we must keep our capacity for sympathy. Hofmiller's tragedy is that his temperament seeks the affections which make life fruitful, but his education has ignored them. Hofmiller's new friend, the great specialist, Herr Doktor Condor, makes this clear with his second kind of pity—"the unsentimental but creative kind which knows what it is about."

For Condor, this plump, clammy-handed scientist whose physiognomy belies his intellect, is also bent on helping men, but in his approach he is as merciless as any tyrant. "For me, I would have you note, there are no incurable illnesses." To Condor Edith's desperate case was simply "not yet curable," until Hofmiller, this average young man whose own feelings have been so little trained that we cannot say if they are healthy or diseased, pulls down Condor's work. Here is expressed, I believe, Zweig's conflict. Between these two characters the battle of the book and of Zweig's mind is fought. And though Hofmiller loses this particular struggle, his defection serves to clarify Zweig's answer. "Beware of Pity" is not after all an interlude from the biographer's burden. Avoiding both the grandiose expectations of nineteenth-century liberalism and the dogmatism of contemporary extremes, Zweig's novel represents the sharpened humanism of what we may call Europe-in-Exile. Here Zweig reaffirms a faith in civilizational technics, and if this faith is harder—the clinical manner of his Condor replacing the organ-grinding effusions of Thomas Mann's Settembrini—it is nevertheless not a fanaticism. "Beware of Pity" is hardly a flight into the realm of man's good. It is a descent. But, Condor would have you note, we do not crash.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Swastika over Denmark

RATS IN THE LARDER. By Joachim Joesten. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

MOST people have only a limited number of mental associations with Denmark, a country which seldom makes the headlines. It suggests such things as farm cooperatives, adult education, a benevolently bearded Socialist premier, a bicycling king, lager beer, and the Tivoli Gardens. The general impression is of a democratic, socially well-adjusted state, happily outside the main currents of European politics. Up to 1933 that picture would not have been inaccurate, but today Denmark's independence has been undermined and German "protection" is an ever-present threat. This book shows how and why. Its author, a German now deprived of his nationality, has lived many years in Scandinavia as a correspondent, and the evidence he has mustered is most impressive.

It is Denmark's misfortune to command the narrow approaches to the Baltic and to be neighbored on the south by an aggressive military power to whom control of that sea is of first-class strategic importance. Nor is this Germany's only interest in Denmark. The skilled and highly organized farmers of this small country produce an immense amount of meat and dairy products. In the event of war with Britain this "larder" could supply Germany with the foods it most lacks. Further, Denmark has great potential value as an air base both for attacks on northern Britain and as a means of intimidating Norway and Sweden. Equally, of course, it would be a very useful jumping-off ground for bombing the German armament plants which cluster so thickly along the Baltic coast.

For all these reasons there is little doubt that the outbreak of war would result in an immediate invasion of Denmark. Even in the last war, as Mr. Joesten shows, Danish neutrality was only nominally preserved. Its territorial waters were violated by the German fleet, and it was forced to mine the channels into the Baltic. The Danes have now even fewer means of resisting German threats than they had in 1914. The frontier is unfortified, and there is practically no army to guard it: Copenhagen is very inadequately protected against air attack. One reason is that, at least since 1907, Denmark's defense plans have been subject to German veto. In that year, as a result of secret negotiations, the Danish government undertook to join Germany if unable to remain neutral in a war and agreed to strengthen coastal defenses so as to ward off attack by sea—that is, by Britain or Russia. This was carried out, but nothing was done to prevent invasion from the south.

Since the Nazis came to power the same policy has been followed. Constant pressure from Berlin has been exercised to prevent any military measures which might prove inconvenient to German plans. There has been some increased expenditure on the navy, but land forces have been further reduced. And when Sweden proposed a concerted plan for the defense of all Scandinavia, it was turned down by the Danish government emphatically and even rudely.

It is not only in defense matters that Germany interferes. Not long ago the leading conservative paper in Copenhagen quoted a statement made in the British Parliament about Nazi behavior in the Sudetenland. The German minister protested, and subsequently an abject apology was published and the brilliant foreign editor dismissed. Kaj Munk, a conservative parson and one of Denmark's leading dramatists, could get no Danish producer to put on his latest play, which dealt critically with German racial theories. In Sweden it is the success of the season.

How can Germany exercise such effective pressure? One method, described at length by Mr. Joesten, is the threat to raise the North Schleswig question. This province, seized by Germany in 1864, returned to Denmark in 1920 after a plebiscite in which 75 per cent of the voters favored reunion. Germany never accepted this verdict, and since the Nazis came to power irredentist propaganda has been intensified and the German minority strongly organized. No formal demand for the return of North Schleswig has yet been made, but at opportune moments Berlin hints that this "bleeding frontier" is not forgotten.

Mr. Joesten blames Denmark's plight largely on its own inertia and timidity. He might with justice have assigned greater responsibility to Britain, which by its fiscal policies has forced Denmark to greater economic dependence on Germany. Worse still, by its betrayals of the League and its acquiescence in aggression, it has forced small nations to agree with their adversaries quickly. We can hardly expect exposed countries like Denmark to resist evil when great democracies so constantly turn the other cheek.

It is a great pity that this book has no maps. In considering the Danish problem geographical factors are all-important, and even one simple map of the Baltic region would have been a real boon to the reader.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Social Security Analyzed

SOCIAL SECURITY. By Maxwell S. Stewart. Revised and Enlarged Edition. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

SOCIAL SECURITY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Paul Douglas. New Revised Edition. Whittlesey House. $3.50.

MAXWELL STEWART and Paul Douglas will probably feel no pain if I refer to them as disciple and apostle of social insurance, respectively, while acknowledging Abraham Epstein as master. The debt of both to the master and to Epstein's precursor, Rubinow, are apparent in the revised editions of their works on social insurance which have just been issued. Disciple and apostle are bound to be compared with each other. As a young and relatively recently converted heathen, I rush in where angels may fear to tread.

Maxwell Stewart's book is analytic and synthetic in general character, while Paul Douglas is genetic and chronological in his approach. Stewart's book is of especial interest to the student of the economic and social aspects of social security. Douglas's book has unique value for the student of the politics of social insurance.

Mr. Stewart covers in his Part I the reasons why social insurance had to come to pass in this country. The material included is that contained in Parts I and II of Epstein's classic work, but it is presented in a more condensed and more readable form. Both the tables and the text have been brought fully up to date. The statistical argument for the various forms of social insurance is quite as compelling in 1939 as it was when the book originally appeared. Part II covers the Social Security Act, its defects as evidenced by four years of experience with it, criticism advanced both from the left and the right, and the rising demand for some form of health insurance. Part III brings up to date the European experience with social insurance and indicates what has happened in Hitler's Germany and Chamberlain's England. The final section of the book outlines the attack on the act from the direction of Townsend and Lundeen, covers proposed actions in the present session of Congress, and concludes with a lucid and well-argued brief for social insurance as an instrument for the achievement of economic stability.

Mr. Stewart makes it perfectly clear that social insurance can be either a violently unsettling or an important stabilizing factor in our economic society, depending upon the manner in which reserves are handled, funds are collected, and benefits are distributed. He comes out flat-footedly for a pay-as-you-go system with funds provided from progressive income and inheritance taxation. With this conclusion few students of social security will disagree. The trick is, however, to sell this idea to a public mind dominated by the analogy with private insurance and to the recipients of big incomes who don't like to pay taxes.

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Professor Douglas explains how Topsy grew up. As each step in this growth is detailed, it becomes apparent why Topsy has so much Turvy in her character. There is a political reason for most of the defects in the Social Security Act. Mr. Douglas's chronological account makes these reasons clear. Although his book is primarily of interest to students of politics, Mr. Douglas presents a good deal of the economic and social material included, under a different arrangement, in Stewart's book. Part II consists of a thorough analysis of the provisions of the Social Security Act, Part III of the economic and constitutional problems raised by the act, and Part IV of the chronology of developments since its passage. Of the two revisions Mr. Stewart's is the more thoroughgoing, since the arrangement of his material compelled him to change almost every chapter in order to bring it up to date. The chronological development of Mr. Douglas's subject enabled him—with slight changes in Part III—to modernize his treatment simply by adding chapters at the end of the book. Both books include valuable appendices. Mr. Douglas presents the full text of the act. Mr. Stewart has compiled complete tables showing the response to date of the state governments to the provisions of the act. For use by the lay reader and casual student of social security, the palm goes to Mr. Stewart's book as an indispensable point of departure. Mr. Douglas's revision is a valuable complement to it. The advanced student must still return to Epstein and to Rubinow.

ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

Study of the Senate

THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES. By George H. Haynes. Houghton Mifflin. Two Volumes. $8.50.

THIS is an indispensable book for every student of American political institutions. Nowhere else are the history and practice of the pivotal legislature of the United States so carefully described or so amply illustrated. Mr. Haynes knows the documents as no one else can ever have done; and from his massive information he has produced a treatise to which every subsequent commentator will have to turn. Not, indeed, that the book is without its defects. I do not think Mr. Haynes explains satisfactorily why the incidence of importance in Congress has changed from the House to the Senate. I do not think, either, that he has set his narrative sufficiently in the changing context of the historic scene. He seems to me more tender than his own facts would warrant to matters like the share of the Senate in the nominating power, and to the ludicrously inept procedure by which it still lives. Some of his comments, notably on the court fight, suggest that he is inadequately aware of the wider implications of his own theme; I doubt, for instance, whether anyone acquainted with Justice Black's superb record since he went to the Supreme Court would have made Mr. Haynes's comment on his appointment. In general, indeed, Mr. Haynes's strength lies in careful accumulation of detail rather than in comment upon its meaning. Philosophic analysis of the problems presented by the habits of the Senate is not his forte. From this angle his work is a supplement to, rather than a corrective of, Professor Lindsay Rogers's vivid volume. As a commentary the latter still holds the field.

The reader, indeed, has to bring his own scheme of values to Mr. Haynes's descriptive account. I do not think he does justice to senatorial achievement in the realm of social investigation. I suspect that a far better case could be made out for the Senate's part in the treaty-making power than is here made. The committee system seems to me much less satisfactory in operation than appears from Mr. Haynes's account. If it has done well in some cases in indefensible judicial nominations, it has accepted, even down to the latest date, ambassadorial appointments which do little honor either to itself or to the President. The kind of attitude it has taken to an appointment like that of Mr. Amlie to the Interstate Commerce Commission is difficult for a foreigner to understand. Nor does Mr. Haynes make enough of the curious influence upon senatorial policy of the President's waning prestige as his term draws to a close. He has not seen, either, the significance of that shrewd remark upon senatorial habits of Calvin Coolidge to James Derieux: "There isn't a man in the Senate who doesn't think he is better suited to be President than the President, and thinks he might have been President except for luck." I miss, too, that unwritten chapter of American history on why Senators, with so much logic and prestige on their side, have usually missed the Presidential chair and the explanation of why even radicals like the elder La Follette and Senator Norris have been able to elevate the Senate to a platform from which to compel the nation, even in so tragic an era as that of Coolidge, to give heed to their exhortations.

The answer, of course, is that these are not the aspects of the Senate in which Mr. Haynes is interested. Its history, to him, is largely shut off from the forces of the outside world. He is content to describe rather than to explain, to narrate rather than to comment. But his description and narration are so patient and so exhaustive as to command profound gratitude. He has constructed a foundation upon which future laborers in this field will be glad to build.

HAROLD J. LASKI

New England Family

WICKFORD POINT. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

WHY "The Education of Henry Adams" and "The Last Puritan" were best-sellers remained to a certain extent a puzzle until "The Late George Apley" came along. Mr. Marquand's satire of Boston life was, in a sense, a paring down to popular essentials of the sociological and philosophical implications in the Adams and Santayana books. Technically, from the point of view of sheer craftsmanship, "The Late George Apley" was better fiction than "The Last Puritan," better biography than "The Education of Henry Adams." Its distinction lay not in its originality, for its basic ideas had been fully developed by Adams and Santayana, but in its economy and terseness, its very accomplished satirical form and style.

"Wickford Point," John P. Marquand's latest satire on New England family life, is a long, sprawling book with only occasional chapters that stand out clear, witty, and illuminating. Granted that it is in many ways superior to the typical popular serial, "Wickford Point" is nevertheless loaded down with repetitious and obvious details whose only legitimate function is to enable the reader of this week's *Saturday Evening Post* to connect the current instalment with the summary of the preceding chapters.

Had Mr. Marquand been ruthless in his cutting, "Wickford Point" might have been a more important novel than "The Late George Apley." For in introducing the characters of the Middle Western Harvard professor, the writer from the wrong part of Boston, the New York literary agent, and the business man, Mr. Marquand has definitely enlarged the scope of his subject matter. But his successful characters remain pastiches; his unsuccessful ones, stereotypes.

"Wickford Point" has by one reviewer been compared to "Vanity Fair." For this reader the resemblance goes only as far as the coincidence of both heroines bearing five-letter names beginning with B. MINA CURTISS

More Haitian "Adventures"

TELL MY HORSE. By Zora Neale Hurston. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

A PURITAN IN VOODOO LAND. By Edna Taft. Penn Publishing Company. $3.

THESE two volumes represent the most recent additions to the ever-growing number of works on Haiti. Both are travel books, but this is as far as one can go in marking resemblances between them. For one is a serious attempt, based on previous familiarity with other Negro societies, to probe beneath Haitian life and to survey Haitian political and social conditions, giving dates, names, and places. The other book is an almost painfully naive account of the stay of a New England woman on the island, in which, perhaps through an excess of good-will, an attempt is made to spare those portrayed in it by disguising their identities under names such as no Haitian probably ever bore, and to transfer wide-eyed wonder to the printed page in a manner that is anything but satisfying to the reader who seeks enlightenment concerning life as it is lived there.

Miss Hurston's book, it must be admitted, is far below the standard of her previous work. There one felt an ease in her treatment of her material that could only come from long acquaintance with the life of the Florida Negroes of whom she wrote, a grasp of dialect in rendering their conversation and folk tales that was outstanding, and a considerable ability to transmit the "feel" of the inner values and fundamental sanctions that govern their lives. All this is quite lacking in the present volume. There is not the same deftness in the handling of data—one has the feeling in reading the description of a ceremony, or in attempting to follow an explanation of the various gods of the "voodoo" pantheons, that the author is unsure of her information, confused in her attempt to present the natural logic of the culture of which she writes, and bewildered by the historical complexities which bulk so large in a mixed culture like that of Haiti. She is linguistically ill at ease; her renditions of Créole are such as to convince anyone at all conversant with the language of Haiti that her knowledge of it must at best be rudimentary. Ascriptions of African origin to various deities also show a regrettable lack of background; one instance of this may suffice. Gede may be "the deification of the common people of Haiti"—though if he is, the Haitian peasant is most surely unconscious of the fact. But this god is certainly not "the one *loa* which is entirely Haitian." On the contrary, it is one *loa* whose African origin can be traced with an unusual degree of sureness—the autochthonous inhabitants of the plateau of Abomey, the center of Dahomean culture, were termed Gedevi, "children of Gede," and this character bulks large in the mythology of this group to the present day.

By far the most interesting and important chapters of Miss Hurston's book are those in which the present-day political situation in Haiti is discussed, the life of the urban centers is detailed, and such matters as class stratification and especially the position of women are considered. Here one again senses that Miss Hurston is on ground where she can keep her balance, handling problems through which she can see her way clearly. These chapters give the book its justification as a serious work; for the rest, the time has gone when it is possible to discover zombies and to write of "voodoo" rituals with what can only be termed a bated pen. And if Haitian music must be given, it is no great contribution, it is to be feared, to head a collection with a transcription of a phonograph record that can only be regarded as a religious song on the chance that a secondary diffusion has caused its adoption by some priest who heard it and found it good.

Miss Taft is a "puritan" from New England who got the urge to go to Haiti and see what kind of merchandise her slaving forefathers had left there. "Down from the dark,

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menacing hills towering above the city floated the far-off sound of the voodoo drums . . . slow, rhythmic, ominous." And there she was, waiting to dock the next morning, and her ticket taking her no farther. So she got off, and made all kinds of curious discoveries which a lot of people had made (in writing) before her, and acquired the quaintest misconceptions, as might be expected from one who apparently didn't realize that she wasn't making a voyage of discovery. One of her analyses may be given here; it is an adequate sample of what the reader may expect: "Generalizing, I concluded that the god (or gods) of the Voodooist was a purely anthropomorphic figure: an omnipotent Negro—you might even call him a *gros nègre*—with no inhibitions and an insatiable craving for rum, women, gore, and merrymaking; so his devotees worshiped him by posturing and capering to frenzied drum rhythms, by swilling great quantities of blistering rum and blood, and by committing venery."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

RECORDS

TO MOZART'S "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" Victor now adds his "Magic Flute" (Act I: nine records, $13.50; Act II: ten records, $14.25). For this work H. M. V. did not use the Glyndebourne production but had Beecham assemble singers, orchestra, and chorus in Germany for a recording which presumably was made there. The cast, then, unlike those of Glyndebourne, is a resplendent group of stars—which does not mean that it is completely unflawed: a Tamino sung by Roswaenge, who sounds as though he would be more comfortable as Siegmund, is not the best conceivable; nor is the tremolo that occasionally afflicts Lemnitz's lovely voice an added grace for Tamina. But the Queen of the Night is sung by Berger with the agility and something of the force this difficult part requires; the Papageno is superbly done by Hüsch; the Sarastro of Strienz is good; and the smaller parts, including the groups of Three Ladies and Three Boys, are also well sung. The orchestra, moreover, is the Berlin Philharmonic; the chorus is good. And more important than all this, perhaps—the conductor is Beecham. His qualities as musician and conductor are responsible for the effect the music produces through the phrasing of the solo singing, the marvelous textures of the sounds of strings, winds, and voices in the ensemble passages, the mercurial lightness of Monostato's "Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden," the power of the Queen's "Der Hölle Rache." But one must add that he is no less responsible for the occasional loss of effect.

Beecham is a great artist; but great artists are not necessarily perfect ones, and sometimes their imperfections are the faults of their great virtues. Not every performance by Schnabel is equal to his best. Nor do I mean only the difference arising out of the circumstances of a particular occasion—the sort of thing that caused his playing in the Brahms B flat Concerto with the New York Philharmonic to be less effective on Friday afternoon than it had been on Wednesday evening, or his Sunday-afternoon performance of the Beethoven "Emperor" not to reach the height of his performance of Mozart's K. 595 with the National Orchestral Association. I mean the difference arising out of the very process which, at his Y. M. H. A. recital, created so completely and impressively right a shape for Schubert's B flat Sonata and Mozart's K. 332, but which, carried further, distended the phrases of the first movement of Mozart's K. 310 and the slow movement of Schubert's Opus 53 to the point of distortion and overstatement. In the same way Beecham's dynamic phrasing of Mozart issues from personal force that expresses itself on occasion as wilfulness and perversity in excessively and ponderously slow tempos. Such tempos, in his recordings, are disastrous to Mozart's exquisite Symphony K. 201, and disadvantageous to the Minuet of the "Jupiter," and now to the Overture of "The Magic Flute," as you may hear by playing Toscanini's version of the Overture. What the fast sections gain by Toscanini's pace is obvious; but note also that in the slow opening measures, by keeping the interval between each short chord and the following long one as short as Mozart writes it, Toscanini creates the relation between them that Beecham destroys by making the interval long.

Excepting the few Preludes that are more than mere Debussyan formula and mannerism, and the superb "Jardins sous la pluie" that fills in the twelfth side, the value of Columbia's new set of the first book of Debussy's Preludes (six records, $6) is in Gieseking's performances, which achieve the music's subtlety by marvelous precision in the delicate values of sonority and pace, and marvelously clear definition of the delicate strands of the texture. A pocket is provided for "La cathédrale engloutie," which was issued separately.

Jess Stacy has a record to himself which he uses for a composition of his own called "Complainin'" (Commodore). The recurring opening phrase that makes this a serious "composition" means less than the phrases, figurations, and mere cadences in which Stacy's imagination works freely with the ordinary materials of the jazz pianist. The powerful and exciting style of another superb pianist, Billy Kyle, is to be heard, with excellent playing by the other members of John Kirby's Orchestra, in "It Feels Good" and "Effervescent Blues" (Vocalion); and the same power manifests itself in the dynamic inflection of Kyle's style in slow, sustained melody on Mildred Bailey's record of "What Shall I Say?" (Vocalion). Then there is the amusing invention of "Fats" Waller on the reissued records of his piano solos, "Alligator Crawl," "Viper's Drag," and "I Ain't Got Nobody" (Bluebird).

New to me is the sensitive playing of a pianist named Clyde Hart on a record of "Stardust" (Commodore). With him on this record is Choo Berry, whose playing on saxophone is good but somewhat amorphous, and a trumpeter whose style, indistinguishable from Roy Eldridge's on Teddy Wilson's record of "Sugar" (Brunswick), is clear and strong, with a beautiful ease and freedom and confidence in its strength. "Sugar" also offers fine playing by Bennie Carter on saxophone. The long crescendo in the second part of "Pick-a-Rib" (Victor) is an exciting achievement by the Benny Goodman Quintet, not the least of whom in this instance are Kirby on bass and Schutz on percussion. And unusual in its wryly dessicated satirical style is Ellington's "Dancing on the Stars," played nominally by Johnny Hodges and his orchestra (Vocalion)

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Kingsport's "Cheap Labor"

Dear Sirs: Mary Fulton, aged twenty-four years, was employed by the Fisher-Beck Hosiery Mills at Kingsport, Tennessee, in November, 1938. She worked three weeks for a total of 132 hours and received $11.48. Under the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, which went into effect on October 24, 1938, she should have been paid the minimum sum of $33.

Miss Fulton came to my office about November 15 seeking my advice with reference to obtaining her rights under the Fair Labor Standards Act. I advised her that she was entitled to a minimum wage of 25 cents an hour under that law, and she asked me to institute suit for her. I did not do so immediately because I wanted to confer first with agents of the Department of Labor. We had a conference about January 25, 1939. I filed the suit on Saturday, January 28, 1939, before George E. Bradley, an acting justice of the peace for Sullivan County.

While I was awaiting the arrival of agents from the Department of Labor, Miss Fulton came to my office two and three and sometimes four times each week to ascertain what steps had been taken. She manifested on each of these visits a determined and enthusiastic desire to enforce her rights. The case was set for hearing on Thursday, February 2, and the day preceding the day set for trial, Mr. C. D. Puckett, an organizer for the Textile Workers, at my request went to her house, and she very enthusiastically, cheerfully, and in a determined manner gave him the names of fourteen witnesses who knew the manner and methods by which the Fisher-Beck Hosiery Mills filched their employees.

On the day of the trial Mary Fulton did not appear. The witnesses did not appear. Somebody had forced these people to stay away, either by duress or by threats and intimidation that if and when they appeared something would happen to them. An investigation revealed that Mary's aged parents were on the verge of hysterics on the day set for trial. Mary was reported to have disappeared, but she was seen hiding in her own little shanty like some startled thing, all of which contrasted with her attitude of the preceding day and the preceding weeks.

The Emancipation Proclamation released thousands of kinky-haired, ebon-skinned slaves; but a new kind of chains and slavery now being used in and around Kingsport has enslaved not less than 50 per cent of the people. These slaves are the tow-headed, Anglo-Saxon people who formerly lived on the land and raised their own bread and meat and made their own clothes and with it enjoyed the greatest things there are in life—freedom of action, thought, and speech.

They are now living in a community which a writer in *The Nation* characterized as a place where no self-respecting Indian would stay. They live in shanties the roofs of which let through the sunshine and the rain. The winds whistle through the cracks. The reason for this condition is that they are being paid five and six and seven dollars a week. This is not enough money to buy corn meal and fat meat for an ordinary family for a week. They are unable to buy clothes. They cannot afford a house any better than a chicken house. But the worst feature of all is that when they want to assert their rights, they are intimidated by threats that their shanties and cheap overalls and the little bit of coarse food which they now have will be taken away.

The business men of this community are also more or less helpless because the financial system is well under the control of the Great White Father of the community, J. Fred Johnson, president of the Kingsport Improvement Company. But if the business men would stop to think that their welfare is dependent on customers with money to spend, and would organize a board of trade and put forth an effort to destroy the present system of fascism and slavery, Kingsport would develop into one of the South's greatest industrial centers.

The present slogan for the community is "Cheap Labor." Cheap labor means cheap people, a cheap industry, cheap stores, and a cheap city.

The Great White Father and patron saint of Kingsport sheds crocodile tears for the plight of his people, but he continues to advertise the town as one in which cheap labor is the main attraction. What an attraction!

O. W. HUDDLE

Kingsport, Tenn., March 15

An Easy Change

Dear Sirs: At the close of your editorial Same Old Story, in your issue of February 25, you say: "The evils of the insurance business will not be corrected until government takes it over and operates it."

It may be of some value to continue by pointing out that it would be relatively easy for the government to take over the insurance companies, as they would have no stock- or bond-holders to buy out. The insurance companies are mutualized; they are owned by their policy-holders. The policy-holders could place any management in power that they voted for, including a management recommended by and answerable to the government.

Legislation might be sought creating a Department of Insurance, which might appeal to policy-holders for proxies to be used in electing a public-spirited management. If the policy-holders decided to vote for the government-sponsored management that would be all that was necessary. A new management would be installed.

Unquestionably present abuses, including the payment of gigantic salaries to a self-perpetuating non-owning management, could be abated. A question to be considered, however, would be whether or not a series of different and perhaps worse abuses might be encountered. If very strict legislation were drawn up, they might be guarded against, and the people, through the government, would finally have a hand in the investment-banking situation much more effective than they have had so far.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG

New York, March 23

CCC Defense

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to a letter appearing in *The Nation* for February 25 headed CCC Complaint. This alleges that second-hand clothing, including underwear, some of it filthy, is issued to CCC members. It is true that second-hand clothing, including underwear, is issued to new CCC enrollees, but in no instance is clothing of this character ever issued until it has been thoroughly renovated. I felt justified in adopting a ruling of this character as a necessary economy.

The letter further states that there is a "system of fining men at the captain's discretion for petty offenses." This also is true, but except for the arbitrary discharge of the enrollee it is the only disciplinary action that the camp commander can take. By regulation that has been in effect since the first camps were set up in the spring of 1933, the camp commander has authority to fine an enrollee up to the amount of $3 in any one month for deliberate violation of the reasonable regulations governing the camp. An enrollee has the privilege of appealing a fine to higher army authority or to the office of the Director of the Corps. ROBERT FECHNER,

Director, Civilian Conservation Corps
Washington, March 14

W. E. Woodward and the French

Dear Sirs: May I be permitted to make some brief comments on Professor Albert Guérard's review of my "Lafayette" in *The Nation* of February 25?

He says that "back of the author's indulgent sympathy there lurks the honest-to-goodness American conviction that all Frenchmen are absurd creatures anyway: dancing masters, play actors, men milliners, posturing, gesticulating, kissing ladies' hands — the wholesome *Weltanschauung* of Mark Twain and Will Rogers."

There is not a thing in the book from which he could draw such a conclusion. Everyone who knows me is fully aware of my love of France and my admiration for the French people. I know them well; I have lived among them. I like French life; I consider the French the most civilized of all modern peoples. They are sturdy and wholesome. I do not look upon them as "dancing masters, play actors, and men milliners."

Professor Guérard says he doesn't like my sprightliness, my readability, and assumes that I am writing for the "tired business man." Precisely; I am writing for people who would not read a dull life of Lafayette without being paid to do it. But they read what I write. W. E. WOODWARD

Honolulu, February 27

For Managed Forests

Dear Sirs: Congress is about to consider legislation for controlling destructive clear-cutting on private lands by encouraging selective logging. Everyone interested in promoting forest conservation should send a postal to his Representative and Senators in support of this much-needed legislation. Liberal-minded people throughout the country are in favor of having forests managed permanently, not devastated. We urge your readers to make their position known; and at once.

CITIZENS' CONSERVATION COMMITTEE
Buffalo, N. Y., March 1

Lost Library

Dear Sirs: The World Center for Women's Archives, Room 236, Biltmore Hotel, wishes to learn the present location of a "Woman's Library" composed of 4,000 books, which was organized by a Miss Powell and opened at New York University, Washington Square, in October, 1860. It is listed in Trow's Directory of Manhattan and Bronx, Vol. 124, 1910, as located at 9 East Eighth Street.

MARJORIE WHITE
New York, March 22

Correction

In the article Greater Ukrainia, by Elizabeth Wiskemann in the issue of February 25, errors in transcription of the copy distorted Miss Wiskemann's meaning. The reference to the "Polish-German crisis" of 1934 should have been to the "Polish-German détente," and the sentence "Meanwhile half a million Ukrainians in Bukovina had been transferred by the peace treaties from Hungary to the new Czechoslovakia" should have read, "Meanwhile half a million Ukrainians in Bukovina had been transferred by the peace treaties from Austrian to Rumanian rule, and another half-million (roughly) living in Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia had been transferred from Hungary to the new Czechoslovakia."—EDITORS THE NATION.

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The Shape of Things

*

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND WPA WORKERS will receive a dreaded pink slip this week if the action of the House in cutting the President's emergency-relief appropriation from $150,000,000 to $100,000,000 is not countermanded by the Senate. The issue before the Senate is only in part humanitarian. Most of the dropped workers will probably be reinstated on local relief rolls. They will exist somehow, as hundreds of thousands of others who are unemployed but not on the WPA rolls are now existing. But the effect on recovery will be direct and immediate. Total relief payments will not even approximate the amount which has been paid in WPA wages. The country suffered a demonstration of the effect of a cut in mass purchasing power in 1937. The situation is no different today. A reduction of some $16,000,000 in the monthly spending of the lowest income group is bound to be felt as a brake on recovery. We agree with the economy bloc in Congress that the WPA should not be a permanent institution, but it must not be tampered with until more effective recovery measures are adopted.

*

THE GREATEST SINGLE PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT of our time has obtained the clean bill of health it deserved in the majority report of the Congressional committee that has been investigating the Tennessee Valley Authority for the past year. Charges of dishonesty brought by the former chairman, Arthur W. Morgan, against his two associates, David E. Lilienthal and Harcourt Morgan, are found to be "without foundation, not supported by the evidence, and made without due consideration of the available facts." The ex-chairman himself had so to limit as virtually to disavow his own charges before the committee. The TVA is declared a fair yardstick by the report. Though the committee finds TVA accounting methods before 1938 "extremely unsatisfactory," it censures as baseless most of the criticism made by the government accounting office. The committee finds that litigation by private companies against the TVA has hampered its activities, blocking more than $7,000,000 in rate savings to consumers. It praises the flood-control

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and navigation work done by the Authority. One Republican, Senator Frazier, joined with the majority, while three Republicans dissented. The dissenters are "Puddler Jim" Davis of Pennsylvania, Representative Jenkins of Ohio, and Representative Wolverton of New Jersey. The last-named has certainly not alienated the affections of the powerful Public Service Corporation of New Jersey by acting as mouthpiece for the utility attack on the TVA.

*

NEW YORK'S NEWSPAPERS LAST WEEK KEPT apart two stories that the callowest Pulitzer School freshman would have joined. In the general news section it was reported that a federal grand jury had indicted five men, one of them—as careful readers could find out—a lawyer for Paine, Webber and Company. In the financial pages appeared the announcement that the Stock Exchange had suspended two ranking Paine, Webber partners. The indictments were for a particularly blatant method of using other people's money to gain possession of valuable corporate assets; the indicted men took securities out of the portfolios of several investment trusts and borrowed enough money on the securities to buy control of the trusts. The Stock Exchange suspensions revealed, as did the Whitney case, the existence of a happy-go-lucky spirit in the banking business. The old-fashioned banker who checked a would-be borrower all the way back to his maternal grandfather's Dun and Bradstreet rating seems rapidly becoming a figure of the past. The looters borrowed from Paine, Webber in three of their deals. Stephen Paine was suspended by the Exchange for three years for failing to make all the inquiries he should have made in the case of these three loans; Frank R. Hope, the only Paine, Webber partner who is also a member of the Exchange, was suspended for six months for his lack of sufficient curiosity in respect to one of the loans. Some piquancy is lent the affair by the fact that Mr. Hope was a governor of the Exchange and a member of the Business Conduct Committee at the time the scandal broke last spring; he was chairman of the board of administrators of the Stock Exchange NRA code in the Blue Eagle era, and as president of the Association of Stock Exchange Firms he was one of the leaders in the fight against government regulation of the Exchange. Those indicted are all small fry.

*

THE LAFOLLETTE COMMITTEE'S LAST REPORT exposes a kind of gangsterism which isn't bred by the slums. Its practitioners are church-going industrialists who graduated from the right colleges, belong to the right clubs, and from 1933 to 1937 alone spent $550,000 on tear and sickening gas to be administered to their employees. They also spent lavishly on weapons ranging from machine-guns to blackjacks, and almost invariably the purchases were made on the eve of a strike. In most instances industry hired its own private armies to do the dirty work; in some—San Francisco was a grim example—industry merely furnished the weapons and "law-enforcement" agencies furnished the marksmen. With the advances of unionism under the New Deal, the tendency of industrialists to substitute guns for butter became acute; the results of this private armament program are the tombstones of slain workers scattered throughout the country, whose case histories are unfolded in the committee's newest report. Industry, of course, has always protested that its arsenals are loaded as a "defense" measure. Defense against what? In the four years under scrutiny, when unions were being incessantly blamed for "violence," not a single instance of munitions purchases by a labor union is on record. Senators La Follette and Thomas have now introduced a bill which would outlaw labor spies, strike-breakers, and strike-breaking agencies, limit private guards to company territory, and ban the possession of industrial munitions. Its provisions stem directly from the committee's four exhaustive reports, which constitute a guidebook to the shadowy underworld of industry. These reports represent a monumental effort. But without prompt and drastic legislation they may be no more than a footnote to the decline of democracy.

*

EVIDENCE THAT JAPAN HAS DEFINITELY decided to turn south instead of north accumulated with surprising rapidity during the past week. Conveniently forgetting all its brave talk of using armed force to regain its former fishing rights in Soviet waters, Japan has meekly signed a new fisheries agreement on Soviet terms. The new agreement not only provides for a withdrawal of six fishing lots for strategic reasons, thus establishing the principle of Soviet control over the lots, but imposes a 10 per cent increase in rent for the use of the remaining lots. To compensate for the defeat suffered in the long-standing dispute with the Soviet Union, the Japanese government extended its sphere of conquest in the south by seizing the French Spratly Islands. Commercially, the Spratly Islands have little or no value, but strategically they may prove of immense importance. They are only 640 miles from Singapore, 700 miles from Manila, and 350 miles from the rich Sarawak oil fields. Together with Hainan, seized only a few weeks ago, they provide ideal submarine and air bases for operation against French, British, Dutch, and American possessions. The decision of the Japanese government to drive southward against the possessions of the democracies rather than risk a conflict with Soviet Russia was also reflected in Premier Hiranuma's formal rejection of Hitler's scheme to transform the anti-Comintern pact into a military alliance. Japan has no desire to be involved in Europe's quarrels. Instead it is taking advantage of each new European crisis, as Eliot Janeway pointed out in one of his recent articles in *The Nation*, to seize some new strategic position along the trade routes of the democracies.

BELGIUM DID ITS BIT TOWARD STEMMING the fascist tide last Sunday by administering a decisive setback to Léon Degrelle's Rexist Party. Although Degrelle himself was reelected, his party lost seventeen of its twenty-one seats in the Chamber and seven of its twelve seats in the Senate. Even in Malmedy and Eupen, the districts taken from Germany at the end of the war, Belgian candidates defeated those running on a pro-German ticket. As a penalty for having nominated the pro-German Dr. Maertens to the Flemish Medical Academy—in a misguided gesture of conciliation—Premier Spaak's Socialists also suffered severe losses, placing the country in the hands of the conservative Liberal and Catholic parties. In domestic affairs Belgium may face a stormy time during the next few months, but the specter of Nazi intervention seems definitely to have been laid. In that respect it is perhaps the most fortunate of Germany's neighbors.

*

THE MEDICAL POLITICIANS ARE TURNING their usual trade-war tactics against the refugee physician. *Medical Economics,* using the old device of raising a menace, carried an article in a recent issue headed Refugees Unlimited. Since this magazine goes to thousands upon thousands of doctors, it may be counted on to arouse feeling against refugee doctors from one end of the country to the other. Yet the truth is, according to no less jealous a source than the American Medical Association, that less than two thousand refugee physicians are now in the country. As for the A. M. A., it is showing its usual dog-in-the-manger attitude. Its House of Delegates has recommended to state boards of medical registration that citizenship be the requirement for license to practice. That rule already applies in thirty states. The A. M. A. recommendation will undoubtedly hasten the trend in that direction, with the result that refugee physicians will to a large extent be denied the privilege of settling in those outlying communities where they might be most profitably placed. Finally, the *Journal* of the A. M. A., in the face of its recommendation to state boards, complains that most refugee physicians are concentrating in large cities already overcrowded with doctors. It has become notorious that one-third of our population receives inadequate medical care or none at all. At the same time many excellent foreign physicians as well as innumerable American doctors are suffering from a lack of patients. *Time* reports that last month a radio station in Omaha interviewed a young physician looking for a place to settle. When the announcer asked the audience to send in names of towns which needed doctors he got requests from sixty-four towns in seven Midwestern states. Both the refugees and the several committees formed to aid them are aware of the disadvantage of concentrating refugees in the large centers, especially in New York City. The studied sabotage of the A. M. A. is calculated to increase the difficulties.

The Turn of the Worm?

AT LONG last the British government appears to have realized that "peace is indivisible"; that appeasement in the west cannot be secured by condoning aggression in the east. Last Friday, following reports of troop concentrations and the opening of a Nazi propaganda barrage against Poland, Mr. Chamberlain gave a definite pledge of support to Poland "in the event of any action which clearly threatened Polish independence."

Nor has Mr. Chamberlain stopped at this. On Monday he reiterated his pledge to Poland and foreshadowed similar undertakings in respect of other countries subject to Nazi threats. Moreover, he gave a direct invitation to Russia to join a new *cordon sanitaire.* If in spite of these strong words, the world still remains a little skeptical, Mr. Chamberlain has only himself to blame. Too often in the past eight years strong words by British statesmen have led directly to surrender. In the present case suspicions were almost immediately aroused by the gloss placed on Mr. Chamberlain's statement by the London *Times,* which said it did not "bind Britain to defend every inch of the present frontiers of Poland." Coming from such a source this appeared almost like an invitation to Germany to demand Danzig, if not the Corridor. But if Poland, already semi-surrounded by Germany, were deprived of access to the sea, what would pledges to defend its independence be worth?

Fortunately the *Times's* attempt to weaken the British stand has been repudiated by the Foreign Office and, what is more important, by public opinion in Britain. The latter, slowly and inarticulately, seems to have arrived at definite conclusions about Hitler's Germany, conclusions which are likely to be held tenaciously. It has realized that Britain has far more than a moral interest in checking the spread of German domination. It has grasped the Hitlerian technique of biting off one country after another in the east so that Germany's strategic and economic position may be fortified for an attack on the west. Finally, and this is perhaps most significant of all, it is "fed up" with a diet of threats and bluster.

It is the stiffening of British opinion which affords the best hope that Mr. Chamberlain will not attempt another Munich. As our correspondent, Aylmer Vallance, reports on another page, he was all ready to accept even the rape of Prague with no more than a sigh. It was the gale of public indignation that suddenly arose which swept him into the belligerency of his Birmingham speech, when he first denounced Hitler's treachery. We suspect that wind will have to maintain its force at his back if he is not again to succumb to dictatorial blusterings.

But for the time being, at least, the initiative in Europe has passed to the Western democracies. Hitler's speech at

Wilhelmshaven was an uneasy performance. It contained a threat of repudiation of the naval treaty with Britain, a vague warning against the creation of "satellite states," and a complaint of encirclement. It also suggested uncertainty about the next Nazi move. Can Germany afford to slow down? Or is this the moment for the supreme gamble? Partner Mussolini seems to have developed caution. British support for Polish resistance to German demands places him in an awkward corner, especially as he has so often professed his friendship for Poland. The news made him cut short his speaking tour in southern Italy, in the course of which he had responded to French firmness by gradually but perceptibly moderating the urgency of his demands on Paris.

The events of the past week have, in short, abundantly proved that as fascist aggression thrives on appeasement, so it shrivels when confronted by firmness. If the new temper of the Western democracies can be maintained, the march to Prague may yet prove as momentous as Napoleon's march to Moscow.

The Neutrality Hearings

AFTER weeks of procrastination and evasion of the basic problems of foreign policy, the Senate opens hearings this week on proposed revisions of the Neutrality Act. Since the cash-and-carry provisions of the act expire on May 1, the probability is that the hearings will be brief and that action will be taken without the careful study that the matter deserves. Even the most vigorous proponents of the present Neutrality Act are unhappy at the way it has worked in practice. Senator Nye has repeatedly advocated its suspension in the one situation in which it has been invoked—that of Spain. Isolationist arguments for applying the act in the Far Eastern conflict have steadily declined in vigor and conviction. As the threat of war in Europe grows, it becomes daily more evident that here too the potential aggressor derives distinct encouragement from the act as it now stands. Instead of insulating the United States from war, our so-called neutrality policy has contributed in no small measure to the growing anarchy that can only end in war.

The Senate committee will have five separate proposals before it, representing at least four distinct approaches to the problem. Perhaps the one deserving the most attention is S. J. Resolution 97, introduced by Senator Pittman, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. The Pittman bill is not designed primarily "to keep America out of war," nor is it in any sense an instrument of collective security. It is a thoroughly opportunistic measure, placing all trade with belligerents on a cash-and-carry basis. If adopted, it would work against the interest of Germany and Italy and for Great Britain in a general European war. Since it would permit the shipment of munitions and aircraft, as well as raw materials, to countries in command of the seas, its passage might have a moderating influence on Hitler in the present crisis. But it does not provide any brake on aggression or treaty violation as such. On the contrary, it would definitely work to Japan's advantage in the Far East. For it imposes no restriction on Japanese purchases in this country—already made with cash and shipped in Japanese vessels. China, on the other hand, would be adversely affected.

Far more satisfactory from the standpoint of checking aggression is the amendment introduced by Senator Thomas of Utah (S. J. Resolution 67). This would restrict the export of secondary war materials to belligerents as well as the sale of "arms and the implements of war." And it would permit the President to lift the embargo against the victim of aggression provided his decision met with the approval of Congress.

The remaining proposals range from Senator Nye's bill to outlaw all shipments of arms, even in time of peace, to the King and Lewis bills for outright repeal of the Neutrality Act. If we are to judge by past experience none of the plans thus far suggested will be adopted in entirety. The act which finally comes out of the mill may be a compromise embodying features of several of the plans, or it may incorporate radically new features. Passage of the Pittman bill, for example, does not preclude special action for an embargo on trade with Japan. But this much is clear. Unless some unequivocal provision can be inserted distinguishing between an aggressor and his victim, the Neutrality Act had best be repealed altogether. In our opinion nothing could be more dangerous than the constant revision of the act in an effort to anticipate the line-up of forces in the next conflict. We cannot thus chart the future. Such a policy is certainly not "neutrality," and it can scarcely provide protection against our becoming involved in war. Far better that we wipe the slate clean and then take such action as is necessary to prevent our being actively enrolled as a partner in the aggressions now taking place in the world. In the Far East, for example, our duty is clear. Let us act to stop our disgraceful help to Japan. This would in no sense commit us to any specific course in the event of war in Europe. But it would serve as a warning to potential aggressors that they could not count on waging war on the resources of the United States.

11,000,000 Bales

THE perennial problem of cotton is again troubling Washington. Hanging over the market are some 11,000,000 bales on which government loans have been granted. The amount which the government will loan —about 8 cents a pound—provides a peg for prices but hinders our exports, which must compete in world

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markets against cheaper growths. In the past seven months our shipments of cotton have been 42 per cent less in quantity than in the corresponding period of 1937-38. For the whole of the current year they are expected to total 3,500,000 bales—about half our "normal" share of the world's markets.

Two plans to diminish the surplus of cotton are now under consideration. The President has suggested a payment of $1.25 a bale to producers who release loan cotton to the market. The exporter of such cotton would receive further moderate payment. In other words, an export subsidy is proposed in an attempt to stimulate consumption abroad. But since this would give a competitive advantage to foreign manufacturers, the President suggests we should also give our textile industry a subsidy on its exports, plus further protection against invasion of the home market by goods derived from the cotton dumped abroad—a horrible example of the way subsidies breed subsidies.

A group of Southern Senators headed by Senator Ellison D. Smith has an opposition scheme. They wish to redistribute 3,000,000 bales of loan cotton to the producers at the rate of 3 cents a pound in return for further acreage reductions in this year's crop. The resulting profits for the growers would amount to the difference between 3 cents and the market price after the scheme went into effect. In addition, Senator Smith wants a subsidy of up to 3 cents a pound on cotton grown on the reduced acreage allotments. His plan is more costly than that of the President but it would avoid subsidies to manufacturers and reduce further this year's crop.

Neither plan, however, seems to us to go to the root of the cotton problem. Both are examples of the improvisation characteristic of farm legislation since the depression began. If when the cotton market first slumped in 1930 laisser faire methods had been adopted, prices would have dropped still more disastrously, millions of acres would have gone out of production. But huge surpluses would not have been created, and, eventually, low prices would have stimulated consumption and brought about recovery. Nevertheless, no government could have adopted such a cold-blooded solution, for while economic forces worked toward equilibrium millions would have starved.

No one, in fact, dare claim that the government should not have intervened in this situation. But there can be legitimate criticism of failure to provide humane remedies for the deep-seated ills which laisser faire would have cured by brutal surgery. On the assumption that there were price and production norms which could be reattained if cotton were tided over an immediate crisis, temporary expedients were adopted which took no account of long-term trends. Even before 1930 cotton production was advancing in other countries, and the output of synthetic fibers was rising rapidly. Both these forms of competition to our South have been aggravated by the relatively high prices resulting from relief policies.

In essence our legislation has been directed toward cutting down cotton acreage in return for subsidies and toward price-pegging measures. But output has not been cut down proportionately, since planters have naturally concentrated on their best soil and intensified production. Moreover, subsidies kept in production marginal land which from the viewpoint of national efficiency might better have been abandoned. A wiser long-run policy would have been to subsidize men rather than crops. It would have meant letting prices slide to their economic level in the expectation that increased consumption, accompanied by a sharp fall in output, would fairly rapidly restore them to a point where the better plantations could operate profitably. Meanwhile the federal government should have undertaken to care for all those beaten by low prices. It should have used their labor and the money it has devoted to subsidies to reconstruct the South on a grand scale—by reforestation, land reclamation, the promotion of diversified farming and new industries. Such a policy would have been unpopular with the large planters, but in the end it might have proved cheaper. For now after nine years of tinkering, after a huge cash outlay, we still have low prices and an unmanageable surplus, while the South remains our Number one economic and social problem.

"Peace" in Spain

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

RECOGNITION

WAS the war in Spain an invasion or a civil struggle? Of course it was both. It was begun by Spanish aristocrats and army officers with the connivance and advice of Italy and Germany; it was carried through to victory for the rebels with the open aid of both fascist powers. Mussolini has publicly and often proclaimed the active role played by his Black Shirts, and now claims his share of credit for the victory. Hitler, who contributed more equipment than men and more technicians than soldiers, spoke as recently as last Saturday of the Nazi "volunteers" who did their "duty" in freeing Spain from "tyranny."

But the United States has steadfastly proceeded on the theory that the Spanish war was civil, not international. On that theory, the embargo against Spain was originally imposed. On that theory, Secretary Hull has announced the recognition of Franco and President Roosevelt the lifting of the embargo. On that theory, all three acts were correct and logical. Only the theory is wrong.

For the war ended partly in a victory for Franco and partly in a victory for Hitler and Mussolini; and it is their share of the triumph that affects the future of

Europe's peace and of democracy in Europe and America. If the open boasts of the dictators were not sufficient to instruct President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull, the continued presence in Spain of their agents and victorious troops should have done so. And the withdrawal of those troops should have been the *minimum condition* precedent to recognition.

These facts are so incontrovertible that one is driven to ask: Why did the Administration, having waited two weeks after Britain and France had acted, suddenly recognize Franco? As recently as last Tuesday it was understood by newspapermen in Washington that no action would be taken until the President had returned from Warm Springs. As recently as last Saturday, the day the recognition of Franco was announced, certain persons close to both the State Department and the Spanish situation knew nothing about it. The official explanation is that when Ambassador de los Rios resigned and vacated the embassy, the old regime was formally acknowledged to be at an end and the new was naturally recognized. But I have reason to believe that the reverse was the case: de los Rios resigned when he did because he had learned that recognition was imminent and wished to avoid being ousted from the embassy by Franco's agent.

No explanation makes sense except the simple but disturbing one that we are continuing to the bitter end the policy of paralleling British and French action. It was rumored in Washington last week that American policy toward Spain would be geared to the new determination of Britain and France to "stop Hitler." Some observers innocently took this to imply continued refusal to recognize Franco. But they reckoned without their democracies. Chamberlain and Daladier—for all their belatedly bold stand in Eastern Europe—are still pursuing the old tactics in Spain. They are trying to buy Franco away from Mussolini and Hitler, just as they are trying to buy Mussolini away from Hitler. Prompt American recognition of Franco was what fitted into the plans emerging from Paris and London.

REPRISALS

So the United States comes paralleling along. One or two half-hearted apologists have suggested that recognition may have been accompanied by some sort of *sub rosa* effort to secure the freedom of Loyalist leaders doomed to extermination in Spain. We believe that such an effort was made, or at least that the State Department suggested to Britain and France that they might well protect merchant vessels carrying refugees from the Spanish ports to which they flocked when Franco's victory became certain. But if this was done, the results are not evident. No convoys have been provided. No escapes have been reported. In Valencia and other southern ports thousands of desperate Spanish loyalists were trapped on the very docks. In the early days of the war various nations provided shelter for rebel refugees until they could be safely evacuated, and British and French war vessels escorted ships carrying thousands of Loyalist refugees from Bilbao. In the present crisis all the leaders are being rounded up and as we go to press it is reported that in the Madrid area alone 150,000 Republican soldiers have been summoned to concentration camps along with 1,500 "red criminals."

REFUGEES

Meanwhile, in France, the tragic epic of the half-million soldiers and civilians who fled across the Pyrenees frontier moves toward a climax that may outdo the horror of their flight. In spite of the frantic efforts of relief agencies to send in supplies, the conditions in the refugee camps around Perpignan are still indescribably bad. Guarded by Senegalese troops, treated like enemy prisoners, provided with no regular shelter, no sanitary equipment, little medical help, and starvation rations, the men and women and children who escaped Franco's bombers on the mountain roads of Catalonia are fast dying in the south of France. And while they suffer, the French government dickers with Franco to take them back into Spain. By the time the deal is made the Spanish Republicans, soldiers and civilians alike, may be glad to go—even at the risk of death. By all reports they have learned to hate France. It opened its frontier, that is true, and they were prepared to forget that the same frontier had been closed to the supplies that might have prevented defeat. But the hostility of the French officers and other authorities and the needless hardships of the improvised concentration camps in which they are penned have turned gratitude to bitterness. A great body of sympathetic, democratic sentiment has been recklessly dissipated by the stupidity of Daladier's bureaucracy.

SLAVE LABOR

Franco will doubtless take them back as soon as he has caught up with the pressing problems of liquidation and organization. He will execute thousands of the leaders, as he did in Barcelona and is now preparing to do in Madrid. But he will probably preserve the rank and file of his victims, the prisoners of war and the new prisoners of peace, to provide free labor for the heavy job of reconstruction. He has learned from his Nazi mentors, what indeed was known in the days of Greece and Rome, that forced labor working under military direction can perform impressive feats of internal reconstruction. Franco should be able to resist the financial bait dangled under his nose by Britain; you don't need much money if you have enough slaves.

Last week I mentioned Raymond Gram Swing's excellent broadcasts on foreign affairs from WOR. It has just been announced that his hour has been changed. Beginning April 11 he will talk at 11:15 on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings immediately following the regular news period.

Ganging Up on the Labor Act

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, April 3

A NEGRO WPA worker from the Second Congressional District of Georgia went to the United States Capitol a few days before the $150,000,000 Deficiency Relief Appropriation bill was mangled by the House to exercise his constitutional right of petition. He was escorted by two members of the Workers' Alliance, Ted Ozmun and Clem Allen. They asked a page to invite Congressman Eugene Cox of the Second Georgia District into the corridor, where he could listen to an appeal from his constituent for support of the relief appropriation recommended by President Roosevelt. This procedure being regular and customary, "Judge" Cox followed the page to the corridor where the three men waited.

Finding his petitioner a Negro, and a reliefer in the bargain, the Gentleman from Georgia bristled with righteous indignation. He delivered an impromptu speech, embellished with suitable epithets, to the effect that the place for a field hand is in a field, and wound up by slapping the face of one of the alliance delegates. The incident received slight notice in the press. What comment appeared excused the Congressman's uncontrolled anger on the ground that this attempt to "intimidate" him was clearly a case of lobbying at its worst.

About a week later some 200 members of Ohio chambers of commerce descended upon Washington. They swarmed through the corridors of the Capitol summoning their Senators and Representatives to conferences. At a Mayflower Hotel banquet they served notice on Ohio members of Congress that the Wagner Act was to be amended and "punitive" taxes repealed—or else. Not one of them got slapped. Not a newspaper deplored this "intimidation" by the mass lobby. On the contrary, the press hailed it for the most part as a healthy manifestation of business interest in the affairs of government.

Neither of these events was important enough to make the big type. Both were dog-bites-man stories. Had Cox slapped an importunate sweatshop owner from his district, that would have belonged in the man-bite-dog category. Had an Ohio Senator protested against coercion by a mob from his home state, that, too, would have been news. Even so, accounts of the one-man lobby from Georgia and of the 200-man lobby from Ohio, taken together, tell something of what is going on in Washington as the time approaches for a showdown on the all-important Wagner Act amendments.

Organized business, having tasted the blood of appeasement, is coming in packs to tear the law to pieces. The National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce are planning one of the most elaborate lobbying campaigns they have ever undertaken. Already bales of their literature have gone out, some of it at the taxpayers' expense, to whet the appetites of their members. Senator Edward Burke of Nebraska has used his franking privilege to circularize a selected list of influential citizens with exhaustive analyses of the law prepared by the N. A. M. If there ever was any doubt about the source of his amendments, this dispelled it. The A. F. of L. also has circularized affiliates with pamphlets defending its amendments and with letters warning against independent action in defense of the act.

Against this combination stand the dwindling forces of the New Deal in Congress and the C. I. O., their backs to the wall. One-sided as the division may seem, the defenders are not without strength and strategic advantages. The rank-and-file revolt within the A. F. of L. has not abated. Many central bodies and locals, despite threats of reprisal, are backing up the Administration. From as far South as Norfolk, Virginia, have come A. F. of L. resolutions upholding the Wagner Act.

Hearings on all amendments will start on April 11 before the Senate Education and Labor Committee, one of the most liberal committees in Congress, and probably will last at least three weeks. This will delay debate on the floor until the crowded closing weeks of the session, when filibustering tactics, last resort of a hard-pressed minority, might be effective. Meanwhile the burden of proof will be on the proponents of change, and most of the A. F. of L., N. A. M., and Chamber of Commerce amendments will not hold in the court of public opinion if the arguments of the defense get a reasonably fair break in the press.

Administration strategy was indicated by Majority Leader Barkley after a recent conference with the President. Leaving Wagner Act amendments off his list of "desirable" legislation, Barkley expressed the hope that the NLRB could satisfy some of its critics by executive action. What he apparently had in mind was a change in the rules of the board permitting employers as well as employees to petition for elections to determine proper bargaining units in cases of conflict between the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. This could be done without amendment and would silence most honest criticism of the law and the board.

It is a little-known fact that both President Roosevelt and Senator Wagner suggested last year that the board recant its ruling against employer petitions. Members of the agency refused, feeling that this would open a loophole for collaboration between employers and favored unions. Since then, however, several innocent employers have been caught in the crossfire of labor's feud. One such case recently got up to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, which is dominated by Roosevelt liberals, and the court's decision made a telling if inferential argument for employer-initiated elections.

The case involved a fur store operating under an A. F. of L. contract. Picketed by a C. I. O. union, the proprietor sought relief by injunction. This was refused on the ground that an injunction would be contrary to the Norris-LaGuardia law. But the court held that the employer should have some remedy, explaining that "the union which believes itself to represent a majority may have no incentive to apply for an election; and the union which apparently has less than a majority may resist an election, at least until it is satisfied that it has won over enough to constitute a majority." Meanwhile the employer is stuck. That such cases are rare is not a sufficient answer to the complaint.

A simple change in the board's rules would do the trick, just as the Supreme Court's decision in the Sands case should have satisfied those who insisted that an amendment was needed to give the courts power to review NLRB findings of fact. But the Sands decision did not stop the N. A. M. and the Chamber of Commerce from repeating their demands for a court-review amendment, and neither would a change in the election rule satisfy them or the federation. They are after bigger fish. So are the reactionaries in Congress. The case for and against the Wagner Act will not be decided on its merits by an impartial jury. The verdict will be a political answer to a fundamental sociological question.

If one is reached at this session, with the temper of Congress what it is, Cox of Georgia and his crowd, who frequently hold the balance of power, will have a big hand in it. To Cox's army John L. Lewis is the devil himself, and industrial unionism is his scheme for rending the social fabric of the South. Visions of field workers and mill hands, white and Negro, organized on the one-big-union principle, with bargaining power and political rights, dance in the nightmares of the Old South's rulers. A New England Republican, even when he dreams that Stalin has taken over, suffers nothing comparable. Things would come to a pass where you couldn't even slap a petitioner in the halls of Congress.

The Grand Disillusion

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, March 24

THERE keeps recurring to my mind this week the tale of the old Scotch minister who used to warn his congregation not to rely at the Judgment Seat on pleas of ignorance: "The guid Lord will just say as ye burn, 'Weel, ye know now!' " The British public know now. After the seizure of Bohemia and the ultimatum under duress of which Lithuania was forced to surrender Memel, there is no room left for self-deception as to Hitler's motives and aims. So long as German aggression was confined, as in the case of Austria and even the Sudetenland, to the reinclusion in the Reich of territories with a "lost," predominantly German, population, many people in this country, perhaps the majority, continued to believe that, after all, Hitler's repeated assurances might be accepted at their face value; and that he did not intend to go beyond the principle of "racial assimilation." Misgivings they might have; yet they clung instinctively to faith in decency even in international relationships. When the rape of Prague was followed by Germany's assertion of its right to intervene decisively in the affairs of other nations "in accordance with the principle of self-preservation," the optimists' disillusionment was complete. Confronted by a claim which could be used to justify German hegemony over the whole of Europe, the British public was shocked, angered, and roused to a determination to resist. What the more sophisticated sections of it are asking today is whether its rulers are prepared to lead it in resistance, and whether the government's apparent reconversion to the doctrine of collective security, exhibited in attempts to form a Grand Alliance of solidarity against aggression, is sincere or likely to be lasting.

The time-table of events preceding the Czech coup is peculiar and merits examination. The apparently "modest" tone of Hitler's Reichstag speech on January 31 was featured prominently in the Conservative press; throughout February the official "hand-outs" to political correspondents were increasingly hopeful in the key of "real European *détente*," "initiative passed to the democracies," and so forth; between February 1 and March 11 the London equivalent of your Dow-Jones index of industrial shares had risen by 13 per cent. By March 9 the British Intelligence Service—though not, apparently, the

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British envoys at either Berlin or Prague—was fully aware of Germany's plans for the coming week; and on March 11 M. Bonnet, the French Foreign Minister, drew Mr. Chamberlain's attention to German troop movements. Yet during the week-end of March 11-13 the press continued to reflect officially inspired optimism. Relations, it was admitted, between Czech and Slovak were strained, but there was no reason to apprehend "complications" or German intervention. On Monday, March 13, a delegation of British industrialists left for Germany to negotiate a trade pact—speeded by official blessings. Next day President Hacha was summoned to Berlin to receive his country's death warrant. On Wednesday the Germans were in Prague; yet all the Prime Minister had to say was that "the Munich settlement had not proved final" and that he "did not wish to associate himself with charges of breach of faith." In the debate in Parliament later that day Sir John Simon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, strongly opposed the idea that Britain should take the initiative in forming a defensive league or enter into any extensive commitments on the Continent. The *mot d'ordre* to the press was as far as possible to minimize the significance of Germany's move. On Thursday the British industrialists at Düsseldorf signed an economic alliance with their German "opposite numbers" designed to promote an Anglo-German export trade drive in neutral markets.

Then followed a strange volte-face. Newspaper editors, more alive to public sentiment than the government, declined to take up the inspirational cue of complacency; the press on Thursday and Friday presented the German coup not merely as a violation of international law but as a threat to British security. The "self-preservation" thesis enunciated by the Führer was played up even by the leader writer of the appeasement-minded *Times*. By noon on Friday a revolt of Conservative M. P.'s against the Prime Minister was gaining momentum, a leading financial newspaper had attacked the industrialists' Düsseldorf pact as a flagrant breach of the Anglo-American trade agreement, the man in the "pub" was saying over his pint of beer: "Old 'gamp' Chamberlain is letting us down."

Promptly the Prime Minister trimmed his sails. On Friday night in his native city of Birmingham he delivered a suitably "stiff" speech, condemning Germany's breach of the spirit of Munich and promising stern opposition to further acts of aggression. The week-end press, under inspiration from the Prime Minister's publicity office, was significantly patriotic; and on Monday in the House of Lords the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, declared that considerations of self-protection—to put it no higher—pointed to the necessity of a collective-security pact to which every nation menaced by the possibility of Nazi aggression could adhere. With the single exception of Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, which voiced its proprietor's isolationist chagrin by announcing with irresponsible venom that Britain's policy was now directed to "encirclement" of Germany and preventive "attack," the whole press welcomed the Foreign Secretary's declaration; and the following day a draft "declaration of solidarity" was submitted by London to Paris, Moscow, and Warsaw for consideration, the governments of Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Turkey being simultaneously informed of its contents.

The ultimate outcome of that projected diplomatic démarche cannot yet be predicted. The French immediately intimated their willingness to play ball; but unhappily, so long as M. Bonnet remains as Foreign Minister and MM. Caillaux, Flandin, and the other advocates of Franco-German rapprochement are outside a concentration camp, nobody in England will be quite satisfied that France may not sell us out. The U. S. S. R. approved the declaration "in principle," with the mental reservation that the Western democracies might be only too glad to ask for Russian aid in support of Rumania and then, when German and Russian troops were engaged, proclaim their disinterestedness in an anti-Bolshevik war conducted by the Reich. The Poles, not unnaturally, objected that adhesion to a paper anti-Nazi "front" would be perilous from their standpoint, and that they would have nothing to do with the declaration unless Britain committed itself to a 100 per cent undertaking to attack Germany if Poland were the victim of aggression. This view was shared by Yugoslavia.

An impasse? It is still too early to be positive. The British government, forced reluctantly by public opinion into providing an international "popular front," can hardly afford to let its diplomatic effort be wholly abortive and its strategic nakedness consequently exposed. An alliance against Nazidom, with specific, mutual military commitments, is a possibility in view of the continuing pressure on the government from the adherents of Churchill and Eden. Conscription, which would convince the Poles and the Russians that England means business, has been vetoed by the Cabinet—partly because the War Office could not deal, it says, with a flood of infantry recruits, and partly because the Labor Party, so long as Chamberlain is Prime Minister, would resist compulsion. If there is a lull, after Memel, in the German drive—and until the snows melt a campaign against Rumania is unlikely—the policy of appeasement, typifying in retrospect "bull" markets for the financial district and an acceptable advertisement volume for the national newspapers, may regain part at least of its popularity. The British public's alarm and anger at the events of the Ides of March may fade. The ostrich-like inclination to accept Hitler's post-Memel declaration that Germany's wrong had been "substantially" repaired may again dominate.

Under a different government the people of England would be mobilized today in defense of international order and their own liberty, for there is a general belief here that the Germans have no intention of allowing themselves to be embroiled with Russia, that their immediate strategy is to protect this rear by immobilizing Poland while Hungary and Rumania are brought finally into the axis camp, and that war, when it comes, will be war in the West. In all classes of the community there is much less panic than there was last September, and more anger. Many people will tell you that they would rather "get it over" than continue in a state of suspended crisis, awaiting Hitler's blow.

Yet underneath the general determination to fight, if challenged, there is an uneasy feeling that the Cabinet may still be preparing for another Munich. Look back to the time-table I have given of the prelude to the Ides of March, and note the visible reluctance with which the government was brought to the view that the invasion of Bohemia was designed to lead up to the bombardment of London. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Prime Minister agreed in effect at Munich to enter into an alliance with Germany for copartnership in world domination. At the age of seventy he may be too set in his ideas to relinquish this fantastic conception. It was significant that when Mr. Litvinov proposed an immediate nine-power conference to work out a real military alliance, the reply of Lord Halifax was that such a conference would involve not only delay but "dangers of disagreement"—obviously, when the nine powers all ask for specific military guaranties, and a large section of the British Cabinet wants to give Germany a free hand eastward up to the deadline of the Dardanelles. As I write, there appear to be two alternatives—the replacement of Mr. Chamberlain's administration by a government of national concentration, or continuance of drift until every potential ally has been lost and sea power is of little avail against a Greater Reich stretching from the Black Sea to the Channel.

Hollywood Waves the Flag

BY FRANK S. NUGENT

IT IS always easier to discover a trend than to account for it. Particularly is this true of Hollywood—by which we mean the American motion-picture industry—where cycle follows cycle for no apparent reason, toward no apparent destination, and outwardly at least with no apparent effect upon the two-thirds of the nation's population assumed to be its patrons. Thus, 1935 is remembered as the year of the operatic cycle, 1936 for the G-man cycle, 1937 for the whimsy cycle, last year for the homespun cycle. They were all irrelevant, seemingly unmotivated, of little or no consequence beyond their immediate purpose as entertainment.

But a new cycle has started up this year which is being watched with interest, astonishment, and not a little fear. Hollywood has begun to wave the flag. It has discovered America, discovered democracy, and discovered what George M. Cohan found out years ago—and what George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart have found out, too: that you can always bring the house to its feet by playing the Star-Spangled Banner and running the red, white, and blue to the top of the flagpole. It is an interesting discovery for the film industry to have made just when the world is tuning the war drums.

If perhaps you stopped going to the movies about the time they started the Motion Pictures' Greatest Year campaign, as so many of you did, you may not have noticed what has been happening. Here are a few recent screen news events, mentioned for what they are worth:

On the advice of the War Department, Paramount rewrote the pacifist ending of its film "Men with Wings," a history of aviation, so that it reached its climax with a dinner in an airplane hangar where the heroine, surrounded by brass buttons and braid, drank a toast to the men who had made aviation what it is today. Looming above the banquet table were the great bombers of the army.

Several of our larger theater circuits have begun opening and closing their shows with a sound-track chorus of the national anthem.

The familiar Fitzpatrick Travel Talks will not, this year, be on beautiful Bali, enchanting Ethiopia, or delightful Denmark. By a decision reached, coincidentally, soon after the close of the Lima conference, Mr. Fitzpatrick has elected to see America first—at last. He will travel exclusively in the Western Hemisphere.

The Warners will continue their series of patriotic shorts, in Technicolor, with "The Bill of Rights," "Sons of Liberty," "Remember the Alamo," "Teddy Roosevelt," and others. "Lincoln in the White House" and "The Declaration of Independence" have already been made. Warners will also make two four-reelers in both Spanish and English—"The Monroe Doctrine" and "Bolivar of South America."

In the Americana vein we have had "Jesse James," in which Jesse was shown to be a crusader against a ruthless public utility; "Oklahoma Kid," in which a Billy the Kid prototype turned to crime because he felt it was no worse than stealing Oklahoma from the Cherokees; "Let Freedom Ring," which rang down its curtain with Nelson Eddy leading a labor chorus in singing "America" and the dirty capitalist slinking out into the night. And we're going to have a great many more on the same order. Mention of the biographical prospects should give you the idea: two Abe Lincolns, one General Grant, one Sam Houston, one Alexander Graham Bell, one Buffalo Bill, and, among the others—believe it or not—one life of Postmaster General James A. Farley.

Most significant of all, perhaps, are these bulletins: that Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" is to be filmed this season; that the Warners have completed "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," based on former G-Man Leon Turrou's story of German espionage in this country; that Charles Chaplin is making "The Dictators," in which he will double as a tramp and as the leader of a totalitarian state; and that "Personal History," once shelved, is likely to be taken down and dusted off almost any day.

What we have, in sum, is an astonishing picture of Hollywood expressing a point of view, seemingly in defiance of its frequently stated policy that the primary, and often the sole, purpose of the motion picture is to entertain, that it is wiser to avoid controversial topics, that it must shun propaganda, and that it must deal charitably with foreign nations. It is, if not an about-face for the industry, at least a marked step to one side, and I think we are entitled to look into it—to inquire into its possible causes and to seek to determine its sincerity.

One of the most frequently advanced explanations is that the closing of the Italian market (Mussolini has made distribution and exhibition of pictures a government monopoly) and the virtual loss of the German market (although all but two American companies are still doing business there) have freed Hollywood's producers from the tacit censorship the dictators once imposed. In itself it is not much of an argument. Germany and Italy never accounted for more than 10 per cent of the foreign gross, as against the 60 to 65 per cent derived from the British Empire, the 10 to 15 per cent from South America, and a like amount from the Orient.

What Hollywood had to consider in its treatment of political themes was not so much the resentment of the criticized nation or even that of its allies as the unwillingness of the other countries—England and the United States included—to risk a diplomatic incident, with its accompanying commercial reverberations, over so relatively unimportant a matter as a single motion picture. If Germany or Italy had let it be known last year in Paris, London, or Washington that it considered a proposed picture insulting or inimical to its interests, there is not much doubt that the word would have gone out, unofficially of course, to "lay off." Since Munich, however, it is possible that the veil of neutrality has been raised a little off the face of the world. That may account, in part anyway, for Hollywood's change of heart.

Another explanation, not too far-fetched, is that pan-Americanism has something to do with it, that the government, busy with its Good Neighbor program, has suggested that Hollywood should do its bit. If that is true, the Warners' proposal to make "Remember the Alamo" seems slightly malapropos, but it might recoup with "Bolivar." Paul Muni's "Juarez" would fit neatly into the program, which is one reason why the picture will have its première early next month in Mexico City. "Pan-America" and "Hands Across the Border" would be in the same friendly category.

This would explain, too, Hollywood's current affectionate regard for most aspects of our national scene. The gangster motif is being played down; there is less melodramatic excitement about corrupt judiciaries, lynch mobs, venal parole boards, and G-man raids. After all, who wants a family of hoodlums as a good neighbor? If North America and its democracy are to be sold to Central and South America, it will have to be by stressing their good points, not their worst.

But here again the theory is grounded on dollars and cents. For with the European market uncertain and in danger of becoming an arena of war, South America emerges as the most fertile field for box-office expansion. Movie men do not like to talk about it. "Every time we mention the South American market they impose a new tax," one head of a foreign department said. But a pan-American campaign is under way, and with or without government counsel is taking a democracy-boosting form.

Behind all the other explanations, and the pleasantest to believe if it only were possible to do so, is the one which holds that the film industry has awakened to the public's interest in democracy and has chosen to give it the benefit of favorable publicity. It may be true. Quite possibly it is true of a few of the producers. Chaplin's "Dictators," although it will be a comedy, most certainly is inspired by Chaplin's personal philosophy. Walter Wanger's "Blockade," unsatisfactory as it may have been, still sought to express its producer's liberal beliefs. Harry Warner's patriotic essays on the Constitution and the Gettysburg Address may not be models of subtlety, but there can be little doubt of their sincerity.

On the whole, however, the motion-picture industry has never been proved guilty of high-mindedness. Its tradition has been one of opportunism. Presented under the cloak of morality films, its "Ten Commandments" and "Sign of the Cross" were little more than the occasion for some of the juiciest revels since Nero. Theoretically decrying various public enemies, Hollywood lingered with loving sadism over their butcheries. There is no reason now to believe that it has found courage, purpose, and a sense of patriotic destiny.

If concrete evidence of the lack of those qualities is needed, one might mention the disinclination of any of the major companies—the patriotic Warners particularly—to release "Crisis," Herbert Kline's excellent documentary film of the betrayal of Czechoslovakia. One might note, too, the minute part being played in Hollywood's pro-democracy crusade by the genuinely liberal group of actors, writers, directors, and producers. Certainly in theory, at least, one might expect to be hearing more of King Vidor, Lewis Milestone, Clifford Odets, Dudley Nichols, and some of the others whose social consciousness could be employed in democracy's defense.

Aside from these somewhat nebulous reflections, concern is being expressed both within and without the industry over the dangers of this Americanism campaign. Patriotism is not something to be played with; it is not a commodity to be exploited like pollyannaism, cinderellaism, or boy-meets-girlism. From patriotism to nationalism to chauvinism to jingoism is a matter of simple emotional progression. A flag and a drum may do a deal of good these days, but they can cause a deal of damage too. If Hollywood accelerates the tempo unduly or gets off too often on the wrong foot, millions of Americans may begin marching in the worst possible direction.

Of course, all this has its quizzical side. For years the liberals have called on Hollywood to come out of its escapist seclusion, look around at the world, and say something about it. Now the industry is enjoying one of the few earnest moments it has known. It may not be entirely certain what it wants to say or how to express it; and we, on the listening end, may have thus far only been able to guess at its meaning. But we shall place ourselves in an untenable position the moment we confess we should feel safer with only entertainment, escapist variety, on the screen. Call it a problem that deserves study, the latest problem to be created by America's biggest problem child—the movies.

China's Fifty-Fifty Chance

BY HALDORE HANSON

A NEWS correspondent returning from Chinese battlefields is perplexed by finding American opinion on China divided into two camps. Camp One—the pessimists or "realists"—holds that China is hamstrung. It has lost all its principal seaports, railways, and industries, all its vital sources of revenue. Its armies have been bludgeoned into inactivity. By all the rules of orthodox economics its downfall is inevitable. It's too bad, but we saw it happen in Abyssinia and Spain. Camp Two—the optimists or sentimentalists—believes that China has already turned the tide of battle. Chiang Kai-shek's troops have held their present lines for five months, and the Chinese guerrillas are paralyzing the railways and annihilating small enemy garrisons. The Japanese financial structure is tottering. A Chinese counter-offensive is about to be unloosed which will dislodge the Japanese from their walled cities, roll them up like a rug, and end at the seacoast in a big splash.

No careful observer in the Far East today would bet a yen on either of these opinions, for Japan and China are like two boxers in the fourth round of a knockout fight, each sparring coolly after three bloody rounds, each husbanding his strength.

Japan is far from bankrupt. Its gold reserves are low, but sufficient—with current production—to last another eighteen months, and the barter agreements which it is now negotiating with the Near East and South America will probably enable it to obtain war materials by triangular trade for a year after its gold is exhausted. Indecision in Tokyo today springs not from a risky financial margin but from an uncertainty of objectives. Japan hesitates to fling all its military reserves into China when a European war is believed to be approaching which will enable it either to grapple with its Number one bogy, Russia, or to seize British and French interests in the Far East.

While the lull in the Far East does not mean an exhausted Japan, neither does it mean a defeated China. Chiang Kai-shek's army of 198 divisions is still intact, more experienced than in 1937, and now being reorganized for mobile warfare. About two-thirds of the troops are south of Hankow in the vicinity of the Hankow-Canton railway and the southern seacoast. The remaining third are northwest of Hankow guarding the Han River and the Lunghai railway. All the troops have been whittled down by casualties and replacements to uniform quality; experts no longer speak of "crack divisions" and "war-lord rabble." Contrary to reports China has not lost its heavy equipment. When I visited Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters last December I counted on one training field 236 tanks and 1,200 field guns, all held in reserve for the Chinese counter-offensive which is hypothetically set for the winter of 1940-41.

This attack is a long-range plan dependent upon three imponderables, all of them vital for Chinese victory: (1) The economic development of southwestern China—new highways, railways, mines, arsenals, and industries—must enable China to produce or import sufficient war materials to sustain an offensive. (2) Japan must suffer an acute shortage of foreign credits, both gold reserves and foreign exports, because only a combined shortage at home and in the field would result in a general withdrawal of Japanese troops. (3) The Chinese guerrillas specializing in military pin pricks and economic sabotage must continue to wear down the Japanese army and its war materials. China is betting its life on the guerrillas. Chiang Kai-shek not only permitted the Eighth Route Army, the former Red Army, to mobilize 300,000 "partisans" in North China, but is now attempting to transform a third of his own troops, roughly 600,000 men, into mobile units behind the Japanese lines.

Orthodox military minds will inquire: Isn't China foolish to gamble its future on a form of warfare which has succeeded so seldom? Didn't the British suppress the Boers by superior armament? Didn't the French crush the Riffs? Didn't the Japanese drive the Manchurian guerrillas into remote mountain areas where their sabotage program is almost impotent? The answer to all these questions is yes, but the sting of the Chinese guerrillas is not to be measured by military yardsticks alone. The strategy of the Chinese guerrillas has no precise parallel in history.

Remember first that the Japanese army of occupation stretches into China like the outspread fingers of a hand. It occupies, not a block of territory, but a network of railways, rivers, and roads. By day the scattered Japanese defense forces exercise control over narrow strips of territory on each side of their communication lines, but at night the invaders retire into their barbwired fortresses at the railway stations, guarded by machine-guns and artillery. Over the broad countryside between the railways, over the millions of villagers and townsmen, the Japanese have no control.

This was the situation late in 1937 when the first guerrillas appeared as disorganized bands of young farmers armed with their family rifles. They were fighting, not to save their nation, but to protect their villages. I spent four months at the close of 1938 with the North China guerrillas and asked hundreds of men why they were fighting. I always got the same type of answer: "My cart and oxen were stolen by the Japanese"; "My house was burned"; "My granary was looted"; "Eight women in our village were raped." The whole course of the war might have been changed if the Japanese had been scrupulously careful of civilian life and property. Japanese brutality aroused mass resistance.

Canalizing this feeling into an effective formula of guerrilla warfare was the contribution of the Eighth Route Army leaders, many of whom had had ten years' experience in mobilizing guerrillas during the civil war. They knew the first step. Every villager between the railways must be made a conscious "partisan," a man or woman supporting the guerrillas. For this purpose a democratic assembly was created in each village, composed entirely of local residents. No taxes could be levied, no food requisitioned, no men drafted without permission of this village council. At the same time educational classes for farmers, held by lamplight in the village school on summer evenings, introduced ideas about group power and mass action. The Chinese peasant who had slaved for a quarter-century under a Chinese war lord was given a taste of political freedom and told to fight for it. This accounts for the popular battle cry among the guerrillas, "We won't be Japanese slaves."

In addition to political power the guerrilla program gives to the average farmer very attractive economic concessions. All rents have been cut 25 per cent. Interest rates are limited to 2 per cent a month. Taxes have been redistributed to place the principal burden on the richer farmers. The horses of the guerrilla cavalry are loaned to the farmers at plowing time. And the farmer can only retain these privileges by fighting the Japanese.

Having established a political base in territory now comprising 60 per cent of North China, the Eighth Route Army leaders mobilized the younger farmers, aged seventeen to twenty-five, for full-time military service in defending their territory. Each man received a uniform and three months of preliminary training. These are no haphazard "minute men" like those of the American Revolution. They are trained to use light and heavy machine-guns as well as hand grenades and bayonets, their favorite night weapons.

At first the guerrillas were employed primarily for attacking the railways, but as the Japanese increased their fortifications the guerrillas avoided direct attack, preferring to lure the enemy into the open where ambushes were possible. A typical battle was that at Kaoyang in central Hopei last summer, when 2,000 Japanese advanced forty miles from the railway and occupied a walled town. Guerrillas immediately surrounded the town. Each day when a Japanese unit emerged to burn the surrounding villages that were helping the guerrillas, the unit was ambushed. After fifteen days of skirmishing, a direct attack upon the town forced the whole Japanese force to retreat, abandoning five motor trucks and nine artillery pieces. The Japanese lost 600 men, compared to 180 on the Chinese side.

That brings up the question: What is the objective of the guerrillas? Is it to kill Japanese? To stop their supply trains? To recapture cities? I put these questions to General Nieh Jung-chen, the commander of the Eighth Route Army in northern Shansi, and received an answer which provides entirely new criteria for judging the effectiveness of the hit-and-run farmers. "The 90,000 guerrillas under my control," he explained, "are devoting their energies, first, to consolidating and guarding their political bases; secondly, to using these territories for economic sabotage." He elaborated the statement as follows: (1) Japanese are unable to collect taxes from

70 per cent of the farmers in North China; (2) no Japanese commercial goods are permitted to reach the village markets; (3) a blockade is enforced by the guerrillas on the export of cotton, foodstuffs, coal, and wool from partisan territory to the Japanese railways. Of course the Japanese are getting some coal and iron from mines adjacent to railways, but the shipments have been disappointing both in quality and quantity. At least six coal mines used by the Japanese have been dynamited by the partisans.

The most dramatic form of economic sabotage is the wrecking of trains, the damaging of bridges, and the cutting down of telephone poles. In this work the Chinese are not so effective as was Lawrence in Arabia, who was supplied with prodigal amounts of British gun cotton. The Chinese are forced to rely upon man power, which is used mainly for the removal and burying of rails. Each rail costs 300 yen and contains a ton of steel. A village of 200 men and women can carry off 10 rails in a night, and working one night a week can steal 520 rails a year. Twenty such villages in the course of a year can remove enough steel to deprive the Japanese of a new cruiser.

Food production in guerrilla territory during 1938 was actually greater than in 1937 because of the smaller cotton acreage. The cotton for uniforms is locally grown. The village arsenals use rice kettles for scrap iron and chemicals from the soil, which are almost unlimited. Thus the three essentials of mass warfare—food, clothing, and arms—need give the partisans little worry. Rifle and machine-gun ammunition is their one necessary import. At the present time about one-third of the supply is captured from the Japanese and two-thirds is imported on muleback from "free China." Swords and grenades are manufactured in the village arsenals.

All factors considered, the guerrillas seem to have come to stay. In Manchuria the Japanese used 450,000 soldiers against 330,000 Chinese guerrillas, and succeeded after six years in driving the Chinese off the plains into the mountains. The task in North China is infinitely greater because the Japanese can never hope to have a superiority of man power, and a larger proportion of the territory is mountainous. The bases of the Eighth Route Army in Shansi have already withstood four major campaigns and seem to be impregnable.

China's "long view," based upon guerrilla warfare and a possible counter-attack, is that the war is a contest of endurance. The Chinese are thinking not in terms of weeks and months but of years and even decades. The Red Army fought for ten years against Chiang Kai-shek. Its leaders now feel they can equal or better that record against the Japanese. It was with this singular Chinese "long view" in mind that a foreign military attaché declared at the beginning of 1939: "China still has a fifty-fifty chance of winning back its lost territory."

Everybody's Business

STATES' RIGHTS RUN WILD

NO DOUBT, deluded reader, you were taught in school that thanks to the wisdom of the Founding Fathers the United States became the world's greatest free-trade area. The Constitution gave to the federal government the duty of regulating foreign and interstate commerce and expressly forbade the states to lay duties on goods coming from other states or from foreign countries. Thus from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian border to Mexico, there can be no tariff barriers—a basic reason, say the economists, for the rapid industrial and agricultural development of America.

Presumably history teachers still talk along these lines, and it must be bewildering for their pupils to go from such a lesson to a current-events class and there learn how various states are attempting to exclude the products of other states. Today so many ways have been found, within the Constitution, for impeding interstate commerce in order to give protection to local interests that we are well on the way to losing the benefits of our boasted internal free trade. None too soon the Council of State Governments has called a meeting to consider ways of checking the insidious growth of trade restrictions which threatens to reduce us to the condition of Europe. It is to be hoped that every member of the conference, which opens in Chicago on April 5, will have studied carefully a special report on "Barriers to Internal Trade in Farm Products," recently published by the Department of Agriculture.

In this report we get a clear picture of the ways in which states have used their police powers to stifle "foreign" competition. Because of the Constitution, open protection is seldom feasible, and it has thus been necessary to resort to disguise. Ironically enough, for the consumer is the most immediate victim of these devices, the nominal purposes of most restrictive legislation is to guard his interest. Thus statutes whose real object is to give advantage to local farmers are presented as designed to insure clean milk or safe meat. Acts intended to discourage interstate trucking purport to aim at highway safety. Again, perfectly legitimate regulations may be administered in such a way as to protect local vested interests rather than the consumer.

Take the case of milk. Everyone agrees that it is the duty of state and municipal authorities to make certain that the milk supply is clean and healthy. But it is small comfort to a poor mother to know that the quality of milk is first rate if, under pretense of securing that end, measures have been taken which make the price prohibitive. Numerous cities and states permit the sale of milk within their areas only when it comes from farms which they have inspected and licensed. By the refusal to send inspectors outside a restricted area a monopoly is granted to the local farmers. Sometimes, according to a Department of Justice release dated July 7, 1938, the question of the area of inspection is left to the sole discretion of the health authorities, who thus acquire "not only sanitary control of the quality of the milk, but economic control over the price of milk." Naturally such boards are subject to political pressure from interested parties.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

Rhode Island has an extremely arbitrary law requiring all milk shipped into the state to go direct from the originating farm to consumer or dealer within the state. By way of enforcement the Commissioner for Agriculture is empowered to add red coloring matter to all "illegal" milk, and one day in August, 1937, some 5,000 gallons of good Vermont milk were dyed Rhode Island red. It is not hard to imagine the outcry that arose from the Green Mountain champions of states' rights. Unhappily their own record was not so spotless, for as far back as 1890 Vermont, in an effort to protect its butter producers, decreed that all margarine should have a pink hue.

This brings us to the whole fantastic story of margarine, which has long been the football of our state tariffists. When this compound was first put on the market, back in the eighties, there were some attempts to pass it off as butter. This served as an excuse for all kinds of legislation far more severe than an effort to prevent fraud required. Not content with heavy federal taxes on this butter substitute, various states also went on the warpath. Four others besides Vermont ordered pinkness, but this coloring was later declared unconstitutional. More successful were laws banning margarine when colored to resemble butter; these were adopted by more than half the states. Heavy excise taxes were also imposed in many states.

After the war margarine manufacturers improved their product and turned from animal to vegetable oils, of which cottonseed oil is by far the most important. Now the cotton-growing states have a vested interest in margarine, while the dairying states still seek to squelch any competitor of butter. These divergent interests have led to something like economic warfare. For instance, in 1935 Wisconsin raised its excise tax to a prohibitive level. Immediately the cotton states were in an uproar. The Mid-South Cotton Growers' Association called for a boycott of Wisconsin products, declaring: "Any interference with the free movement of cotton oil strikes at the heart of the cotton grower and the South generally and *cannot be tolerated.*" The latest move in this campaign was the introduction in the Arkansas legislature a few weeks ago of a bill imposing a 25 per cent tax on all milk, cream, butter, and apples grown in Washington, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota and sold in Arkansas!

Amid these reprisals little is heard from the chief sufferer —the consumer. In the dairy states if he cannot afford butter —and few people who can will eat margarine—he must fall back on still less appetizing fats, and in the South he is threatened with increased prices for other foods.

There is no space here to mention the innumerable ways in which regulations necessary to secure pure food, to control the liquor traffic, or to prevent the spread of plant and animal pests are being stretched beyond their proper spheres to become instruments of protection. Now that it has got to the retaliation stage the evil is growing rapidly, and it is to be hoped that the Council of State Governments can find drastic remedies and secure their general adoption. For if the epidemic of state autarchy is permitted to spread much farther, either the economic basis of the Union will be destroyed or the federal government will be forced by popular clamor to take over a wide field of activities within which states' rights have been grossly abused.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

NORTH CAROLINA'S Senator "Bob" Reynolds, whose pro-Nazi utterances have startled Washington, is responsible for a unique insertion in the *Congressional Record.* After urging United States recognition of Franco, Reynolds asked permission to insert three clippings: a Washington *Star* editorial, a New York *Times* news item, and an article "from a magazine the name of which I do not now have." The unidentified article was a eulogy of Franco's "anti-Marxist" forces; its source, which the Senator couldn't remember, was the magazine *Spain,* official Franco organ in this country.

SINCE HIS arrival here, Dr. Eduard Benes has publicly remained silent on the "inside story" of pre-Munich events. Among intimates at the University of Chicago he has been more outspoken; to them he has insisted that the Czechs were determined to fight even after French and British desertion, were assured of Russian aid, and finally capitulated only because Agrarian leaders, hating Stalin more than Hitler, vowed they would not cooperate.

THE MILWAUKEE *SENTINEL* regularly publishes the Washington Merry-Go-Round, a syndicated column by Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, with a note emphasizing that opinions expressed in it are those of the authors, not the editors. Recently that column as published in other papers included a statement that Wisconsin Republicans "are privately concerned over the clownish antics of Governor Julius Heil." The column appeared in the *Sentinel* with the Wisconsin item missing.

HEADLINE IN the Bergen (New Jersey) *Evening Record:*

TOURISTS, BUT ONLY GRADE A,
ARE SOUGHT FOR RIDGEWOOD

Chamber of Commerce Urges Residents to Calm Their
Fears That Lower Classes Will Be Invited

NAZI AUTHORITIES, seeking to lure unemployed Swiss watchmakers to work in a watch factory under construction in Pforzheim, Germany, have announced a new inducement. The Swiss will receive badges which will relieve them of the obligation of using the Hitler greeting.

THERE HASN'T been much publicity for the findings of a psychological survey on "Personality Traits Related to Conservatism and Radicalism." Its author, Emily S. Dexter of Agnes Scott College, concludes that "radicals, as compared with conservatives, are usually brighter, better informed, slower in movement and decision, are more introvert, self-sufficient, and dominant, and rarely are the product of small towns." She found no difference in size of family, income, emotional instability or intensity, or teaching ability.

IN EUROPE, it is reported, the British Lion has become the lion of least resistance.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

PRIME MINISTER CHAMBERLAIN is now on record as not yielding on the matter of peace-time conscription. In my judgment, however, it is bound to come. Parliament may defer the decision for a while, but if there is to be a serious arms race between England and Germany, conscription is certain. If you are going to fight the dictators you've got to descend to the dictators' level and do what they do. If they use poison gas, you will. If they sink ships without warning, you will—if you can get at theirs. If they decide on killing your men by the use of bacteria, you will have the finest bacteriological department in your army before they can turn around. If they bomb unarmed cities in England, you will kill just as many of their women and children in similar raids as you can. You will go just as far down into the mire as they go and justify it on the ground of its being necessary for the preservation of your country.

That there will be a great deal of opposition in England to conscription in peace time I do not doubt. The peace movement is very strong there, and the number of absolutists so great that they have considerable influence and will constitute a serious problem when war comes. But the bulk of the people will be told that the liberties of the British are being endangered, and as Mr. Chamberlain said in his Birmingham speech, "Englishmen will never give up their liberty." What he meant was that they will never give up their liberty to *foreigners*. He reserves in his mind the right to deprive them of their liberty at home. If the armament madness continues, Englishmen will be more and more regimented and their freedom more and more circumscribed. Business will be controlled more and more. Government orders will have greater and greater priority and consideration. More and more industries will be subsidized directly or indirectly—it has just been announced that the British government is reviewing the whole merchant-fleet situation with a view to building it up rapidly for war purposes, which means larger and larger subsidies out of the public treasury. Then when war comes, the last vestige of liberty will disappear with the firing of the first gun. You always suppress liberty to save democracy and establish liberty.

What good all this will do if France goes fascist I cannot see. Six months may tell us whether the Cagoulards will be able to seize power; they are reported by a trustworthy correspondent of the New York *Post* to be arming again, none of the 101 arrested for secretly arming against the republic having been tried and most of them being out on bail. Even if France remains a democracy, or what passes for a democracy, financial disaster looms ahead. Mussolini threatened France the other day that if it did not yield to his demands he would continue to arm Italy even if it meant the complete elimination "of what is known as civil life." If he does that, France will have to follow suit, and it will be a race, not for military superiority, but to see which first goes down into chaos—complete financial disaster or bloody revolution. But the men at the head of France see no other way out than the old one of force.

The worst thing about Daladier and Chamberlain is that, having achieved what they thought was their great victory at Munich, they sat back and did nothing to strengthen the existing peace machinery. They merely proclaimed a peace and then went back to arming. I insist that at this game Hitler will beat them every time, for the more closely he approaches the communism of Stalin, the easier will it be for him to do what Mussolini has threatened to do—subordinate the entire life of the nation to preparation for war. But the statesmen learn nothing. They cannot follow the most ordinary dictates of common sense. That was why there was such tremendous acclaim the first time Chamberlain flew to Germany. People everywhere rejoiced that one statesman was going to do just what any plain business man would have done when his negotiations with a rival became serious. And then Chamberlain showed his incompetence as a negotiator! Why did not Daladier implement his clear statement in reply to Mussolini's speech with the suggestion that he was willing to leave to the arbitration of Franklin Roosevelt or the King of Sweden or the Hague tribunal the points at issue between the countries, with the exception of the cession of territory? That would have shown good faith at once.

Well, this country can throw no stones. It has now no fewer than eight battleships authorized or under construction, and it is believed that the navy will ask for one more in a week or two although the ships that have just been laid down will not be finished for five years, when there will either be peace in Europe or general chaos—or a Europe made up wholly of fascist states. The new 45,000-ton battleships the President authorized last week under Congressional authority will cost between $85,000,000 and $100,000,000 apiece. The cost of those already authorized and building is between $70,000,000 and $75,000,000 apiece—all in the name of security, which will never, never be purchased by force or preparations for war.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Notes by the Way

HITLER has given us an intensive course in geography in the past year. It is not so long ago that Eastern Europe was a tangled thicket of unpronounceable names and there was a touch of humorous contempt in the general attitude toward nations which did not even know enough to put vowels between consonants. In the past year, or rather within the past month, Hitler, the Great Teacher, moving from west to east, using a gun for a pointer, pausing only long enough to din the strange names into our ears, and breaking up Versailles compounds into their component parts, has conducted a course in nationalities, resources, and peoples that the world will not soon forget. Today Brno isn't funny; Rumania has ceased to be Graustark and the Danube a waltz; Carpatho-Ukraine seems as real as Kansas.

Erskine Caldwell's new book "North of the Danube," with sixty-four beautiful photographs by Margaret Bourke-White (Viking Press, $3), is an illuminating and touching footnote to the Nazi conquest, so timely as to be painful. It consists of eight vivid close-ups, written with the direct clarity of Mr. Caldwell's best vein, of the peoples and countrysides of the Czechoslovakia that was, until March 14. Perhaps the most striking chapter in the book is the one entitled Bread in Uzok. Uzok is a village in Carpatho-Ukraine, a few kilometers from the Polish border. When the travelers from America asked a taxi driver in Uzhorod to take them to Uzok, he acted as if Uzok was the end of the world. He had been there once, and once was enough. When he was finally persuaded by the offer of more kronen than he could afford to refuse, he excused himself for five minutes—and came back with a pistol, an extra box of cartridges, and five loaves of black bread. A hotel owner and a Czech policeman brought more bread. The two Americans, caught up in the excitement, also bought bread without knowing why.

The mystery was solved when they arrived in Uzok with their car trunk full of bread and stopped in the one street. Doors began opening, and presently they were surrounded by a crowd of forty or fifty persons begging for bread. The taxi driver threatened them with his pistol to hold them back while he unlocked the trunk. He cut the loaves into pieces and handed the pieces to children and men and women with desperate eyes, who immediately ran home with their treasure and locked the doors behind them. "It has been seven years since I tasted bread," said one old woman. "I just wanted to taste bread once more before I die, and now I can."

And why no bread?

"The prince, who comes from Hungary, does not want anybody on his land any more, because he said human beings scare away the wild boars he keeps there to hunt."

Last fall Jonathan Daniels wrote an article in the *Virginia Quarterly* on our own South with the striking title Democracy Is Bread. The authors of this book must have been reminded more than once of the American share-cropper's South which was the subject of their last book. In Uzok, as in Marked Tree, Arkansas, democracy is bread. The alternative is the old feudalism or the new fascism. At the moment Carpatho-Ukraine is in the hands of feudal Hungary, but its real master is fascist Germany. A democracy can suffer an Uzok or a Marked Tree only at great risk.

The Caldwell-Bourke-White expedition moved from east to west, from the backward misery of Uzok to the beauty and sophistication of Prague. Colorful costumes, bright sunshine, fertile, bread-bearing lands lie between. But Uzok casts its shadow even to Prague, where a Nazi agent said, "Our movement is coming down the highway like a steam-roller." It has rolled far since then. Its engine is fascist imperialism. Its highway is the long black shadow cast by breadless Uzok.

The April-May-June number of the *Countryman*, one of the world's unique quarterlies, has just arrived from Oxfordshire. The little green magazine, which looks like a thick tuft of bright English turf, is celebrating its twelfth birthday. If it depends on advertising, which in this issue covers 183 of its 420 pages, it has an assured future. It is a non-political magazine of country life which draws contributors and subscribers from every political bailiwick. The present issue is full of spring business: its first article is Four Days in the Life of a Foal, which introduces a miscellany of items ranging from the peculiarities of rural dialects to a discussion of the proposal to create a national park in the Scottish highlands. In his regular commentary the editor, J. W. Robertson Scott, notes the interesting fact, among a hundred others, that Stafford Cripps, a subscriber from the first issue, carries his heavy work "as a parliamentarian, a distinguished counsel, and a constant political speaker" on two meals a day of uncooked food. He is also a teetotaler. But perhaps the most piquant item in the *Countryman* this quarter is the following:

> **The Air Raid Warden, having distributed gas masks in a village, paid a visit to a recipient to see if her mask was being treated properly, and found her wearing it as she sat peeling onions!**

Country life, 1939!

MARGARET MARSHALL

Twenty Years After

WOODROW WILSON: LIFE AND LETTERS. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. Volume VII. $5.

MEMOIRS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By David Lloyd George. Yale University Press. Two Volumes. $10.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1937. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. $17.50.

ON APRIL 6, 1917, the United States entered the World War. At the center of American efforts, and a year and a half later at the center of the world's attention, stood Woodrow Wilson. His personality—his great vision based upon the American moral tradition and his personal shortcomings on the American political stage—did much to decide, if not the issue of the World War, at least the issue of the years following the World War. The seventh volume of Mr. Baker's great biography of Woodrow Wilson deals with the first eleven months of American participation in the war and with Woodrow Wilson as war leader. It is less a book than a collection of documents, letters, and excerpts from diaries, with connecting text. The editor supplies the necessary background but nowhere intrudes; he presents the material with a completeness not to be found elsewhere and leaves the judgment to the reader. The impression gained is of the intense immersion of Wilson in his work, his incessant but self-centered toil, his clear discernment of the fundamental issues involved in the war, a war of principles, and at the same time his great attention to the slightest details of management at home and in the field. It should be interesting to note that the plan for the League of Nations did not originate with Woodrow Wilson. A British committee under Lord Bryce had drafted in May, 1917, a proposal for a League to Enforce Peace, and Wilson although indorsing "the general idea of the league" was opposed to any too definite program for it. The French Chamber of Deputies was the first representative body to indorse, in June, 1917, "durable guaranties for peace and independence for peoples great and small in a League of Nations." Wilson never lost the expectation that after victory a great opportunity and duty would present itself for the creation of a society of nations, but he did not evolve a definite scheme for it.

After the victory, when the Peace Conference met, the idea of the League of Nations played a great role. The story of the Peace Conference has been told frequently, but when a man like Lloyd George, one of the Big Three, tells it once more, he certainly has the right to expect that we shall listen attentively. His memoirs are perhaps not a great book—they lack for that the necessary depth of perspective and cogency of style—but they should be read by everyone who wishes to discuss the peace treaties. The two volumes are again largely a collection of documents, but here the editor is constantly in the foreground and tries to evaluate the material. In a way the book is a lively and forceful apology for the peace treaties and for the role which Lloyd George played. The book portrays faithfully the personality of the author. Needless to say, every reader will disagree with at least some of Lloyd George's statements and judgments. His personal likes and dislikes influence his opinions. He was a very great friend of the Greeks and Italians, and he was very much less friendly toward the Turks, the Poles, and the Czechs. (President Wilson on the other hand was very friendly toward the Poles and much more critical of the Italians.) But in spite of his lack of sympathy with the Poles, Lloyd George presents an excellent case for the Polish Corridor. He speaks with the highest esteem of Clemenceau, whom he apparently liked much better than he did Wilson. The Father of the Victory was the first of the three statesmen to disappear from the public stage. But Clemenceau clearly foresaw the dangers inherent in the concessions which he made to Lloyd George on the question of security for France. He wrote on March 26, 1919:

> The result will be either a confederation of Eastern and Central Europe under the domination of a Bolshevik Germany or the enslavement of the same countries by a reactionary Germany, thanks to the general anarchy. In both cases, the Allies will have lost the war. . . . In view of German mentality, it is not sure that justice is conceived by the Germans as it is conceived by the Allies.

Lloyd George proudly points out that the treaties of Versailles were probably the first peace treaties which brought about democracy everywhere, the great progress of the working class throughout the world, the liberation of many oppressed nationalities, the protection of minorities, and the establishment of a society of nations to insure the equality of strong and weak, the rule of international law, and a machinery for peaceful adjustments.

> The failure of a great deal of what is best and noblest in the treaties has been entirely due to the fact that there has been no will-power or steady resolve behind the execution and that all the democratic countries were equally to blame for this exhibition of ineptitude and nervelessness. All of us [the Big Three] would be equally shocked at the spectacle of the great democratic countries, which in 1919 commanded universal respect and exercised almost irresistible sway on the destinies of nations, now shivering and begging for peace on the doorsteps of two European dictators.

The first nation to desert the common purpose, thereby dealing a death-blow to the spirit of democracy in international affairs, was the United States. And it was almost entirely because of the personal shortcomings of President Wilson in dealing with opposition in the Senate that this immense tragedy, his personal tragedy and a world tragedy at the same time, could happen. That the war did not make the world safe for democracy is perhaps less the fault of the peace treaties than of the failure of the peace treaties and the League of Nations to establish security for France (the two treaties of security between France and the United States and Great Britain which were offered to France in exchange for the Rhine frontier were never validated) and of the disunion among the democracies. Had the three great democracies remained united, had they not, all three of them, returned to an isolation of self-interest and mutual jealousy, fascism would never have become a world danger. Clemenceau and Lloyd George wrote on April 23, 1919:

> The hope that sustained us in the perilous years of war was that victory would bring with it, not merely the defeat of Germany, but the final discredit of the ideals in which Germany had placed her trust. On the other hand Germany felt sure that the union of her enemies would never survive their triumph. She based her schemes no longer on the conquest of Europe, but on its political and perhaps also on its social disintegration.

Twenty years later German hopes for a complete reversal of the outcome of the war and for a political and social disintegration of Europe had been fulfilled. Force, chaos, and fear ruled Europe much more than at any time before. The international relations of each of these twenty years have been told with accuracy and distinction in the volumes of the Survey of International Affairs, for which we are indebted to Arnold J. Toynbee. The survey for 1937 is divided into two volumes of which the second deals entirely with the war in Spain. Toynbee quotes a word spoken by the French Foreign Minister, Delbos, at Bucharest on December 9, 1937:

"L'égoisme est une erreur de jugement autant qu'une défaillance du coeur." Of this egoism, which we call isolationism or national self-interest and which is the backbone of fascist ideology, human civilization is perishing today. The fifty pages which Toynbee devotes to the breakdown of the League of Nations and to the anti-Comintern triangle set forth the present situation in a moving and somber picture. The defeat of all the post-war hopes of establishing a world order has resulted in a new League of Nations under Germany's leadership. This anti-Comintern triangle has established itself as a policeman of the world against revolution, understanding by this word not only communism but all forms of liberalism and democracy. It could do it only because the democracies shrank from the duty of policing the world in the name and interest of democracy.

> It may be noted that, in making this claim to exercise a world-wide police power, the "Triangle" went far farther than the League, which never sought to put a constraint upon states save in the single eventuality of their committing aggression against their neighbors—whereas the "Triangle" powers, who in one breath were denouncing the League for its insufferable meddlesomeness, were in the next breath arrogating to themselves a title to interfere, at their own discretion and *manu militari*, in their neighbors' internal affairs.

On account of the pusillanimity of the democracies and their isolationism the League of Nations did not succeed in making the world safe for peace and democracy. Cooperation among the fascist powers has succeeded in making the world safe for aggression. As Toynbee points out, the democratic and pacific powers were moved by the spectacle of international anarchy not to try to put an end to it but simply to try to keep out of it. They hoped that the three great fascist powers would turn only against smaller countries, but they overlooked the fact that the conquest of smaller countries might put the key to world power into the hands of the Triangle. "The pacific powers went far along the road toward collusion with the predatory powers in a tacit policy of keeping the peace between all great powers by licensing aggression at the expense of weaker third parties"; but it is doubtful whether this isolationist attitude will not bring about an infinitely more dangerous situation for the United States, Great Britain, and France than that which would have resulted if they had not yielded to the common human impulse to flinch from a danger instead of grappling with it.

HANS KOHN

Program for the New Deal

JOBS FOR ALL. By Mordecai Ezekiel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

LAST fall the automobile industry got its confidence back in public, indeed on the first pages of the newspapers. Tens of thousands of men were being put back to work, and automobile production was to boom. The steel industry, for one, took the automobile companies at their word and speeded up production. It expected to see the steel rate at 70 per cent of capacity by March 1, even though it was actually overproducing at 55 to 60 per cent in November while waiting for orders from Detroit. But April 1 is here, automobile production has not yet risen to what it was in November, and the steel rate is still at 55 per cent and still running ahead of consumption. The inner circle of our biggest managements has again outsmarted itself. Steel production is being curtailed, and the automobile outlook has turned bad, for cars can't be sold at a hundred-thousand-a-week clip when Pittsburgh stagnates.

This is what Mordecai Ezekiel's new book is about. When management guesses wrong, production dries up. This is bad for capital, but it is much worse for America as a nation. Recession has followed recovery too quickly to let purchasing power rise high enough to stimulate sustained production and so to assure sustained employment. The result of this uncertainty, at an inadequate level of income, is visible in the political uneasiness of the country. Sure, the people want democracy, but first of all they want jobs. And they are disposed to judge the New Deal by its success or failure in getting them jobs.

Ezekiel has written a straightforward and altogether admirable exposition of what could be done by this democracy if it could organize its resources. He outlines a simple, effective schedule for each economic front—railroads, utilities, housing, land reclamation, and particularly government spending—a schedule which the Administration could follow if it would simply use powers it already has, and if it would only make up its mind that conditions will not get better by themselves.

It may be that Ezekiel's plea for planning will be regarded as an attempt to revive the NRA. It has been charged recently, in *The Nation* and elsewhere, that a section of the New Deal would like to revive the Blue Eagle. This is certainly not true of Ezekiel, nor is it true of Jerome Frank, Leon Henderson, or any proper New Dealers this reviewer knows about. For the NRA was essentially an instrument to curtail production and to enable industry to trade a minimum of goods for a maximum of dollars. Ezekiel and his colleagues want to expand production, and simultaneously expand consumption so that the increased volume of goods available can be sold and enjoyed. Ezekiel's proposal is this: if, beginning tomorrow, every industry knew that a concerted effort would be made to raise the national income by, say, 15 per cent; if, therefore, every industry jacked up its production schedule by 15 per cent; if raw-material and credit commitments rose at the same rate; if prices stimulated instead of discouraged consumption; then pay rolls and purchasing power generally would rise enough to absorb the increased output. As insurance for industry against overproduction, he would have the government offer to buy up whatever surplus remained; as long as consumption increased as fast as production, this guaranty would simply foster confidence, like the FHA's guaranty to make good on residential mortgages, few of which have gone into default.

Now it may be that business will continue to cut its own throat by trying to cut those of its suppliers and customers. Perhaps Christian Science resolutions are not enough. But if this is the case, Ezekiel is doubly right. For if double-crossing is the rule, the economy can't run by itself any more, as it has in the past and as the New Deal has so far assumed that it could in the future. In that case, men like Leon Henderson, who in the fateful spring of 1937 were warning against the price and overproduction booms, have all along been on the right track. For if Ezekiel is naive and reason won't work, the tactic of expose-the-culprit-and-appeal-to-the-people is the only one that remains. But whether or not the Administration attempts to put Ezekiel's precise scheme to work, his book outlines a program for the Administration which by 1940 could begin to show the results that must be achieved if the New Deal is to survive. ELIOT JANEWAY

The Imperfect Wagnerites

THE YOUNG COSIMA. By Henry Handel Richardson. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

THE three tragic novels that form "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony" are a noble and isolated achievement in the fiction of this century. They play no part in the experiments or artistic advances of the modern novel. Their force is simpler, hardier, and more violent than aesthetic originality usually allows. Their success is that of a quite flawless sincerity and compassion in tracing, upon the desperate stage of pioneer Australia, the defeat of a soul worthy of his classic destiny and comparable to the somber heroes of Hardy and Conrad. "Maurice Guest," an earlier novel by Henry Handel Richardson, showed the same exhaustive sense of tragic experience but in the narrower terms of a musician's love story. It set its tale of another confounded soul against the old German world of music study in Leipzig, and combined lyric emotion with a rough domestic substance in a way that recalled the heady naturalism of Fontane and Sudermann. Both these books show an undistracted power that makes any other work of their author notable. Now, after a ten-year interval, "The Young Cosima" will attract everyone who considers "Maurice Guest" a masterpiece of the life of music and "Richard Mahony" a tragedy of personal destiny rich both in portraying the fatality of a sensitive nature and in dramatizing the forces of human aggression and courage.

The new novel is obviously not the equal of its predecessors. Its characters, the Titans of the age of Wagner, remain the shadowy, half-legendary, and sentimental forms that hover behind published letters and concert programs. The action—covering Cosima Lizst's betrothal to Hans von Bülow, her troubled marriage, her infatuation with the aging Wagner, and her desertion of her husband in the thick of his battle for Wagner's music to join the master at Triebschen—is a sequence of domestic and musical clashes wherein a princely, arrogant, and half-hysterical bohemianism struggles against the musical and commercial politics of Germany. It seldom allows its characters to take on the psychological reality they require; its dialogue and atmosphere show alternately an awkward style that reads like a translation from German and the lush inflation common to novels about genius. Miss Richardson has reconstructed the drama of Wagner's circle with care; her use of great funds of published correspondence (her "Sources and Authorities" show twenty-eight titles) assures the authenticity of her dialogue and episodes; the candid, unaesthetic honesty of her other novels is apparent; but she has been partly cowed by her material, partly won over to an unguarded use of the sentimentalism latent in her other books but curbed there by her strong sense of fact, of human absurdity, and of physical struggle. Without these correctives the flaring careers of Lizst, Wagner, and Cosima show a flamboyance that too much resembles the popular conception of their doings, enervates their speeches, and never really conveys a serious sense of the music they were creating or the artistic revolution they led.

These are defects unavoidable by any reader who respects the full quality of Richardson. They are accompanied, it is true, by traces and episodes that give "The Young Cosima" a distinction above ordinary novels: by a certain capture of the domestic fatuity that hedged in the Wagner circle even in its moments of boldest defiance; by several scenes of dramatic charm—for one, the first hearing of "Tristan," with Cosima and Wagner in the darkened box; by a sketching in of the artist's conflict with society that hints of the use made of that theme by other modern novelists; and by a simple pathos in portraying the awakening of Cosima from her girlish discontents and reveries to her knowledge of fierce energies in the music and the men around her and thus to the extraordinary destiny that confronted her and finally made her the matriarch of German music—the ancient woman glimpsed by travelers up to a few years ago, reigning on her throne at Bayreuth. To name these virtues is to say that each of them demands strengthening to make "The Young Cosima" live up to the possibilities of its theme, its cast of characters, and its underlying conflict. The old-fashioned sobriety substituted for them is no match for the history evoked by the great names, who remain too much the customary puppets of artist's-life dramas. Henry Handel Richardson's honesty of writing and passion for music are not to be confused with the usual commodities of fiction, but they never receive full justice in this comparatively slight display of her talents. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Making of America

AMERICAN SAGA. By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. Whittlesey House. $4.

IF OUR country, in the last decade, has suddenly grown as pedigree-conscious as a newly rich bathtub manufacturer's wife, that is all to the good. There is gold in those historical hills, much more gold than any one book, or any dozen books, can cart away. Perhaps our history constitutes the last American frontier, the last of our public resources that are still free to anyone willing to do some good honest digging; and Mrs. Greenbie has staked out her claim as the "history and literature of the American dream of a better life." The result, "American Saga," is much fuller of action, much less formidable, than this subtitle suggests.

What is "the better life"? Here is the author's own definition: "By better living I mean just what the average person coming to America meant—better houses, land of his own, money in the bank, a little fun, some leisure, ladies who were easy to look at, children who might grow up to some education and a better chance, safety in his own home and possessions, and peace with his neighbor." This sounds a good deal like what Ruskin called the worship of the Goddess of Getting-on, and it hardly does justice to Mrs. Greenbie's subject, which includes not merely the story of the exploiting of our natural resources but a panorama of the spirit of the many diverse groups who have poured their blood and energy into the veins of our great sprawling country.

From a mountainous pile of first-hand sources—letters, diaries, official reports, folk-songs—Mrs. Greenbie has panned out the gleaming particles that tell the story of the people: simple, spontaneous reactions of first-comers to lands they meant to make their own, or to abuses they meant to set right. These materials have always been available to historians, but the general public for the most part has been content with a polished-up summary of the larger events and movements of our national past, not realizing, perhaps not caring until recently, how exciting were the original documents, vigorous and human, not written for historians at all.

There is bound to be much duplication of material in books of this kind, but each fresh approach, so long as it sticks to the facts, marks a healthy increase in national self-confidence. When a country is in its infancy it has to be nursed on prepared foods, on sugar-coated legends of cherry trees and midnight rides, with all gristle removed; in petulant adolescence it goes in exclusively for the peppery sauces of the debunkers, taking a morbid pleasure in setting its own teeth on edge; when it grows up it takes on a more rugged diet, of good red meat and roughage. This book is solid stuff, well prepared, and a valuable addition to the fast-growing shelf of Americana. LOUIS B. SALOMON

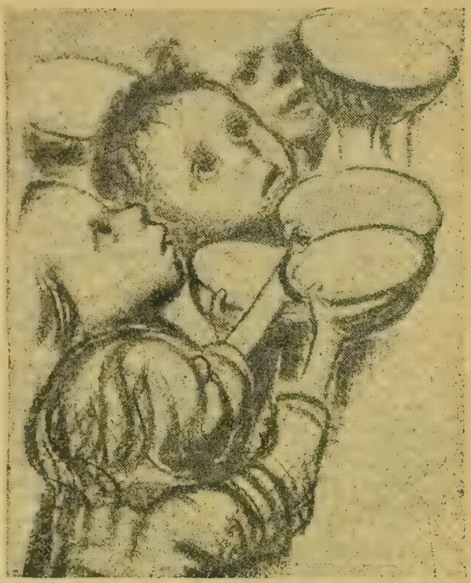
Shorter Notices

THE LAND IS BRIGHT. By Archie Binns. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The American Western hegira is one of the great adventure stories of history. Year after year, mile after mile, state after state, the noses of the lead oxen of one Conestoga wagon close to the tailboard of the wagon ahead, they came, first in hundreds, later in hundreds of thousands. Men, women, children, babies, dogs, horses, cattle, they pushed on over the plains to Iowa and Minnesota, over the mountains to California and Oregon. Everybody was going West to find the promised land, to find good farms, happy days, plenty for man and beast. Most of the pioneers found less than they expected; a good many did not even reach their destination. One of the most affecting episodes in Mr. Binns's story of the Oregon Trail in 1850 is the grim, perfectly silent caravan of women—*going East.* Some of them walked beside the wagons, some rode the few horses they had; none looked to right or left, or spoke to the westward-bound people they passed every day. Their men had all died on the route; they were turned around now, going home. With a superb background like this, Mr. Binns could hardly have failed to write an interesting story. But it would take a master of fiction to invent individual characters who would do justice to such a scene. Mr. Binns is merely a good, lively story-teller who has chosen great drama for his subject and treats it adequately.

MARGINAL LAND. By Horace Kramer. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

The average author of back-to-the-soil novels is either afraid of humor or lacks the sense of it entirely; the fruition of



Hungry Children *Drawing by Kathe Kollwitz*

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crops, he feels, is like childbirth, a groaning labor. In this first novel by Horace Kramer the struggle of a man against the poor "marginal lands" of one of the Dakotas—which one is not made clear—is shown dramatically without any false pathos. Steve Randall, ill, city-bred, sensitive, attacked the stubborn earth which he inherited and finally made it pay him in live stock, after drought and fire and frost had proved to him that wheat could not be forced to grow, and that old Voorhees was right to disdain those who tried to "raise bread on meat land." But it was a bitter struggle aggravated by a wife who could not adapt herself and by the hostile natives. The winters were so cold that the servant, Joe—who could "unravel a man like a sock"—had to take the new-born colts to bed with him lest they freeze, and the summers were so wet that the Germans living in sod hovels were flooded out. The passions of men and women were equally variable, but Mrs. Moses, the "beneficent hurricane," old Hendershot, who fiercely raised raspberries, and the farm girl, Trina, who married Randall after his wife's defection and brought Grandpap as her champion dowry, all helped to shape the "dude." The book is swiftly styled, facile but sure in its characterization, and filled with a robust sympathy for both the man and the thwarted, eager earth.

DRAMA

Miss Hepburn Pays Up

MISS KATHERINE HEPBURN is an actress who seems to have reversed that order of procedure which is usual in the theater if not in commercial transactions. She acquired a reputation upon the smallest of down payments and then, like the honest debtor she is, set about the unpleasant business of earning the fame she already enjoyed. There were times when she seemed to others, as she certainly did to me, a very bad risk indeed. There were also times when the dear public was disposed to adopt an attitude unpleasantly like that of an instalment collector who is just about to sue. But at the Shubert Theater Miss Hepburn is now giving a performance which comes pretty near to canceling all her accumulated arrears. She is exhibiting a flexibility and variety of which I, at least, hardly believed her capable, and if I were inclined to be ribald I should probably exclaim: "Three more payments, Miss Hepburn, and the reputation is yours."

But "The Philadelphia Story," as the play is called, is noteworthy for much more than the opportunity it presents to an ambitious actress. For one thing the Theater Guild has a success at last—a play which would undoubtedly run a season through if this were not, as it undoubtedly is, the first of April. What is, however, still more important is the fact that here, at last, is something which looks very pleasantly like the comedy which its author, Philip Barry, was trying to write more than ten years ago in the days when he was generally regarded as the ablest as well as the most promising of our high-comedy writers. An audience on pleasure bent will probably find "The Philadelphia Story" polite fun rather

MARGARET MARSHALL
Literary Editor of The Nation—*brilliant commentator, author of the series "Columnists on Parade" and co-author, with Mary McCarthy, of "Our Critics, Right or Wrong."*

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more than ordinarily delightful for reasons not immediately apparent. But it has, I think, a flavor all its own which distinguishes it significantly from any of the drawing-room comedies it superficially resembles.

Mr. Barry has concocted a plot which involves the marital misadventures of the almost too charming daughter of one of the best of good families. He has added a female photographer who goes in the company of a writer for a magazine not too heavily disguised under the name of *Destiny*, and thus he has produced a scenario which might easily serve as the basis for a raucous farce neither particularly original nor particularly significant. But one gets something very different from what this description would suggest—an almost exquisitely delicate treatment of situations and themes which would tempt almost any other writer into easy extravagance.

The piece has, I suppose, at least two themes. One is concerned with the daughter, superficially spoiled but fundamentally decent, who comes to her senses when three different men let her see how a kind of spiritual pride has made her incapable of the kind of human relationship she really desires. The other theme, which runs just below the surface, involves the subtler aspects of that great truth which W. S. Gilbert stated so bluntly when he announced that the neighborhood of Seven Dials had no monopoly on hearts that are pure and fair. But neither of these themes is, I think, the main concern of a play which is struggling to illustrate in terms of character and situation what is meant by such words, at once cold and elusive, as refinement and integrity and decency of soul. Any attempt to define any one of them is likely, as Mr. Barry must know from experience, to end in the prescription of a rigid code or, by implication at least, in giving a false importance to mere fashion and the *mores* of a fashionable class. To me it has always seemed the great defect of his earlier comedies that the fine line between decency and priggishness and the equally fine line between refinement of feeling and mere familiarity with what is being said and done this season was not really drawn. I have, in fact, accused Mr. Barry of not making the distinction himself; but the failure was perhaps a failure not of feeling but of expression. "The Philadelphia Story" seems to me to do successfully exactly what "Holiday," for example, failed to accomplish. Certain of its characters are "nice people" and certain are not. But for once that vulgar phrase seems to have a real meaning.

You may now take your choice between "The Swing Mikado" offered by the Federal Theater and "The Hot Mikado" more recently produced at the Broadhurst. The great virtue of the latter is Bill Robinson, who can still dance miraculously even though the relation of his performance to Mr. Gilbert's libretto is very remote indeed. In general "The Hot Mikado" is slicker and rather better sung than its predecessor, but it is also less hilariously a lark.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Next Week in The Nation

Spring Book Number

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MUSIC

ONE of the bad results of concert-giving as practiced by the Hofmanns among pianists, violinists, and conductors is that it deprives us of experience of a great deal of valuable music which they do not get around to performing. Our virtuoso pianist, that is, has no interest in music to work against the inertia, the laziness, and the competitive spirit that lead him to improve his performance of the Beethoven sonata which he already knows and which all of his competitors play rather than to learn another sonata. And this is true of the virtuoso conductor—even of a conductor as enterprising as Koussevitzky. Examine Koussevitzky's programs and you will find that his enterprise shows itself almost entirely in the playing of contemporary works. In the established repertory you will find that, preferring to devote rehearsal time to such famous and triumphant matters as his performances of "Pictures at an Exhibition" and the "Daphnis and Chloë" Suite and Sibelius's Symphony No. 2, he is led to repeat an old Haydn symphony instead of giving a new one, and to give no performance at all of the rarely heard Sibelius No. 6; and that he ends by going over the same limited ground year after year—much the same limited ground as all conductors go over year after year.

To those of us who depend on performance for our knowledge of music the result is the loss of a number of great works. Haydn's London symphonies are discussed in the program notes every time the "Surprise" or the "Clock" Symphony is played; but No. 104, which Tovey considers the greatest of Haydn's instrumental works, I heard played for the first time a year ago, and several others of the London group I have never heard played at all; nor have I ever heard at least a dozen of Haydn's clavier sonatas that are superb works. I began to attend concerts in 1914 but did not hear Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 467 until 1934, his K. 595 until 1936, his K. 491 and K. 271 until 1937; Webster Aitken's recent performance of K. 450 with the National Orchestral Association was the first I had heard since 1922; and I have yet to hear a performance of K. 453.

A new development is the series of concerts devoted to intensive exploration of certain sections of the literature. And the series in which Schnabel played all of Beethoven's piano sonatas, the one in which Aitken played the major piano sonatas of Schubert, the two offered by the League of Music-Lovers at the Y. M. H. A. in which the Budapest String Quartet played all the quartets of Beethoven and the major quartets of Mozart—these were excellent, since they offered great music superbly performed and a compact experience of each composer's achievement in the medium, an achievement sufficiently rich and varied for the experience not to become monotonous. Even the League of Music Lovers' series at Town Hall, which merely offered the Budapest Quartet in a number of the best-known works of the chamber-music literature, was justified by performances that made things like Schubert's Quartets Opus 161 and "Death and the Maiden" and Mozart's G minor Quintet the experiences of a lifetime. (Benny Goodman's playing in Mozart's Clarinet Quintet revealed that in the time since the recorded performance he had grown sufficiently at home in the music to phrase it. A little less susceptibility to the questionable enthusiasm of the hangers-on a year or two ago, and there would now be a better recording of the quintet.)

On the other hand the various series of the New Friends of Music have suffered from lack of the musical judgment that could distinguish between an unfamiliar masterpiece like Schubert's Trio Opus 100 and a work like his early String Trio that deserved its obscurity, or between a brilliant harpsichordist like Ernst Victor Wolff and a mediocre one and inept ensemble player like Yella Pessl. This season, for example, the Friends too offered all the quartets of Beethoven but had them played by the Kolisch Quartet, which has played Mozart very well but has repeatedly demonstrated its inability to rise to the stature of Beethoven's works in this medium, and which demonstrated this again with its small-scale, mannered performances. Again, at four concerts the Friends demonstrated that three string quartets of Haydn are too many for one concert when they are heard in performances as scratchy as the Stradivarius Quartet's or as unprecedentedly out of tune as the Pro Arte's. Only the Budapest Quartet justified the Friends' procedure with performances that revealed all there is in Haydn's quartets—the richness and subtlety of feeling expressed in richness and subtlety of technical device.

What is in the quartets is in the symphonies—among others the unfamiliar Esterhaz and Paris symphonies, which the Friends did well to have its new little orchestra play. In each there is a living thought, activated by living emotion, that

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assumes constantly fresh forms; in the Bach Concertos for two and three claviers and many of the Suites and Brandenburg Concertos which the orchestra played one hears a mechanical progression by formula (the Concerto for four claviers retains he characteristic loveliness of the Vivaldi Concerto from which it is derived). And in the rigorous style which Fritz Stiedry adopted for Bach he did not produce, even in the charming B minor Suite, anything as warm and dynamically alive as he made of each of the more flexibly handled Haydn symphonies. Moreover, though it may have been because he was dealing with young players only newly disciplined as a group that Stiedry held them so tightly in hand and drove them so hard, nevertheless the result was strain that made itself felt even in the flexibly phrased music of Haydn, and heard in the tone of the orchestra. Max Goberman is a talented youngster without Stiedry's knowledge and experience; the two concerts of his New York Sinfonietta at Washington Irving High School were given with considerably fewer rehearsals than those of the Friends; but he produced fine sonorities largely because of the relaxed ease that he created in the group by the relaxed ease in his handling of it. The announced purpose of his concerts was to broaden the repertory—which they did with a few works I was glad to hear and a few others I would have been as glad not to.

There is not much point in a special piano-concerto series like the National Orchestral Association's which presents the familiar concertos of Brahms and Schumann and the deservedly unfamiliar Mendelssohn G minor. The concerts did, however, demonstrate that Leon Barzin's technical equipment and musical taste make him quite the finest of the younger conductors now on the scene.

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

In HIS newest picture, "Alexander Nevsky" (Sosfilm), Sergei Eisenstein, the famous director of "Potemkin" and the fragmentary but unforgettable film about Mexico, appears to be limited to his excellent abilities as a movie technician. After a preview of "Alexander Nevsky" Stalin slapped Eisenstein on the back and called him "a good Bolshevik." The events which led up to this cordial Kremlin scene, as reported by the professional apologists of the Russian Thermidor, reveal that Eisenstein has been *gleichgeschaltet*, subordinated to the orders of the monolithic state.

On March 17, 1937, when the liquidation of the Old Bolsheviks was in full swing, the Central Administration of the Photo-Cinema Industry of the U. S. S. R. stopped the production of the picture "Benzhin Mendow," on which Eisenstein was at work. The film had a contemporary and highly controversial theme—collectivization and the opposition met by this *tour de force*. But Eisenstein, so argued his administrative superiors and artistic inferiors, was not up to date in dealing with this vital problem. "His conception of the social forces involved was fundamentally fallacious, he resorted, instead of learning from life, to far-fetched symbolism, didacticism, schematization, scholastic profundities, and harmful formalistic exercises"—whatever all this may mean.

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* * *

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Eisenstein, of course, "agreed with many criticisms" and confessed to "having been possessed by the intellectual's illusion that revolutionary work could be done individually in segregation from the collective"—forgetting that much revolutionary work has been done, especially in art, in exactly this forbidden manner. After this he received profound advice: "Only by starting with man, for man, and in the name of man is it possible to work in our art." He swallowed the hollow phrase, which sounds like Silone's Professor Pickup, and "went to the country to rest and reexamine his past." After his return he "immediately" started to work and produced, it seems immediately, a masterpiece—so the Soviet critics say unanimously. He received in Moscow the Order of Lenin and in New York the four stars of the *Daily News.*

The story of "Alexander Nevsky" is a vision of a future war between Russia and Germany in the costumes of the thirteenth century. German Templars—white coats, red crosses—invade Russia from the west; Mongols from the east. The rich merchants of Novgorod plot surrender. The common people want to resist but are unable to do so without a leader. They find him in the person of Prince Nevsky, who promptly beats the Germans in a terrific battle on a frozen lake. To this political-military action some byplay is added. Two subordinate leaders, the one blond and jolly, the other a dark-haired, rather melancholy expert with the battle-ax, fall in love with the same girl. She likes them both and escapes the pains of choice by deciding to marry the braver. A draw threatens to complicate the situation, but a superficial happy ending is easily reached.

This framework contains two long mass sequences: first, the helpless common people shouting for a leader, a scene any dictator would enjoy; second, the battle—first-class Hollywood with touches of Sternberg and Stroheim. Though we are not left in doubt about the outcome, suspense is achieved through the machine-like advance of the German army. The constructed historical parallel—Templars=Nazis, Nevsky=Stalin—is labored but effectively driven home. Nevsky has a very winning and simple personality: he is a patriotic hero and nothing else. The German members of the nobility class, if it is proper to use in this connection a Marxist term, are on the other hand cruel villains and nothing else. The style of characterization throughout is operatic. One expects Nevsky to sing his unfailing orders.

"Alexander Nevsky" is primitive patriotic propaganda—we are good, the enemy is bad. With a simple change in costume and locale—instead of the Templars, Roman legionaries, instead of the frozen lake near Novgorod, the swamps of the Teutoburg forest—it would be a perfect Nazi picture. It has nothing whatever to do with "revolutionary art." It is not proof of Eisenstein's resurgence but of his suppression.

"Concentration Camp" (Amkino) pictures the life and martyrdom of the German underground workers. It reaches occasionally the dramatic impact of "Professor Mamlock," though it lacks the moving central story which characterized the Wolf picture. The Nazis and their brutalities are again portrayed with frightening realism. Excellent is the factory scene in which the workers interrupt the speech of the *Arbeitsfront* official and take a strike vote in the face of the threatening terror.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Letters to the Editors

Mr. Frank Protests

Dear Sirs: In your issue dated March 18, 1939, you wrote an editorial referring to a colloquy before TNEC on March 8, and criticizing me for extempore views I there expressed on the subject of monopoly. On March 18, I wrote you a letter attempting to answer your editorial. Instead of publishing my letter, you published another editorial in your issue dated March 25, replying in part to what I said in my unpublished letter but without mentioning it. Only then did you write to ask me whether I wished you to publish my letter as it stood or as I might revise it to cover your second editorial. My answer is no. The manner in which you dealt with my letter of March 18 does not seem to me to be altogether cricket. And the press of official duties leaves me no time to revise it adequately.

Your editorials asserted that I am a liberal; that "liberals never learn" how to cope with monopoly; and that I seek to "revive NRA" and consider it *the* method to be used in dealing with monopolies. The gross error of your editorial comments about my views concerning NRA will be manifest to anyone who cares to read the transcript of the session of TNEC for March 8, 1939 (instead of the single sentence quoted by you, torn from its context), or my recent book, "Save America First."

He will also see from my book why I do not agree with you that the government should acquire every industry in which "a monopoly" is present. I have time to say here merely the following on that point: There is a sort of economic spectrum with shadings from full competition on the one end to full monopoly on the other. A condition prevails in many industries which does not fit the conventional descriptions of either "monopoly" or "competition." Monopoly is often found mixed with competition; the respective proportion of each varies from industry to industry. That is, there are many industries in which complete competition does not exist, but in which, at the same time, full-fledged monopoly is absent. In some of them the restoration and perpetuation of full competition seem both possible and desirable, while in others that may not be possible, or, even if possible, may not be socially desirable (as in the case of some of our major mass-production industries) from the point of view of *constantly increasing production and lowering prices.* What should be done to procure such socially desirable results in the several differing areas of industry is a difficult question requiring a careful scrutiny of all the pertinent facts.

You refuse to bother about such complexities. According to your oversimplified analysis, in any given industry there is either "competition" or "a monopoly." Consequently if in any industry there is now an absence of old-fashioned competition (that is, if "monopolistic competition" is found), you would say that "a monopoly" exists. But today there is "a monopoly," *in that sense,* in virtually all our mass-production industries. Since, then, you urge that there should be government ownership wherever "a monopoly" occurs, it follows that *you are advocating government ownership of all our mass-production industries.*

In my book I invited anti-liberals (such as you) to consider whether a vigorous attempt to carry out such a program would not precipitate another American civil war which would probably lead to the destruction of our democracy, with victory going to a fascist dictatorship, at least for a time.

Seemingly simple social programs are, indeed, often very complex; if an effort is made to apply them, they will often provoke reactions yielding socially harmful complications unforeseen by the sponsors of the programs—as, for instance, Marxism led to Nazism. Any economic program, to be effective, must jibe with our national customs and ideas —including the strong belief of the great majority of Americans in the desirability of preserving the profit system.

Those who suggest devices to solve our grave problems should reckon with such complexities, else they may destroy our profit system, and with it our democracy, the two being intertwined. To think in those terms is less easy than the lazy, dogmatic, "black or white," "either/or" method you employ. The willingness not to be lazy in studying complicated social and economic facts, and the constant desire to indulge in hard, realistic thinking before glibly writing about such facts, is, to my mind, the chief virtue of the true liberal. Apparently you consider it a vice.

JEROME FRANK

Washington, March 30

P. S. By the way, since one of your editorials, in effect, denies that your editors are "liberals," just what do you call yourselves?

[We will discuss editorially in our next issue the fundamental questions raised by Mr. Frank. His first letter was received on March 20. The magazine went to press on March 21. It never occurred to us that Mr. Frank could possibly see anything "not altogether cricket" in our failure to tear up the letter pages the day before going to press in order to publish his communication. As for our editorial in the issue of March 25, it was not in any degree a reply to Mr. Frank's unpublished letter; in fact, it had been written and put into type before that letter was received. Our suggestion that he answer both editorial comments was intended as a courtesy.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

South Africa Speaks

Dear Sirs: It was with a deal of trepidation that I entered my name as a subscriber to your paper several months back—most of the rafts to which I have clung in the past having become either waterlogged or transformed into pirate junks—and I must now tell you how delighted I am. I am a middle-aged South African, half Boer, and for most of my life looked to England as the chief guarantor of the survival of democracy. I do so no longer. I realize that you, and those who think with you, have a tremendous task ahead against powerful forces of reaction in the United States, but there is hope in your growing strength and unity, and in a predominant social conscience which, I feel sure, could never tolerate for long the heartless intrigues of a Chamberlain. Most informed South Africans are convinced that Britain is slithering helplessly on the downward slope to fascism in the company of its inglorious satellite, France. We regard anxiously the reaction of your country to the attempted Nazi domination in South America, for we feel that our own fate largely depends on the issue.

Here, too, the bogy is at work, but

the South African people have too much love of freedom to yield readily to the "white sickness" of dictatorship. Nevertheless, we are a small nation, and with faith in the protective ability of England gone, there exist bewilderment and fear. Curious, isn't it, that the arch-imperialist Chamberlain should in action be such a disrupter of empire!

ERIC A. M. MCDONALD

Johannesburg, South Africa, March 1

100,000 Children in Concentration Camps

Dear Sirs: More than 100,000 Spanish children are now in French concentration camps, having just completed a harrowing trek across the border. Their parents are either dead or in prison.

The Foster Parents' Plan has just established five children's colonies in and around Biarritz, France, where we are caring for all children who have been adopted by American and British foster parents. Upon receipt of a promise to maintain a child for one year at the rate of 30 cents per day, or $9 per month, we immediately take a child from the French concentration camps and place him in one of our colonies. The children range in age from two to fourteen years. Competent educators, French, British, American, assisted by a Spanish staff, try to help the children to forget what they have gone through for the past two and a half years.

We are appealing to all friends of children everywhere to help the children of Spain. Checks may be made payable to the Foster Parents' Plan for Children in Spain, 55 West Forty-second Street.

An international committee composed of the Duchess of Atholl, the Earl of Listowell, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, J. B. Priestley, and Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of President Roosevelt, is sponsoring our work.

ERIC G. MUGGERIDGE,
Executive Secretary

New York, March 30

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

*

THE HOUSE SUBCOMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE the WPA has let it be known that it will, if necessary, call on the G-men for assistance. Is it afraid that the President, who to the Congressional tories is "Public Enemy No. 1," is planning to have its members kidnapped? Or is this merely propaganda intended to create an atmosphere unfavorable to the WPA before the inquiry opens? Certainly some of the most zealous enemies of the WPA have not hesitated to render an adverse verdict in advance of the evidence. Mr. Woodrum of Virginia, who has been leading the fight to reduce the supplementary relief appropriation, is a member of the subcommittee and is expected to act as grand inquisitor. Its task, he has stated, will include an inquiry into the "more glaring examples" of waste and inefficiency. We hope other members will approach their duties in a more judicial frame of mind. Fairly conducted, a broad review of the activities of the WPA is to be welcomed. If there have been inefficiency and corruption—and in an undertaking of this magnitude that is almost inevitable—let them be exposed. But if the committee is to present a picture in perspective it ought to give attention to the accomplishments of the WPA as well as to its shortcomings. It will find plenty of material in the report just released showing the amazing contribution of the WPA over a period of three years to the permanent capital equipment of the nation.

*

AS WE GO TO PRESS THE SENATE IS ABOUT to vote on the WPA deficiency appropriation. In spite of the gallant fight put up by Senators Mead and Pepper for the full amount of $150,000,000 asked by President Roosevelt, it seems more than probable that the Senate will indorse the figure of $100,000,000 agreed on by the House. Thus in the name of economy tens of thousands of unemployed will be thrust back on home relief. Yet as Senator Borah said in the course of the debate: "There is no sign of economy at Washington except where distressed men and women are asking for food and shelter." Legislators from the rural areas are sprouting new farm

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programs daily, all of them involving more money. Joining with colleagues from ten other cotton states, Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, that great apostle of economy as a general principle, has given his blessing to proposals raising federal aid to agriculture to more than $1,300,000,000 next year—nearly $500,000,000 above the Budget Bureau's estimate. We do not grudge relief payments to the many farmers genuinely in distress, but we suspect there is a substantial minority to whom federal bounties represent so much velvet. Consequently we should like to see an inquiry, paralleling that into the WPA, which would seek to establish how much subsidy money has gone into the pockets of large farmers who on a strict needs test, as administered in the case of the unemployed, might get on very well without it. It would also be interesting to know how much genuine cooperation such farmers have given to the AAA and to what extent they have violated its spirit and purpose by plowing under their poorest acres and intensifying cultivation on the remainder.

*

IF THE SITDOWN STRIKE IS ILLEGAL IT CAN be punished as trespass in the state courts. If damage is unlawfully inflicted during a strike, the employers' remedy is by suit. There is no excuse whatever for using the anti-trust laws either against the sitdown strike or as a means of obtaining damages as in the Apex Hosiery Company case. Congress provided for triple damages under the anti-trust laws as a punitive measure to prevent combinations in restraint of trade. It explicitly exempted labor unions from the anti-trust laws in passing the Clayton Act. The damages of $237,310.85 awarded by a jury in the federal District Court, Philadelphia, against Branch One, American Federation of Hosiery Workers, and its president, William Leader, were tripled by the provisions of the anti-trust laws. And although this time the court cannot levy on the individual members of the union, as was done in the notorious Danbury Hatters' case, it can drain the union's treasury repeatedly until the full award of $711,932.55 is paid. This particular case involves a sitdown strike of May, 1937, but if Judge Kirkpatrick's decision is upheld on appeal there is no reason why unions cannot be punished in the same way in ordinary strikes where property damage occurs. It is worth noting that this Philadelphia *cause célèbre* marks another stage in the dying liberalism of J. David Stern's Philadelphia *Record* and New York *Post*, which hailed the decision, taking a position far to the right of the New York *Daily News* and even to the right of the New York *Times*.

*

THE VOTING AT VERSAILLES ON APRIL 5, when Albert Lebrun was elected President of the French Republic for a second term of seven years, was a severe rebuff to him and still more to Daladier. Lebrun had only 506 votes of a total poll of 909, whereas in 1932 he obtained 633 votes. As the center and the right no doubt voted solidly for him, about 120 Radical senators and deputies must have voted for other candidates. This represents a serious revolt against Daladier in the Radical Party. French Radical politicians are not courageous, and the 120 took advantage of a secret vote to express their real sentiments. Their aim was to prevent Lebrun's election at the first ballot, and they must have known that if he were not elected at the first ballot he would almost certainly withdraw. If Daladier's intention in pressing Lebrun to run for a second term was to obtain a demonstration of national unity, he signally failed. The result and the hostile demonstration of the left that followed the declaration showed a profound political cleavage, in spite of the attempt of the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* to explain it away. Daladier's real purpose, however, was to secure the election of a President on whom he could count to give him a free hand in the exercise of his dictatorial powers. He knew that he could not count on Herriot to do that, and he wished therefore at all costs to keep Herriot out. Daladier is likely to destroy the French Radical Party as Lloyd George destroyed the Liberal Party in England.

*

THOUGH THE LOYALIST ARMIES HAVE BEEN scattered, the civil war in Spain is by no means over. The Law of Political Responsibilities promulgated by Franco on February 13 means continued war on two million now defenseless supporters of the republic. We are glad that 450 Protestant clergymen and laymen, including 41 Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal bishops, have released an open letter to the Pope asking His Holiness to prevent "the persecution by an avowedly Christian and Catholic government of a minority separated neither by race nor religion, whose only chargeable crime is a difference of political opinion." The new Pontiff has appealed for "peace . . . which is the fruit of charity and justice." Will he seek to bring that peace about in Spain? "It is not alone General Franco whom the world watches today," the Protestant appeal says, "but also the Catholic church itself, and it is the Christianity common to all of us which is undergoing this crucial test before the eyes of the world." The appeal points to the similarity between Goebbels's statement on March 21 that "talk of humanitarianism and morals is simply disgusting to us," and Count Romanones's slogan for Nationalist Spain, "We must mistrust humanitarianism." Readers of *The Nation* can help the vanquished Loyalists by protesting against the Law of Political Responsibilities in letters to the Spanish embassy and by giving what they can to alleviate the terrible distress and suffering in the refugee camps in southern France. Donations may be sent to any one of several organizations. In New York

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City: Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, Chairman, Harold Ickes, and Spanish Intellectual Aid, both at 381 Fourth Avenue; Foster Parents' Plan for Spanish Children, 55 West Forty-second Street; International Relief Association (for political refugees), 20 Vesey Street; Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, 125 West Forty-fifth Street, are collecting funds to aid disabled American veterans of the war. In Philadelphia: American Friends Service, 20 South Twelfth Street.

* * *

TWO LATIN AMERICAN COUNTRIES HAVE found it necessary to move sharply against fascist agitators. Mexico has expelled three prominent Spanish Falangists because of "political activity carried out in flagrant violation of our laws." In Argentina a number of Nazi agents and local party officials have been arrested and others have discovered urgent business abroad, following the publication of a document which outlined a plan for the occupation and colonization of Patagonia by Germany. This document also contained an economic survey of the province and reported progress in establishing espionage contacts with various branches of the government. The signatures on this singular report are alleged to be those of the counselor of the German embassy and the acting chief of the Nazi organization in Argentina. Despite German claims that the plot is the work of a forger, the Argentine government has taken it seriously enough to appoint one of its most distinguished judges to conduct a special inquiry. Police raids on Nazi offices throughout the country have resulted in the impounding of masses of material, including, it is said, a list of anti-Nazi Germans who were being blackmailed by Nazi agents. Whether or not the Patagonian plot proves authentic, we shall be surprised if this inquiry does not bring to light plenty of evidence of subversive activities. No doubt Berlin, which is very sore about the incident—another blatant example of "Anglo-Saxon machinations," according to Goebbels's press—will exercise what pressure it can to have the matter hushed up. But the Argentine government seems genuinely anxious to expose the full extent of Nazi underground activities and is not likely to be intimidated.

* * *

THE UNITED AUTOMOBILE WORKERS' UNION has successfully surmounted the obstacles of its first convention. From now on its task is to rebuild its organization, weakened by the defection of the Martin group, on firmer and more democratic foundations. The most promising feature of the Cleveland meeting was the evidence it afforded of an articulate and independent rank and file, conscious of its power and anxious to exercise it. Lingering displays of factionalism provoked hearty boos; the three Communist-supported vice-presidents who symbolized the old frictions were eliminated. On the other hand, the convention was in no mood to accept dictation from the platform, and the representatives of the C. I. O. were constrained to walk delicately. It would be too much to hope that perfect peace will reign within the union, but for the present warlike gestures from any source are likely to be severely discouraged. The delegates elected R. J. Thomas president on his record of disassociation from all factions. They took steps to curb presidential authority and to strengthen the power of the membership. They cemented their union with the C. I. O. while making plain their opposition to external dictation. In short, by insistence both on independent leadership and on democratic controls the convention showed that the painful lessons of the past year had been taken to heart. It is to be hoped that the new executive board will conform to this changed spirit. If it does, the influence of Homer Martin, now apparently confined to the outlying centers, may well continue to dwindle and the revivified union may acquire the strength needed for its long-delayed call on Henry Ford.

Europe in Turmoil

PROCEEDING in accordance with their newly adopted schedule of a country a week, the axis powers took over Albania while the devout were commemorating Good Friday. Mussolini, however, proved somewhat less adept than his tutor in Berlin, for the Albanians, like the Ethiopians and Spaniards, put up a fight before capitulating. Although quickly overwhelmed by the Duce's black-shirted legions, they left no illusion that their submission was voluntary. Mussolini's coup shows that the gears of the axis are still meshing neatly and that lingering Anglo-French hopes of engineering a break between Berlin and Rome have little foundation. When Italian demands on France seemed the chief threat to peace, Hitler brought off his sudden blow against Czechoslovakia; when the Polish frontier appeared the greatest danger point, Mussolini moved in the Adriatic. Thus the democracies are kept on the jump. Before a fence is completed at one point, they are compelled to rush to a new gap. The wedge driven into the Balkans by the Italian occupation of Albania presents them with a particularly difficult problem. Il Duce's pounce on King Zog was no doubt a bid for cheap glory; but it was also an astute piece of strategy which has multiplied Britain's difficulties in constructing an anti-axis front and exposed the dangers of piecemeal fence-building.

For all that, British efforts during the past week should not be minimized. They mark the first time Britain has been willing to recognize that its frontier lies beyond the Rhine and that its security is bound up with the countries of Eastern Europe. And once the plunge is taken, there can be no turning back. Britain must proceed to try to line up Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and the Soviet Union. To do less is both to invite war and to risk defeat in that war.

For it must recognize that the present alliance between Great Britain, France, and Poland is a far cry from true collective security. It is really nothing more than the old Triple Entente (minus Russia), which has been revamped to meet the challenge of the old Triple Alliance (plus Japan and Spain). As it stands, the new combination is far too weak to give any assurance against war. For the first time since 1918 Europe is divided into two camps of nearly equal strength. If anything, the potential aggressors have the edge. In that fact lies the fundamental danger in the situation. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini has shown any disposition to risk war when there was an overwhelming combination of states against the axis. But they have not hesitated to strike when circumstances were favorable. They may reason, with some justice, that the situation is far more favorable for them today than it will be if Britain succeeds in bringing the remaining Central European countries into the anti-fascist bloc.

The prospects for European peace have undoubtedly deteriorated rapidly since Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia, but this does not mean that war is bound to break out within the next few weeks. A general war may still be averted if the democracies display the same energy in self-defense that the dictatorships have shown in planning their aggressive campaigns. An overwhelming number of the countries of the world are opposed to the aggressor states. The economic resources of these anti-aggressor countries are incomparably superior to those of the fascist powers. Their military resources are also superior, though to a somewhat lesser degree. Britain's task in the coming weeks is to consolidate this latent opposition into an effective anti-fascist front which will be strong enough to prevent Hitler from precipitating a general conflict.

Specifically, this means that Rumania and Yugoslavia must be brought into the new combination. Neither will be easily persuaded, since both have fallen under Nazi economic domination. Yet both are directly threatened by the recent axis moves and can probably be won if Britain and France are prepared to extend adequate military and economic assistance. Far more important is the necessity for reaching an agreement with the Soviet Union. Neither Poland nor Rumania can be defended without Soviet aid. Without Russia the new alliance is definitely inferior in military strength to the fascist front. With Russia it would be substantially stronger. Yet the Soviet Union has once more been pushed into the background in the frantic diplomatic activities of the past fortnight. The responsibility for this appears to rest on Poland—it has been reported that the powerful Polish landlords refused to have anything to do with the Soviet government.

Another reason for Britain's failure to woo the Kremlin more assiduously lies in the assumption that Russia will line up with the democratic powers if it comes to a showdown. There are good grounds for this assumption. Moscow has never faltered in its condemnation of fascist aggression. Nor has it spared words in its advocacy of a common front against that aggression. But it is not safe to assume from this that Russia would join in a war only to save Poland and Rumania from a Nazi attack. The Soviets have no desire to push in where they are not wanted. They might very well choose to remain on the sidelines, conserving their strength rather than utilizing it to safeguard Polish and Rumanian sovereignty over territory that was originally Russia's.

The discussions now under way in Washington on proposals for revising the Neutrality Act will also be of great importance in deciding the issue of peace or war at this time. Germany and Italy would be most unlikely to launch an attack if the act were revised so as to make possible the withholding of our economic resources from the aggressor while permitting full assistance to its victims. Repeal of the act would also act as a deterrent against aggression. With isolationism everywhere in retreat there is a real possibility that Congress may act in time to help check the drift toward war.

Remedies for Monopoly

THE testimony by Federal Trade Commission officials and advisers before the monopoly inquiry and the discussion of this testimony at the hearings reveal the existence of what might roughly be called two schools of thought on the monopoly problem. Both are primarily negative, more impressed by defeats suffered in the past than confident of the remedy to be applied in the future. One school, represented by the Federal Trade Commission, is chiefly concerned with the failure of attempts at self-regulation under government supervision, and looks toward action for stronger anti-trust laws. The other, represented by younger New Dealers with a background of experience under the NRA, is chiefly impressed by the failure of attempts at "trust-busting" and is casting about for forms of administrative control which would make it possible to supervise or regulate monopolistic practices, even to gear them into a more efficient and abundant economy. Neither side wishes to commit itself in advance of the inquiry's findings, both are willing to examine the problem industry by industry, but both seem to be looking for some general solution as well.

We place Securities and Exchange Commissioner Jerome Frank in the latter category. In a letter we published last week he objected to two recent editorials in *The Nation* discussing the monopoly investigation. The

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first, reviewing the history of past attempts to deal with monopoly, stressed the danger of repeating the same futilities. We suggested that in certain industries public ownership seemed the only way to end the economic abuses of monopoly. "We have been trust-busting since 1890," *The Nation* said, "and American business has constantly grown more monopolistic. In industries like steel, where experience has shown the restoration of competition impossible and where an NRA code merely pinned a policeman's badge on the monopolistic Steel Institute, government ownership is the only way out." Mr. Frank, for all his emphasis on the careful use of words, interprets this to mean that we advocate public ownership for any industry in which "old-fashioned competition" no longer exists or in which there is "monopolistic competition," and says, "You are advocating government ownership of all our mass-production industries."

Mr. Frank's conclusion is not justified by our words. There is no longer "old-fashioned competition" in the automobile industry, for example, but one could hardly claim that the buyer of automobiles is in the same position as the buyer of steel. We see no valid economic reason to advocate public ownership for the automobile industry, or to include all our other mass-production industries. We suggest public ownership for those industries in *which competition no longer protects the public, and other controls have proved ineffective;* and we think that public ownership of such industries would not be inconsistent with an attempt to preserve free enterprise in the rest of our economy. On the contrary it is precisely this combination of public with private ownership that accounts for the economic stability of the much-praised Scandinavian "middle way." We do not disagree with Mr. Frank as to the political difficulties of such a program. But the difficulties do not make it any the less sound economically.

It is interesting that Mr. Frank should take as an affront the statement in the second editorial that he seemed to be thinking in terms of a solution much like the NRA, although we were careful to state that he disavowed any intention of proposing to revive the NRA itself. We do not think we interpreted his testimony unfairly. "I suggest that far more can be done," Mr. Frank said at the hearings, "by intelligent cooperation between government, the components of industry, the suppliers of the materials, the purchasers of the materials, labor, and the consumer, than we have anywhere as yet canvassed. . . ." Later on Mr. Frank explained: "I think this committee could do no more useful thing than to have canvassed what NRA did—so as to learn by its mistakes, for humanity has always learned by its mistakes—and to take over, perhaps as part of any suggested remedies we may propose, the virtues of NRA and seek to apply the very constructive devices that persons like Mr. Henderson were able to introduce into the workings of NRA." We are far from believing that NRA had no good features; we do think that the controls it sought to impose on monopolistic practices proved ineffective. Political realities being what they are, we do not object to further experiment with such methods in some industries, any more than we object to use of our judicially corroded anti-trust laws to prevent restraint of trade where possible. But past experience makes us dubious of attempts at "cooperation" among government, industry, labor, and consumers as a means of regulating monopoly practices, particularly in those industries so strongly organized and powerfully intrenched that neither anti-trust law nor administrative control has made a dent in their armor.

Let's Mind Our Own Business

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

ALL right, let's. I'm for it. I agree with Senator Nye and Senator Johnson and even Senator Reynolds on the need for an independent foreign policy, free from entangling alliances with Mr. Chamberlain and Messrs. Daladier and Bonnet. Unlike some of my friends and colleagues, I regard the belated activities of the British and French governments with undiminished skepticism. Collective security used to represent a positive hope. Now, I am afraid, the phrase has become a synonym for helping Mr. Chamberlain avoid the final penalties for having done collective security to death. So let's mind our own business. Let's create a foreign policy out of our own hopes and traditions, and then put it into effect right away, before our hand is forced through the pressure of war and actual threats to our safety.

First we are faced with the relatively simple job of defining our business, and here, I am sorry to say, I may have to deviate somewhat from my allies, Nye, Johnson, Reynolds, and company. To me it seems obvious that it is our business to prevent freedom from perishing from the earth. The threat implicit in fascism is not only a threat to other forms of government or to the territorial status quo in Europe; behind that and bound up in it is the threat to the free functioning of the human mind. That statement will be accepted as a simple truism by almost everybody who reads it. Men and women in Nazi Germany—taking Hitler's state as the finest example of fascism in power—may have jobs, they may eat, they may reproduce. They may have a chance, any day, to fight, and they may—indeed must—hate those the state has selected as its enemies. They may think, too, but only if their thoughts and the product of their thinking are directed to the uses of the state. They may, in short, perfect themselves to the point where they become both as useful and as ignoble as ants.

Germany is an ant-nation with frankly predatory intentions toward the disorganized, unconquered territories around it. The German ants are supposed to be contemptuous of non-ants and even of different, less efficient ants. Their leaders see the unconquered areas of Europe and several other parts of the world as potential hills in which German ants will eventually carry on their intricate superior civilization and from which they will draw their nourishment, either utilizing non-ants and inferior ants as slaves or exterminating them if they object.

So what? Shall we, as many of Mr. Roosevelt's political opponents insist, gather our oceans around us and refuse military supplies to the non-fascist powers and let the dictators complete their "peaceful" conquests in the hope that they may get tired of it all before they reach this hemisphere? Or is it the business of the United States to prevent the ant-philosophy from dominating the world? I believe that this second task is our business and that our statesmen should turn directly to the job of finding where democracy still shows a determination to survive and there to lend it aid. At home and abroad.

We surrendered our chance to mind our business in Spain; we were too intent on keeping out of trouble and minding Chamberlain's business. We allowed democracy to be slaughtered in Spain, and all we can do now is to send generous help to its defenders who still live. But we still have ample opportunity to mind our business elsewhere in the world. If freedom and democracy are not to perish, fascism must. They cannot survive together, either in the same hemisphere or ultimately in the same world; the world is too small and fascism is too implacable, or, as its leaders prefer to say, too dynamic. Now that Spain has gone, watch for an acceleration of fascist activity in Latin America. You can see it happening already, as far south as the Argentine, as far north as Mexico.

Fascism must be stopped; if it is prevented from growing it will ultimately die. There are two available ways of stopping it—by economic weapons and by arms. Isolationists like to argue, first, that no economic boycott is likely to succeed, and, second, that if it did it would lead directly into war. Perhaps they are right, but so far the case stands unproved. The boycott against Italy in 1935 was deliberately sabotaged by the powers that launched it. On the other hand the boycott against Spain, conscientiously carried out by all the non-fascist powers except Russia, was a brilliant success. It ended the possibility of resistance on the part of the Loyalists and brought about their defeat. Nor did it lead to war. It merely *was* war. Applied against an aggressor instead of a nation defending its independence, a similar boycott might well similarly result in his defeat. In any case it would seem worth trying as a first move in our inevitable war against fascism. It might save us from the necessity of taking up arms in the end; and at the very least it would relieve us of our present inescapable guilt for the terrible successes of fascist aggression.

The other night an Episcopal bishop told me of a Chinese child he had seen a few weeks before in a Shanghai hospital. The boy had lost an arm and a leg and one side of his face as a result of an exploding bomb. The American surgeon who stood near him said to the clergyman: "It was an American bomb that hit him. I saw the fragments." He spoke with a degree of horror and bitterness that only an American could have felt.

Today the United States is the grand arsenal for triumphant fascism—as it threatens and bombs its way through Europe and the East. Hitler and Mussolini depend upon our arms and other war material less than Japan; but they have been able to get what they need. Only their own financial methods and their own dearth of foreign exchange has limited the amount of goods these powers can buy from the United States; and, in the case of Japan, its sales of silk continue in sufficient volume to insure a fair purchasing power.

It is our business to stop providing these three great aggressors with arms and the goods necessary to the manufacture of arms and the conduct of war. It is our business to end this subsidy to fascism. The United States should boycott the axis *now*. By the time England and France have stumbled into a war of desperate defense in Europe, the power of the United States will have been half wasted. It can no longer then be put to the service of peace, but can help only to prevent the worst results of a world war.

A clear-cut announcement that we were forthwith establishing a boycott on trade in all war materials with every nation which by resorting to armed force in the settlement of disputes had violated the Pact of Paris would clear the air of Europe and Asia of many lurking fears and excuses for hesitancy. Such an announcement might prevent a war; it would rally the spirits of the non-fascist powers; it might even bring the axis to its knees. Precedent is against it—legal and diplomatic—and it would take a full spring tide of public sentiment to force the idea into the area of serious discussion. Business would oppose it, and the "experts" in the State Department would shudder at the mention of it. It may not be "practical"; it is only necessary. Necessary as a first step in a foreign policy based on minding our own business. Necessary as a means of freeing ourselves from complicity in the fascist conspiracy to crush freedom in the world, as it has already been crushed in Czechoslovakia, Spain, and points east.

Goodby Neutrality

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, April 10

SELDOM if ever in the history of the United States have good intentions done a more conspicuous paving job than they did when Congress passed the Neutrality Act. The law was a logical answer to questions posed by Stephen Raushenbush in the Nye committee's revealing investigation of the circumstances surrounding the involvement of the United States in the World War. The committee proved beyond peradventure that the 1915 and 1916 war trade, financed by loans to the Allies, was an important factor in the combination of forces which drew this country into the conflict. Obviously, the thing to do was to forbid the shipment of arms, ammunition, and implements of war to belligerents. The law was passed almost unanimously despite the expressed misgivings of the State Department. It was to be our insulation against the inevitable next European war.

What happened afterward was disillusioning. The law helped the Fascists crush democracy in Spain. Had it not been for the Neutrality Act, the Loyalists, with their hoard of government gold, could have bought in the United States the armaments and airplanes they needed to protect themselves from invasion by Mussolini and Hitler. Still worse, American airplane companies were able to help Hitler rearm in violation of the Treaty of Versailles without transgressing the law. Rather than assist Japan at the expense of China, the President refused to invoke the act in the Far Eastern war. The perfectly reasonable Neutrality Act, so acclaimed at the time of its passage, has probably thwarted the will of the majority of Americans more completely than any other statute Congress has ever written.

So now the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate is holding hearings on half a dozen bills to amend the Neutrality Act and strike some kind of compromise between theory and reality. Actually, most of the suggested amendments would discard the premise upon which the Neutrality Act was based. Instead of amending the law, they would substitute various formulas for un-neutrality. The disagreement among members of the Foreign Relations Committee is not so much about the necessity for abandonment of neutrality as about how to abandon it. The whole theory of prearranged neutrality has been discredited. It still has its advocates, but they are in the minority.

The first few hearings on the various "un-neutral" bills have revealed the extraordinary phenomenon of honest disagreement among legislators. In fact, the disagreement is so marked and so honest that it appears more than possible that none of the various schools of thought will be able to command a majority in the showdown and that nothing will be done at this session to change the existing law. If this happens, the cash-and-carry provisions of the act will expire automatically on May 1, and the embargo provisions will be left as they are. Even this would be tantamount to repeal, because the President undoubtedly would extend to Europe the interpretation he placed on the law in relation to the Far East. Since modern wars are not declared, he would refuse to recognize the existence of war in Europe, and by extra-legal devices he would promote trade with the defensive belligerents and discourage trade with the aggressors.

Two bills have boiled to the surface in the stew of the hearings. One was written by Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, chairman of the committee. It provides that any nation may buy war supplies in the United States if it can pay cash and do its own delivering. Theoretically it is neutrality legislation. In reality it is nothing of the kind. It would favor Great Britain in the Atlantic and Japan in the Pacific, for they, with their sea power, would be in war the only nations capable of making their own deliveries. The scheme is ingenious, designed to meet the exigencies of the immediate situation. In a discussion with Senator Borah at the hearings, Pittman frankly said that his bill was designed to favor Great Britain and France. In response to Borah's question whether his formula would not, by the same token, favor Japan, Pittman replied that it would, but pointed out that since Japan now controls every Pacific port of China, this country could do nothing for China anyway. In so far as the Chinese are concerned, Pittman said, the whole question is academic.

Elbert Thomas of Utah stands sponsor for the second of the most-favored bills. His provides that the President shall have power to pick the aggressor nation in any international rumpus, and embargo shipments of arms and ammunition to it, while allowing them to be sold freely to the object of the aggression. This is what President Roosevelt and the State Department want, but the bill abandons the former misconception of neutrality so abruptly that they have little hope of getting it passed. In effect, it would give the President complete freedom to support the side he favored in an international dispute. However, there is an important condition: Congress would have to ratify any embargo order the President issued.

A third plan which is gaining favor calls for repeal of the Neutrality Act and substitution of nothing in its place. This would leave the President with the power to conduct foreign affairs that is his under the Constitution, without interference from Congress. It has some merit in the present situation, but there is no answering the argument that it would leave the nation exactly where it was in 1914 except for one thing, the Johnson Act, which prevents war debtors from obtaining loans in the United States. This is an important difference, and no one, so far, has advocated extension of credits to combatants, whoever they may be. Where loans are concerned, the Nye committee's logic has prevailed without challenge. If a general European war breaks out, however, its argument against credits may well go the way of the rest of its recommendations.

The first two days of hearings on the various bills were interesting. Henry L. Stimson, the first witness, rather too bluntly argued for complete Presidential freedom, declaring that he favored a quick abandonment of neutrality for the benefit of Great Britain and France. He went down the line for the Thomas bill, but questioned the wisdom of giving Congress a veto. Bernard M. Baruch, the second witness, as strongly advocated adoption of the Pittman bill, using the rather too crass argument that the United States might as well make the most of its war-trade possibilities because someone else will sell the shot and shell if we don't.

Throughout the hearings Senator Hiram Johnson kept pounding the table and repeating, "I want to keep us out of war." This demagoguery became a little wearisome inasmuch as everyone in the room had the same desire. Bob Reynolds of North Carolina made plainer than ever the trend of his mind in a series of long harangues in which he admitted his partisanship. He favors the Nazis and Fascists against the British and French democracies and, clownlike, makes no bones of it. His frankness is a little nauseating. Everyone in the committee room except Reynolds squirms a little as he talks. They squirm, too, at the similarity between his arguments and those of Johnson.

The thing that will have more to do with the outcome of the squabble than anything that has been said to the committee is the Gallup poll, which showed last Sunday that the United States is so stirred by the plight of the European democracies that it wants to help them, danger or no danger: 82 per cent were for selling food to them, and 66 per cent for selling arms. This compared with 57 per cent and 34 per cent in pre-Munich polls on the same questions. Those in favor of sending troops increased from 5 to 16 per cent. Such feelings can grow very rapidly. Neutrality is out the window.

Abortions and the Law

BY B. B. TOLNAI

"THE law is a ass," said Mr. Bumble. Instances to support this contention have never been lacking, but nothing so richly bears out its claim to immortality as our laws concerning abortion. Just how ineffective those laws have been in the state of New York will be made shockingly clear when Special Assistant Attorney General John Harlan Amen completes his investigation of the abortion industry and its official protectors in the Borough of Brooklyn. But New York is far from being a lone sinner. The foolishness of abortion laws in this country amounts to a tradition.

Lumping it together with "French" postcards and sedition, the federal obscenity laws of 1873 declared information about abortion and birth-control contraband in interstate commerce, and banned it from the United States mails on pain of a fine of $5,000 or five years' imprisonment or both. The states forthwith followed suit with legislation of greater or less rigor, Connecticut going Mr. Comstock one better by specifically forbidding its citizens to use contraceptives.

As a monument to such legislation, we now have some 2,000,000 abortions a year in this country, according to Dr. A. J. Rongy of the New York Academy of Medicine. Dr. Frederick J. Taussig of St. Louis, straining on the side of caution in a field where there necessarily are no organized statistics, puts the number at 681,600. New York City alone is reliably said to account for 250,000, and Mr. Amen's investigators have found that at least 100,000 abortions are induced each year in the Borough of Brooklyn alone. Abortions in New York and Chicago, in fact, are thought to outnumber the combined total of live and still births in both cities.

Ever since the United States Circuit Court of Appeals decision of 1936, in the case of the *United States* v. *One Package* (containing 120 pessaries to prevent conception), in which the pessaries were duly exonerated, vigilance in regard to birth-control has generally relaxed. For all practical purposes, however, the forty-eight states and several territories remain—officially at least—up in arms on the issue of abortion.

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Largely as a result of this, it is generally agreed, the illegal traffic in abortions claims at least 10,000 lives each year. Between nine and ten times as many women as that become chronic invalids. By all available statistics death from abortion is most frequent among mothers of three or more children, only a negligible proportion of whom are unmarried. Moreover, contrary to the myth that an abortion implies "confessed want of chastity," perpetuated in the New York statute, a study of registered maternal deaths undertaken by the New York Academy of Medicine in 1930-32 showed the highest percentage of abortion fatalities among married women between the ages of thirty-five and thirty-nine who had been pregnant six or seven times.

For the most part, the only time that a doctor may legally interrupt pregnancy in the United States is when its continuance threatens the life of the mother. Six states —Florida, Louisiana, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey—overlook even this contingency, having no specific provision for therapeutic abortion. Seven states—Arkansas, Georgia, Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, Texas, and Wisconsin—expressly require medical advice prior to the act, while thirty-one states, including New York, sanction abortion to save the life of the mother, with no provision for medical counsel. Only three states—Colorado, Maryland, and New Mexico—and the District of Columbia countenance the interruption of pregnancy not only to save the life of the mother but also to preserve her health. The Mississippi law forbids abortions but adds the cryptic provision, "unless the same shall have been advised by a physician to be necessary for such purpose." For this apparent liberality a proofreader alone is to blame. Originally this provision was preceded by the clause, "unless the same shall have been necessary to preserve the life of the mother," but the clause was overlooked in the 1906 and subsequent codifications of the law.

A sentence of from one to five years for second-degree manslaughter is the mildest legal penalty when death follows abortion. That is the law in Kansas, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. New York and thirteen other states exact from one to ten years' imprisonment on the charge of first-degree manslaughter; Florida and Georgia provide for a maximum penalty of twenty years, on the charge of third-degree murder; the same punishment holds in sixteen other states for second-degree murder. Classed as second-degree murder, the offense carries a maximum of life imprisonment in California, Idaho, Utah, Connecticut, Nevada, Delaware, and New Hampshire; classed as third-degree murder in Maine and Texas, it likewise carries the penalty of life imprisonment. In Louisiana, Kentucky, Illinois, and Mississippi the charge is first-degree murder, requiring life imprisonment or the death penalty.

Draconic and bigoted, these laws obviously defeat themselves. Clearly the average jury would no more think of sending an abortionist to the electric chair or the gallows for what, after all, is a common accident of surgery and in no sense premeditated murder than it would hang a horse thief, burn a witch, or send a debtor to the galleys. The result is an anarchy of extra-legal practice, opening up bonanzas of graft to crooked lawyers, politicians, and doctors.

Far from being convicted, few abortionists are ever held for trial. In the rare instances that they are, damaging evidence is almost never allowed to reach the courtroom. Postponement after postponement is systematically granted, until witnesses either lose interest or find it impossible for pressing personal reasons to attend. Only three doctors and a handful of midwives have been convicted in New York City in nearly twenty years. Chicago, headquarters of the American Medical Association, records two convictions for abortion and seven for abortion deaths in a ten-year period. The number includes several midwives, more susceptible than doctors to both prosecution and conviction. Forty-two out of forty-seven complaints placed before the Medical Grievance Committee of the Board of Regents of the State of New York between September, 1928, and July, 1934, were dismissed.

Paradoxically enough, the increased liberality in regard to birth-control has been grist for the abortion mill. For while local restrictions still hamper the distribution of legitimate information, an industry worth probably $250,000,000 literally floods the country with commercial products of doubtful efficacy "for the prevention of disease." A survey of the Florida gold coast several years ago showed these objects on sale in 376 places, including gas stations, garages, restaurants, soda fountains, barber shops, pool rooms, cigar stands, newsstands, shoe-shine parlors, and grocery stores, as well as drugstores. In New York City in a single drugstore in the Grand Central area a demure social worker was given her choice of thirty-four preparations, claiming up to 97 per cent effectiveness. The chain of which this drugstore was a member is estimated to handle $10,000,000 worth of these products a year at profits ranging from 50 to 100 per cent.

When these devices fail, as 45 out of 100 did in tests conducted by the New York Birth-Control Clinical Research Bureau, visits to the abortionist almost inevitably follow. Dr. Rongy holds that fully 2 per cent of all licensed physicians are involved in the abortion traffic. At a little less than two abortions a day—and twenty is by no means the record in some of the busy abortion parlors in New York—doctors are thought to account for 1,700,000 abortions a year. Another 200,000 are assumed to be the work of midwives, while the remaining 100,000, or 5 per cent of the total, are presumably therapeutic and spontaneous abortions. With fees ranging from $50 to $1,000 for doctors, and from $25 up for midwives, the abortion business easily hits the $100,-

000,000 mark. On the basis of somewhat more than 3,000 doctors engaged in the practice the income of the average abortionist, even considering costs of protection, would be between $20,000 and $30,000 a year. That this is an understatement is shown by the incomes of abortionists under fire. A single chain of abortion parlors on the West Coast with headquarters in Los Angeles grossed $1,000,000 a year. In New Jersey an elderly practitioner taken into custody as founder of an abortion club with regular monthly fees was said to have an income of $4,000 a week. Abortion is undoubtedly the most profitable specialty in the medical profession.

Inevitably many less remuneratively engaged individuals covet a slice of the abortionist's income—and it is readily granted, in most cases, to insure "good-will." The first beneficiaries under this dispensation are fellow-doctors who, while they do not themselves perform abortions, systematically send patients to favored abortionists for a one-third to one-half share of the fee. One thriving neighborhood practitioner in New York acted as middleman for 2,000 to 3,000 abortions in less than five years.

Policemen using female decoys regularly extort various sums for "protection." The sum thus collected is said to amount to at least $5,000 a year per thriving abortionist. This is more or less of a general royalty; special premiums are collected in case of death or complications.

In New York City it has been customary for abortionists to work through financial managers, usually lawyers, who act as a combination public-relations counsel, paymaster, and chief of staff, wielding the cudgels in defense in case of trouble. Evidence now before the Amen investigation points to a ring of these "political" lawyers which is said to have paid out fabulous sums in the past five years in abortion deaths. Sol Ullman, a former assistant attorney general of New York whose duty was to prosecute malpractice cases, is under indictment on five counts of bribery and conspiracy to obstruct justice.

Duly established New York abortionists, it is charged, would receive a telephone call from a well-known contact man, also under investigation, inviting them to call at his office. Introducing himself as the representative of certain highly placed officials, the man would offer the good-will of these dignitaries, at a price usually of $10,000. The upshot would be a compromise, generally a cash payment of one-half or more of the asking price, with more to follow.

Just as law-breaking in this field is a highly profitable venture, so the most conscientious efforts at enforcement are only too liable to be a waste of time and money. Under existing rules of evidence, an abortionist may be put out of business on a civil judgment or for income-tax evasion but rarely, if ever, on a criminal charge. Almost the only way to effect this result would be to catch him in the overt act—a practical impossibility, since abortionists regularly work behind locked doors—or to confront him with incontrovertible evidence other than that of his own work. This too is next to impossible, since in most states a woman mangled by an abortionist cannot testify without technically incriminating herself. Until recent years patients admitting to a criminal abortion were actually put under arrest in New York. Three police officers were regularly stationed at Ward K2 in Bellevue Hospital, at a cost of $6,000 a year to the city, to patrol "prisoners" afflicted with anything from pelvic inflammation to peritonitis. Several years ago one such patient survived a death-bed statement implicating an abortionist. Shortly after her dismissal from the hospital the abortionist's lawyer called on her and, after pointing out her plight, explained that the only way out for her was to make common cause with the abortionist. Terrorized, the woman complied, charging that her statement had been extorted on false pretenses while she was delirious.

In case of death, moreover, there is no certain way of establishing the abortionist's guilt. Even if the patient dies under his hands, he need only plead an emergency operation to go scot-free with nothing worse than a blot on his professional escutcheon. A standard irrefutable excuse is that the patient was brought in *in extremis,* and died while being prepared for an examination. This is the preferred excuse, possible since most abortionists, particularly in the lower brackets, work without benefit of anaesthetics. It is usually explained to the patient that anaesthetics are avoided in order to lessen the chance of perforation. Actually they are dispensed with in order to save time, and, in case of death, to preclude telltale traces in the lungs and brain. While no medical examiner or any other physician is allowed to testify to the criminality of an abortion, the abortionist himself is free to call in any amount of expert testimony regarding the innocence of his intent. Such expert witnesses, frequently fee-splitting associates of the abortionist, may tip the balance in his favor by a single discreetly phrased reply.

Under the New York statute any act of prescribing or administering any drug or medicine, or using or causing to be used any instrument designed to procure an abortion, *whether or not the woman is pregnant,* amounts to abortion. Intended to make the law airtight, this provision in fact opens up still further bonanzas of blackmail. For while the abortionist, practicing secretly and usually under protection, continues to "abort" women whether or not they are in need of his ministrations, the doctor who may be called on to patch up the results of his work may be hard put to it to prove that he did not himself perform the abortion. So delicate is the situation that most doctors now categorically refuse to make any out-patient calls in abortion cases.

While no amount of lawmaking has availed to legislate abortion out of existence, the social, religious, and ethical odium for centuries attaching to the practice has effectively hamstrung any competent research in the field. As a result curettement, known and practiced in Europe with sundry variations since the days of the Greeks, remains the only generally applicable method of interrupting pregnancy. That this is not the ideal method was demonstrated on a large scale by Russian experiments in legal, hospitalized abortion.

Under the Russian system an appalling death rate, estimated at 42 per cent, was reduced to a mere .02 per cent, but this meant primarily that abortion had been transferred from the almost exclusive province of ignorant midwives to that of qualified physicians in reasonably aseptic surroundings. A serious boomerang, however, soon appeared in the increased number of ectopic pregnancies. Clinical studies showed further a striking frequency of "late" effects, such as habitual abortion, relative or complete sterility, organic disturbances, and complications in subsequent deliveries. Thus in a series of nearly 500 legal abortions studied by Ter Gabrielian, 28 per cent showed such effects. In a report of 81 consecutive cases submitted by Dr. Zomiakin, 24 cases of habitual abortion, organic disfunctions, and sterility were noted. While the record for perforations was only one per 1,250 cases in one clinic, it was shown that as soon as practiced specialists were replaced by novices, the frequency of this extremely serious accident increased more than eightfold.

Particularly striking were the aftermaths of abortion in first pregnancies. Comparing the clinical records of 717 women having no history of abortion with those of 653 who had had one or more, Dr. Bronnikowa, a woman physician, found that the labors of the latter lasted an average of seven hours longer. Instrumental delivery, improper presentation, and high foetal mortality were likewise more common among women who had had abortions.

Merely scrapping restrictions, therefore, is no answer to the problem. A more logical approach would be to make the best-known contraceptive information available to all who need it, to the exclusion of the drugstore products now in vogue. At the same time extensive research should be authorized for more effective contraception and for safer methods of interrupting pregnancy, if need be.

The abortion racket is at bottom only a flagrant phase of the basic problem of the profit motive in medical practice. Divorced from religious considerations, the ramifications of abortion are no more corrupting or unethical than the recognized practice of fee-splitting in other specialties. To get at the root of the problem, this factor, with its countless temptations to unnecessary operations, prolonged hospital care, and costly useless treatments, as well as outright violations of the law, must be removed from the path of medicine. For the rest, the interruption of pregnancy is clearly a subject for preventive medicine. Any legal interference in this field violates the best interests of society as well as the basic rights of the medical profession. With a casualty list of 100,000 a year in deaths and chronic invalidism, abortion is a major social as well as medical problem.

The Ghost of Versailles

BY AUREL KOLNAI

ONE of the factors that prevents us from offering determined resistance to the establishment of fascist world hegemony is what I may describe as the ghost of Versailles. The so-called "crime of Versailles," including the blunders attached and subsequent to it, oppresses our consciences and haunts our dreams; it furnishes the advocates of non-resistance and surrender among us with one of their chief weapons. In brief words, the logic of "Versailles" is this: Let us control carefully our dislike of fascist imperialism and Nazi barbarism, for we have made it ourselves and we rather than its direct agents are responsible for the danger it represents. Above all, let us refrain from repeating the error; another "victorious" war would mean another Versailles of an even worse character, and with consequences even more hideous and menacing than what confronts us today.

Thus it comes about that, at present, the evil which overshadows the earth feeds on what may seem best in us; our purest moral impulses are engaged in the service of triumphant immoralism. Need it be so forever? Is it inevitable that moral sensitiveness, reaching a certain degree, should make decent mankind defenseless in the face of its foes, and enable the powers that despise all moral fairness as a sign of vital degeneracy to enslave the world?

In fact over-indulgence in the attitude of moral self-reproach and self-chastisement is not always equivalent to sound morality. It may interfere with the objectivity of judgment no less than does pharisaical self-satisfaction; it is seldom without a tinge of snobbish pose; it may well cover less respectable mobiles of sheer cowardice and barren skepticism.

Instead of taking the dogma of "Versailles" for granted once for all, it might appear worth while inquiring into its truth a little more closely.

By a great number of people who frankly disapprove of fascism in general and are anything but enthusiastic about the Third Reich in particular, we are told that the blame for these things lies at our own door. The Western Allies had pretended to wage the war in order to "make the world safe for democracy," but having secured their victory, they achieved the exact opposite; for they imposed on Germany a harsh and unjust peace which could not fail to arouse in that great nation a sense of being wronged and oppressed outrageously; the inevitable consequence was that it lost faith in democracy, humanitarian civilization, and peaceful collaboration altogether, and embracing an implacable anti-Western and anti-liberal creed of fascism and racialism, concentrated all its energies on the preparation of revenge and the attainment of a superior military efficiency. Versailles proves that real peace can only be obtained by peace, not by war; that "humanitarian" and "democratic" powers, if they manage to win a war, will not organize peace according to the principles they nominally profess but will keep faithful to the sordid traditions of power egoism and shortsighted imperialism. There is reason to believe, we are told further, that this would not change the next time, except for the worse, seeing that the next war would be far more murderous and devastating than the Great War itself. Hence, the effects produced in our defeated enemies—provided that we could defeat them—would be even more poisonous and, in due course, even more deleterious to ourselves. It follows therefrom that we must give up any idea of military resistance unconditionally, and choose peaceful capitulation in preference to another war invariably. We can do so with less bitterness and more resignation in considering that, after all, we are only being held accountable for our own fault.

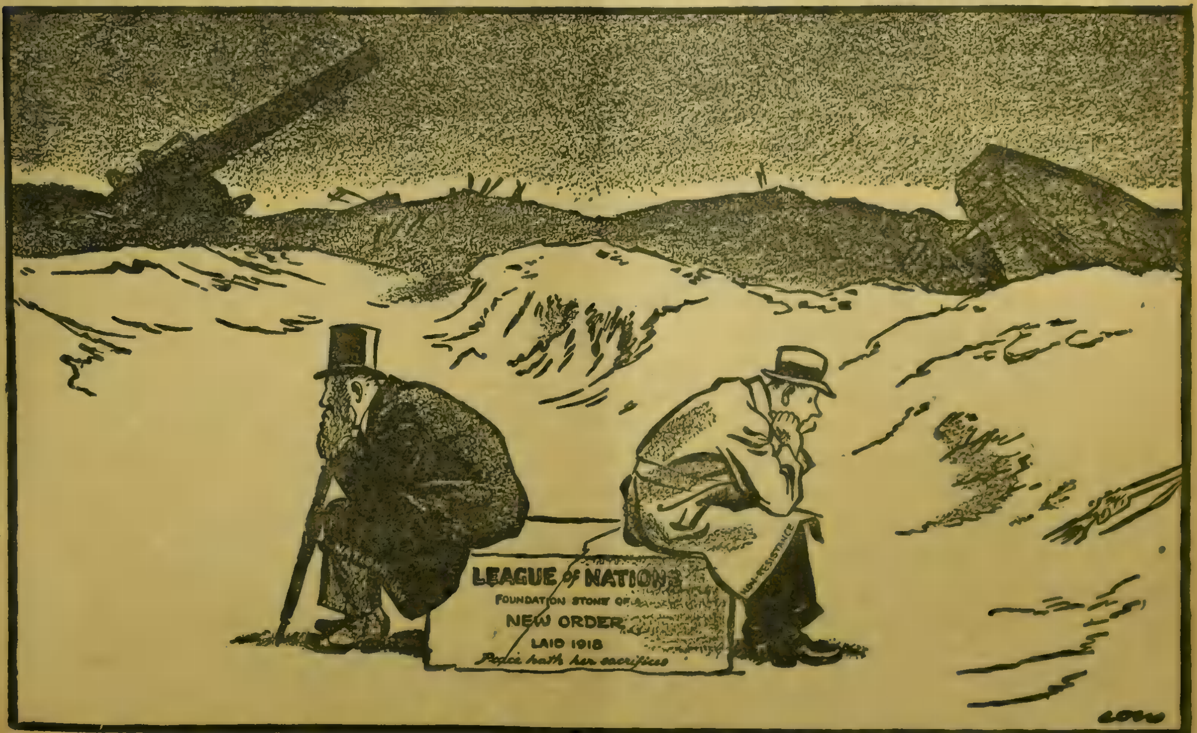
I think this train of argument fundamentally erroneous. The errors from which it suffers can be mainly grouped under three headings. The first concerns an inadequate judgment of "Versailles" itself; the second, more important, a false psychology of Nazi-fascist imperialism even though the strongest possible condemnation of Versailles be granted; the third, most important of all, an illusive outlook on politics in general—no matter how far our present predicament is really attributable to the "crime of Versailles."

I shall say very little on the first of these three subjects. The peace terms of Versailles contained several injustices—and many more unnecessary and irritating petty pin pricks—but they were very far removed from anything which would justify the critic in speaking of a peace of predatory and oppressive imperialism. Only let us remember that the structure of German unity under Prussia's leadership was not interfered with; that, unlike the case of Austria and Hungary, the territorial losses inflicted on Germany were rather small; that France, the chief adversary, derived no territorial gain in Europe from its victory other than the recovery of the provinces of which it had been robbed fifty years before. Whether or no a terrible peace may explain the evolution of a terrible mentality in the vanquished, this was certainly not a terrible peace. It was certainly not comparable to what a *Deutscher Friede* would have meant. If its terms and its general aspect were not wholly free from a certain "punitive" character, it is still a matter for discussion whether such a punitive intention was, under the circumstances, so immoral as we generally assume today. But we need not go into that; let us admit that the peace could have been conceived with greater justice and, more particularly, with greater wisdom. Thus, in the first place, it would have been very much wiser either to maintain Austria as a federative empire or to tolerate the incorporation of German Austria, as desired by the vast majority of its inhabitants, in the German Republic. In the latter case, the German people might have experienced the victory of the Allies and the fall of the *ancien régime* as a positive gain for themselves—the fulfilment of their secular drive for national unity. Or again, inversely, it would probably have been wiser, though less just, to enforce the dismemberment of Germany. For supreme wisdom may coincide with supreme justice, but apart from that highest level, moral justice and practical wisdom are not always in a relation of mutual correspondence.

Anyhow, the post-Versailles policy of the Allies—or rather former Allies—has been characterized by an increasing degree of weakness, inconsistency, and disunity rather than harshness and injustice toward Germany. This is common knowledge, and I am certainly not the first to discover that this ineffectual and blundering policy has contributed to the rise of Nazism and the birth of German neo-imperialism more than did the blow of the Treaty of Versailles itself. There is no surer way of developing evil dispositions on a large scale in our adversary than to evoke first their germ by a fit of rough handling and then to encourage them systematically by reluctant yielding, by indecision and impotence, and, last but not least, by a display of guilt-consciousness on our own side. To explain the growth of reckless amoralism and savage aggressiveness in the individual or group mind by the sense of being wronged, by the fact of being oppressed, persecuted, and embittered—or by that alone—is poor psychology. The presence of temptation, the prospect of success, the consciousness of power, the perception of fear and debility in one's partners constitute even more potent factors in the fixation of such a ferocious and bullying mood. Nor is it true, however fondly many of us are attached to this dogma, that the urge for domination, the prideful satisfaction in imposing one's will on others, always springs from "weakness," a "sense of insecurity," or "instincts thwarted in their normal function." Unless we learn, or relearn, that even though man may be more basically "good" than he is "evil," evil *is* an original potentiality not of German but of human nature, we shall not be able to cope with its manifestations, German or other.

Although in comparison with the Third Reich, Germany under Wilhelm was a highly civilized and likable country, its ways in both peace and war were most unpleasantly different from the ways of liberal Western mankind. The demerits of Prussia were often overstated by our war propaganda, but on the whole they were facts, not libelous figments. How "explain" this phenomenon? Not by the injustice of 1871. And why did not France, after 1871, develop anything in the semblance of fascism or Nazism, however moderate? How account for the fact, further, that after Versailles it took Germany fourteen years to go Nazi? Is it not curious that the first great wave of Nazism should have swept over Germany as late as 1930, just after the last French troops had left the Rhineland? Is it not disappointing that, apparently, the Austrian and Czechoslovakian conquests of 1938 have failed to turn the Third Reich into a community of reliable liberal pacifists? Finally, how are we to interpret the rise of Italian fascism, preceding Hitler's enthronement by a decade? Italy had been a victorious, not a defeated, power; it had derived profit and pride, not loss and humiliation, from the war. Nevertheless, unlike its covictors, it soon fell a prey to fascism, elaborating this hardened form of Prussianism a good deal in advance of Germany. It may be argued that in spite of its ranking with the victors, Italy had to suffer a certain curtailment of its desires at the distribution of the gains. But surely the horrible phenomenon of fascism is quite out of proportion to this slight "injustice," if injustice there was. Now, if "Versailles" is not responsible for Italian fascism, perhaps, after all, it is not quite so evidently and exclusively responsible for Nazism either. The historical causes of such processes, and of their localization, are complex and manifold. It is not our business to unearth them. But let us get rid of the obsession that the Western powers, by committing the "crime of Versailles," created Nazism.

Our pacifist Germanophiles, always bent on persecuting superstition, prejudice, and self-righteousness, declare that there are no wicked nations. It is absurd to call "the Germans" "wicked." That is quite true; to say nothing of other arguments, it is proved by the case of fascist Italy. But unless we declare war on moral viewpoints altogether, there are wicked causes, and they may be represented, within certain periods, by certain nations. It would be foolish to assume that all or nearly all Germans are fascists and fanatic nationalists; it would be pointless to assume that the average German is intrinsically "worse" than the average Frenchman or Dutchman. However, an organized community does not derive its moral significance simply from the moral qualities of its members taken as statistical units: the spirit and law which inform that community, the mentality of the circles



SILENCE

which rule it and are rooted in it, are decisive. Heaven forbid that Prussianism, Nazism, fascism should comprise now and command forever the souls of German and Italian mankind in its entirety; but Prussianism, Nazism, fascism *are* authentic and powerful realities with German and Italian lives and energies at their disposal. By ignoring or denying these powers we do not alter their reality; we merely disguise our surrender to them. And if the anti-humanitarian powers of fascism and racialism happen to be incarnate, in the first place, in present-day Italy and, probably with deeper historical foundations, in present-day Germany, "the Germans" and "the Italians" are at any rate more guilty of that than we are. *Our* supreme guilt consists, not in having "made" these powers, but in strengthening them by our sustained policy of concessions and self-surrender.

History did not begin with "Versailles"; nor did our freedom of choice end with "Versailles." It is impossible to act on the supposition that we have created the world and now just have to endure the consequences of our creation. To deplore that a situation should have arisen at all is not dealing with that situation; to submit to evil foes because we are not wholly innocent of their rise is not a policy. It is high time for us to become a little less absorbed in our responsibility for fascism and to recognize at last the fascists' responsibility for fascism. It would help if we felt a little less responsible for what happened to Germany some twenty years ago, and accordingly more responsible for what is going to happen to us, and to all mankind, next. In lamenting over the deception of Versailles and forecasting even more sinister prospects after another "victorious war," the prophets of pacifism take their departure from imaginary pretensions. The Western powers fought the war in order to protect themselves and their friends from Prussian hegemony, not out of a wanton desire to establish a cosmopolitan paradise on earth. They succeeded in obtaining their primary object, for a certain time at least; nor need they be ashamed of having made an attempt to realize their accessory aim, the creation of a legal order of mankind. Similarly, if we should fight fascist imperialism, we could not help fighting for the cause of mankind—whether with more durable effect or no, nobody can foretell—but, above all, we should be fighting for our elementary existence, national, economic, and spiritual; we should certainly not start a war as a wilful experiment in creating a nicer Germany or a more flawless world. It is therefore futile to stare at the specter of Versailles, and of a possible second Versailles. We ought to be afraid of our extinction, whether by arms or no, rather than of war; and in case of war we ought to be afraid of defeat rather than of victory. On no account must we acquiesce in the gloomy "psychological" dogma that, if we fight, we must turn into barbarians and daemonists "just like the enemy." Versailles is far from proving that; nor are we prisoners of a "Versailles" fatality. The danger we have to contemplate day and night is not a second Versailles but a second and more awful Brest-Litovsk, or, again, a second and more awful Munich.

Pocket Guide

SHAVING THE SOAP

SHAVING cream is the perfect example of a business that is non-essential and has been created entirely by advertising. There is no need for shaving cream and there never has been. It costs more than a cake of shaving soap and it does not work so well. Now don't say that you know all about shaving and I don't. Before you speak, read on a little farther.

How did this fantastic business grow up? Just before the war it seemed to men that everything about shaving must be modern to go with the safety razor. A modern razor demanded a modern kind of soap. Away with the old-fashioned shaving mug! Colgate's Rapid Shaving Cream, which appeared in 1914-15, was the first nationally successful cream. It was followed by a number of others. They were sold by a dramatization of the idea of speed. You saved time by using them and time was money. So you actually saved money by spending a little extra for the cream. But even to this day it surprises the ad men to find that men believe them when they say that it takes less time to use a tube of cream than a glass with a cake of soap in it.

At the peak this shaving-cream business amounted to $12,000,000 a year and showed a big profit. Some $3,000,000 went for advertising. Competition has now reduced the profit, and the depression, of course, dealt the business a blow. Many a man went back to using kitchen soap. Farmers and workmen who shave at the kitchen sink use the yellow bar they find lying there.

The electric razor has also cut down sales. Many men like the electric razor because with it they don't need to use either soap or cream. It doesn't give a close shave, but is being steadily improved and may do so after awhile.

For a tube of shaving cream you pay from 20 to 40 cents. But whatever you pay, the cost to the manufacturer is about the same. The tube is the most expensive part of the package, costing from 1 to 2 cents. An average 25-cent tube of shaving cream costs at most probably 3½ to 4½ cents to manufacture. Nobody makes shaving cream who doesn't make other soap products. The soap—not much is used in shaving creams—comes out of a big soap kettle where other soaps are mixed. Flavoring and glycerine, which cost little, are sometimes added. Glycerine, by the way, is drying and therefore bad for the skin.

The most successful shaving cream is also one of the most expensive—Barbasol. The cheaper tubes of shaving cream haven't gone well at all. The 5-and-10-cent stores sell large tubes at 20 cents. The chain drugstores offered a huge tube for 19 cents. This was an utter failure. The average man who hands out his money for a shaving cream wants an advertised brand.

A good-looking round 5-cent cake of shaving soap is on sale at the 5-and-10-cent stores. There's no money in it, and neither the manufacturer nor druggists care about selling it. It is never advertised. None the less, it has a large sale. Men like it because it is not only good but cheap—a 5-cent cake of soap will last two or three times as long as a 30- or 40-cent tube of cream.

A tube of shaving cream contains much less soap than such a 5-cent cake. But a brushless cream, the next step, sometimes contains no soap at all. It is merely a good vanishing cream, and most of its claims are nonsense. Men buy it because it seems so convenient not to use a brush. Goodness knows, it must be a monotonous and dreary thing to shave every day, and no wonder men eagerly try anything that promises a little relief. But all that a brushless cream can do is make hair stand up a little straighter. The men who use it because they think it is convenient are actually making their shaving harder.

Once a copywriter looked at some shaving cream through a microscope. He found there bubbles of various sizes. He had photomicrographs made of the smaller bubbles. Then he put a competitor's cream under the microscope and made a photomicrograph which showed definitely larger bubbles. Then the two pictures were shown to you side by side, and you were told that the smaller bubbles nestled down closer to the base of the whiskers. And would you believe it—that cream went straight up to the top in sales that year. The advertising was perfect—just the right mixture of plausible pseudo-scientific stuff and the time-saving appeal.

THE ASHCAN HAT

When a man who lives anywhere except in New York or Los Angeles buys a new hat he may be getting an "ashcan" hat. The *Consumers' Guide*, put out by the AAA, says: "These are second-hand hats that have been cleaned, blocked, and put on sale again. . . . The Federal Trade Commission forbids selling ashcan hats for new hats. . . . Final prohibition of this practice, however, depends upon local enforcement."

ON THE COOPERATIVE FRONT

Were you shocked by the story you read in the papers about how the Nazis were negotiating with American cooperatives for the barter of American farm products for German manufactured articles? Well, don't let it trouble you. The co-ops say there isn't a word of truth in it. It is reported that the story came out of the German embassy.

The first cooperative hospital-insurance services owned and operated by the consumers themselves have been started in St. Paul, Minnesota. Known as the Group Health Mutual and Group Health Association, they provide both hospital insurance and cooperative health service in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The hospital insurance will be at a basic rate of two cents a day.

DANGEROUS VAPORIZERS

The first dangerous therapeutic devices to be seized under the new Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act are vaporizing gadgets for spraying volatile oils into the nasal cavities. The government charges that they tend to blow infection into the sinuses and middle ear. Those seized include Syn-O-Scope, Nazoscope, Pen-E-Scope, Peranol, Hed-Klear, and Pate-O-Graph.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

WHEN LONDON'S Foreign Press Association convened recently, Sir John Anderson was the principal speaker. He gave a rather solemn talk, with only one unintended light note. Urging the correspondents not to believe that air-raid precautions were "in a muddle," Anderson announced that he had prepared a pamphlet describing civil-defense plans—"especially intended for gentlemen of the press and written in appropriately simple language."

THE ANNUAL report of the New York World's Fair, Inc., dated as of February 1, 1939, contains this announcement: "The Czechoslovak building will cover 24,000 square feet on the 50,000 square feet of ground space available. The history of the country, its early origin, and what it may expect in the future will be dramatized pictorially."

IN THE intense preparations made to insure Hitler's safety on his visit to Rome a year ago, a chief concern was guarding the railroad route. The distance from the Brenner Pass to Rome was split into ten sections, and each was assigned to an officer with full responsibility for Hitler's protection. The section from the Brenner Pass to Bologna, it is now reported, was in the hands of a Jewish engineer.

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT: From the bulletin "Peace Action" issued by the National Council for Prevention of War: "The British and French empires have indicated willingness to make reasonable concessions both to Germany and to Italy, provided the negotiations can be conducted on the basis of justice and not on a basis of force. Germany and Italy, too, ask only for justice; but interpretations differ. . . ."

IT IS noteworthy that *America*, the Jesuit weekly which exerts considerable influence in Catholic circles, has stated categorically that "every American Christian must be a conscientious objector in a world war where the United States is an ally of atheistic Russia." Although Catholic spokesmen have been vigorously isolationist, this is the most clear-cut utterance from an important Catholic source.

ONE OF the year's radio classics came from Station WHLS of Michigan, which was conducting a sponsored kiddies' amateur program. The announcer introduced a child singer, said that she was six years old, and asked her to dedicate her song. The six-year-old replied: "I dedicate this song to my mother and father, who are celebrating their first wedding anniversary."

WHILE NATION-WIDE publicity has been given to the German-American Bund's activities, Milwaukee German-Americans have become militantly anti-Nazi. Among other things they have staged anti-Nazi meetings, obtained the radio time formerly reserved for the local Nazis, and leased the site where the Bund's Camp Hindenburg stood. They have established their own camp and named it for Carl Schurz.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ENCOURAGING news has come out of Canada. On March 30 Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King declared in the Dominion House of Commons that his government would never conscript Canadians for service overseas. This was startling enough in view of the war excitement in which we live, and it was made more striking by the fact that Dr. R. J. Manion, leader of the formerly imperialistic Conservative Party, stated that it stood with Mackenzie King's Liberals in believing that there would never be any necessity for conscription again. That was news which could hardly have been read with pleasure in London; but beyond question it expressed the wishes of the bulk of the Canadian people, despite the fact that the Ontario legislature only a short time previously had voted for the mobilization of wealth and man-power to defend Great Britain if an emergency should arise.

Undoubtedly it is being charged in some quarters in Canada that this action represents a kotowing to the French Canadians, two of whose leaders had telegraphed to Mr. King that they and their followers would under no circumstances take part in a war in behalf of Great Britain. There was also a demonstration against conscription in the galleries of the Quebec legislature. This opposition of the French-speaking population of the Dominion to conscription is nothing new. With all its war-time power the Dominion government was not able during the World War to carry through conscription in all parts of Quebec. This seemed the more remarkable because the boys then being drafted for service overseas were to fight upon French soil; but the French Canadians, although they cling to their French language and customs, cannot be said to be particularly loyal to France. Most of them did not want to fight for the country their ancestors came from, and said so quite openly. However, the French Canadians are still only a considerable minority, and if the bulk of the Canadian people had favored conscription for the next war Mr. King and Dr. Manion would certainly have spoken for it.

The reason given by Mr. King was that changed conditions of warfare had brought about a marked decentralization of defense activities in the British Commonwealth and a greater preoccupation of each member thereof with its own defense problems. Mr. King then said that Canada would not give any binding promise to help Britain in any and every emergency, but that in the event of war the government would propose and the Parliament decide what the national course of action should be. Curiously enough, he said that Canada, while its Parliament might decide to stand by England in the next war, would not now give a definite commitment by legislative action "for fear of giving comfort to the enemy," which is certainly contrary, if the Prime Minister was correctly reported, to the usual belief that the more countries England and France can count on for aid, the greater will be the reluctance of Hitler and Mussolini to attack.

How fine it would be if we could get the leaders of all our parties to sign a joint declaration that there would never again be conscription in the United States! There is certainly no more need for it here than in Canada, unless we are going on the theory that we have got to fight all over the world in behalf of the "democracies." Unfortunately, if I am correctly informed, the theory of the next war upon which the War Department and General Staff are acting is that there will be immediate conscription of not less than 1,000,000 men. Indeed, it is constantly stated that the General Staff is planning to do over again in the next war what it did in 1917-18—raise an army of 3,000,000 men for service overseas. Now of course if we undertake to do only what the President has repeatedly said we should do, merely defend our coasts, anything like a million men is absolutely uncalled for, even though the army's present plan to have an immediately mobile force of 410,000 men has not yet been worked out. For 250,000 men, plus a good aviation force under one leadership, and the navy, would adequately hold off the 200,000 fighting men who experts say are all that could possibly be landed on our shores either by England or a combination of lesser powers—and then only if our fleet were destroyed.

All of which brings me back to the old point of contention that the country needs nothing so much today as to have objective observers not affiliated with the army or the navy or the Congress examine our military needs in the light of actual physical conditions, and especially from the point of view of ocean conditions—the difficulty of transportation, and the lack of sufficient ships in any country in the world to transport a really large force of men. If such a study were seriously and honestly made, the country would be convinced that we are not only in no danger of invasion on either front but more than equipped to take care of ourselves with the forces and ships that we have today. Least of all do we need conscription.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

DEATH OF SPAIN'S POET: ANTONIO MACHADO

BY WALDO FRANK

NEAR Figueras in the lush plain of northeastern Catalonia stands a *masía,* a stone farmhouse built in the thirteenth century by peasants. The ground floor is a stable, rank with the sweetness of manure; above it a huge kitchen with rough-hewn beams and copper pots hanging in the great hearth where the food of twenty-four generations has been roasted. Here on the night after the fall of Barcelona (January 27, 1939) Antonio Machado, Spain's noblest poet and one of the classic writers of our time, spent his last hours under a Spanish roof. As if to do him honor, perhaps not all unconsciously, forty men and women who, like him, had fled at the last moment from Barcelona shared with Machado the cold kitchen, sitting awake in darkness while the few candles died, until the dawn brought to them all a greater night. Among them were some of the first intellectuals of Spain, men who two and a half years ago set aside their life work in order to save the life of the republic: Pedro Carrasco, director of the Madrid Astronomical Observatory; Emilio Mira, leading psychiatrist; J. Pous y Pages, president of the Catalan Institute of Letters; Enrique Rioja, naturalist; J. Roy-Gomer, geologist; Joaquín Xirau, dean of the University of Barcelona; Carlos Riba, one of the best of the Catalan poets; and Tomás Navarro Tomás, librarian of the Biblioteca Nacional of Madrid and one of the world's foremost authorities on phonetics.

It rained all night; from time to time a gun spoke, a shell whined. Machado sat with the women on the benches, while the robuster men squatted on the draft-swept floor. Machado's body was bent and already in part defeated by a slow creeping sickness. Two years before, in Madrid, he had written to a friend: "I am old and sick; old because I am past sixty,* which is many years for a Spaniard; sick because the most important viscera of my body have agreed not properly to perform their functions. Nevertheless, I believe that there is something in me little related to my physiological ruin and which appears to imply health and youth of spirit." When the order came in November, 1936, to quit Madrid for Valencia, Machado spoke to a gathering of friends and comrades. He explained how he had sought service in every department of the army and been refused. He explained why, unlike so many of his illustrious colleagues, he could not accept a haven abroad, in Europe, in Russia, in America, from among the many that had been urged on him. "There can be no eloquence today in Spain," he said, "except the eloquence of the soldier. Sad it is to be condemned, as I am, to the pen. Only one valid currency remains in which to pay our debt to our people: our lives."

There was little talk in the Catalan *masía* at that last *tertulia* of a generation of intellectuals in their Spain. Doubtless, while they sat huddled in the chill dark fitfully etched by candles, the lives of each dwelt with them, quiet and full, as at a lucid death.

The night following was Antonio Machado's last in Spain. But he did not spend it with his intellectual companions, or under a roof; he passed it on foot with the humble people on the road, under the rain and the alien assault of the fascists. Too close-packed to fall, they crept to the frontier: men and women who could not face the Lie which alone can purchase life now for the conscious Spaniard who stays in Spain. Many of the refugees near Machado were wounded soldiers: he saw the rain dissolve their bandages; saw the blood and the bared bone and the sick flesh touch the drenched clothes of their comrades. There were children in mothers' arms; there were old women—one, the mother of Antonio Machado, who had constantly refused to leave him. The half-crippled poet walked within this dolorous body of his people, the hand of his aged mother to sustain him and on the other side the strong hand of his friend, Navarro Tomás—walked out of the present agony of Spain, within the Spain which by strength of spirit and vision like his will survive him.

"When you find in my words a sure note, know," he said, "that I am teaching you something which I have learned of the people." That parting of Antonio Machado from Spain and from his life was informed with the plastic reality of his poems. Within the anguish of the hundred thousands he came to the French frontier, the political frontier; for the France he loved, whose language and literature he had earned his daily bread for forty years by teaching, had no shut frontier from Spain. But there was a barbed-wire fence, and Senegalese soldiers, red-fezzed, their black faces blotted in the dark, ordered by their white officers to "treat the Spaniards rough." Political France. Machado knew all about it. He knew how the Spanish people had been betrayed through the cowardice of Léon Blum, who did not dare to swing his nation with a beneficent and intelligent brave act, as Daladier two and a half years later dared to swing his nation, with a stupid and dastardly act. He knew how the big men had delayed, how the little men had grown fat on the munitions they allowed to dribble through—never enough for a real Loyalist offensive. He knew of the huge stores of guns and shells on which Negrin had counted for the defense of Catalonia, and which had been held up at the border—through whose treachery?—until it was too late. (Spain's soldiers were used to a one-to-four inferiority of arms, but one-to-twenty broke them.) Machado also knew the irony of Africans at this scene of the death of Europe, of the death of Great France; and bore the unknowing Negroes no ill-will.

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* Machado was born in Seville in 1875.

Those last hours at the margin of his country, at the margin of an epoch, while the frantic screaming women, parted from their men, covering their babies with their bodies, were herded past the wires, and the rain beat down, are the true last hours in the life of Antonio Machado. Actually, he did not succumb quite yet. Friends found him and his mother shelter on the floor of a freight car. Navarro Tomás got to Perpignan and returned with money. Machado was put to bed in a small hotel in Collicure, still lucid and serene. And there, surrounded with whatever creature comforts the little French village could procure, he died. (His mother died a few days later.) Twenty years before he had written a poem called "Self-Portrait," of which these are the first and the last lines:

My infancy is memory of a patio of Seville,
a sunclear garden where the lemon tree matures. . . .

And when the day comes of my final voyage,
when the ship sails that never may return,
you will find me on board light of luggage,
almost naked like the sons of the sea.

Three brief years ago Spain possessed in its two active generations four poets, all from southern Andalusia, outstanding among a large group whose equals could not be found in Europe. Of the older, known as "the generation of 1898," were Antonio Machado and Juan Ramón Jiménez, the master of all the aesthetes of the Hispanic world; and of the younger generation were Federico García Lorca and Rafael Alberti. García Lorca was shot in the early months by the Guardia Civil of Granada while the bourgeois of his native town cowered and looked on. Alberti took his post, with his brave wife, María Teresa León, in Madrid, where they remained until this March. Jiménez, although always clear in his solidarity to the republic, could not harmonize his way of the recluse and aesthete with the tough needs of the hour and went to Cuba, later to the United States, to help the cause in exile. Machado deepened as man and writer; and within a year of the conflict he was no longer judged one of the Four, but acknowledged by all the first poet of Spain.

His production was not prolific, but so dense, so potent, so organic in form, that its high place in the literature of our age is certain. It begins—already a perfect music perfectly voiced—as part refrain, part dissidence, in the beauty and boredom of old Spain. The early poems articulate the static plasticity of the land whose soil and sun and soul were all immobilized together. Soon appears the longing for fluidity and release. The sea becomes Machado's symbol. He quotes his master, the great Juan Manrique (from whom he stems as Jiménez from Góngora):

Our lives are the rivers
which go to give to the sea
that is our dying. . . .

The attention is personal—and eternal. When he loses his wife, he compares his bereaved heart with the sea. Intellectual research appears: doubts, soon to become dynamic aspiration from Spain's stance.

In my early youth
many a clear thing I saw
which was not the truth.

Turned forty, Machado had attained metaphysical maturity and social consciousness.

The eye which you see is not
eye because you see it;
it is eye because it sees you.

"Russia and Spain," he prophesies before 1917, "some day will meet as two profoundly Christian peoples, when both have shaken off the yoke of the church that divides them." Wit makes its appearance, sharp and wise as a Socialist Pascal's: the classic Spanish humor of Spain's tragic poets.

In the sea of woman,
few founder at night;
many at the dawn.

His last volume of verse is called "La Guerra." Within wars Machado sings of the spring "stronger than war," the spring that has flowered in this war, in the lives of the soldiers, and in that other avatar of Spain's arduous, ever ardent body, her friends and *huertas*. The prose of this last phase, "Sayings of Juan de Mairena," denotes the final synthesis of the man grown sweet and serene within accepted tragedy. Here are samples:

Learn to doubt, son, and you will achieve doubting your own doubt.

Thus God rewards the skeptic and confounds the believer.

Forget not, it is as easy to take his baton from a master as it is difficult to conduct with it a symphony of Beethoven.

Let me remind you of something which the little chil-

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
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> dren know well and the men too often forget: It is harder to walk on two feet than to fall on all fours.
>
> When Christ returns, he will preach pride to the humble, even as yesterday he preached humility to the proud.

In the war years Machado was surrounded by friends, mostly young poets in uniform—soldiers on two fronts—who, loving what he served, loved him. He was the inspiriting and critical heart of the group which produced, month after month, *Hora de España,* to my mind the most remarkable literary effort born of any war, and proof to me that Spain's struggle against the world's betrayal is a cultural birth which must not die. Machado was no jingo patriot. He knew Spain's isolation and the deadly logic of insufficient guns. He knew the impotence of the good-will in France and England. When I told him in Barcelona of the cables I was sending to our President and Senators, urging them to lift our nefarious and unlawful embargo against what was probably the most legitimate government in the world—the government of Spain, in which Republicans, Socialists, Communists, Catholics, Anarchists, all served together, Machado smiled at me with his warm dark eyes and said nothing. Never did I hear him speak the words "victory" or "defeat." He dwelt on a plane of deeper realization. As eternity is within time, so Spain, he knew, was enacting her victory within the battle. Already in 1917 he had written:

> But another Spain is born,
> a Spain of the chisel and the roller,
> with that eternal youth which springs
> of the tough past of the race.
>
> A Spain implacable and redeemer,
> a Spain that dawns
> with ax in hand;
> the Spain of fury and of the Idea. . . .

It is good for us to see Antonio Machado on his last march, within the dolor of his beloved people. All of us are accomplices of that night of horrible death. The workers of France and England are among his murderers because they lacked in their good-will the audacity, the purity, the power which their foes have displayed in serving evil. Franklin D. Roosevelt is among the murderers. Mr. President: men and women throughout the world, seduced by your power and your honeyed words, have flattered you. Know the truth. As the stricken poet goes his last journey through that dolorous night which is our night also, under the planes of fascists who make a sport of spraying with machine-gun fire the fleeing men and women, you are among the murderers. Even as late as last summer the lifting of the illegal American embargo against Spain would have turned the tide in Europe: the peoples of France and Britain were rising against their rulers; the Chamberlains and Daladiers were wavering; a word from you would have been irresistible. Yet with full knowledge of the facts, with avowed love of the faith for which Spain bled, with none of the overwhelming obstacles to action which stultified France and England, you did not lift a finger to implement your pleasant phrases about democracy and justice.

And we, intellectuals of America, are among the murderers, because we failed to find the true word to unlock the latent generosity of our people and to arouse the intelligence which, for our own good, would have moved us—by granting Spain its rights—to prevent the death of Spain's republic.

TWO RECENT POEMS

BY W. B. YEATS

The Statues

Pythagoras planned it. Why did the people stare?
His numbers though they moved or seemed to move
In marble or in bronze, lacked character.
But boys and girls pale from the imagined love
Of solitary beds knew what they were,
That passion could bring character enough;
And pressed at midnight in some public place
Live lips upon a plummet-measured face.

No; greater than Pythagoras, for the men
That with a mallet or a chisel modeled these
Calculations that look but casual flesh, put down
All Asiatic vague immensities,
And not the banks of oars that swam upon
The many-headed foam at Salamis.
Europe put off that foam when Phidias
Gave women dreams and dreams their looking-glass.

One image crossed the many-headed, sat
Under the tropic shade, grew round and slow,
No Hamlet thin from eating flies, a fat
Dreamer of the Middle Ages. Empty eyeballs knew
That knowledge increases unreality, that
Mirror on mirror mirrored is all the show.
When gong and conch declare the hour to bless
Grimalkin crawls to Buddha's emptiness.

When Pearse summoned Cuchullain to his side,
What stalked through the Post Office? What intellect,
What calculation, number, measurement, replied?
We Irish, born into that ancient sect
But thrown upon this filthy modern tide
And by its formless, spawning fury wrecked,
Climb to our proper dark, that we may trace
The lineaments of a plummet-measured face.

Long-Legged Fly

That civilization may not sink
Its great battle lost,
Quiet the dog, tether the pony
To a distant post.
Our master Caesar is in the tent
Where the maps are spread,
His eyes fixed upon nothing,
A hand under his head.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

That the topless towers be burnt
And men recall that face,
Move most gently if move you must
In this lonely place.
She thinks, part woman, three parts a child,
That nobody looks; her feet
Practice a tinker shuffle
Picked up on the street.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
Her mind moves upon silence.

That girls at puberty may find
The first Adam in their thought,
Shut the door of the Pope's Chapel,
Keep those children out.
There on that scaffolding reclines
Michael Angelo.
With no more sound than the mice make
His hand moves to and fro.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

Testament of a Liberal

FIGHTING YEARS. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD united two inherited strains: the New England abolitionist and the German revolutionist of '48. Although he nowhere says so, this descent must have put upon him a duty to live worthily of such ancestry. To this sense of obligation it is easy to trace the tenderness of conscience, the moral thoughtfulness, that made him watchful of his own course of action and critical of that of his countrymen. Added to this was the responsibility to make return for the opportunities afforded him by inherited means.

And one thing for which Mr. Villard and his readers must be grateful to his father's business success is a "boyhood of wonder and hope," a youth of education and rich culture. New York in the eighties, Harvard in the early nineties, country life at Dobbs Ferry, journeys to the West for the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad and camping in the Tetons, years in Europe, especially in Germany, by virtue of which Villard possessed two languages and cultures—these make an idyllic opening for his memoirs. The last two decades of the century were a "glad confident morning" for the generation which grew up in them, and found in Browning their favorite poet. The idyl was broken by the war with Spain, the year after Villard joined the staff of the *Evening Post,* and the subsequent conquest of the Philippines. In view of the fact that Spain had made every concession demanded, Villard's words about the man responsible for this "criminally needless" war are not too severe. "The blood of every American who died in that war and in the subsequent Philippine hostilities rests squarely upon the head of William McKinley."

Even after the turn of the century the years were hopeful. The disillusionment with Roosevelt was balanced by the faith in Wilson. Villard worked with McAdoo and McCombs for the nomination of Wilson, at which, he says, "my joy was greater than that I have ever felt over any political happening"; but he adds, "I have long since come to believe that it would have been better for the country had Champ Clark been nominated." Wilson's betrayal of the "New Freedom" began, for Villard, with his refusal to do anything for the Negro. It continued with his attack on Vera Cruz, which cost the lives of 400 Mexicans, chiefly boy cadets. It culminated in his adoption of preparedness, to deprive the Republicans of that political issue, and to make ready for entrance into the war, which had already become inevitable by reason of his commitments to the Allies.

Then came the nightmare. For Villard these were truly fighting years, in the course of which he lost control of the *Evening Post* but retained *The Nation,* which as a national weekly he made a more effective instrument in his opposition to the madmen who were leading the world down the ways of destruction. His great adventure was his dash into Germany in 1919, in spite of the prohibition of the Allies, where he attended the Bavarian Landtag in Munich on the day on which Kurt Eisner was murdered. He furnished Colonel House and Mr. Hoover with evidence of the starvation of the German people under the blockade.

Mr. Villard finds one of the foremost reasons for the powerlessness of the intelligent minority in the multiplicity of needs and issues which challenge its attention. "The human mind cannot react simultaneously to horrors in Ethiopia, slaughtering in Spain, and indescribable massacres in China. The wellsprings of human emotion are inevitably sucked dry." He thus recognizes, perhaps unconsciously, the strain to which as a journalist he subjected the emotional capacities of his readers. Yet no one of good-will would wish absent from his record any one of the causes to which he gave himself so generously. The number is amazing: first, the status of the Negro, which he inherited as a sacred trust from his abolitionist grandfather and loyally fulfilled, most strikingly in the foundation of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People. The emancipation of women came to him from the same source. Love of Germany was his father's gift, strengthened by association with relatives and friends. With no sympathy for the Kaiserlich regime he tried desperately to keep the United States out of the war, and later tried with equal zeal to secure that just treatment of Germany by which alone the peace of the world could be secured. He opposed Wilson's war with Russia, and by his revelation of conditions there aided in obtaining the recall of the American armies. He fought the battle of the conscientious objectors, and that of the victims of the Espionage Act and of Palmer's red raids. He exposed the atrocious conduct of officers and soldiers in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua, by which 3,250 persons in Haiti alone were the victims of "indiscriminate killings." He favored the unionization of the workers of the *Evening Post,* at an increased expense of $70,000, and supported the Newspaper Guild. In the case of the judicially murdered workers, Sacco and Vanzetti, he personally took Ramsay MacDonald to see Governor Fuller, in order to put before him the opinion of the civilized world that they did not have a fair trial.

Villard's financial and intellectual independence made him a thorn in the side of journals whose object was profit. The *Times* and the *Tribune* of New York pursued him with inveterate hate. When a small group of white and colored people met in 1908 to discuss the economic relations of the two races, the *Times* cursed "the flabby-minded persons who assembled to talk about and to exemplify the 'social equality' of the races," and decided that the meeting was an effort on the part of Socialists "to destroy society, and with it the home and religion." Later, in connection with the Haiti exposures, the *Times* described *The Nation* as "if not actually Bolshevik, so near it that the distinction is not visible to the naked eye." Before the New York State Reconstruction Commission after the war, Villard spoke of the Russian experiment as one to be watched without prejudice. The next day the *Tribune* carried a front-page story to the effect that he had "advocated a Soviet form of government for the United States," and though he immediately sent a denial the *Tribune* followed with an editorial backing up the lie. "A personal protest to Mrs. Ogden Reid was never acknowledged." The animus against him arose from the fact that Villard had betrayed his class. During the war his family suffered a form of ostracism, particularly bitter for his children. He was in personal danger more than once. After the war, in 1921, he was scheduled to speak at Cincinnati before the City Club and the Women's City Club. The Reverend Frank H. Stevenson declared from his pulpit that "an aroused people should be as prompt in muzzling him as they were in stopping the illiterate discourses at the Communist headquarters." While he was speaking, members of the Bentley Post of the American Legion tried to fight their way into the hall, and after the lecture the police drove him to Dayton to take a train, stating that they would not guarantee his life in Cincinnati, where legionnaires were patrolling the streets. He must have remembered William Lloyd Garrison, dragged through the streets of Boston and lodged in jail to protect him from the mob.

Oswald Villard has written a book which summarizes and completes a long, almost unexampled career of public service. As a journalist he had an extraordinary flair for finding out things which the people should know, and the independence to publish them without fear or favor. His book is a summary of this enlightened journalism, a record of its results, a comment on the history of this country for forty years. The role of Cassandra which he had so often to play is an ungrateful one, and the compensation of "I told you so" is not spiritually rewarding. It is to Mr. Villard's credit that among the Jeremiahs he preserves his good humor, his faith, his optimism. This attitude comes from the realization that in a multitude of cases the views which he once expressed in the teeth of bitter opposition are now held by nearly all those who are capable of reflection. By virtue of humane principles, and the sincerity and persistence with which he applied them, he deserves the words which he so truly writes of the elder La Follette: "He was of that small company who, whatever their mistakes, were inevitably and eternally right."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

New Green on Old Hills

GOD'S VALLEY—PEOPLE AND POWER ALONG THE TENNESSEE RIVER. By Willson Whitman. The Viking Press. $3.

AS A Southerner I should distrust Miss Whitman, who has examined us and reported: "Down South in the old days they used to make biscuits rise by beating them; that's the hard way." The ways were hard enough undoubtedly, but I suspect that here Miss Whitman is talking about the beaten biscuit which, far from being an evidence of our difficulties, was almost a symbol, like the magnolia or the moon, of that South which was farther from the lash than the lullaby. The poor cooked their bread in the ashes, corn meal and water, generally without salt, and, with salt pork in the cabbage, even the most fortunate of Southerners came to regard it as very palatable. But biscuits were beaten only in the big house. They went with Smithfield ham and scuppernong wine and linen doilies heavily embroidered. A slab of marble and a baseball bat were as essential cooking utensils in the one-time South as the egg-beater is now. And in those days cooking, which included making beaten biscuits, was an occupation calling for physical power in the kitchen. Gradually in a weakening world such lambasting of the dough disappeared from the kitchens, and as far as I know, not even the possibility of TVA power has brought biscuit-beating back.

But it has profoundly altered other more important aspects of living in the whole long valley of the Tennessee. And Miss Whitman, if she missed the significance of the beaten biscuit in the South, has missed the meaning of little else involved in the change worth describing, as Miss Whitman does by way of introduction in the terms of a "Green Pastures" God. She has shown the great good sense, which so many planners and the chroniclers of planners fail to display, of recognizing that the world with which she is dealing is part of a historical continuity and that the people in it are not only human beings deserving the benefits of planning but also such humans as sometimes seem to prefer old meandering to new marching. She begins back of that point in the forest and in time where "D Boon Cilled a Bar," and she sees the ends of TVA in terms of new green on old hills, new safety from the menace of flood, new power, new promise, and especially a better chance for the white people and the black people of the valley, who have so long been so poor beside old resources. And in anger she sees new op-

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Author of INSURGENT AMERICA;
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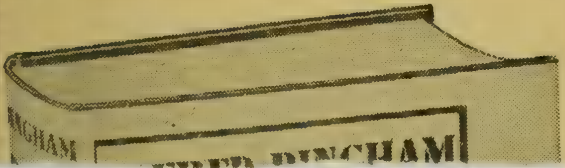

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pression imposed by a few who grab the benefits meant for all.

Her story, indeed, is necessarily as complex as an amazingly twisting river which runs not only out of the little lost coves in the Smokies but out of a mixed history of Indians and Scotchmen and Confederates and Republicans, runs into all the puzzling questions which grow with cotton on the stalk, runs past the angry drama of Scottsboro, the new bitterness of new sweatshops in Tupelo, on with the threat of flood to Paducah, Cairo, the Mississippi, and the sea.

And I think Miss Whitman has told the story of that river not only with honesty but, which is rarer even in this wicked world, with that clarity in her own mind which makes clarity in the mind of the reader. Hundreds of men have been busy for years making TVA confusing. They have succeeded, I think, in making it seem only the scene for a fight over power. Public-utility executives and public-power advocates have both contributed to this confusion. And undoubtedly the emphasis which they put upon electric power is the primary emphasis in TVA. But flood control and national defense and fertilizers and navigation and all the other lesser aspects of the coordinated development of a river valley not only have part in the plan of TVA but important results to show in TVA. And advocate though she is, angry partisan as she sometimes is when describing such a man as Rex Reed, the garment manufacturer who was happy to get TVA power but who fought C. I. O. wage and recognition demands in Tupelo, Miss Whitman has, I think, drawn the full picture of the Tennessee Valley Authority in clearer and more understandable terms than has yet been done by anybody else.

It is pure coincidence undoubtedly but an interesting one that the two most satisfactory books (to me) which have been written about TVA for the layman, the taxpayer, the power consumer, and the citizen have both been written by women. Perhaps these two ladies have had the good sense not to undertake such a technical and financial discussion of the Authority as would confuse not only them but their readers also. But despite Miss Whitman's ignorance about beaten biscuits, I think that there may be some good housekeeping quality still left in the entirely emancipated feminine minds of Miss Whitman and Odette Keun ("A Foreigner Looks at TVA," Longmans). Each at least has caught and presented with well-swept clarity the idea of an area intelligently developed for the use and happiness of man. No fine-spun theories bind either of them. Neither of them is caught in the maze of tradition. They look with clear feminine eyes at a valley better for the people in it: and they are pleased. Like the pudding and the eating, the pleasure is the proof. Perhaps TVA is more complicated than this, as certainly the lawyers would insist. Indeed, there are bewildering problems left for engineer, farmer, politician, and planner. Miss Whitman has not answered with any certainty all the big questions the citizen and the technician must face together. But she has, I think, provided the best basis for the beginning of wisdom about TVA. And she has written it with vividness, understanding, good humor, and flashes of a fine feminine wit. A woman who can see so clearly and write so well may even in the South be forgiven a lapse over a lambasted biscuit.

JONATHAN DANIELS

Hungry Caravan

THE GRAPES OF WRATH. By John Steinbeck. The Viking Press. $2.75.

THIS is in many ways the most moving and disturbing social novel of our time. What is wrong with it, what is weak in it, what robs it of the stature it clearly attempts, are matters that must presently be pointed out; but not at once. First it should be pointed out that "The Grapes of Wrath" comes at a needed time in a powerful way. It comes, perhaps, as "The Drapier's Letters" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or some of the social novels of Zola came. It burns with no pure gemlike flame, but with hot and immediate fire. It is, from any point of view, Steinbeck's best novel, but it does not make one wonder whether, on the basis of it, Steinbeck is now a better novelist than Hemingway or Farrell or Dos Passos; it does not invoke comparisons; it simply makes one feel that Steinbeck is, in some way all his own, a force.

The publishers refer to the book as "perhaps the greatest single creative work that this country has produced." This is a foolish and extravagant statement, but unlike most publishers' statements, it seems the result of honest enthusiasm, and one may hope that the common reader will respond to the book with an enthusiasm of the same sort. And perhaps

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Oswald Garrison Villard's
FIGHTING YEARS
Memoirs of a Liberal Editor

Katherine Anne Porter's
Pale Horse, Pale Rider

and dead characters (like the socialistic preacher). One comes away moved, indignant, protesting, pitying. But one comes away dissatisfied, too, aware that "The Grapes of Wrath" is too unevenly weighted, too uneconomically proportioned, the work of a writer who is still self-indulgent, still undisciplined, still not altogether aware of the difference in value of various human emotions. The picturesqueness of the Joads, for example, is fine wherever it makes them live more abundantly, but false when simply laid on for effect. Steinbeck's sentimentalism is good in bringing him close to the lives of his people, but bad when it blurs his insight. Again, the chapters in which Steinbeck halts the story to editorialize about American life are sometimes useful, but oftener pretentious and flatulent.

But one does not take leave of a book like this in a captious spirit. One salutes it as a fiery document of protest and compassion, as a story that had to be told, as a book that must be read. It is, I think, one of those books—there are not very many—which really do some good.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Betrayal in Europe

EUROPE ON THE EVE. By Frederick L. Schuman. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

"EUROPE ON THE EVE" can hardly be too highly praised. It should be read by everybody who wishes to know how the present deplorable situation in Europe has come about. Professor Schuman shows by evidence the validity of which cannot be contested, and for which he gives his references in the copious notes at the end of the book, that the big responsibility for the present state of Europe rests on the governments that have successively held office in England and France since 1933. The publishers are indeed justified in describing the story as "shocking." It is a record of stupidity, bad faith, fraud, and violation of treaty obligations such as must be unprecedented in the history of European diplomacy.

There was only one break in the melancholy story—the eight months in 1934 during which Louis Barthou was Foreign Minister of France. Professor Schuman recognizes the brilliant diplomacy of that interesting man, who showed in the last months of his life higher qualities than anybody had previously believed him to possess. Barthou's assassination at Marseilles on October 9, 1934, was a disaster to Europe. It is quite possible that the German and Italian governments, which were behind the assassin, aimed more at Barthou than at King Alexander of Yugoslavia.

The few mistakes or omissions in "Europe on the Eve" do not detract from the great value of the book. Some are quite trivial. For example, Pierre Laval is not and never was "a devout Catholic," and Pierre Etienne Flandin has never been a member of the Radical Party, as Professor Schuman supposes. He has always been a Conservative and a prominent member of the right center group to which Paul Reynaud also belonged.

Professor Schuman is, in my opinion, mistaken in saying that the "Polish flirtation with the Reich was in some measure a consequence of the French flirtation with Moscow," which was a very mild flirtation until Barthou took office. The estrangement of Poland from France began with the Four-Power Pact, to which the Poles were quite right in objecting, for it was an attempt to substitute a directorate of the four great Western powers for the League of Nations. It was also aimed against Russia. What finally decided Pilsudski to sign the non-aggression agreement with Germany on January 26, 1934, was the discovery that Daladier had been secretly negotiating with Hitler through Fernand de Brinon. Even then Beck, on Pilsudski's instructions, told Paul-Boncour, the French Foreign Minister, at Geneva that Poland would not sign the pact if France would adopt a firm policy toward Germany.

When Professor Schuman says that "the U. S. S. R. was certain of admission to the League by the necessary two-thirds' vote under Article I of the Covenant without Poland's vote," he forgets that the unanimous consent of the League Council, of which Poland was a member, was necessary to give Soviet Russia a permanent seat on the Council. When he says that Léon Blum induced the French Cabinet on July 25, 1936, to forbid all arms shipments to Spain, Professor Schuman is confusing the embargo, which was not decided on until August 8, with the non-intervention proposal, which, if I am not mistaken, was adopted by the Cabinet on August 2, not July 25. The reason why Blum agreed to the embargo was that the leading Radical ministers threatened to resign if he did not, after the threats of the British ambassador to Paris, Sir George Clerk.

There is an obvious slip in a date on page 110. The joint Franco-Russian declaration was issued at Geneva on December 5, 1934, not 1935.

But these few errors, as I have said, do not detract from the great value of Mr. Schuman's book. On the contrary it is remarkable that they are so few and in most cases so unimportant considering the scope and complexity of the subject.

ROBERT DELL

The Art of Katherine Anne Porter

PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER. By Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE appearance of one of Katherine Anne Porter's stories in a magazine is an event that occurs on the average less than once a year. The publication of a book by her is an occasion for considerable excitement. According to her publishers, Miss Porter was born in 1894. In 1931 she published "Flowering Judas," a modest-sized volume of stories, which was reprinted in 1935 with the addition of two short stories and two longer ones. Now, after another four-year interval, comes her second book, which is advertised as consisting of three "short novels."

Miss Porter's stories are not, as this reticence might suggest, arty or esoteric. On the contrary, her manner is in a familiar tradition of English and American prose, and her matter is of a kind often treated in fiction. As she is uncommonly easy to read, she may yet achieve popularity with the general literate public. She is held in esteem by the critics, not because they have been able to use her as a text for a lecture on new departures, but because she has done the precedented thing superlatively well.

So much is apparent from a consideration of her style, for which she has been most praised. Stylist is an epithet of many meanings. Miss Porter is not a stylist in any sense which implies the precious, the mannered, the cult of words. Neither is she an explorer, trying to adapt language to new ends, to produce new patterns of response to the world, or to catch hitherto unseized overtones of consciousness. Hers is a common denominator of good styles; it achieves its effects by finding the sturdy and flexible rhythm and by putting the right word in the right place. It is controlled without being frigid.

Emphasis on her style should not obscure the fact that Miss Porter has other attributes of a good fiction writer. At her best she has mastered narrative pace and narrative construction; her dialogue is colloquial and at the same time graceful and dignified; she has observed with minuteness a variety of locales and ways of living; her people are speaking likenesses; she has wit; and there is a shrewd modern intelligence, if not an extremely original or forceful one, dominating the story from some little distance. I say that she has mastered narrative construction "at her best." The qualification is needed because she is not as invariably successful with the novelette as with the short story, which, particularly in its modern form, need not have dramatic action—that is to say, a situation resolved—but may exist to present a situation, or sketch a character, or convey an impression. Miss Porter seems to be working toward the form of the novel, and in two of the new stories she achieves its essentials.

Although both Old Mortality and Noon Wine lack the mass of the novel, they are not without solidity. Each carries such an impact of well-chosen detail that one has the feeling of being immersed in its milieu, of living and participating in the portrayal of the farmer, Mr. Thompson, with his shiftless dignity, his growing dependence on his hired hand, and his pathetic attempt to justify himself in his neighbors' eyes for his killing of the stranger who tries to take the invaluable Swede away from him. The title story, I felt, was less of a piece; the love of a girl reporter for a rather stereotyped young engineer and her loss of him in an epidemic do not suffice to tie together the sharp but episodic sketches of civilian terrorism during the World War, of a newspaper office, and of a bout of influenza. In this story alone does Miss Porter descend at times to slick magazine writing.

Her work so far shows that she has range and versatility as well as polish. Of her depth I am less certain, despite the keenness of her psychological analysis. It would portend better for her future development as a novelist if there were threads of continuity between the stories. Their themes are not only varied but miscellaneous; she neither takes an idea and worries it through successive tales nor returns to pose anew certain recurring human situations. But there is a place, and in this instance it is a distinguished one, for the flawless as well as for the profound.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

A "Little Virginia Girl"

MY MEMOIR. By Edith Bolling Wilson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

THE second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's memoir is a defense of her husband and of herself. It is a self-revelation which will not give happiness to the judicious. Nor will it end the discussion of what happened after President Wilson's stroke, when Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Cary Grayson played so remarkable a role. It contains bitter attacks upon Colonel

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Edward M. House, his son-in-law, Gordon Auchincloss, Joseph P. Tumulty, Henry Cabot Lodge, Robert Lansing, and others. As she has been accused of having played a mischievous role after her marriage and of having stirred the President to break old friendships and take some of the actions that he did, Mrs. Wilson's statement of the case is of historical value. Besides this, the volume contains much that is trivial, such as elaborate descriptions of her Worth gowns, interspersed with a few shrewd and clever sketches of striking personages, such as Margot Asquith.

As to the personal relations between Mrs. Wilson and her husband, it would have been much better for both if this volume had been well blue-penciled. Mrs. Wilson "tells all"—with a chip on her shoulder. She will certainly not be charged with undue delicacy of feeling or with much good taste. She speaks of herself as a "little Virginia girl," which can only excite the risibles of those who, like the writer of this review, saw her in the Washington days. There is at least no pretense that the President's sudden proposal, within nine months of the death of the mother of his children, who had been such a lovely, modest, retiring, and wise wife to him, was the result of a sudden overpowering passion. When the announcement of the engagement was made, it shocked and stunned all the President's intimates except Dr. Grayson, who had engineered it. The announcement could almost have read in English style: "A marriage has been arranged. . . ." But it is the simple truth to say that Mrs. Wilson was devoted to her husband. If her accompanying him to Paris was a very great mistake, there is no question of her absolute devotion and her unremitting care of him during his illness.

Now as to the historically important part of the book. There is no doubt that Joseph Tumulty blundered badly in transmitting to a Jefferson Day banquet of the National Democratic Club in 1922 a message which purported to be from Woodrow Wilson and could be interpreted as a move for a second nomination of Governor Cox for the Presidency, which, Mr. Wilson correctly wrote to Tumulty, "would be an act of deliberate suicide." No more faithful and devoted man ever lived than Joseph Tumulty in his relations to Wilson. He had done his dirty work for ten years, lied for him, as political secretaries all do, in Trenton and Washington, and saved the President from endless blunders due to his arrogance and tactlessness and inability to get on with the correspondents of the press. Tumulty, to aid and save his Chief, often "forgot" the President's orders and sent out "intimations" and "interpretations" which were taken as voicing the President's views. Believing that Mr. Wilson's failure to send a message to the Jefferson dinner would be a great blunder, and perhaps misinterpreting something the President said, Mr. Tumulty acted without authority. Mrs. Wilson excoriates him unmercifully, without mitigation, for the purpose, she says, of setting the record straight, and she charges Tumulty with never again coming to see his beloved "Governor" until the President was *in extremis*. She prints the documents in full and unquestionably scores. It must be added that Mrs. Wilson knew from the start that Tumulty had opposed her marriage to the President and never forgot the fact.

As for Colonel House, she charges him with being a complete turncoat and toady—which he was—with being absolutely disloyal and starting at Paris a press campaign at home in order to glorify himself at the President's expense, and with deliberate lying to her. Once he told her he disapproved *in toto* a message of the President's on the railroads. A short while later he told the President that, having been converted by Mrs. Wilson, he agreed "with every word of it." Worse than that she lays at House's door the beginning of the President's breakdown, dating it from his discovery of what House had done during his absence at home. After their talk at Brest, she says, "the change in his appearance shocked me. He seemed to have aged ten years, and his jaw was set in that way it had when he was making a superhuman effort to control himself." He declared to her: "House has given away everything I had won before we left Paris. . . . So he has yielded until there is nothing left." This is not adequately supported by facts, and it will not be accepted as the whole picture by those who were in France at the time of the Peace Conference.

As for the interregnum in the Presidency after Mr. Wilson's stroke, when no one was allowed in the sick room but the nurses, Mrs. Wilson, and Dr. Grayson, Mrs. Wilson declares that she did not act as President. She only used her discretion in going over official papers to decide what in her judgment should be laid before him! Nothing else got through. Yet she was not an official, nor had she had any training in large affairs. Tumulty and everybody else was kept at bay and in ignorance. Of course she supports the President in his denunciation and dismissal of Robert Lansing after the President's recovery. I have always thought Mr. Lansing's action in calling the Cabinet together very creditable. The government was without a head. The affairs of a great nation were in the hands of one woman and one doctor. Nobody could find out what was going on, what the President's real condition was. The Constitution does not prescribe who shall act when the President is disabled, and Congress has never availed itself of the power given to it in that document to "provide for the case of . . . inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President." There was no authentic information as to how long his disability would continue. Mr. Lansing did what any responsible official ought to have done. He called the Cabinet together to discuss the situation and to deal if it could with pressing problems of state. This Mr. Wilson denounced as an effort to supplant him. If Mrs. Wilson's book could induce some men in Congress to agitate for creation of the procedure needed to prevent such a thing happening again, it would render a great service. Today no one knows whether the Supreme Court or the Vice-President or the Cabinet or the Congress shall pass upon a President's disability or inability. The situation in 1919 was a grave scandal and should never be permitted to occur again.

I have seen several reviews of this book which make it out a great achievement, adding much to the glory and stature of Woodrow Wilson. With that I cannot agree, but I gladly record that there are moving passages from Mrs. Wilson's pen and that the book presents the President's most appealing side. It cannot, however, be called a vital contribution to our knowledge of the greatest personal tragedy in American history.

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How Austria Fell

SHOWDOWN IN VIENNA. By Martin Fuchs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

IT WAS in the autumn of 1935, during the intermission of the symphony concert which opened the musical season in Vienna, that a fateful conversation took place between the Austrian Chancellor and the German Ambassador. Kurt von Schuschnigg, who on this occasion appeared for the first time in public after the tragic death of his wife, was approached by Herr von Papen with the suggestion of a peace pact between their countries. Martin Fuchs, a former personal aide of the Austrian Chancellor, starts his detailed account of the diplomatic history of the last two and half years of the Austrian Republic very appropriately with a vivid description of the scene in the foyer of the Konzerthaus in Vienna. Papen's suggestion and Schuschnigg's positive answer led finally—by a long and dreary winding road—to the Austro-German treaty of July 11, 1936, which opened the door to Hitler's Trojan horse.

From this starting-point the author leads the reader step by step to the bitter end, always showing the scene behind the scene, revealing numerous details which the best newspaper correspondent could not have ascertained at the time. We travel with Schuschnigg and his treacherous Foreign Minister Guido Schmidt twice to Mussolini, with Schmidt to Göring and to Otto, pretender to the Austrian throne; with Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, to Warsaw; and finally, most tragic of modern political journeys, with Schuschnigg to Berchtesgaden. The very dramatic and convincing account of the meeting between Schuschnigg and Hitler sounds like the Austrian Chancellor's own sad report. Even for the informed student of the Austrian débâcle and the policies which led to it this book provides many concrete explanations where till now conjecture has reigned. The confused mingling of issues and personalities, of ideal conceptions and personal greeds, becomes at last absolutely clear. One can learn from this work to understand the words of statesmen and the vicious meaning of the harmless communiqués issued after their conferences. "Showdown in Vienna" is in a way complementary to Gedye's already famous "Betrayal in Central Europe." Gedye demonstrates from the outside how secret political decisions became public actions. Martin Fuchs shows from his inside observation point how the secret decisions were reached.

The style of the book is not at all that of a bureaucrat, as one might expect. There are even paragraphs in which, quite unnecessarily, occurrences at which the author was not present are dramatized. In a separate chapter he exposes his legitimist convictions and explains why "the last card"—restoration—was never played. In the appendix an exchange of letters between the twenty-five-year-old "Emperor" Otto and Schuschnigg is given. The pretender asks Schuschnigg to make him Chancellor, thinking he can stop Hitler. Schuschnigg's answer, which the author, biased in this case, considers evasive and weak, seems to me a very concrete and noble document.

From the many remarks of leading statesmen reported in this book for the first time I wish to quote two. Hitler to Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden: "If Mussolini wants to help you, which incidentally he certainly will not, then 100,000 German troops will be sufficient not only to push Italy back from the Brenner but to chase the Italian army as far as Naples." Mussolini in reply to the Austrian attaché who reported to him Hitler's opinion about the Italian army: "I tell you that the best army in Europe at the moment is not the German. The best army is not even the Italian. I tell you that the best army in Europe is and remains . . . the French army."

After one is through with the exciting reading of "Showdown in Vienna," a work which will remain for a long time a source of special information, one has two distinct reactions. First, one feels that one has encountered a tremendous amount of fateful stupidity and humbug; second, one is more than ever convinced that the people of Europe—in democracies and dictatorships alike—are helpless. They want peace and are led to war. Why? How is it possible? The reporting of the surface of events is not enough. Martin Fuchs's legitimist point of view provides neither explanation nor analysis of the decisive current of contemporary history.

FRANZ HOELLERING

The Mind of Leonardo

THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. Arranged and Rendered into English with Introductions by Edward MacCurdy. Reynal and Hitchcock. Two Volumes. $15.

THE scientific notes of Leonardo will most probably be read as literature by the layman for whom this edition is intended. It is impossible for him to judge either their originality or their exactness, since the editor gives no clue to older writings on the same subjects and Leonardo often treats problems which are more than elementary. But the reader with some knowledge of the originality of the text can enjoy the spectacle of Leonardo's genius in its intimate activity. These notebooks are precocious, like old drawings which in their spontaneity and traces of the process of invention seem more modern in style than the finished paintings for which they were designed. The reader can feel here the ardor of Leonardo's persistent searching and the subjective moments of the scientist's work, concealed in the final result yet dear to us as the diaries and notes of a great poet.

Although their content is for the most part impersonal, the language and form of the notebooks are unsystematic and accessible to chance ideas. Leonardo's science is written down in a vigorous vernacular speech interspersed with vivid fantasies and lyrical exclamations, as if the scientist were not yet a specialized creature with his departmental jargon but only one role of the common man. To this everyday language corresponds the imposing range of Leonardo's observations; he is the primitive of science as a universal method rooted in the same principles as successful everyday knowledge. His versatility in science is not so much a result of special gifts as it is the individual expression of the scientific level of the time and the mechanistic view of man and nature. An intelligent mechanic with skill in drawing could deal with almost all these problems; if conscious of theory and gifted like Leonardo, he could make fundamental discoveries.

Leonardo himself draws no distinction between science and art. His term for law is *regola,* the artisan's word for measured or controlled operation, the same term Leonardo uses for the rules of painting. "Good rules are the children of sound experience, which is the common mother of all the sciences and arts." If I read him correctly, he describes the "rules" of science in one passage as the relations between measurements.

Painting, however, seems to play a special part in his scientific activity. He regards painting as the highest art because it embraces all visible nature and as an ordered projection of the world is a model of the universality of science. It is the art of the eye ("Oh, what point is so wonderful!"), and vision is the most intellectual and noblest sense. Strangely enough, he has almost nothing to say about structural relations or surface pattern in painting and not a word about logic. Painting for Leonardo is a science that reveals "the philosophy in nature," requiring not only the most refined observation but also a mathematical system for rendering the visible world—that perspective which he calls a "rational demonstration" and the "theory and guide of painting." This view of the double aspect of painting, the artist-craftsman's familiarity with materials, and his experimental habit of testing his solutions through small preliminary models, whether graphic or in three dimensions, enter deeply into Leonardo's scientific work. He brings to the study of minute phenomena habits of discrimination typical of the painter of the time; he describes seventeen ways in which water may vary in issuing from the same-sized mouth, and on eight sheets he makes, by his own count, 730 observations about water. His visual acuity foretells the coming epoch of the lens. But this prodigious power of phenomenological description depends also on the highly developed devices of the artist for recording observations, designing models, and performing mental experiments. In his anatomical notes he often stresses the need of a proper graphic method: "The more minute a verbal description, the more confusing it becomes; it is necessary therefore for you to represent and describe." Drawing here is a practical art without which observation is unstable and difficult to control. "If you keep the details of the spots of the moon under observation you will often find great differences in them, and I have myself proved this by making drawings of them." In Leonardo's time the technique of drawing is more than a geometrical method for locating and proportioning objects in the pictorial space; it is also a means of isolating and generalizing forms. Even where it serves the fantasy it is analytical and clarifying. In the famous passage cherished by surrealists where he recommends that painters look at spots and stains on a wall to arouse their minds to the invention of "an infinite number of things," he adds, "which you can then reduce to separate and well-conceived forms."

The notebooks—so rich in observations—abound also in metaphysical statements, neo-Platonic similes, and traces of folklore; the definitions of physical concepts are sometimes animistic. But the mass of his scientific work is tied directly to practical problems or rests, as he says, on "simple and plain experience." "What trust can we place in the ancients who have set out to define the nature of the soul and of life—things incapable of proof—while those things which by ex-

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perience may always be clearly known and proved have for centuries either remained unknown or have been wrongly interpreted?" If in speaking of theory he is contemptuous of the ignorant empiricist, it is because a good theory, founded on experience and stated mathematically, permits a broader and sounder practice. The goal of his study of the flight of birds is not a knowledge of principles as such but the experimental production of the same movements in an airship. That is possible because "a bird is an instrument working according to mathematical rules," and man himself as a swimmer or as the pilot of the ruddered boat creates similar motions. "Instrumental or mechanical science is the noblest and above all others the most useful, seeing that by means of it all animated bodies which have movement perform their actions."

Leonardo sees clearly, perhaps as one of the first moderns, the role of invention in the struggle against nature. In his notes on the properties of water he writes constantly of water as the most destructive and yet most necessary element. How absorbed he is in floods and storms and other catastrophes of nature! How often in his notes we read of man as a microcosm of the world and of nature's violence against its highest creation! Although Leonardo's delight in picturing disasters suggests an underlying hatred of man, his apostrophes on the malignity of nature are not merely projections of a private mood; they describe an appalling fact and express the practical limitations of science. His interest in water is also inspired by timely problems of power, transport, defense, and irrigation; he recommends projects to the guild of wool merchants and to lumber men; and in planning a canal he analyzes even the factors of labor, time, and cost.

The present edition is a superb gift to literature. The translator has followed the Italian text closely, but has rearranged it more compactly according to subjects. Unfortunately, the indispensable footnotes are very sparse and give no adequate reference to the scientific writings on Leonardo. Mr. MacCurdy's long introduction is essentially literary, a conventional eulogy, unclear about Leonardo's place in the history of science and art and completely silent about his dependence on Italian economy and technology. He does not seem to know the basic investigations on Leonardo by the physicist Duhem, or he would be able to indicate better Leonardo's relation to medieval and later science. It is ignorance of Duhem which permits him also to identify incorrectly the Albert—listed by Leonardo among his books and cited in his arguments—with Albertus Magnus instead of the scientifically more important Albertus of Saxony. Had Mr. MacCurdy stated the results of Duhem's and others' researches, Malcolm Cowley, in reviewing the notebooks as the work of an inspired but eccentric Gothic magician, could hardly have ventured to say that Leonardo stood apart from the main stream of scientific development and that his work was so secret that it made no difference to the history of science. Leonardo was well versed in medieval science and owed a great deal to Albert and Nicolas of Cusa; on the other hand his own writings—and perhaps his oral teachings in the academy he founded in Milan—undoubtedly influenced Cardan, Galileo, and Descartes. "Shun those studies," he wrote, "in which the work that results dies with the worker."

MEYER SCHAPIRO

Dialectic Materialism in Science

THE MARXIST PHILOSOPHY AND THE SCIENCES. By J. B. S. Haldane. Random House. $2.

THE present book aims to supply an exposition of dialectic materialism for scientific workers, in the belief that Marxism will prove of value to them in their researches. The first chapter explains that Marxism is primarily a method—although it is also a theory which Mr. Haldane regards as true—and expounds its principles: the unity of theory and practice, the temporal priority of matter over mind, and the well-known trinity of dialectical laws. The remaining five chapters attempt to illustrate the operation of these principles in different special sciences: mathematics and cosmology, quantum theory and chemistry, biology, psychology, and sociology.

Since Mr. Haldane is an outstanding contributor to biological research, superbly competent in the methods of modern theoretical and experimental science, one naturally expects from him a careful and definitive statement of the import of dialectic materialism for scientific inquiry. But this hope does not survive a reading of his book. He neither states unambiguously, in his opening chapter, what the theoretical content of these principles is supposed to be, nor does he, in later chapters, exhibit their relevance for the conduct of research. Consider, as a test case, his account of the second dialectical law, that a large enough change in quantity produces a change in quality. Now a careful reader will certainly ask whether any quantitative change, however small, will not also produce some qualitative one; and he will conclude that this must indeed be the case, if no restriction is placed on what Mr. Haldane understands by "qualitative change." Thus, to modify the well-worn illustration, even a *slight* rise in the temperature of water, to a point *inferior* to the boiling-point, is accompanied by effects not present at the lower one, for example, an increase or decrease in its volume, an increase in the rate of evaporation, and innumerable others. It is thus obvious that on Mr. Haldane's formulation of the "law" either no observation whatsoever could possibly disprove it —because the *formulation alone* will guarantee that it will hold automatically, whatever the facts may be—or the law does not direct the scientist's attention to any particular qualitative change. Equally damaging considerations apply to the other "laws." What value can they have, then, for conducting research or for clarifying our ideas about its outcome?

The conjecture that the answer is "None" is only too well borne out by the rest of Mr. Haldane's book. I shall cite in evidence three illustrations, from as many chapters, which Mr. Haldane uses to buttress his counter-claim. He declares that fruitful mathematical research is dialectical because it consists first in breaking established rules of operation (the negation) and subsequently in redefining mathematical terms so as to cancel the resultant inconsistency (the negation of the negation). But just what is Mr. Haldane's point, assuming for the purpose of the argument the accuracy of his account of mathematics? Is his intent to advise the mathematician to break rules of operation whenever he can and then to negate this infringement by appropriate redefinition? This is obviously preposterous. But if not, has not Mr. Haldane arbitrarily imposed the dialectical "law" upon the researches of mathematics *after* they are completed? Hegel

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could afford to have the owl of Minerva start its flight after the day's work is done. But can Mr. Haldane be satisfied with this, and still be consistent in his claim that the dialectical laws are valuable instruments in inquiry? Again, in discussing mutations as changes through which new heritable variations arise, he explains that "it is, if you like, the opposite of heredity; it negates it." Surely, if Mr. Haldane likes, he may call it that. But how does calling it by that name or any other name serve an increased understanding of the process of mutation? Many people believe that by affixing a label they achieve knowledge; but it is both surprising and depressing that Mr. Haldane, who certainly knows better, should write a book suggesting that this is so. Finally, Mr. Haldane cites the work of the Russian biologist Vasilov on the origin of wheat, with the comment that this is the kind of work which a biologist under the influence of Marxism will do. Is it just an accident that in explaining the principles upon which Vasilov conducted his researches Mr. Haldane does not once mention the laws of the dialectic? Or is it a silent but none the less eloquent testimony to the fact that these laws are as irrelevant to the organization of research as they are unclear in their import?

It is easy to understand why Mr. Haldane, in the company of other eminent British contributors to science, should espouse the political program of Marxism; it is also easy to appreciate the motive which leads them to accept the official philosophy of that movement. It is none the less disheartening that acceptance of a policy of public action should be contingent upon the acceptance of patently dubious and unclear alleged first principles, and that men well-trained in the use of critical intelligence should serve so readily as instruments for the propagation of an uncritical and essentially obscurantist philosophy. Mr. Haldane is already skilful in the technique of citing Marx, Engels, and other fathers of Marxism to establish the congruence of recent scientific conclusions with their dicta. However, he has not completely succumbed to the temptations of exegesis, and lets the reader know some of the points upon which modern research disproves his authorities. Mr. Haldane himself explains that he has been a Marxist for only about a year. ERNEST NAGEL

RECORDS

APRIL records are late, but I have managed to hear Victor's set (4½ records, $9) of the two unfamiliar Haydn symphonies, Nos. 80 and 67, recorded by the New Friends of Music Orchestra. I am told that four symphonies had been prepared, but after two had been recorded the Victor executive in charge decided they were enough; and so we will not have the superb No. 87. As for Nos. 80 and 67, they illustrate Tovey's remark about Haydn: "His forms become the more subtle as his animal spirits rise." That is, where Haydn's music is most profoundly moving he may be most mischievous; on every page one encounters details which he contrived on Wednesday to make his prince laugh on Saturday—to make him laugh by doing something breathtakingly different from what was expected. Those delightful

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surprises in rhythm, phrasing, and sonority, those extraordinary harmonic progressions that are so daring and expressive, proceeded, then, not only from emotion and technical mastery raised to incandescence but from impish love of fun. All this vitality and gaiety and warmth are in the music as Stiedry conducts it, but the recorded performances have the tightness and harshness I mentioned last week.

Haydn's playfulness can be enjoyed further in the C major Fantasia included among the Fantasias for piano issued by Timely (four records, $6.50). On the reverse side of this record is the more sardonic playfulness of Shostakovich's Fantastic Dances Opus 1; a second record offers the free, quasi-improvisatory play of Beethoven's fancy in his Fantasie Opus 77; on the third we get the introspectively imaginative Fantasiestück Opus 111 No. 2 of Schumann, and the saccharine No. 4 of Brahms's Fantasias Opus 116; and the last record is devoted to Scriabine's Fantasie Opus 28, which sounds like dangerously overripe Chopin. To these works Grace Castagnetta brings imagination, taste, and fully adequate technical resources; and her playing is admirably recorded.

Some of the records of the celebrated "hot" bands and players of the twenties, long out of circulation, are being reissued; but in this process one encounters the combination of pretentiousness and silliness that afflicts the entire subject of "hot" jazz. The Hot Record Society, for example, affects a discriminating taste that is satisfied only by the oldest, which means the murkiest and noisiest in recording and—in so far as one can hear it at all—the maximum of mere "hot" style with the minimum of interesting musical ideas in performance (the Hot Record Society scorns all recent records, including what I would call the occasional masterpieces—all, that is, except the ones put out by the Hot Record Society, which I would consider mere "hot" commonplace). Outstanding among its reissues was the early record of "Riverboat Shuffle" with a cornet solo by Beiderbecke that I mentioned here; but investigating the records reissued by Commodore, nominally for the United Hot Clubs of America, I have encountered a later "Riverboat Shuffle" made by Trumbauer's Orchestra, with clearer recording of a better performance and an infinitely superior solo by Beiderbecke. His record of "Ol' Man River" also is interesting for what he does with the tune playing it almost straight.

On Commodore's reissues of the Chicago Rhythm Kings' "I've Found a New Baby" and Miff Mole's "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble" are clarinet solos by the legendary Teschmaker which are excellent examples of his lively, forceful, and rhythmically intricate style. In the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans' "Sugar," "China Boy," and "Liza" his solos are briefer but his playing is prominent in the ensembles. In addition there are one of Bessie Smith's finest records, "Baby Doll" with Joe Smith on cornet, and with "Young Woman's Blues" on the reverse side (what about her "Cold in Hand Blues"?); Louis Armstrong's famous "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," with the extraordinary "Knockin' a Jug" on the reverse side; Joe Sullivan's piano solos, "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Gin Mill Blues"; Teagarden's trombone playing in the Condon Footwarmers' "Makin' Friends"; and a Teddy Wilson piano solo of 1933 quality in the Chocolate Dandies' "I Never Knew."

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

New England Local Color

Dear Sirs: At the risk of being called a reactionary New England Republican tool of the power trust I should like to contribute a little local color to Mr. Richard Neuberger's discussion (in *The Nation* of March 18) of the current controversy between New England and the federal government over power dams and flood-control projects.

It is entirely true that the New England states oppose federal flood-control and public-power developments in that area. It is also true that the charges per kilowatt-hour for electricity in that section are higher than those charged at Bonneville and by the TVA. But these admitted facts do not add up to the conclusion that New England is cutting off its nose to spite its face; that politics is the only issue.

New England, geographically, presents a rather different picture from the site of Bonneville or the TVA. New England has the usual coastal plain, on which no dams are projected. Above that are many small, narrow valleys, winding streams, lakes, hills, and small mountains. There is not sufficient drop in the water level at any one point to allow the construction of a large dam without flooding a far greater area of land than is usually covered by natural floods. From a purely flood-control angle there is considerable reason to believe that the construction of large dams, as contemplated by army engineers, in this area is not justified. From the power angle there is this to be said: The geographical features of New England make the transportation costs much greater than in any other power area in this country. Moreover, the extremely seasonal flow of the streams in this area makes it reasonable to assume that the federal government would be compelled to build auxiliary steam plants to assure steady power. This would increase costs to a point where it is doubtful whether any considerable saving would ensue.

But the most important thing is that in New England all the towns are built in the river bottoms, all the mills are on the river banks, all roads follow the river bed, all railroads follow the river, all the soil that can be tilled is on the river bottoms. Flood our river bottoms at any point and you flood out our small industry, our villages, our roads, our rails, our farms. For the saving in power rates, which we might or might not gain, such a sacrifice seems unwarranted.

If it could be shown that such a move would make a greater area free from danger of floods more might be said for the project. But the lay of the land is such that only by a network of dams which would make most of New Hampshire and Vermont worthless could Massachusetts and Connecticut be made relatively free from flood danger—and most flood damage ordinarily occurs in upper New England, not in the only areas that can be protected.

As for the political angle, it can be charged with just as much force that the Administration used the issue for political purposes in last fall's elections as that the Republican governors are making such use of it now.

The brutal facts destroy the validity of the federal government's attempt to free New England from the wrath of God in the spring and the greed of the New England Power Association during the rest of the year. STAN BROWN

Washington, March 31

The Sands Decision

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of March 11, 1939, you imply that the decision of the Supreme Court in the Sands Manufacturing Company case opens the door for evasion of the employer's obligations under the Wagner Act through interposition of the allegation that employees have broken their contracts of employment. The rationale: a breach of contract may constitute sufficient justification for discharge, and the employees are "thus deprived of the protection given them by the Wagner Act."

Fortunately, your reasoning contains a *non-sequitur* that vitiates your conclusion. It is quite true that an employee may be discharged with impunity, as far as the Wagner Act is concerned, for breach of contract. It is also true that the termination of the employment relationship in such contingency precludes any recourse to the statute. But the act does not purport to cover these situations, for it requires as a condition precedent to Labor Board jurisdiction that the employer shall have engaged in an unfair labor practice.

In the Sands case denial of the board's petition for enforcement was based upon the fact that the evidence presented was insufficient to support the finding that the employer had committed an unfair labor practice. The contract was important in so far as it helped to demonstrate that the employer was not guilty of anti-unionism, but there was no implication, in my opinion, that a mere breach of contract by the employees absolves the employer of the onus of anterior malpractice.

Your rather gloomy forebodings are predicated upon the assumption that the NLRB will be unable, in the future, to produce substantial evidence linking unfair labor practices by employers to alleged contract violations by employees. The board's record should allay your fears. The danger lies, of course, in the possibility that the courts may construe Justice Roberts's opinion much as you have done. WALTER GALENSON

New York, March 24

Suggestion Withdrawn

Dear Sirs: In the light of the facts stated on page 415 of your April 8 issue, I withdraw the suggestion in my letter of March 30 that you were unfair in publishing, in your March 25 issue, an editorial which seemed to me to answer my unpublished letter of March 18 without mentioning it.

JEROME FRANK

Washington, April 10

Sure, and It's Robert O'Dell

Dear Sirs: I think your readers might be interested in this example of British patriotism. ROBERT DELL

Robert Dell: You are that lowest form of life—a man who makes money by running down his own country to foreigners. It is common knowledge that anyone, however illiterate and ignorant, can make money in America by sneering at Britain in so-called lecture tours.

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But remember the finest sons in Britain, France, and America despise you and think you are beneath contempt! And when you retire on your ill-gotten gains may they choke you.

MARGARET COLLIER
(Born in Lancashire, England, and proud of it)

West Philadelphia, Pa., March 6

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The Shape of Things

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THE NEUTRALITY HEARINGS ARE NOW IN their third week in the Senate and their second in the House. The most effective witness of the week was Professor Charles Fenwick of Bryn Mawr appearing before the House committee. He pointed out that the Geyer resolution, the House equivalent of the Thomas amendment, would confer no powers on the President which he does not already hold, but would make it possible for the United States to use its tremendous economic resources to curb aggression throughout the world. He asked that the legislation be called the Self-Defense Act instead of the Neutrality Act, since its purpose is primarily that of protecting "our own rights and our own future." In view of the sharp division of opinion between isolationists and the advocates of collective security, it appeared increasingly unlikely that either the mandatory provisions desired by Senators Nye and Clark or the full discretionary provisions advocated by Senator Thomas would be adopted. The sentiment for outright repeal of the act seemed to be gaining headway. Repeal, however, would not curtail the aid now being given to aggressors. To meet this situation it is imperative that Congress accept the lead of Senator Pittman and adopt special legislation embargoing trade with Japan.

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NEUTRALITY, HOWEVER STRICTLY IT MAY BE maintained, will not obviate severe economic problems in the event of a European war. Under the Johnson Act and the cash-and-carry provisions of the Neutrality Act, Britain and France would be unable to obtain any credit here. But this would not prevent them from making large purchases, since apart from their gold resources their nationals have funds in this country estimated at upward of $9 billion. On the outbreak of war such funds would undoubtedly be conscripted by their home governments. To the extent that they are represented by bank deposits no particular problem would arise. But a very considerable fraction of this total is represented by American securities which would have to be turned into cash. Although there should be no necessity to sell everything

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immediately, the existence of such a huge block of stocks and bonds overhanging the market would have the most detrimental effects. It is therefore satisfactory to know that government agencies and investment concerns are cooperating in the preparation of advance plans to meet this situation should it arise. One proposal is the formation of a liquidating investment trust, largely financed by RFC loans, which would take over the securities conscripted by foreign governments. Of course such a scheme would indirectly place government credit at the disposal of belligerents, making the elaborate legislative provisions to deny all financial assistance look extremely silly. Yet clearly the alternative course—to refuse all aid and compel a forced sale of foreign-owned securities—would mean a dislocation of markets to the infinite damage of our own economy.

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THE BARTER SCHEME UNDER DISCUSSION in Washington, by which surplus farm commodities would be exchanged for industrial raw materials, is another example of the emergency planning which the present international tension makes a wise precaution. As Eliot Janeway recently pointed out in *The Nation,* a war between the axis powers and the democracies might well interrupt shipments of rubber and tin from the Far East even though we ourselves remained neutral. Consequently a large stock-pile of these essential raw materials has much to commend it. Equally, reserves of wheat and cotton should prove a valuable advantage to Britain and France. It must be recognized, however, that there are difficulties in the way of a consummation of this plan. Our surplus cotton and wheat are closely controlled by the government and are available for immediate shipment. There is no comparable surplus of rubber and tin, which are both monopolized by private international cartels clothed with coercive authority by the governments of the countries involved. These cartels have maintained prices and forced curtailment of output by means of strictly applied sales quotas. Production probably could be raised fairly rapidly to permit the building up of an American reserve, but the cartels, which are probably looking forward to war-time profits, might prove reluctant to fall in with the scheme. If, as a result, government pressure became necessary, agreement would first have to be reached among the British, French, and Dutch governments, and in the case of tin the consent of Belgium and Siam might also prove essential. Despite such difficulties the barter scheme, if regarded as an exceptional measure for exceptional times, is worth pursuing.

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A COAL SHORTAGE THREATENS IN THE WAKE of the continued deadlock between the coal operators and the United Mine Workers. Behind this deadlock is the determination of the A. F. of L. to build up the Progressive Miners as a formidable rival of Lewis's U. M. W. A., nucleus of the C. I. O. The U. M. W. A. is willing to extend the wage-and-hour provisions of the contract which expired April 1, provided the operators either give up the "penalty clause" in that contract or grant a certain kind of closed shop. Operators would be free to hire whomever they wished, but all employees would automatically become members of the U. M. W. A. The "penalty clause" provides for fines whenever there is an unauthorized strike or lockout, but the employer is the judge of whether an infraction has occurred. The heads of the U. M. W. A. fear that operators may use the "penalty clause" to foment trouble in the union by provoking strikes and imposing fines. Dissatisfied members would then be recruited by the Progressive Miners. Secretary of Labor Perkins charged on April 9 that certain large manufacturers and utility companies were bringing pressure on the operators not to grant the U. M. W. A.'s demands. The A. F. of L. is helping out with the slogan, "Keep John L. Lewis Busy on His Home Front."

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THE RED-BAITER AND THE ALIEN-BAITER suffered a serious defeat in the refusal of the United States Supreme Court to permit the deportation of Joseph Strecker because he was once a member of the Communist Party. Justice Roberts, speaking for the majority, does not go as far as Judge Hutcheson did in the Circuit Court of Appeals. The latter held that membership in the Communist Party was not of itself sufficient grounds for deportation. Justice Roberts declined to reverse Judge Hutcheson's ruling but at the same time rested the Supreme Court's decision on the narrower ground that Strecker was no longer a member of the party at the time of his arrest. The Supreme Court found it unnecessary to pass on the broader question of whether an alien actually a member at the time of his arrest would be deportable. One may not unreasonably suspect that the decision was based on the narrower ground because the majority itself is at odds on whether membership in the Communist Party (the statute does not mention it by name) is conclusive evidence of advocating the overthrow of government by force and violence. Justices Butler and McReynolds dissented. The decision has an obvious bearing on the long campaign to deport Harry Bridges. We suspect that the Strecker ruling will not increase the popularity of the Supreme Court with Pacific Coast shipping interests.

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NO MEASURE BROUGHT BEFORE CONGRESS this session outranks in importance the Byrnes bill, which is to be voted on in the Senate this week. This bill is the first legislative proposal making a real attempt to coordinate the various New Deal agencies dealing with social security and relief. It would establish a new Department of Public Works which would combine the present activities of the PWA, WPA, CCC, and NYA under a single head. It would also attempt to reduce the relief load as much as possible by broadening the categories receiving regularized assistance under the Social Security Act. In this the Byrnes bill follows rather closely the recommendations of the Social Security Board and improves upon them in certain respects. It would liberalize the benefits paid the aged, unemployed, dependent children, and the blind, and create a new federal-state plan for aiding the disabled. Although generally progressive, the bill ignores many of the more constructive points raised in the earlier report of the Byrnes committee. The proposed Department of Public Works, for instance, is not coordinated in any way with the unemployment-insurance program. No direct aid is offered the states to enable them to carry relief loads which experience has shown cannot be maintained on local funds. Although the proposed minimum of $5 a week for unemployment insurance will raise benefits slightly, the suggested maximum of $15 remains below relief standards for a large family in many communities. No attempt is made to correct the anomaly whereby benefits are related to prior earnings rather than family obligations. Far too much dependence is still placed on state financial aid in each of the public-assistance programs. Yet with all its shortcomings the bill deserves support. It represents a step in the right direction.

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MORE THAN ONE MILLION UNEMPLOYED workers in the United States and its territories face the loss of $10,000,000 a week in jobless benefits during May and June unless Congress takes immediate action to provide additional funds to cover administration expenses. The situation is an anomalous one. None of the states have an actual shortage of funds in their unemployment-insurance accounts. On December 31, 1938, there was over a billion dollars in the federal treasury earmarked for state unemployment benefits. The fund has increased since that date despite the existing high rate of unemployment. But the Social Security Act provides a ceiling of $49,000,000 for administrative expenses, this money to be provided by the federal government, and not by the states. According to estimates of the Social Security Board, this year's allotment will be completely exhausted by April 30, leaving the states with unemployment funds but no money to administer them. Since the federal government collects from $100,000,000 to $125,000,000 annually from the tax which it imposes to cover the administrative expenses of unemployment insurance, it cannot very well refuse to provide for these expenses. But haste is needed if the jobless are not to suffer from Congressional inefficiency.

BOTH CHINA AND JAPAN HAVE REPORTED successes in a series of offensives and counter-offensives in the past fortnight. China, however, appears to have made the greater gains. Three Japanese-controlled railroads have been cut, and Chinese troops are once more reported on the outskirts of Canton. For the first time during the war the Chinese are displaying capacity for a sustained offensive. In these drives Chiang Kai-shek's crack troops have copied, with considerable success, the mobile tactics long utilized by the Eighth Route Army. We are also seeing for the first time evidence of coordination between the Chinese armies in different sections of the country. Despite an almost complete lack of railroad and motor transportation near the front and the even greater difficulties encountered in operating behind the Japanese lines, the Chinese staff work is incomparably better than in the early months of the war. To add to Japan's troubles, the expected crack in Chinese morale in the occupied areas has not materialized. Japan has not yet succeeded in finding a well-known Chinese to head its long-projected unified puppet government. The long series of attacks on the renegade Chinese participating in the Japanese-sponsored governments culminated last week in the killing of four members of the "Pacification Commission" at Kaifeng and the wounding of the chairman of the "Peace Maintenance Committee" at Hankow. Meanwhile Tokyo, pursuing its policy of grabbing territory strategic to the trade and empire routes of the Western powers, has annexed not only the Spratly Islands but an entire group of reefs and islands, stretching over some three hundred miles, in the South China Sea.

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NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS INTERMITTENTLY profess an altruistic concern for their newsboys; it has just blossomed forth again with the usual deadly results. This time the publishers have won exemption for boys under sixteen from the child-labor restrictions of the Wages and Hours Law. The inarticulate partners in this beautiful friendship may therefore continue to sell newspapers; and if the publishers can manage it, newsboys will also soon be exempt from the danger of a living wage as provided by the main provisions of the law. Technically it is difficult to see how the Department of Labor could have ruled otherwise in view of the publishers' resistance. The status of a newsboy is ambiguous. It is not clearly subject to federal legislation, as the present statute is written. But the issue is basically a moral one, as the publishers privately understand. If it weren't, Elisha Hanson, counsel for the A. N. P. A., would not be compelled to indulge in such embarrassing rhetoric to justify his clients' stand. Whenever skepticism has become acute, he has read off the roster of great men who sold newspapers in their youth. The current ruling emphasizes the need for supplementary state legislation, for some of the most desolate areas of industrial exploitation—of which the newsboys are an instance—may prove to be outside the scope of federal laws. As for the notion that child labor makes famous men, Warden Lawes of Sing Sing estimated not long ago that 69 per cent of his guests used to be newsboys.

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MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE VAN HORN MOSELEY is a disgruntled retired army officer looking for a horse. He is obviously making a bid for leadership among the 800-odd fascist groups at work in this country, and since he has access to the platforms of such "respectable" and wealthy groups as the New York Board of Trade, the shirt organizations may be expected to cultivate him. He recently was allowed to speak his piece at a national-defense meeting in Philadelphia sponsored by some seventy patriotic groups. (The Pennsylvania state commandant of the American Legion has since called upon these groups to repudiate the General, but the poison had already been released.) Here are sample excerpts:

> . . . the finest type of Americanism can breed under their [the Nazis'] protection. . . .
>
> How then can we lick communism? First, by exterminating . . . all traces of the New Deal, the principal backers of communism. But that is not all. We must go to battle against the Communists themselves. . . . A plan can be adopted and an attack made with every hope of success.

Major General George Tin Horn Moseley may not be important in his own right, but he marks the spot where the fascist backwash is gathering.

Roosevelt, Peace-Monger

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

SINCE Saturday the President of the United States has stepped out as the world's leading peace-monger. His appeal to Hitler and Mussolini was bold and generous and honest, it was brilliantly timed to take advantage of an interval of relative inaction in Europe, and it voiced the passionate desire for peace of every sane man and woman in the world—in Germany and Italy quite as much as in other countries.

But what practical good can it do? Although the dictators have not yet spoken officially, their press has rejected the plea with all the vituperative contempt at their command. This was inevitable. No one, least of all Mr. Roosevelt, could have expected a prompt and amiable acceptance. Before I had finished reading his message, my mind had already begun to compose the dictators' answer; I had even framed the words: "He sent it to the wrong address." (It is not difficult to employ the fascist lingo; the dictators work their phrases hard and one grows used to them.) The President's note will not of itself stop Hitler and Mussolini. Then what good will it do?

The appeal must be judged in its context—in the context of his previous statements and of the world situation. For this was not a new warning, nor did it deal with a new crisis. Throughout recent weeks the President has followed a straight and consistent course: He has acknowledged the overwhelming danger of general war and has expressed the profound interest of the United States both in the preservation of peace and in the preservation of the non-fascist nations. He has, to make the issue concrete, warned the axis powers that in case of war the United States would in all probability sell arms and other supplies to Britain and France and their allies. He has warned them not to plan their moves in the light of the Neutrality Act as it now stands. In his address to the Pan-American Union he went farther. There he stated the determination of the United States, in concert with the other nations of the Western Hemisphere, to prevent any intrusion by Nazi-Fascist institutions or armed forces. Perhaps he leaned a little too heavily on the spirit of Lima, which was somewhat less than a whole-hearted defiance of the dictators; but even granting that, the President's words probably expressed the sentiment of the hemisphere. Although the countries to the south of us may differ as to the proper methods of pan-American cooperation, they are united on the major issue: they want no fascist penetration of either continent.

The appeal of Saturday was a logical climax to this series of warnings and to my mind it has already accomplished important results. It has imposed upon the dictators the unhappy task of finding a way to reject peace, to refuse even a ten-year moratorium on aggression. It has expressed in a voice loud enough to be heard even inside the walls of Germany and Italy the longing of the peoples for peace and the direct responsibility of the fascist states for any war that may come. It will force Hitler and Mussolini to say in effect, no matter what formula of evasion they may employ: "We cannot rule out aggression, for we want territory that belongs to other nations and that probably will not be handed over peaceably."

This may sound like rather a sorry triumph. To dispel illusions is at best a negative cause for satisfaction. But it is not an insignificant one. A chief source of the fascists' strength has been the inability of many people—including many statesmen—to credit their relentless purpose to get what they want at any cost to the world. By rejecting the President's note the dictators would wipe out many a sneaking hope that peace may still be secured by purchase or appeal. So a back-handed effect of the message should be to stiffen the spines of wavering elements in the non-fascist countries. Perhaps this will be its most important effect.

The reception of the plea by the fascist press was a

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foregone conclusion. The response of some of the non-fascist governments was surprisingly warm and quick. Not only the major European powers that stand to gain in case of war by American support, but the Americas as well hurried to indorse the position taken by the President. And this is doubly significant, for it both reinforces the effect of the appeal itself and helps to justify Mr. Roosevelt's claim of pan-American solidarity.

In only one country outside Germany and Italy were suspicion and dissent freely voiced. That country was the United States. Some of the attacks on the President's note were honest, expressing the fears of genuine pacifists and isolationists. More of them sounded strictly political. Opposition Senators and Representatives competed with the press of the fascist states in denouncing the President as a meddler and war-monger. I suppose this was to be expected. These days, politicians operate almost exclusively in the shadow of 1940 and are likely to view even a desperate international crisis as an aid or an impediment to a third term for F. D. R. But it is distressing, none the less. These family feuds are never understood in foreign countries, and they are apt to mislead opinion abroad. For the fact is that, on this question, the American people are overwhelmingly behind the President. They may distrust Chamberlain, they may dislike England, and they certainly do not want to go to war. But they believe, with the President, that the best way not to go to war is to stop it before it starts, and that the only way to stop it is to stop Hitler and Mussolini. That is what the American people believe. The polls show it, and the daily experience of all of us confirms it. Luckily Mr. Roosevelt's voice is louder than Senator Reynolds's, and it is echoed by an impressive proportion of the newspapers, even those opposed to the Administration's domestic policies.

On the European Front

THE past week has been another period of intense diplomatic and military activity in Europe but one in which the major initiatives have been taken by the democratic front. Britain and France have added guaranties to Rumania and Greece to their commitment to Poland, and negotiations with Russia and Turkey are being hastened. Poland remains mobilized but according to the latest reports is discussing the question of Danzig in Berlin. A powerful Anglo-French fleet has been concentrated in the Mediterranean, and vulnerable places in the British and French empires are being reinforced. The other camp has also been stirring. An impressive German naval squadron has been dispatched on "a spring cruise" off the Spanish coast, and there has been a stream of reports of military concentrations first on one frontier and then on another—movements designed, perhaps, mainly for propaganda effects. Meanwhile Italy, although repudiating all thought of aggression against Greece and Yugoslavia, has continued to pour its troops into Albania and the Dodecanese Islands. Franco too has taken a hand by moving large numbers of his warriors to the south of Spain and to Spanish Morocco, thus threatening Gibraltar on two sides. This aggressive gesture seems at last to have convinced the democracies that Franco is actually a part of the fascist bloc. The French have countered by taking several hundred Loyalist soldiers, quartered in France, into the Foreign Legion—a move that serves to underline the idiocy of the French treatment of those soldiers since they crossed the frontier two months ago.

Alarming as European developments are, they do not necessarily portend an early explosion, and when the history of these times comes to be written, they may seem insignificant compared with the most sensational event of the week—the President's message to the dictators. The furious attacks upon it in the fascist press are a measure of the chagrin it has aroused in Hitler and Mussolini. They are well aware of the risk they will run with public opinion at home by a decision to reject outright this call to peace. The masses of Germans and Italians have for some time manifested a diminishing appetite for glory and an increasing reluctance to purchase it through war. Even so great a bloodless victory as the annexation of Czechoslovakia failed to stir the enthusiasm of Germans.

Hitler, it must be realized, has long been engaged in a war against the West. It has taken the form of a series of strategic moves on a continental scale designed to isolate one objective at a time and to concentrate such force against it that victory could be achieved either without bloodshed or at least without provoking general war. He recognized quite correctly the immense willingness of his chief opponents to shut their eyes to the long-range significance of his campaigns, and he assisted their desires by copiously supplying diplomatic opiates. In the crises over Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia a bland mixture of threats and promises served to immobilize the West. His first serious error in calculation was in March. In planning his annexation of the rump of Czechoslovakia he estimated fairly correctly the reaction of Mr. Chamberlain, but he did not allow for the reaction of the British people or for the electrical effect of the latter on the British government. From that moment the war he had been waging so successfully took on a different character. For his opponents at last realized that it *was* a war and started to deploy their forces and attempt to meet his strategic moves with counter-moves.

As a result, the risks that disguised and bloodless war may be transformed into open and violent conflict have been both enhanced and diminished. They have been enhanced because the scope for action of the axis powers is now definitely circumscribed. The barriers to the east may still look a little flimsy, pending the concrete backing which it is hoped Russia will supply, but they stand. Should Hitler and Mussolini attempt to push through, they will be inviting war unless they can persuade the countries behind that the axis forces are so overwhelming and the anti-axis alliance so weak that it is better to accept "protection" and like it than to risk annihilation.

But with the anti-fascist front extending rapidly and energetically, and with the imponderables of American action looming larger, the chances of successful intimidation grow less. And the necessity for careful dictatorial calculations of risks increases. They must ask: Can we be certain of swift victory? If not, are we able to wage a war of indefinite duration? How will our peoples react? Are they morally prepared to stand unlimited sacrifices? These are dangerous and difficult questions, to which dictators cannot afford to give the wrong answers.

The Labor Board Battle

WE HOPE Senator Wagner's proposal that the Labor Board permit employers to petition for an election in jurisdictional disputes will serve to draw off some of the steam from the well-stoked campaign against the Wagner Act. No change in the law is required, for the present practice is based not on a provision of the statute but on a ruling of the board. The board itself has declared its readiness to study the feasibility of granting the right "subject to specific safeguards." Safeguards are obviously necessary, for a jurisdictional dispute between an "independent" union and a bona fide union or even between an A. F. of L. and a C. I. O. union can often be arranged by the clever employer, and an election could be asked for at the moment most favorable to the union preferred. It is unfortunately true, however, that continued rivalry between A. F. of L. and C. I. O. and such splits as that within the U. A. W. A. have created a genuine problem even for the well-intentioned employer.

But one cannot believe that the proposed change will do more than whet the appetite of the forces behind the attack on the act. The National Association of Manufacturers is not interested in correcting the act's defects, real or imaginary. If it has its way, it will keep on "amending" until nothing is left of the original statute. The association's allies, the top leadership of the A. F. of L., are too blinded by hatred of the C. I. O. to act with moderation. They are more likely to be encouraged than mollified by Senator Wagner's hint that he preserves an open mind on the A. F. of L.-Walsh amendments which would take from the board its right to determine the appropriate bargaining unit and its power to invalidate union contracts tainted with company unionism. The board's willingness to make concessions on these points will be taken as a sign of weakness. No one can read Senator Wagner's impressive and detailed defense of the law, or the board's own comprehensive report to the Senate Committee on Labor and Education without feeling that the fight against the Wagner Act is neither informed nor sincere. But few will have the opportunity to read either document, and the compromises offered are likely to make a greater impression than the statistics marshaled in the board's favor.

The position of the A. F. of L. leadership is far from clear. In an editorial, Labor's Fifth Column, in its issue of February 4, *The Nation* pointed out that the Walsh amendments, supported by the A. F. of L., went far beyond anything ever authorized by its Executive Council, much less by its membership. On February 10, in what Louis Stark described as a "surprise move," the Executive Council decided that if the present Labor Board were abolished the only changes necessary in the law itself would be the two original A. F. of L. proposals on the collective-bargaining unit and the invalidation of contracts tainted with company unionism. The other Walsh amendments, containing provisions fully as harmful to labor as the more obvious proposals of Senator Burke, were to be abandoned. They continue nevertheless to receive the support of the A. F. of L. leadership. Was the February 10 decision merely a maneuver?

In our opinion even the two original A. F. of L. proposals are bad; it should be noted that the leaders have never dared discuss them candidly with the rank and file. It happens that the rule applied by the NLRB in cases involving disputes over the proper bargaining unit is more favorable to the craft than to the industrial union. It also happens that the A. F. of L. has won more decisions in disputes over the bargaining unit than has the C. I. O. Examination of the cases shows, furthermore, that often it is an A. F. of L. group which calls for an industrial rather than a craft unit in collective bargaining. To freeze the craft unit in collective bargaining no matter what the conditions of the industry or the wishes of a majority is undemocratic in theory. In practice it is likely to increase the jurisdictional squabbling that the would-be amenders of the act say they wish to avoid. As for the power to invalidate contracts brought about by unfair labor practices, we wonder whether the A. F. of L. rank and file know that this was first used in response to complaints brought by the A. F. of L. against "independent" unions. It has more recently been applied against A. F. of L. unions—and once against a C. I. O. union—whose contracts were obtained by company-union methods, often by taking over company unions. To revoke the board's power to invalidate contracts of this kind would be to bring back the company union under a new name and to encourage rival union leaders to bid against each other for the favor of employers. The Wagner Act was supposed to encourage collective bargaining, not trade-union prostitution.

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Foreign Policy and 1940

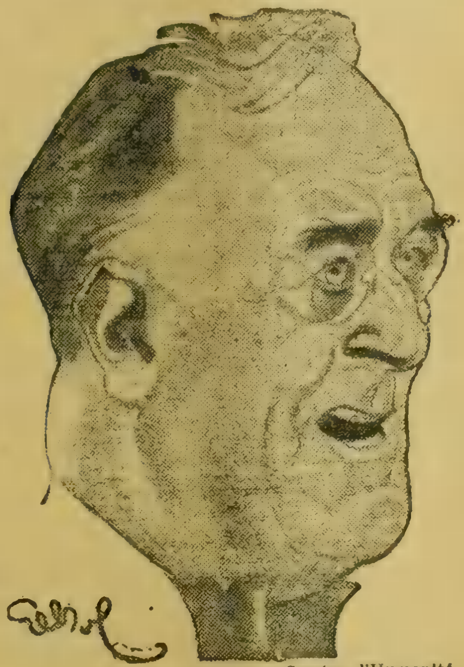
BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, April 17

WE HAVE been assured by the political doctors that the Roosevelt wing of the Democratic Party lost its power in 1937 when court reform miscarried, and atrophied in 1938 when the purge failed. Some of the diagnosticians have not yet discovered that it started regaining its old vigor in 1939 when Mussolini and Hitler went to work for the President. Developments abroad since Munich and Roosevelt's course of action with respect to them are reestablishing his prestige at home, augmenting his personal popularity, and making him his party's most logical 1940 candidate.

It was no accident that his speech to the Pan-American Union calling upon the nations of this continent to stand together against aggression, and his address at Mount Vernon recalling that Washington submerged his personal wishes in accepting the Presidency were delivered on the same day. The Mount Vernon parable might have meant anything or nothing, but Roosevelt of course knew what the interpretation would be. Nor was it happenstance that Mayor Kelly of Chicago left the White House the next day talking about Roosevelt for a third term.

The President's strong, often audacious, foreign policy is already the paramount political issue, and by the time of the conventions, unless all signs fail, it will be the only issue. Whether Roosevelt runs on it himself or makes way for someone else, it will give him a hold on the convention and a chance to beat the Republican candidate despite the reaction from New Deal reform. That he means to play it this way is now obvious. To what extent he is motivated by a desire to use American prestige and economic power for the preservation of world peace, and to what extent by anxiety to keep liberalism in the saddle at home, is anyone's guess. The two objectives dovetail nicely.



Courtesy l'Humanité

Regardless of the merits of his hands-across-the-sea policy, it must be conceded that the President has pursued it with sure-footed determination and astute timing. It must be granted, too, that it has won ever-increasing acceptance. Republican headquarters strategists tossed their hats in the air when Roosevelt told a Warm Springs crowd he would be back "unless we have a war" and followed this up by adopting as his own a Washington *Post* editorial declaring that this country could not escape the consequences of another European war. This, they declared, was war-mongering and the country would not take it. He had gone too far. Congressional mail and small-town newspaper editorials indicated they were right.

Then came the proposal of a ten-year moratorium on war and a peace conference. That gesture, futile as it seemed so far as any effect on the axis powers was concerned, was an answer and a good one to those who insisted that the President was hell-bent for war. It again shifted the emphasis to peace. Even some of the President's harshest critics in Congress felt constrained to say something pleasant or nothing at all. There were only a few snarls. Hiram Johnson, who doesn't have to run again for a long time, having won reelection with the help of Roosevelt, could afford to call the whole thing a publicity stunt. He led a noisy but small minority.

The peace proposal was a domestic success. This does not imply that it was intended solely for domestic consumption, however. There were intimations that the President knew much more than he was free to say at his Saturday press conference explaining the Hitler message. Vague reports had it that the Germans were about to strike again, perhaps at the Netherlands, while the Japanese moved simultaneously against the Dutch East Indies. The sudden decision to move the fleet back to the Pacific lent color to these intimations. The President's note, it was whispered, was designed to delay if not to stop this next adventure of Hitler's in territorial expansion.

Whatever secret information, if any, lay behind the note to Hitler, the growing disposition of the American public to trust the President to conduct foreign affairs was evident from its reception. Another piece of ground was cut from under the extreme isolationists in Congress, who have contended that the President is so emotionally wrapped up in the cause of the European democracies that he has lost sight of the peace objective. They have deliberately ignored the distinction between a cooperative effort to keep the peace and willingness to plunge the United States into war on the side of the peacemakers.

The President has always conceived of his policy of cooperation as a peace policy. In private conversations he has recalled that Wilson, in 1914, was an ardent neutral. By taking sides in the ante-bellum maneuvers, Roosevelt hopes to prevent war in the first instance. If war comes in spite of efforts to avert it, it is not impossible that he will then shift over to a policy of isolationism. No matter what comes, the country need not fear that Franklin Roosevelt will lose his balance. No more cold-blooded calculator has ever occupied the White House, as his political adversaries at home are beginning to learn.

Partly because of his notorious and almost unbelievable ignorance about foreign affairs, Garner's Presidential candidacy has about burned out. Even his closest friends are giving up the ghost. They are very bitter. They claim that Tommy Corcoran and the New Dealers have systematically undermined the Vice-President's campaign by spreading the canard that he drinks. A story by Fred Pasley of the New York *Daily News* recounting Garner's welcome with three fingers of whiskey and a series of "Here's hows" was particularly resented. The Garner managers reason that, since Harding, the voters are unreceptive to the idea of a drinker in the White House, however well he carries it.

The most important thing about to take place in Washington is Attorney General Frank Murphy's clean-up of the federal bench. Six or seven more federal judges will shortly resign under circumstances similar to those surrounding the step-down of Judges Manton of New York and Thomas of Connecticut. Two are from New York, one from Chicago, one from Philadelphia, and at least one from the Far West.

The End of Hitler's Money Miracles

BY ADOLF STURMTHAL

On March 24 last a new era in Germany's financial policy was announced. On this day Walther Funk, the new president of the Reichsbank, enacted the "law regarding the financing of the Reich's national political tasks." Dr. Schacht had been dismissed a few weeks before because he refused to go farther on the road leading toward inflation. Under Schacht the capital market had been monopolized by the government, and yet short-term manipulations, a thinly veiled form of inflation, had been necessary to satisfy the growing demands of rearmament and of the four-year self-sufficiency plan. Funk was to give private industries access to the capital market and thus deprive the Reich of part of its financial resources, while at the same time putting an end to unsound short-term financing, another main source of income. His new decree shows how he intends to achieve the impossible.

German rearmament and autarchy plans are financed out of three main sources: regular income, such as taxes, duties, and so forth, amounting to 67 billion marks in six years of Hitler government; long- and middle-term loans, which have drained practically all available capital out of the market and have yielded 17 billion marks; and short-term credit manipulations, whose yield is one of the most carefully guarded state secrets. Financially, the first two methods are sound, whatever may be the economic and social consequences of their use for armaments and self-sufficiency. Short-term financing of capital expenditure, however, if driven beyond a certain point, may lead to inflation. In the spring of 1938 Schacht considered that the time had come to set an end to reckless spending and short-term financing. He succeeded in obtaining the government's consent to a new financial policy whereby the further issue of short-term bills was to be limited to 500 million marks a month for the period from April to November, 1938. After November all government expenditure was to be covered by regular income from taxation or by long-term loans.

Germany's military adventures in 1938 destroyed Schacht's plan. In September, while the mobilization against Czechoslovakia was under way, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* had to admit that new short-term financing beyond the limits set by Schacht had become necessary to cover the enormous expense of the mobilization. In addition, the government made use of the printing press. Monetary circulation in 1938 rose by 2.7 billion marks, only 1.1 billion of which was used to exchange Austrian schillings and Sudeten German crowns against marks. The rest, 1.6 billion marks, was additional Reich income, inflationary in character since monetary circulation rose considerably more than industrial production. Nevertheless, at the end of 1938 the financial situation was so desperate that many Reich authorities, particularly the military, were unable to pay their current obligations and issued "acknowledgment certificates" which were used instead of cash, thus evading the Finance Ministry's control. The total of these certificates has been estimated unofficially at about one billion marks. This practice was declared illegal some weeks ago, and issuers of certificates were made subject to arrest.

Dr. Funk's new plan, however, is but the legalization of this procedure. The government and its agencies are now authorized to pay up to 40 per cent of their obligations in so-called "non-interest-bearing tax certificates" which can be used for tax payment seven or in some cases thirty-seven months after their issuance, with a certain bonus for their holders. Put differently this means that entrepreneurs working for the government or its agencies will have to grant forced loans to the Reich up to 40 per cent of the amount of their bills, and that interest will be paid on these loans in the veiled form of tax bonuses. Dr. Funk's miraculous achievement thus consists in superseding short-term manipulations and "acknowledgment certificates" by forced short-term loans and "tax certificates."

As for making the capital market accessible to private industries, an article in *Deutscher Volkswirt,* Schacht's personal mouthpiece, gives the new trick away by protesting "against the idea of using private firms as a screen for the Reich's financial needs." Funk's plan seems to consist in opening the capital market to the government-controlled, four-year-plan industries instead of directly to the government, as was the case until now. The outward appearance of the investment market would thus be normalized, but financially and economically the capital market would remain monopolized and used for rearmament and the carrying out of the four-year plan. The new departure amounts to a mere change in names. Nevertheless, Funk's new plan is another example of the old rule that even the most serious financial problem can be solved by a powerful dictatorship. If voluntary loans appear to be no longer forthcoming in sufficient amounts, a dictatorship can always have recourse to forced loans.

Far more serious than the financial worries of the Reich are its economic problems. Hitler's concentration on armaments was enormously facilitated by the peculiar economic situation of the Reich in 1933, after four years of unexampled deflation. More than five million unemployed and a vast amount of unused industrial capacity were at his disposal. The credit expansion and public spending that were started early in 1933 served at first to alleviate the unemployment crisis. In 1934, however, the dictatorship discovered that it could use the huge potential economic force embodied in unemployed labor and unused plant capacity for rearming Germany. Credit expansion and public expenditure, from being a means, now became an end in themselves. By stabilizing nominal wages at their depression level and preventing their normal rise during the upswing, Hitler obtained a vast fund which financed rearmament. In 1935 the German armament boom got under way, and by 1938 full employment was achieved. This is, however, an armament boom, and its economic and social consequences differ essentially from those of any other boom.

Dr. Schacht

According to Nazi figures, national income has risen again to 76 billion marks, the same figure as in 1929, the peak of the previous wave of prosperity. Unemployment in the old Reich—excluding Austria and Czechoslovakia—has been superseded by the pressing need for additional labor. Nominal wages, however, stand at the depression level of 1933. The average wage for skilled labor was 79 pfennigs per hour in December, 1938, compared with 101.1 pfennigs in 1929 (official figures). Wages and salaries represent only 54.6 per cent of the national income, compared with 57.5 per cent in 1929. These low nominal wages are reduced considerably further by heavy taxation, "voluntary" contributions, social-insurance contributions, and so forth. The size of these deductions from the workers' income can be inferred from the fact that taxes, social-insurance contributions, fees for the Labor Front, and Winter Relief donations totaled 36 billion marks in 1938, not less than 47.1 per cent of the entire national income.

The official cost-of-living index has been amazingly stable since 1933, for it fails to take into account not only changes in the quality of goods but also the high "unofficial" prices paid for scarce goods unobtainable at the rates artificially fixed by the authorities. A conservative estimate of the actual rise in living costs is 10 to 15 per cent. Real wages are thus considerably smaller than in 1933. While the five million unemployed of 1933 are today employed and therefore better off, the thirteen million workers who had jobs when Hitler came to power have suffered a substantial loss in real income and had no share in the apparent prosperity. This loss is the most important source, although not the only one, out of which the staggering costs of German rearmament have been paid.

Another source is the reckless wear and tear on existing plant. Here are a few instances chosen at random among many Nazi reports. The railway system is reported to be badly in need of repairs and equipment costing "not far from 10 billion marks," but only 750 million, 7.5 per cent of the amount needed, is provided for in the current fiscal year. Traffic is far greater than in 1929, but the number of railway cars has declined by more than 10 per cent, and "tensions in traffic," as the Reichs-Kredit-Gesellschaft politely puts it, have become the rule. In the machine industry, a report in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* admits, it would need half a year's production of the entire industry to make up for the lack of repair and renovation during the last years.

A cause of particular Nazi pride is the program for cheap automobiles. The Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* said in a paroxysm of admiration: "When every German family . . . will have its own automobile, thanks to the enterprise of the Nazi government, it is conceivable that even the most democratic in the democratic countries will find it hard to resist the doubt whether liberty is the only boon to be desired in the world." But when? In Germany one out of every forty-four persons owns a car. This contrasts with "putrefying" democratic France, where one out of every nineteen persons has a car, and, more strikingly, with the United States, where the ratio is one to four. The number of licenses for passenger cars issued in Germany during the fiscal year ending July, 1938, was barely 4,749 above that of the preceding year. The famous people's car is not due before 1940, but in the meantime the German workers are being heavily taxed for it. Since August, 1938, thousands of workers have been compelled to pay five marks a week in advance for cars which they may get in two or three years' time at best. The crisis in the automobile industry is so serious that Colonel Schell has been appointed to reorganize it. His plan, "dictated primarily by military considerations," has created fear that exports will be affected, since models in future "will be developed primarily from a military angle." This, of course, is the real background of the Nazi drive for cheap cars. In case of mobilization private cars will be taken over by the military, as happened last summer, and German workers again will find that they have paid for the motorization of the army.

It was not purely accidental that Dr. Schacht chose spring, 1938, as the moment to force a change in financial methods upon the recalcitrant political leaders. Until then it had been possible to achieve progress in rearmament by bringing further masses of unemployed and additional unused industrial capacity into play. Credit expansion served to mobilize them economically. In the spring of 1938 this came to an end. Unemployment was wiped out. Industrial production had reached a level higher than in 1929. From this point on any further credit expansion became "not only senseless," to use Doctor Schacht's own words, "but injurious, because the newly created money cannot induce new production of goods but only competition for existing labor and raw materials." In other words, further credit expansion would be purely inflationary.

In spite of Schacht's warning, credit expansion continued. Full employment developed into what the Nazis call "stretched full employment." Since there were no unemployed left, foreign workers were imported. Germany, claiming to be an "overcrowded country," a "people without space," introduced more than 120,000 Italian and Polish workers in 1938 and recalled German housemaids from abroad. In December the working day was extended to ten hours generally and to twelve hours and more in so-called "politically important" branches, that is, armaments, building, agriculture, and transportation. Once in three weeks sixteen hours of work a day may be required; for the remainder of the time the only limitation is that a rest period of ten hours must be provided. The laws for the protection of youth have been abolished. Even children of less than fourteen years of age are now permitted to work up to five hours a day. Old-age pensioners have been recalled.

Full employment may be stretched a little farther and the use of the important Czechoslovak armament factories may give Nazi rearmament a new lease on life, but nothing can upset the basic fact that in future every acceleration of armament, every extension of self-sufficiency can only be obtained at the expense of current consumption. The "miracle" of German rearmament, apparently realized out of nothing, has come to an end. There are no unused resources left, and thus cutting down present consumption is the only way left to set free labor, plant, and raw materials for the production of armaments or for furthering self-sufficiency. From now on, each new measure by which Germany will try to hold its own in the armaments race which it has started will make itself felt immediately in a further lowering of the standard of living of the German people. Each new conquest, forcing Germany's potential enemies to new defense efforts and causing a spurt in its own armament production, is bound to be accompanied by a decline in German supplies of consumption goods, a decline not offset by the benefits drawn from the exploitation of new lands.

Observers agree that, after having welcomed the Austrian Anschluss, Germans failed to show enthusiasm for the conquest of the Sudetenland. Experience had proved to them that, far from solving Germany's economic difficulties, the Nazi policy of conquest only makes the country economically poorer.

Living Philosophies

XIII. HARMONY IN CONFLICT

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

LIKE many others of my generation I was brought up in a religious family, and was the eldest child and only son. My mother was not merely conventionally but genuinely religious, belonging to the Evangelical section of the Anglican church. As a girl she had been considered "volatile," but at the age of seventeen she was "converted," and that event influenced the whole of her subsequent life. Nothing disturbed her firm character, which was, however, never harsh and with increasing years became increasingly tolerant, so that she accepted without protest the varying religious tendencies of her children. My father, a sailor away from home nine months of the year, accepted my mother's religion and decorously went to church with his family every Sunday when at home, but really had no religion of his own. Familiar with many lands and at home with people of all creeds, he was indulgent to all. His own temperament, moreover, was so equable, so free from any tendency to vice or excess, that, liked by everyone, he might be said to have been scarcely in need of any religion. I mention these facts because I regard them as of essential importance. A man's philosophy can never be properly apprehended unless we know the foundations for it which he inherited from his parents.

I was mainly my mother's child, whatever tendencies I also inherited from my father. I spontaneously carried a little Testament in my pocket; I read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" all through. And in due course I underwent the church rite of "confirmation" without any sense of incongruity. But meanwhile my insatiable intellectual appetite was leading me to devour books, especially serious ones, of all kinds. In this way I was somehow induced to buy a cheap edition of Renan's "Life of Jesus." It was new to me to see Jesus treated so sympathetically and yet apart from all supernatural elements. I read the book with interest, yet critically, and I made critical comments on the margins. But Renan's attitude was more congenial to my own temperament than I at first realized. It was not long before books of more or less similar tendency became convincing, or before I definitely rejected as intellectually out of court the whole supernatural foundation of Christianity and miraculous theology in general. This did not lead to active hostility or to any sense of liberation from restraints. My life remained the same. But I was conscious of loss. The supernatural universe had melted away and I was without a spiritual home. There were moods of desolation in spite of constant and varied mental activities. This continued from my seventeenth to my nineteenth year.

Later, as a solitary teacher in the Australian bush, I was somehow stimulated to procure James Hinton's "Life in Nature." I read it, and it made no pronounced impression. But it may have touched something in my unconscious mind, for a few months later I read it again. This time it produced nothing less than a mental revolution. I still recall the details of that revolution and the day when I walked across the hills, a new being, feeling as light as air, with a new vision, as yet unformulated, of the universe. That moment has influenced the whole of my life.

What had happened to me was what is commonly called "conversion." But that process is usually misunderstood. It is not the sudden acceptance of a new religion, or a change of life, or anything to do with creeds. It is simply, as the word itself may be said to indicate, a complete psychic change, however produced; the method of production will vary according to the intellectual and emotional caliber of the person experiencing it. "Conversion" in a John Stuart Mill has little in common with conversion in a costermonger. In my own case, as I later realized, what had happened was that the two psychic spheres, intellectual and emotional, which had been divorced and in constant active or passive friction, were suddenly united in harmony. Hinton's vision of the universe, even though I could not at every point accept it and would never at any time have considered myself his disciple, presented a universal unity of life which was new to me. The world was no longer dead and repellent; there is the same life everywhere; man and "nature" are fundamentally one. Henceforth I was at home in the universe. With that realization there came a peace which passes all understanding. I never had any more moods of religious depression.

The revolution remained entirely private. I had no impulse to confide it even to intimate friends and still less to preach it to the world. Perhaps I obscurely felt that such experiences are necessarily personal, under the direction of hereditary and constitutional factors which cannot be transmitted. I regarded the experience as religious and not as philosophic, and so I still regard it.

In the years of my mentally formative period I was, however, much concerned over philosophy. It seemed to me that one ought to have a philosophic system, and I had none. I bought philosophic books, notably Spinoza's complete works in Latin, as well as the standard history of philosophies of that time. I was a constant reader of the chief English philosophical journal, *Mind*, and I even wrote a rather lengthy article—a study of Hinton's later thought—and sent it to the editor, Professor Croom Robertson, who welcomed it in a friendly spirit, though it was from a complete stranger, and published it at once. That was in 1884, when I was twenty-five years of age. Almost immediately afterward I chanced to become personally acquainted with a genuine philosopher, one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. This was Thomas Davidson. The books he left behind are not of the first importance, nor was he, indeed, so impressive a writer as speaker. He was above all an original personality, of almost passionate philosophic temperament and that eloquence which sometimes marks the Scotch intellect in its more exalted shapes. He was an outsider in philosophy, and without academic associations, though attracted to various lines of thought, ancient and modern.

Davidson was at this time collecting around him a small band of young men whom he desired to indoctrinate with his opinions and personally lead in the formation of a sort of quasi-communistic establishment in which to carry them out. My friend Percival Chubb, afterward known as an ethical leader in the United States, was prominent among them, and by him I was introduced to Davidson and induced to join the little group who listened to his eloquent speech. Davidson told me later he had been especially drawn to me, and it was therefore a grievous disappointment for him, after he had expounded his doctrines during a long evening, to find next day that though I had seemed to drink in his eloquence, I had really remained unmoved. Davidson was so disgusted at my failure to respond as he desired that a little later in a letter from Rome he broke off relations with me. At a later period, however, when there was no longer any question of my becoming a disciple, occasional friendly relations were resumed.

The outcome of this episode doubtless seemed to Davidson entirely negative. But it was far from being negative for me, or I should not have felt called upon to introduce it here. It had a very positive result, though one that would have been by no means pleasing to Davidson. It convinced me that philosophy is a purely personal matter. A genuine philosopher's credo is the outcome of a single complex personality; it cannot be transferred. No two persons, if sincere, can have the same philosophy.

I made this discovery for myself, but a few years later, when I began to study Nietzsche, I found that he had vaguely suggested a similar viewpoint. In my essay on Nietzsche in 1896 I clearly set forth my attitude:

> It is as undignified to think another man's philosophy as to wear another man's cast-off clothes. . . . Let Brown be a Brownite and Robinson a Robinsonian. It is not good that they should exchange their philosophies, as that either should insist on thrusting his threadbare misfits on Jones, who prefers to be metaphysically naked. When men have generally begun to realize this, the world will be a richer and an honester world and a pleasanter one as well.

Though I made the discovery for myself, nowadays of course it is quite taken for granted. It has, for instance, been recently stated clearly by Bertrand Russell: "The logical quality of the cosmos as it appears in each of the great systems is due to the fact that it is one man's cosmos." But even for Bertrand Russell this attitude seems to be recent.

It must have been shortly after the Davidson episode that I read Lange's "History of Materialism" and was thereby fortified in my attitude toward philosophy. Not only was Lange's book a notable history, fascinating and sympathetic, of the development of the materialist doctrine, but it culminated in the conclusion, for which I was now fully prepared, that metaphysics is a form of poetry. I might not, indeed, myself put it quite that way. I would draw a distinction between metaphysics and poetry. But I was willing to see the justification of a metaphysical system no longer placed on an abstract, pseudo-scientific foundation but on a personal, aesthetic foundation. I was thus prepared to view later with sympathy and admiration the metaphysical view of the world as a beautiful spectacle put forward by Jules de Gaultier, one of the most notable thinkers of our time though outside academic circles.

While I thus reached the conviction that every man who thinks should have his own philosophy, I do not seem to have shown any anxiety to acquire a philosophy for myself. As I now, long afterward, look back at this period of my life I am disposed to put this indifference down to a sound instinct. It has come to seem to me that one's philosophical attitude can only be reached by an unconscious process, that it is a spiritual growth as much beyond our control, and often beyond our consciousness, as physical growth.

Not only in philosophy are the soundest results thus reached. We are probably here faced by a general law. I am interested to see that in the recently published volume of collected essays by the late A. R. Powys, an architect with a sound and penetrating insight into the art of architecture, precisely the same principle is enunciated that I find to hold true in philosophy. Discussing the "Origin of Bad Architecture," he regards dependence on the reasoned theories of others as the source of feeble architecture. We need, he declares, first of all a digested experience. "By 'digested experience' is meant the subconscious result of experience, or in other words the certain feeling and assured knowledge which are in a man without resort to conscious feeling or thought." This does not mean that the art product comes solely from within. Powys insisted, on the contrary, that the experience would come from without and include distinctive elements of the age in which the artist lives. But they are unconsciously absorbed and transformed; that is the significance of the term "digested experience." So far as I acquired any philosophy, it was the outcome of varied contacts with the world during long years, unconsciously assimilated and transformed into an unrealized personal credo.

It was not until later life, when I was contemplating the publication of my book "The Dance of Life"—largely made up of essays written during the immediately preceding years—that I realized that I had, without directly aiming at it, attained a philosophic attitude and even what may fairly be described as a philosophic credo. I was now sixty years of age, but as I view this matter—though I know that few professional philosophers would agree—that is quite early enough in life for a definitely conscious philosophic creed to be established. Much earlier than this, of course, it must have been slowly constituted and actively operative, but the less consciously the more genuinely. Otherwise it runs the risk of being merely artificial, adopted on grounds that were not the real outcome of personality.

In the determination of my own philosophic outlook it seems evident that there was from the very outset the instinctive impulse to embrace the elements of life harmoniously. When I discovered that there was a discordant break between the emotional religious life as I had been experiencing it and my strong intellectual aptitudes, I was profoundly unhappy. Some of my friends, when they discovered a similar break in their psychic lives, had cheerfully selected the side of intellect and poured only contempt on emotional religious demands, while in the mass of mankind, needless to say, neither intellectual nor emotional demands are strong enough to involve any conflict, and the result is an attitude of indifference rather than of serenity. It has been my experience that people of sensitive intelligence have often remarked on my "serenity." This is not the outcome of any conscious intention on my part, and I have often enough been far from conscious of any inner serenity. But I can well believe that the conquest of opposing psychic elements into a single harmonious whole naturally results in an attitude of serenity.

During the Great War I came to realize that the harmony I had attained between the two opposing elements was really only a particular application of a deep-lying tendency of my nature. This came about through my contemplation of the disputes between militarists, whether German or English, over the term "conflict," which they confused with "war." I realized that while war was undoubtedly a form of conflict, we must regard conflict as a much wider term, including forms of opposition which were not war and might be of totally different tendency. That brought the disputes between nations into line with that general tendency to opposition which is essential to life and opened out the possibility of superseding war, not in a merely negative manner, but by the fruitful necessity of the presence of opposites. Conflict is in nature, but it is a fruitful conflict in which each opposing element may have its essential value. I might have recalled the saying of Heraclitus that "conflict is the father of all things," since conflict that was violent could hardly be fatherly. I set forth the result I had reached, together with some of its wider implications, in an essay, "The Philosophy of Conflict" (ultimately embodied in a volume with the same title), which I regard as of significance in the presentation of my philosophic outlook. Those pacifists who supposed that the supersession of war by more civilized methods of adjusting national differences meant the abolition of conflict fell into an error which was fatal, it seemed to me, to a sound conception of life and the world.

Our planetary system, we are taught, must be viewed as carried on harmoniously by the action of opposing forces, centripetal and centrifugal, pulling in opposite ways. The same conflict is even clearer in the vegetable world. We see it in every seed in its vital pressure against the inclosing capsule, and every unfolding frond of fern bears witness to a similar opposition of forces. Opposition is not a hindrance to life, it is the necessary condition for the becoming of life. No doubt this realization of opposing forces in the vegetable world came to me as an early suggestion from Hinton's "Life in Nature." Now I am ever increasingly impressed by the resemblances of vegetable life to animal life. I see how closely akin are the laws that rule in both spheres. I find that the behavior of plants is what my own would be under the same conditions and with the same limitations. That the same law of conflicting forces as the necessary condition of life prevails in the animal world needs no proof, nor that it is most marked in the highest forms of life, and notably in the mammal with its expanding ovum, which only develops under the pressure of the firmly constricting womb. I reach out toward a conception of the unity of what we call the universe. What we call life really prevails throughout.

It was not until later that I realized that the vision of harmonious conflict I had attained in an entirely different direction might be seen perfectly in that sphere of sex the study of which had been my chief life work, and I made no clear statement of it until 1931. At that time, in the *Forum Philosophicum*, Professor Del-Negro put forth his view of the problem of sex as one of "antinomies" only to be resolved by compromise. Dr.

Schmidt, the editor, invited me to write a reply—which was reprinted in the Second Series of my "Views and Reviews." I was unable to accept Del-Negro's doctrine of compromise between essential elements of life. Here as elsewhere I saw the harmonious conflict of opposite tendencies, each necessary to the other and supporting it, while compromise would merely mean weakness. All the phenomena of sex seemed to illustrate this conflict, from the physical opposites of tumescence and detumescence to the erotic conflict of courtship and the social balance between sex indulgence and sex abstinence. Sex and culture are perfectly balanced. To desire freedom from this balance is to desire annihilation.

Man in his conscious arts illustrates this same conflict. Nowhere is it better revealed than in the primary art of architecture by the device of the arch. Here we see how in the conflict of two opposing forces each supports the other, and stability is insured. If the opposition ceased, the arch would collapse in ruin. In the other primordial art, more ancient even than architecture, that of dancing, we see the same harmonious conflict beautifully illustrated. Every pose of the dancer is the achievement of movement in which the maximum tension of opposing muscular actions is held in the most fluid harmonious balance.

In other arts, even if this principle is less convincingly illustrated, it is still present. In poetry there is the conflict between the centrifugal impulse of expression and the centripetal restraint of form. From an early period men drawn to poetry seem instinctively to have felt that the impulse to emotionalized expression should be held in check by an impulse to rigid form, and that only when these two opposites were combined could the result be accepted as satisfactory. When, as sometimes happens, a poet rebels against this need for the harmonious opposition and seeks to concentrate either on form or on expression, there are but few of his readers who enjoy his results.

One could, I believe, detect a similar law in other arts. The demand for the harmonious conflict of opposites rules in nature's operations, and since man is a part of nature it also rules in his operations. He disregards it at his peril and at the sacrifice of that serenity which comes of an even unconscious sense of oneness with our universe.

So much, it seems to me, may serve to indicate all that I have been able to achieve in the general attainment of a philosophic credo. Since, even to myself, it has only been a slow, gradual, and largely unconscious achievement, I have naturally made little attempt to preach it to others. But it has been clear to any sympathetic reader of my books, and to some it has been helpful in aiding them to reach their own outlook in the world.

The reward of being simple and sincere with what seem the facts of one's universe is that one sheds abroad an influence that may be incalculable. It is worth while.

Coming: the Adless Paper

BY BURT GARNETT

THE free press is confronted with a new prospect of freedom which is at once glorious, confusing, and distressing. Wires now carrying news pictures and offset presses already installed in printing plants are jointly humming a song, and newspapermen know it to be a song of social significance.

Tomorrow, if somebody wanted to go to the trouble of making the arrangements, the New York *Times* could be delivered to readers in San Francisco at the same time, by the clock, that it reaches readers in New York. The facilities are available. A photograph of an eight-column newspaper page can be sent by wire as easily as a photograph of an airplane crash. That photograph can be enlarged and reproduced with what the radio people call high fidelity. And the cost of doing it need be only a fraction of the cost of producing a page of the *Times* in New York.

Exciting and disturbing to newspapermen is this sudden realization that an entire page of news, set up in type, with banners and headlines, pictures and captions, can pass over the wires in less time than a quarter of a column of news copy can be sent, letter by letter, over the press associations' teletype machines or by Morse code. Add to this the realization that news sent in that way need not be edited, set in type, made up, made ready, or stereotyped, and your newspaperman knows that for him the revolution is at hand.

These developments come as a shock to the newspaper business because, while it has played a considerable part in developing the transmission of photographs by wire, it has not been equally aware of changes in the commercial-printing industry. Many newspapermen have only a vague notion of what offset printing it. Most of them know only that it is a kind of photo-lithography, that is, the making of a plate directly from a photograph of the type. Until recently they did not dream that commercial printers have been developing offset presses which operate at speeds nearly equal to newspaper-press speeds. Few of them know that successful experiments have been made in converting newspaper presses into machines for reproduction by the offset process. When their imaginations begin to work, they are bound to ask themselves what these new inventions will leave for telegraph editors to do. And what about copy readers? What, indeed, about the printers and stereotypers? And, for that matter, what will become of a large proportion of the news and editorial workers?

Well, there is no occasion for immediate alarm. The change will get under way slowly, and one of its first effects should be employment opportunities in the manufacture of offset presses and equipment. Eventually it may be expected that many printers will have to become lithographers. If newspapers undertook to change over to offset printing at once, there would not be nearly enough skilled lithographers to do the work. And before that happens, another invention is needed, namely, a "composing typewriter" which will provide copy of near-print quality. With this device papers could dispense with type-setting equipment, and news agencies could send out columns of photographed copy without spending the money and time to have it put into type.

Speculation is naturally aroused as to whether journalism, if the newspaper industry makes full use of this opportunity to reduce drastically its costs, will have a rebirth. There might come into existence an entirely new and different kind of newspaper served by entirely new and different news-gathering agencies—press associations which could send out ready-made pages of news and offer a variety of such pages in order to serve the several broad geographical sections of the country. These new newspapers, should they wish to proclaim their freedom from control by big business or the banks, might refuse to carry advertising. It is this prospect that is really exciting to news men who detest "business-office domination," real or fancied, above all other things.

The high cost of paper plus high printing costs, due to American participation in the World War, killed the only notable experiment in "adless" journalism, the Chicago *Day Book,* owned by the late E. W. Scripps and edited by Negley D. Cochran. The *Day Book* was started in 1911 and continued until June, 1917. During its last year, with a circulation of about 16,000 copies daily, it became self-supporting and even earned about $300 a month over total expenses. The paper then sold at 2 cents a copy. This experiment was conducted in a day when telegraph news was received by Morse operators, and before labor-saving short cuts in printing now in use had been developed. In his biography of E. W. Scripps Mr. Cochran writes: "One thing is certain: publication of the *Day Book* would have continued if the World War had not completely changed conditions, notably the price of news print." Besides the investment in plant, the deficits of the *Day Book* for five years amounted to about $100,000. It took a rich man to make the experiment. Today *Editor and Publisher* reports that a new offset press and folder, suitable for small daily use, cost around $8,500. It seems probable that by their use, with a total plant investment of $15,000, a newspaper of the *Day Book's* circulation could be produced with mechanical and material costs not exceeding $300 a week.

Many small newspapers carry so little advertising that the further step to none at all would not be difficult. For several years the more alert newspaper publishers in smaller cities have been gradually boosting subscription rates, and at the same time promoting efficiency and economies in their circulation departments. If they could get well-edited news pages by wire-photo, cut out the costs of advertising departments, and use the time of their staffs for better coverage of local news they probably would make the change with enthusiasm.

But at this point in our speculation upon the possibilities comes the realization that what a small, poorly financed organization could do, a big well-financed organization also could do—and perhaps much better. The big newspapers in New York have uptown and downtown plants or perhaps plants in Brooklyn. The composition work is done in a central plant, and matrices are sent by subway to subsidiary plants. Delivery of newspapers all over town is thus facilitated. There is no reason why these subsidiary plants should not be equipped with offset presses, or why pictures of rush pages should not be sent by telephoto. And if that can be done, there is no physical reason why a chain of newspapers throughout the country should not be similarly operated. Holders of press-association franchises, of course, would protest vigorously against such operating methods—which is one reason why it would seem logical for independent press associations to spring up.

What the present-day publisher may really have to worry about is competition from a new newspaper which, without any of the shackles of a newspaper that carries advertisements, may get into the field before he can make the shift. The new newspaper might, however, be one of a chain, in which case it would be likely to carry national advertising—automobiles, cigarettes, and packaged merchandise. In that case the local publisher might hold his ground by arguing that the rival newspaper's position on national affairs was likely to be influenced by the big national advertisers and the financial interests backing the chain.

In speculating on the chances of an adless paper it might be instructive to consider the case of the New York *Post,* which has for some time been operating at a loss. The *Post* has a daily circulation of around 250,000. This circulation, figured at $2.35 per hundred, the standard wholesale rate applying to afternoon newspapers in New York, should produce a gross circulation revenue of around $35,000 a week. By the offset method of production—on the basis of current commercial rates for offset printing—an eight-page newspaper of the size of the *Post* could be produced for $5,000 or $6,000 a week. This would leave well over $25,000 for editorial and managerial expenses, since there is no reason to assume that such a paper as the *Post* would not, even without ads, continue to find 250,000 regular buyers in New York. That sum is ample for the production of a well-edited newspaper, paying salaries equal to or above the Newspaper Guild scale. Eight pages would be enough for news columns and features. Thus if the *Post* should now cease publication because of insufficient revenue, it could well be argued that the forces which control the placing of advertising in New York also control the right of the people to have the *Post,* regardless of its ability to serve their needs as a newspaper.

When the automobile first appeared, railroad officials went on loftily running their railroads, ignoring the danger of competition from the new mode of transportation. Will the newspapers ignore the possibilities of the offset process? Some of them will—undoubtedly. And some upstarts—now not even connected with the newspaper business—may before long start producing the "newspaper of the future." Whoever starts it, it seems safe to predict that the adless newspaper—supported entirely by its readers—will at no very distant time appear on the country's newsstands.

Everybody's Business

MARS AND MARKETS

WALL STREET has those international blues. Just before Hitler seized Czechoslovakia the Dow-Jones average of industrial stocks had climbed laboriously to 152, not far from the highest point reached since the beginning of the mid-1938 recovery. By April 8 an almost perpendicular fall had carried it down to 121.44, a bare six points above the depressed level of a year ago. At the time of writing, despite a mild rally, it is still nearly four points under the pre-Munich low.

Why should Wall Street fall flat on its face when Chamberlain musters up courage to tell Berlin to keep away from Poland? Why should the bears roar gleefully as Mussolini bumps off little Albania? It's a strange comment on the isolationism advocated by such influential financial organs as the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle.* If, as these papers maintain, Europe's mess is no affair of ours and we can and should keep out, these distant alarms ought not to have such a devastating effect on our domestic market. But is it really true that the international crisis, in addition to deflating Wall Street, has throttled our stripling industrial recovery? Would war, if it should break out, immediately reduce our economy to chaos? Or are wicked European speculators to blame for all the trouble?

In recent years, when international news has upset the market, "European liquidation" has been a popular explanation. Actually it has seldom been an important factor. Some speculative positions may have been closed out, since cash is an ever-present help in time of woe. But for the most part European buyers of American securities are hedging against political risks, and the greater the international tension, the greater their anxiety to hold on. In the last month few reports of foreign selling have reached the market; on the contrary there have been reports of European bargain-hunting as stocks fell. Moreover, there is other evidence that overseas exchanges have been far less jittery than Wall Street, far less ready to assume that the end of appeasement is necessarily a signal of doom. The international stock-market indices for April 8 show that in London, Paris, Zurich, and Amsterdam levels have been practically unchanged since April 1, whereas the New York index for the same period suffered a 10 per cent drop.

If the foreigner is innocent, what has bitten the Stock Exchange? There seem to be several answers to this question, all of them partly valid. Despite the SEC, Wall Street is still dominated by speculators to a much greater extent than is London. The speculator is a nervous animal whose one thought in times of uncertainty is to "get liquid." Moreover, since the outcome of the present crisis may be war—and no one can write off that possibility—he is apt to look back to 1914. He remembers that then, after a short sharp slump, the Stock Exchange closed down for several months, thus preventing any frantic scramble for cash. Actually considerable bootlegging of stocks went on, at first with falling prices. Later the unofficial market turned distinctly firm, and when the Exchange itself reopened, a boom soon began. Suppose, argues the speculator of today, events take a similar course; who will profit? The man whose capital is represented by cash in the bank will be able to pick up nice bargains.

Arguments of this kind are reinforced by the findings of followers of "Dow Theory" in one of its varieties, said to number from 60,000 to 200,000 persons. "Dow Theory" is a method of market analysis which has for the hardened speculator many of the charms that a "system" has for the habitué of casinos. Its basic idea is that the ticker tells all. Let not the student of market trends bother his head with industrial reports, indices of production, commodity movements, and the like. All he needs to know can be found in a chart of the daily averages, since supply and demand on the Exchange as reflected in the stock quotations foreshadow faithfully the swings of our economic system. Why should this be so? "Because," writes one of the cruder prophets of the theory, "the smartest moneyed brains of the country talk with their dollars. . . . What they say is indelibly recorded in the price changes of the leading stocks traded on the New York Stock Exchange, or, in other words, in the Averages."*

It would take far too much space to go into all the subtleties and variations of Dow Theory, which now supports a whole literature and a growing army of professional interpreters. Its importance at the present time is that, sound or false, a host of market operators swear by it. When the mid-March peak of the chart failed to reach the post-Munich high, they shook their heads. And when, this month, the averages fell below the point reached during the Munich crisis, they were convinced that a definite bear market was in full swing. Now, obviously, if tens of thousands of speculators believe they have had an infallible signal to sell, the sheer weight of their operations can carry the market down farther. Moreover, they may infect non-believers, since speculators, especially for the short run, are guided not so much by what they think of prospects as by what they think other speculators are going to think.

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* "Profits Out of Wall Street." By H. Wilder Osborne. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

But what concern, it may be asked, are these Wall Street vagaries to the 120,000,000 Americans who never owned a stock? Stock Exchange apologists will tell you that the market is only a barometer: it registers economic changes but does not affect them. This is only partly true. Stock prices do reflect the optimism or pessimism with which business executives regard the prospects of their own industry. But, vice versa, market behavior has also a positive influence on their actions. When the market is bullish, they are encouraged to expand; when bearish, they hesitate to make new commitments, tend to curtail production. Today war scares have checked a spring improvement in business of which there were hopeful signs in early March. This was a factor in the subsequent decline in stocks, although that decline was, thanks to the European crisis, quite out of proportion to the minor setback in industry which has so far materialized. But now the Wall Street slump may itself produce a further recession. Thus we proceed in a circle, viciously. Fortunately there are other factors which should cause an early stand. There is no credit strain; on the contrary, money is superabundant. Government spending still helps maintain consumption and provides a cushion for the investment industries. Housing is going ahead. Inventories are low. Failing war, the economic results of which for this country are unpredictable, we shall probably avoid any major business setback and may find renewed recovery later in the year. But thanks to the dictators and to Wall Street, which magnifies every adverse happening, we have been robbed of the economic promise of spring.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

ON EASTER EVE the Toledo *Blade* editorially condoned Franco's liquidation of his foes, asserting that "it is the right of war conquerors to treat those whom they have conquered according to their pleasure." The paper even quoted Julius Caesar in support of this contention. The leading editorial, on the same page, was captioned: "Observance of Christ's Ideals Could Solve World's Troubles."

NEVER DISTINGUISHED for incorruptibility, French newspapers of the right have lately displayed startling reversals of opinion. Before Munich *l'Eclaireur de Nice et du Sud-Est* beseeched Czechoslovakia to surrender in its "own interest," and applauded when the Czechs gave way under British-French pressure. Now it approves Mussolini's blast against the Czechs for failing to fight, saying, "Mussolini is perfectly justified to affirm in his speech: 'I declare that when a nation with great numbers of men and immense arms arsenals is incapable of at least making a gesture [of defense], this shows that it is worn out, too ripe for its future destiny.' "

ROY MILLER, Texas journalist and long-time intimate of John Nance Garner, is handling the Vice-President's Presidential boom. He has already set up unofficial headquarters in Washington. Garner disclaims all interest in the drive, but he sends Miller all letters bearing upon his candidacy.

ALTHOUGH NEGOTIATIONS for a reunion of the Social Democratic Federation (Old Guard) and the Socialist Party have been quietly going on for some weeks, it is still far from certain that the fusion will occur. Conferees have split over questions of organizational set-up, over foreign policy, and over the "revolutionary" policies which originally divided the party.

LEADING NEWSPAPERS are making quick changes in personnel in key cities. The *Herald Tribune* has shifted Joseph Driscoll from London to Washington, with the Presidential campaign in view. Albert L. Warner has resigned from the same paper, and on not too friendly terms. Meanwhile, the *Times's* Herbert Matthews is writing from Rome, and William Carney, according to latest reports, is headed for the Mexican assignment—where he is unlikely to get an official reception.

WASHINGTON HAS been flooded recently with fierce "Anti-Jew-Communist" handbills bearing the imprint of the Nationalist Publishing Company, Box 4466, Washington. A citizen who wrote to that address asking for a supply of the handbills received this reply signed by Carlton Brenerly:

> We have "Anti-Jew-Communist" handbills for free distribution. Since we do not know you we hesitate to send you any quantities; however, if you can explain how you know about us or can get someone who has read our literature to recommend you we shall be pleased to send you larger quantities of handbills. From experience we have learned that leaving these handbills at houses does little good. In one experiment we left over 1,000 with no answers. The best way is to give these handbills to people who you know are interested rather than waste them by leaving them from door to door. We advise you not to send postcards through the mail inquiring about the Jew-Communist question. It is not safe!

THE FRONT page of *Der Angriff* recently carried this headline: "Roosevelt Is Driving America Toward War as the Slaughtered Victim of World Jewry." Accompanying the article was a cartoon entitled "All Dressed Up in His New Uniform." It showed Mr. Roosevelt wearing a uniform "Made in Moscow," brandishing a sword with the inscription "Challenge to Hitler," and carrying a sign which read "Save the World for Democracy." In the background was Uncle Sam saying: "Take it off, Franklin; we're not goin' anywhere." The cartoon originally appeared in the Chicago *Tribune.*

THE NAZI press is giving lavish publicity to lectures by Professor Saiki, a Japanese scientist now in Germany. Professor Saiki is telling German audiences that "three meals a day are quite unnecessary and actually harmful."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAVE found nowhere a more valuable article about the Jews than that by Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein of Rochester in *Harper's Magazine* for April, called Some Facts About the Jews. It is exactly that, no more and no less, and it was written with an objectivity which is really remarkable. He does not seek to probe the causes of race prejudice which lie deep "in the darkest and least understood realms of human psychology." He merely takes up, one after the other, the various charges that one hears on every side—that, for example, expressed by the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford last year: "The Jews . . . are hated because they are too prosperous, too successfully grasping. They win too easily when they contend for the good things that the world of the present day has to give. . . . They are the richest men in the world. . . ." He then points out that in Rochester the Jews are not in the largest industries, that there is not a single important Jewish officer in any Rochester bank, that all the banks are controlled by Gentiles, and that the leading dry-goods stores are also. He points out that there are in Rochester a small number of wealthy Jews and a large number comfortably situated, but that aside from these, there is a great mass of poor Jews who share the present-day misery of the masses of this country.

The same is true in New York City, as anyone can see for himself who goes to the East Side. The Jewish wealth in New York City is greater proportionately than anywhere else, but there are hundreds of thousands of Jews in poverty and need or approaching the danger line all the time. If there were not, there would be no need for the great and ably managed Jewish charities. Yet people tell me all the time, "The Jews own New York." "We shall all soon have to move out of New York because the Jews own all the real estate in the city." As a matter of fact, as Rabbi Bernstein points out, "with the exception of the manufacture of clothing, retail distribution, and motion-picture production the great industries and wealth of America are in the hands of Gentiles." Of the 200 largest American corporations there are only 10 of which the president or the chairman of the board is a Jew.

"But look at Wall Street," I hear. The answer is that *Fortune* reported in 1936 that only 18 per cent of the members of the Stock Exchange were Jews, and of the 637 firms listed by the Exchange Directory only 55 are Jewish, 24 half-Jewish, and 39 with prominent Jewish influence, or a total of 118 out of 637 firms. The largest New York banks are not only controlled by non-Jews but rarely employ any Jews, and there is only one Jewish banking firm, Kuhn, Loeb and Company, which does any substantial foreign business. *Fortune* was right when it said in 1936 that "the Jews do not dominate the American scene." Yet the lies go on.

Another of the most frequent slanders is that all Jews are Communists. Evidently they conceal the fact very well, because we have in New York City two million Jews, and yet the Communist Party has been ruled off the ballot because its candidate received less than 50,000 votes in the last election, actually only 31,987. Every one of the nine leaders of the Communist Party is a Gentile; not one is a Jew. "Well, but so many Jews are criminals." To this accusation Rabbi Bernstein replies by showing that during the years from 1920 to 1929 Jews furnished only a little over half of their numerical quota to the population of our state and federal prisons. One pleasant story told by the Rabbi is that when in October, 1937, a Jewish boy was convicted in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on a charge of forgery, the judge, a Gentile, suspended the sentence because "there is not a Jew in New Mexico prisons and I dislike to spoil that record of a law-abiding element of our citizens." Finally, we have the fact that 40,000 of the 225,000 Jews who were in the army during the World War were volunteers; these 225,000 Jews formed 5 per cent of the army, although Jews constituted at that time only 3 per cent of the population.

Yet I suppose the slanders will go on. We shall continue to hear that 3 per cent of the population is ruining the country, debauching the morals of our youth, and walking off with all the prizes in the learned professions. I constantly hear that Jewish physicians and lawyers are taking the bread out of the mouths of American professional men. That is not true either, but if it were true I cannot see why the fact that the Jew has a greater aptitude for those professions should be considered an indictment of him. People complain, too, that East Side Jews "look different" and often dress differently from the rest of us. They do not know that for centuries Jews were compelled to wear special attire. For centuries also the nations of Europe jammed the Jews into ghettos and refused to allow them to live by anything else than by trade. Yet the Jews are denounced today because they turn rather slowly to agriculture and are such successful merchants and business men.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Wizard, Retired

SCHACHT: HITLER'S MAGICIAN. By Norbert Muhlen. Alliance Book Corporation. $3.

DR. SCHACHT once denounced the Soviets' repudiation of the czarist debts as a "species of barbarism." Perhaps it was the straightforward method they adopted which disgusted him. In 1905 the Bolsheviks, in common with less revolutionary Russian parties, had warned foreign capitalists that they would not recognize czarist obligations; and when they came to power they made good their warning.

The German method of debt repudiation, as perfected by the ingenious Dr. Schacht, has probably cost foreign creditors as great a loss as was incurred in Russia. There has been no outright confiscation, but as Dr. Muhlen neatly puts it, the property of foreign investors has been confined in a Nazi concentration camp. After several years of beating and starvation there is precious little left. Of course the victims of this process did not realize at first just what was happening. Dr. Schacht had a great reputation as an upright citizen whose character was vouched for by the most respectable foreign bankers, and in the beginning he spoke soothing words before each fresh attack on the creditors. His sole object, he asserted, as he cut interest rates and blocked transfers, was to safeguard the investors' interests.

This account of "the life and loans of Dr. Schacht" traces the whole intricate story not only of the bilking of foreign creditors but of the gutting of German economy in the interests of Nazi *Weltpolitik*. Dr. Muhlen is rather addicted to moralizing—a pity since the facts themselves ring with ironic overtones—but nevertheless he has made an effective job of a difficult task. Particularly valuable is his description of the way in which suppliers of foreign goods have been tricked into making forced loans for the financing of German rearmament. In the old melodramas the stony-hearted creditor was often the symbol of villainy. Dr. Schacht has provided us with a new conception of a soulless debtor using credit obtained under false pretenses as an instrument of oppression.

In their financial warfare the Nazis have used a strategy similar to that employed in their diplomatic campaigns. Schacht's fundamental rule, writes Dr. Muhlen, was:

> Always "tread on the adversary's corns"; if the adversary jibed, make a tactical retreat. Never mention the purpose of the struggle—to leave not a pfennig for the creditors—and regularly demand only a part of the full booty; then, when that has been extracted, demand another part which has only just been solemnly promised to the adversary. Always split the enemy front, put them off with long negotiations, with offers not seriously meant, and with unreal compromises, until their resistance has been worn down; then deal a sudden blow.

In addition to its exposure of his financial methods this book provides some interesting details of Schacht's personal history. In view of his recent activities it is amusing to note that he started life as an exponent of free trade and classical liberalism. But then he has always been a superb opportunist. Only once did he slip badly. That was during the war when, loaned to the military administration in Belgium as financial adviser, he used his position to secure advantages for the Dresdner Bank, by which he was regularly employed. This error nearly cost his first appointment as president of the Reichsbank in 1923. The central committee of the bank voted heavily against him, finding him technically unfit and morally disqualified because of "the well-known Brussels incident." But Schacht had made good political allies by his stout professions of republicanism, and left pressure gave him the job. He nosed out in good time the leaky condition of the Weimar ship of state and found occasion to resign from the bank in 1930, securing three years' full salary as "severance pay." The same year he met Hitler for the first time, and before long, according to Dr. Muhlen, he had become the liaison between the Nazis and domestic and foreign financial interests. Just three years after his resignation he was back again as head of the Reichsbank, willing enough to use his talents for the overthrow of all the economic principles he had once passionately defended.

But the Nazis never trusted him; when his usefulness was at an end he was squeezed out of the Ministry of Economics by the ubiquitous Göring. He hung on to his post at the Reichsbank until the beginning of the present year. When last heard of he was "traveling for his health," like not a few other opportunists who have sought to ride the Nazi whirlwind.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Yale in America

DEATH OF A YALE MAN. By Malcolm Ross. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THIS book belongs on the shelf with the personal histories—by which I do not mean that Dick Merriwell in the Upper Amazon sort of thing. Such books depend partly on their author's having been in the right place at the right time, but mainly on his having been something when he got there. Mr. Ross is not, like Vincent Sheean, the kind of man who seems to have turned up at all the battles of Waterloo; nor does he, like Steffens, combine the reporter's sense of the significant with the scholar's knowledge of the facts. Where Mr. Ross does seem to have turned up with astonishing regularity is at those points in post-war America's history where the nation's attitude toward itself was changing; and what he brought to those important if sometimes obscure places was a typical American temperament. Because of that temperament Mr. Ross found himself perched on coigns of vantage from which to observe at first hand the birth of the NIRA, Harlan County (Kentucky), the early days of the NLRB, and the crucial Remington-Rand strike of 1936. But many others were equally well placed to observe these events; and it is what Mr. Ross was thinking and feeling, not where he was, that makes his story fascinating.

That fascination is the fascination of the normal. Mr. Ross's title, for all its neatness and the chance it provided his publishers to design a very handsome Yale-blue jacket, may be misleading on that point. What he means by Yale is ". . . that confraternity of interests which year after year takes for its own most of the young minds and hearts of America, and before their eyes holds up the glories of a materialist world, while still chanting the rituals which once moved men to sacrifice. I think from experiencing this conflict within myself that it is time to fish or cut bait." That is not Yale; it is America. And the remarkable fact is that Mr. Ross has been—and remains—in so many respects the typical American of his generation and yet has come to see so clearly that America must make that choice.

Mr. Ross came out of Yale with that special innocence of his generation, the belief that he could combine the making of money and "living." "Living" was something quite characteristic for him; it was adventure and excitement; it was a romantic love of American history and the American countryside, and a tendency to think about them in rather flamboyant terms—the Texas prairie, for example, gave him "a sense of being vastly alone and vastly alive"; and it was an obscure but powerful respect for the common man's individuality, his decency, and his immense skill within his world. Mr. Ross's favorite poet is Walt Whitman. But he soon learned that making money and living did not combine so easily; "among the vast glossary of things of which no one had ever told me was this danger of being seduced by life away from the main interest of making money."

Mr. Ross, with more or less deliberation, allowed himself to be seduced, with the result that he turned up with the Quakers in Harlan County instead of with his friends in Louisville, against the barrier of whose "absentee disbelief" about conditions in Harlan County "the sure evidence of my senses crashed." He turned up on the Consumer Advisory Board of the NIRA, whose absurdities amused him and for whom he fought the canning industry in an unsuccessful attempt to make it adopt standard labeling. And he turned up on the NLRB, where he listened to his Yale contemporaries, who had not allowed themselves to be seduced by living, argue that the Wagner Act deprived workers of their right to bargain individually with their employers.

To each of these experiences Mr. Ross brought his typical American attitude, with its pragmatism, its tendency to romanticize, its tolerance, and its respect for the individual. He brought only one quality which is perhaps not typically, though certainly it is recognizably, American—the stubborn integrity of his mind. It is that integrity which made him choose living rather than making money; and it is that integrity which has kept his Americanism from souring into the no doubt largely unconscious hypocrisy of corporation lawyers, paternalistic executives, and citizens' committees. The difference in fundamental temperament between Mr. Ross, who chose living, and his contemporaries, who chose to make money, is not great; the difference in the consequences of their choices is tremendous. And the result of Mr. Ross's having chosen to fish rather than cut coupons is a book you wish every middle-class American might read, not because it is a great book, but because it is so fine and convincing a book for our time.

ARTHUR MIZENER

Rebel Painters

REBELS OF ART. MANET TO MATISSE. By George Slocombe. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.50.

THE painters chosen for this series of short essays—Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Cézanne, Renoir, Sisley, Degas, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Modigliani, Utrillo, and Matisse—represent almost a century of bitter struggle against successive manifestations of the authority of French "official" art. Inevitably the revolutionaries of one generation became the classics of the next, to be rebelled against in their turn by younger men.

Any classification of artistic "rebels," involving the inclusion of certain painters and the omission of others, must necessarily be somewhat arbitrary. The artists discussed in this book were all rebels, but their revolts differed in kind as well as in degree: Degas and Lautrec were essentially rebels against social convention in the choice of many of their subjects, whereas the great impressionists were true experimenters in a new conception and a new method of painting. The author expressly excludes the Spaniard Picasso from his list because he wishes "to limit this study to the creators of what seems to him a purely French movement," but he considers Van Gogh—and apparently Modigliani—sufficiently "influenced by the French scene, the French character, the skies and the lambent air of France" to justify their admission to the group. The distinction is not altogether convincing. The omission of Seurat seems unwarranted—an opinion shared by Murdock Pemberton, whose able commentary prefaces the book—but on the whole the selection is a good one. The specific contributions of the individual painters, the differences between them as well as the similarities which bind them together, are clearly and simply presented.

Though Mr. Slocombe claims that his text is biographical rather than critical, the discussions of painting are, in fact, more illuminating than the biographies of the painters. The usefulness of the book, as biography, is seriously diminished by numerous errors of fact, of date, and of place. To take only one example, the author tells us on page 98: "In 1867 he [Cézanne] returned to Aix and married a certain Marie Hortense Fiquet, also of Aix, that timid and patient woman who was to figure thereafter, with the exception of his sisters Marie and Rose, as his solitary female model. . . ." This is wholly inaccurate. Cézanne and Hortense Fiquet were married in 1886, not 1867; Hortense was born at Saligneil in the Jura and never lived at Aix before her marriage; she was anything but "timid and patient," according to the testimony of many surviving friends and members of the family, including her own son; and she and Cézanne's sisters were by no means his only female models—witness La Femme à la Cafetière, La Jeune Fille à la Poupée, La Jeune Italienne Accoudée, and La Vieille au Chapelet, among others, all painted after 1890. Indeed, Cézanne's sisters were almost negligible as models: neither appeared in any of his works after about 1870.

The number of inaccuracies crowded into the few lines quoted above make this an extreme case, but similar slips abound on a smaller scale. At least twenty-five misstatements, some of minor, some of major importance, occur in the chapters on Cézanne and Lautrec alone. Moreover, the text is liberally sprinkled with typographical errors—one is amazed to learn that it was Louis XIV (*sic*) who was guillotined in what is now the Place de la Concorde—and the printer has been permitted to juggle light-heartedly with the French accents. The best sections of the book are the three introductory chapters which deal with the colorful Parisian background, and the thirty-two excellent reproductions of works by the rebel painters. GERSTLE MACK

Berlin, Pre-Swastika

GOODBYE TO BERLIN. By Christopher Isherwood. Random House. $2.50.

THE young English writer Christopher Isherwood—author of the novel "The Last of Mr. Norris" and collaborator in the plays of W. H. Auden—has published a collection of stories called "Goodbye to Berlin." These stories form a loosely connected sequence; they are fragments of a big novel which Isherwood once planned to write. There is nothing sensational about them. They are the product of a melancholy and witty irony which looks coolly and deeply into its material.

Why have they moved me so strongly? Because they describe the Berlin which I know; because they conjure up people, streets, and landscapes which once filled me with love or exasperation; because they picture the *real* Berlin—not the Berlin of the guidebooks, or the conducted tours, or the diplomatic memoirs; not "the wickedest city in Europe"; not the Berlin of splendor and parade which famous journalists have so brilliantly described.

Many faces appear, vanish, and reappear in these stories. They read like the pages of a swiftly written journal. Only two of them, the first and the last, are entitled "Berlin Diary," but the other four are also autobiographical and told in the first person singular. A young English writer and language teacher named Christopher Isherwood comes to feel, during the years 1930 to 1933, that he is almost a native of Berlin. By nature he seems rather passive, but observant, extremely intelligent, witty, and gifted with a fine understanding of all sorts of human beings. In these last, confused, nervous "pre-Hitler" years he sees a great deal, and he writes it down. The "real" Isherwood, author of this book and creator of his own shadow-self, refuses absolutely—so he tells us in his preface—to be confused or identified with his "false" double. And this proves that the "real" Isherwood underestimates the "false." For the "false" Isherwood, the eloquent but discreet hero and narrator, is an interesting figure. A man who can understand and so effectively present the predicaments of others cannot be without his own significant experiences. But the "false," or the "real," Isherwood is silent about the problems and complications of his own existence. What he has to tell us about those of others is, however, varied and fascinating enough.

They could scarcely be described as important, these characters of his; nor are they always sympathetic—but they are always touching, and if they seldom earn our admiration or respect, they at least arouse our pity. Take Fräulein Schröder, for example, the gossiping, smugly corrupt landlady of a fourth-rate *pension,* apparently a minor character but really, perhaps, the spiritual center of the book; take the little gigolos, the mixer, Fräulein Mayr the Bavarian *Jodlerin,* and Fräulein Kost who "walks the line"; take the daughters of two good Jewish families, Hippi Bernstein and Natalia Landauer; take the boys from the dubious Alexander Casino; take Herr and Frau Nowak, the proletarian couple with their three children—no, there is nothing great about any of them, nothing extraordinary, nothing distinguished. But they are human beings: their actions and reactions, cares and quarrels, pleasures and lusts are spontaneous and often moving, by virtue of their very naivete.

In addition, and with the same mixture of sympathy, sarcasm, and mild astonishment which he brings to his observation of the Berliners, Isherwood has described some of his compatriots. There is the eccentric Sally Bowles, heroine of an excellent story, the would-be demi-mondaine, the sham *Dame aux Camélias.* Sally, who comes of a respectable British family, has nothing but bad luck with her men. For all her affected viciousness, she is touchingly ignorant of the ways of the world, and falls victim, at last, to the clumsy tricks of a sixteen-year-old swindler. Charming, silly little Sally certainly isn't a heroic character. Yet this foreign girl, astray from her class and her traditions, is shown, subtly and effectively, as representing the style and mood of a whole shattered society—a society which was also astray and heading for its total overthrow, into the Third Reich.

Isherwood is neither a reporter nor a preacher of morals; as a discreet and somewhat romantic realist he likes indirect methods. The people he presents to us—the petty bourgeoisie and unsuccessful bohemians, the well-to-do business men and the pleasure-seeking foreigners, the workers and the minor criminals—are entirely, or almost entirely, preoccupied by their private affairs. Their talk is of love, of money, of the weather, of their professional prospects and their little intrigues. Nevertheless, politics play a dominating part in the lives of these men and women, and in the development of this book which describes them. Its "intimate" character is only apparent; it is in reality eminently political. Isherwood aspires to portray the decay and rapid transformation of the German capital, in epic form. He tries to make clear *how it happened.* In many passages he most impressively succeeds.

The shadow of the swastika lies, already, upon his opening pages; and as these stories carry us forward, from 1930 to 1933, it becomes heavier, more solid, more threatening. Do not all the faces that we meet here—the human, touchingly comic faces—carry somewhere, secretly, the mark of the curse? Are they not all stumbling toward a precipice? That precipice is the Third Reich. And into it they fall.

A few will not notice what has happened to them. Fräulein Schröder, for example, will scarcely be aware of the change. But others, the more highly developed natures, will be destroyed. Bernhard Landauer—perhaps the most complex, most delicate character in the book—must die. He is the young head of a big department store, a skeptical philosopher and collector of antiques. The Nazis murder him. What will become of the Nowaks? One of the sons was a Nazi. Is he still believing in Hitler today? Or is he disillusioned?

There is nobody to answer these questions. The young English writer and language teacher who saw so much has gone: Berlin became a nightmare for him at last. Darkness falls on the great, lovable, ugly city. The foreigner must abandon her to her fate. May it be merciful! The men and women to whom Isherwood has introduced us cannot all have turned suddenly into monsters. But they can make mistakes, and sin through ignorance; they can become guilty, and they can atone.

Auf Wiedersehen, Berlin! KLAUS MANN

Made in U.S.A.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH LETTERS. By William Lyon Phelps. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

"EVEN as a little child," records Professor Phelps, "I responded gratefully—and usually with surprise—to any acts of kindness or to any courtesies from older people," and his autobiography relates his almost infinite gratitude for life's almost infinite courtesies. How could he not be gay? His heart had always thumped when he thought of Yale, the undergraduates walking like gods down the streets, and to teach there was very bliss. From his Yale children it was only a step to his Sunday children in Brooklyn, his Saturday children in Manhattan, his Philadelphia children. Culture and paternity advancing hand in hand, other cities, the entire continent, would soon succumb to their joyous union, and did. A little more cautious, the Yale faculty did not take so much longer really to capitulate to a charm which one is tempted to characterize as virulent, and they were the first of the more learned Friends of Billy Phelps—Santayana, Hardy, Riley, Galsworthy, Conrad, Chesterton—the accounts of whom form a valuable portion of Professor Phelps's volume.

Reading over the 1,000 pages of memories, anecdotes, homilies, apologies, appreciations, revelations, which describe Professor Phelps's life and friendships, it is impossible for us also not to feel admiration and amazement. Expounding T and B (Tennyson and Browning) to 500 undergraduates, playing golf with Glenna Collett, editing Chapman, writing to Galsworthy on the use of the double possessive, studying Schopenhauer, addressing a convention of school teachers in Charlotte, shooting quail in Atlanta—into each of these Professor Phelps pours his energies without conflict, and from each draws the inevitable happy returns. In our uneasy period he gives us the history of a colossal happiness. And if today we are inclined to regard such excessive joy with a certain suspicion, Professor Phelps, it is true, has had to make his concessions to achieve it. Occasionally we cannot help considering him a sort of Henry Ford of culture—the raw books flowing into his library at one end of a spiritual assembly line, and the finished verdicts flowing out at the other; only whereas the automobile manufacturer must have his shutdowns, Professor Phelps, controlling his supplies and his distribution with an efficiency any monopolist might envy, has continually and for over fifty years speeded up production.

If such an association seems incongruous for a scholar, it is simply because we do not realize that the essence of Professor Phelps lies in his fusion of our national temperament with learning. He is as indigenous as Coney Island and the McCormick reaper. Like the Mississippi he is an American phenomenon, and like it also he is more a force of nature than a solitary individual. Although the pages of the "Autobiography" are studded with learned quotations in varied languages, their watermark is always U. S. A., and they reveal the immense energy of our society, our hero-worship, tolerance, pragmatic curiosity, sentimentality, and geniality. Professor Phelps showed thousands of citizens that reading novels is fun, that Hamlet is as exciting as a brass band, and that he could be equally passionate about Browning and baseball. His success comes from this, of course, and his virtue is that, however imperfectly and sometimes almost by sleight of hand, he transferred the American vision from material to spiritual objects. And if, bringing the classics to the provinces, Professor Phelps was sometimes forced to describe them as a Sears-Roebuck catalogue might classify a Botticelli, he was always working toward a better future. When the Dies committee investigates Billy Phelps, it will find that he is a propagandist for civilization.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

United States of the World

UNION NOW. By Clarence K. Streit. Harper and Brothers. $3.

MR. STREIT'S book is remote from present-day realities—which does not mean that it is without value, for the fundamental idea that underlies it is right. I agree with Mr. Streit that we shall ultimately have to come to what he calls "union," that is to say, a United States of the civilized world, but "union now" is a different proposition and, I fear, quite an impracticable one. We all know that neither England nor France nor the United States, to say nothing of the other countries that Mr. Streit proposes to include, would even consent to discuss it. It is an ideal which may at last be reached after many years of propaganda in its favor.

Nor can I agree that, if Mr. Streit's proposal could come into operation immediately, it would be a remedy for the present international situation. Our immediate task is to stop a new barbarian invasion which threatens to overwhelm European civilization. It can be stopped only by a combination—that is, a defensive alliance—of all the countries, whether nominally democratic or not, prepared to join in it. It is much to be feared that the "Union" of Mr. Streit's fifteen democracies at the present moment might drive the other countries into the arms of Germany. I do not share Mr. Streit's confidence that Russia, for example, would be friendly to such a Union.

The European countries included in the fifteen are England, France, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, Holland, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland—Mr. Streit is doubtful with reason about Finland. Of these countries England and France alone have any military strength to speak of. If they were confronted by a combination of all the other European countries, the United States would have to bear the brunt of the inevitable war. Mr. Streit says: "No serious foreign trade problem would remain for the Union and no outside country could withstand the bargaining power of this rich market with its monopoly control of essential raw materials." The other countries would hardly be likely to regard this as a pleasing prospect. Mr. Streit further says that the Union would not need protective tariffs and "would need a tariff for revenue much less than any democracy now." If it had any tariff at all, it would be an economic menace to the rest of the world.

In my opinion, Mr. Streit is perfectly right in thinking that the fact that the League of Nations is based on national sovereignty is the fundamental vice in its constitution. It made necessary the unanimity rule which has been so serious a hindrance to the effective work of the League and has led to unsatisfactory compromises. I am inclined, however, to think that the League might work much more effectively if the unanimity rule were abolished and decisions were taken by, say, a two-thirds' majority. This, of course, would involve the substitution of a system of plural voting in proportion to population for the existing system of one nation one vote, which, as Mr. Streit justly says, is undemocratic as well as absurd.

Mr. Streit's system of beginning a world union with a "nucleus" seems to me a fundamental error. It would be no more difficult to form a world union than to form a nucleus, when the conditions bring such a union within the domain of practical politics. We shall have to wait a long time for that, but no longer perhaps than for the "nucleus." Another error seems to me to be that, if I do not misunderstand him, Mr. Streit thinks that political democracy is enough. If so, I cannot agree with him. In my opinion, real democracy will not be possible until at least banking is taken out of private hands. As Anatole France pointed out long ago in "Penguin Island," mere political democracy is coming to mean more and more government by financiers. If we desire real freedom and real democracy, we must break the power of the financial interests. A union based on the existing capitalist system might well increase it and make any drastic social change much more difficult.

How far are Mr. Streit's fifteen democracies genuinely democratic? France is at present—temporarily, it is to be hoped—under a dictatorship. England is in fact more an oligarchy than a democracy and is steadily becoming less and less democratic. There have been serious encroachments on individual liberty and on the freedom of the press, and Parliament is becoming more and more merely an instrument for registering or refusing to register the decisions of the government of the day. The House of Commons has no longer any initiative. Neville Chamberlain has been allowed until now to usurp almost dictatorial powers so far as foreign policy is concerned and to negotiate in secret with Hitler without even a representative of the Foreign Office being present at the interviews, so that nobody should know what was said. This sort of thing is not democracy.

From the American point of view a grave objection to Mr. Streit's proposal, it seems to me, is that it would separate the United States from Latin America. Surely the first duty and the first interest of the United States is to unify the American continent.

Nevertheless, this is a book that everybody should read, for it abounds with interesting ideas and pertinent criticisms and it anticipates the future. Its great value lies in the fact that it will prepare public opinion for what must ultimately be the solution of the problem of peace. ROBERT DELL

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DRAMA

X Equals Love

CHARLES MORGAN, drama critic of the London *Times,* is best known in America for "Sparkenbroke" and other novels of considerable intellectual pretension. I doubt, however, that his reputation here will be greatly enhanced by his new play "The Flashing Stream," which has just been imported into the Biltmore Theater. Though obviously intended to appeal to an intellectual and spiritual upper class, the dish is compounded of familiar melodramatic staples and not greatly improved by liberal drenchings in some sort of highbrow gravy.

The scene is a lonely experimental station of the British Admiralty, and the plot concerned with the invention of a new aerial torpedo destined "to make England an island again" because it has the happy faculty of chasing bombers all by itself and then blowing 'em up when it gets close enough. This handy little device is being perfected by a naval officer consecrated to his task, but it depends, somewhat improbably, upon certain fabulously abstruse mathematical calculations, and he is compelled, against his better judgment, to admit to the lonely island a woman who happens to be not only second to Einstein alone in mathematical genius but second to no one at all in what none of the characters present upon this stage would think of calling s. a. She is, moreover, equipped with what all would be even less likely to denominate "round heels."

Probably it is not necessary to go any farther in detailing the plot. The monastic inventor and the far from monastic mathematician sleep with a drawn slide rule between them, and in the end, after the latter has convinced the former that women are really capable of "impersonal passion" (at least when they can't get access to any other sort), she saves the whole works—that is to say, the torpedo itself, as well as the self-respect, integrity, and sanity of its inventor. There is a great to-do about "control rooms" and the secret calculations "Series four." There is also much pseudo-scientific hocus-pocus about "spindles" and the constant K which may be a variable after all. Worse yet, there is even more soul-searching and high spiritual fiddle-faddle about the demands of the body and the health of the soul, making, all in all, what Hotspur would call such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff as would put a man out of all patience. Toward the end the meaning of the title is explained. I have forgotten what the explanation is, but I remember that it was very poetic. Godfrey Tearle plays the inventor remarkably well; of Margaret Rawlings as the mathematical glamor girl I can say only that she is probably all the author intended.

Charlotte Armstrong's "The Happiest Days" (Vanderbilt Theater) is a sentimental tragedy based directly upon a recent sensational newspaper story concerning the youth who made a suicide pact with his seventeen-year-old sweetheart when they discovered that she was pregnant and then lost his nerve after he had shot her through the head. Eschewing the sensational and striving for pathos rather than horror, Miss Armstrong tends to underwrite rather than overwrite, and the result is a sort of lachrymose idyl which some will doubtless find exquisitely touching but which struck me as weak and, finally, as false. The story is told with a background of rather trivial domestic realism, against which genuine tragedy would be obviously impossible, and, perhaps for that reason, the author funks the scene which alone could have made the whole convincing—the scene, that is to say, in which the two young people reach their resolution. At the end of the first of the two acts we see them hardly more than greatly troubled; at the beginning of the second they are waiting with a pistol for the striking of the clock which has been agreed upon as their signal. Moreover, and again in accord with the aim to make the play less powerful than pathetic, the author has chosen to represent the young lovers, not as driven by despair and terror, but as motivated by the desire to die as lovers rather than run the risk of declining into the dull domesticity of their parents. To bring the curtain down, the father, adopting the same attitude, remarks that he envies his daughter because she will never lose what she has had, and thus he furnishes a conclusion which is sentimental in the most precise sense of that term—one, that is to say, which proposes an emotional resolution based upon premises which probably no single member of the audience would seriously accept.

The Group Theater is giving five special performances of "My Heart's in the Highlands," a very clever dramatization of one of the best stories by that daring young man William Saroyan. The piece runs for only an hour and a half, but some means should be found for giving the general public a chance at it. If further performances are arranged, I shall comment at length.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

MOZART'S great Piano Concerto K. 491, which Victor issued a few months ago, is now released by Columbia in a performance by Casadesus with the Paris Symphony under Bigot. The new set (four records, $6) is cheaper but in no way inferior. It is true that Fischer's playing in the Victor set is more incisive and forceful—which is advantageous to the powerful first movement. But Casadesus's phrasing, though more suave, does not lack strength; in addition I find his pace better for the last movement than Fischer's; and his orchestra sounds a little better on the records.

In marked contrast to the power of this concerto is the vivacity and brilliance of the Symphony K. 297 which Mozart wrote for the audience of the Concerts spirituels in Paris, and which Columbia has issued in a superbly dynamic performance by the London Philharmonic under Beecham (three records, $5). Columbia's two-record set ($3.25) of Brahms's finest orchestral work, his Variations on a Theme of Haydn, offers an excellent performance by the London Philharmonic under Weingartner; what it cannot offer is the characteristic sharpness of contour, transparency of texture, and miraculous subtlety of orchestral coloring that are in Toscanini's record-

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ing with the New York Philharmonic. In another two-record set are Grétry's mildly charming "Danses villageoises," well played by the Paris Symphony under Ruhlmann; in still other two-record sets are Liszt's Hungarian Fantasy, his "Totentanz," and Mendelssohn's G minor Piano Concerto, the first two brilliantly played by Kilenyi with the Paris Grand Orchestra under Meyrowitz, the third by Ania Dorfman with the London Symphony under Goehr, and all three music that never would be missed.

Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto is another matter; and from Victor there is a new set (3½ records, $7) made by Menuhin and the Colonne Orchestra under Enesco—with highly competent and fine-sounding fiddling, and with lots of vigor and fussy shading for lack of the style born of poised maturity that is heard in Szigeti's version. On the other hand Myra Hess, in her poised maturity, seems to follow with Schumann the principle that Mengelberg once announced for Tchaikovsky: "Everysing exagéré"; and the result of this exaggeration is a performance of "Carnaval" (three records, $5) that makes of the "Valse noble" a "Valse sentimentale," and much the same thing of the entire work. The old Rachmaninov set offers less impressively recorded piano tone and noisier surfaces, but with these a sharper-witted, finer-grained treatment of the music.

Hindemith's Sonata for viola and piano Opus 11, No. 4, which Victor offers in an excellent performance by Primrose and Sanroma (two records, $4.50), is an early work, much of it conventionally melodious and pleasant, with only a hint occasionally of the unattractive procedures of the later works that we associate with his name. On the other hand, Music for Four Stringed Instruments (three records, $6.50) represents Loeffler well past his prime, when inspiration had run out but matured technical powers could keep things going—in this case with skilful writing for strings which the Coolidge Quartet's performance makes effective. As for Copland's "El Salon Mexico," excellently performed by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitsky (two records, $4.50), it tells us what Mexico meant to the composer of the granitic Piano Variations; and what it meant—expressed in music which puts the sensuous, languorous tunes into a rhythmic strait-jacket and pours harmonic acid on them—is not what it would mean to most of us.

More rewarding is Victor's set (three records, $6.50) of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater." This is music that one would like to hear sung with adult timbres and phrasing, but that has charm of a different kind when sung with the bright clarity of the voices of the Vienna Choir Boys.

Ernst Victor Wolff's harpsichord playing is something I invariably enjoy for the brilliance of its coloring and the vitality of its phrasing (as against the vitality of mere thumping); but almost invariably I do not enjoy the music in which he lets me hear it—this time Bach's Ouverture à la manière française (Columbia: four records, $6). But a Columbia single ($1.50) offers an excellent new recording by Commette of his eloquent performance of Bach's great D minor Toccata and Fugue for organ.

Modern Record Company of 132 West Forty-third Street, an offshoot of Theater Arts Committee, is issuing records (75 cents each) of "songs of political and social comment."

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The first is a coupling of "Abe Lincoln" and "Joe Hill," both well sung and recorded; and a second, offering "Picket Line Priscilla" and "Swing TAC," has been announced. Also, some readers may be interested in a record produced by Walter C. Garwick of Rye, New York, under the auspices of the National Council of Teachers of English. On one side Dr. Harry Morgan Ayres discusses the reading of Chaucer; on the other side he reads passages from "The Canterbury Tales."

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS" (Samuel Goldwyn) is, so far, the best picture of the year, such outstanding foreign films as "Grand Illusion" and "The Puritan" not excluded. It leaves "The Citadel" and "Pygmalion" far behind. It is a solid, beautiful, and convincing piece of moving-picture art unspoiled by the concessions to outworn formulas or the avoidance of decisiveness at the crucial point which are the two foremost reasons for the low level of even the more ambitious undertakings of the great industry. One consideration seems to have dominated this production of the movie version of Emily Brontë's famous novel of a century ago: faithfulness to the selected theme of passionate love.

Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht of "Gunga Din" shame have made surprising use of their great talents and their better selves in adapting the Victorian novel for modern appreciation. They have limited the story to the essentials: Cathy's betrayal of her love for the sake of clothes and a gentle home, the eternal conflict of the female, and Heathcliff's return and—I almost said revenge, but what comes so liberatingly through at the end, in one of the most moving deathbed scenes ever shown, is the realization that Heathcliff is not a psychopath but a great character. His actions destroy Cathy's body but save her soul. They destroy him but rescue their love. Depth triumphs over shallowness. Tragedy is not patched over with convenient compromises but is resolved. Thus, the inner story with the strength to strengthen is told in terms of a poetic realism which is in itself a triumph. There is no cheap line, no silly by-play. Every detail serves the whole.

Such a script needs a director who is more than a first-class technician. William Wyler, whose "Dodsworth" is still memorable, takes with "Wuthering Heights" a great step forward. He avoids any superficial effect, aims always at the heart of the theme, and reaches it in the most simple and at the same time the most subtle way. A little detail: note how the light plays on Cathy's face while Heathcliff's remains in shadow as they look through the window at the ball in the neighbor's mansion; the whole approaching conflict is given in the lighting. So, with a hundred other masterly handlings of movie means, Mr. Wyler recreates the mood in which alone the story is able to live. Take the beautiful, somber, and romantic landscape in which he sets the walls of Wuthering Heights. Wyler never succumbs to the common temptation to use the magnificent scenery as a spectacle in itself. There are moors, clouds, trees, and rocks, snowstorms and rain storms, but stronger and more beautiful than nature remain man and his passions. If I object to one thing it is the image at the very end of the lovers walking side by side up to their "castle" in the rocks. This device does not aid but rather suppresses the imagination. Otherwise there are only economy and truthfulness. Wyler subdues his excellent technique to serve his ends; he does not display it. The actors are always led to the limit of the possibilities of the theme but with the greatest of taste and the most careful balancing of the values involved.

The cast is faultless. Merle Oberon looks the Victorian heroine and Laurence Olivier the uncompromising man. Both play with legitimate modern overtones which stress the eternity of their conflict. David Niven as the gentle husband and Geraldine Fitzgerald, a newcomer of great promise, as his sister give equally perfect performances. Special mention for Flora Robson as Ellen, the maid, who tells the story. A flawless supporting cast and a generous production help to instrument the symphony. Last but not least, for all this we must thank Samuel Goldwyn, who, let us hope, will not soon sever his connection with serious movie art, newly established through this picture.

After "Wuthering Heights" it seems impossible to review the normal run of pictures of the past two weeks. Therefore I only list them as seen:

"Three Smart Girls Grow Up" (Universal), a feeble vehicle for the charming Deanna Durbin; "Alexander Graham Bell" (Twentieth Century-Fox), "one of the sweetest box-office stories ever told"; "Dodge City" (Warner Brothers), a new low in technicolor; "Midnight" (Paramount), praised as one of the best comedies of recent years but too plot-conscious.

FRANZ HOELLERING

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Letters to the Editors

UCAPAWA vs. STFU: Mr. Brophy Explains

Dear Sirs: Your issue of March 18 contains assertions about the CIO and the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America that should be corrected in the interests of a true picture of the relations between that organization and the officers of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union.

You state that "the break was precipitated when Donald Henderson, president of the UCAPAWA, suspended the elected officers of the Tenant Farmers' Union on charges which boil down to refusal of the union to surrender its autonomy." This is not correct. The suspension of the officers of the STFU was ordered by unanimous vote of the executive board of the UCAPAWA after they had refused for many months to observe the constitution of the UCAPAWA or to cooperate in any way with it. The autonomy of the STFU was observed by the UCAPAWA throughout this period. Per capita dues were returned to the STFU for organizational work, until the officers of the STFU ordered its locals to cease making such payments.

You express further your hope that "the top executives of the CIO will find time to resolve the difficulties of a union whose importance is far greater than its size," and state that the STFU "has appealed to the CIO to bring about a fair settlement." For your information the CIO has devoted time and effort to the settlement of the present dispute between the officers of the STFU and the UCAPAWA, at the request of both. After several meetings with officers of these organizations a plan of settlement was worked out as follows: (1) The officers of the STFU would agree to abide by the constitution of the UCAPAWA. (2) The STFU would continue to enjoy full autonomy within the framework of the constitution of the UCAPAWA. (3) The suspension of the officers of the STFU would be lifted by the executive board of the UCAPAWA. The plan included the statement by the CIO: "It is also our view that matters affecting the relationship of the STFU within the UCAPAWA can be fully reviewed at the convention of the UCAPAWA. Furthermore, once the legal channels of the international have been fully used, the executive board of the CIO is open for review and action on all proper appeals."

This plan was accepted by the UCAPAWA, but after indications from one of the officers with whom we conferred that it would be acceptable it was rejected by the officers of the STFU. In the meantime the Missouri and Oklahoma sections of the STFU have shown their disapproval of the action of the STFU officers by voting in convention to affiliate directly to the UCAPAWA.

The interest of the CIO in and its aid to the terribly exploited tenant farmers and share-croppers of the South will be maintained.

I may add that the CIO is not in the habit of guiding its policy by the familiar accusations of "allegiance to an outside political group." Newspaper and other attacks on the CIO have dulled whatever edge this weapon once possessed.

JOHN BROPHY,
Director of the C. I. O.

Washington, March 30

The STFU Replies

Dear Sirs: When the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, in September of 1937, entered the CIO it was with an agreement that it would retain its administrative self-government over its entire organization. The status of an autonomous affiliate was accepted by Mr. Henderson in an address before the STFU convention and was written into the district constitution. Without this agreement the membership of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union would never have affiliated with UCAPAWA.

At the suggestion of the director of the CIO the STFU agreed to accept the status of "restricted district" in UCAPAWA, giving up STFU locals in Texas in May of 1938. The previous agreement of complete autonomy and self-government was formally recognized by the International Executive Board of UCAPAWA. No sooner had this agreement been made than Mr. Henderson proceeded to make it also a scrap of paper. Circular letters were sent out to STFU locals designed to destroy the confidence of the membership of the STFU in its own elected leadership.

In December of 1938, the second convention of UCAPAWA was held 2,500 miles away from the STFU district. The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union had 146 locals in good standing and entitled to representation. There were only 325 locals in UCAPAWA. It was possible for only nine delegates to get to the San Francisco convention. Those delegates were seated as representatives of single locals, and 137 other locals were disfranchised. Every single proposal made by the STFU delegation was defeated, and the delegates were attacked on the floor of the convention. The constitution was changed over the protests of the nine delegates. All autonomy formerly granted by the UCAPAWA constitution to district unions was taken away. This meant that the agreement with the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union was completely abrogated by official action of the UCAPAWA convention.

The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union's fifth annual convention on January 1, 1939, petitioned the international for a continuation of the original agreement. A resolution stating the minimum requirements of the STFU was adopted unanimously and forwarded to Washington. On January 25 a letter was received from Henderson stating that STFU locals would have to deal directly with the Washington office. The Executive Council of the STFU meeting on February 11 officially notified the international that if reports were made by locals of the STFU it would be done in line with the original agreement guaranteeing the autonomy of the STFU as an organization affiliated with UCAPAWA, that is, through their own organization.

On February 23 letters were sent out by Henderson to STFU organizers offering them jobs as international organizers and announcing that the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union would be reorganized and broken up into statewide organizations chartered direct by UCAPAWA. Without previous notification of any charges and in violation of the UCAPAWA constitution, Henderson on March 1 announced that all the elected officers of the STFU were suspended and that state conventions beginning in St. Louis on March 12 would be held to establish unions dual to the STFU.

Upon receipt of the first of the letters attempting to bribe STFU organizers with jobs, the Executive Council of the STFU ordered a referendum vote empowering the officers to withdraw from the UCAPAWA. The STFU requested an interview with John L. Lewis, president of the CIO, for a delegation to be sent to Washington.

Conferences were held in Washington on March 8 at the offices of Mr. Brophy, and there Henderson flatly refused to rescind his suspension order and call off the dual conventions. The STFU delegation was told that if they would accept the UCAPAWA constitution and forget the agreement of 1937, officers would be restored. However, Henderson stated that he was going through with the division of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union into state organizations.

On March 9, at an interview with STFU representatives, Mr. Brophy proposed that the STFU agree to a trial period of one year working within UCAPAWA, during which time our autonomy would be guaranteed by the CIO. At the end of the period the CIO board would review the entire situation and make its recommendations. Mr. Brophy said he would see that Henderson accepted this proposal. I agreed to urge the STFU council to accept such a guaranty and to continue within UCAPAWA.

On March 10 the actual proposals were received in Memphis. These proposals, made in the name of the CIO, meant unconditional surrender to Henderson. The first condition was complete acceptance of the UCAPAWA constitution, which abrogates all autonomous rights of the STFU. The second proposal gave lip service to STFU autonomy, but it was canceled by the first, since under the constitution UCAPAWA districts, of which the STFU was one, became mere organizing committees completely controlled by Henderson and his executive board. The last proposal was the lifting of the suspension of the officers, provided the other conditions were accepted.

The STFU council ordered me to ask Mr. Brophy for clarification and authorized me to say that we would accept his proposals if autonomy meant real control of our affairs. Mr. Brophy informed me that we must accept the conditions as stated.

By that time returns on the referendum vote from 138 locals were in. Only two locals favored remaining in UCAPAWA. Without guaranties of the continuation of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union as an organization, the council ordered immediate withdrawal from UCAPAWA.

We charge, and we are prepared to prove, that Donald Henderson acted not as a trade unionist owing his allegiance to the membership of UCAPAWA, of which we were the most significant and one of the largest sections, but that he acted as an individual concerned with advancing the interests of a political party. No trade unionist in his right mind goes about destroying his own organization.

If the CIO takes no further steps and allows Henderson to use its name to call comic-opera conventions to set up paper organizations dual to the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, it is doing a great injustice to its 4,000,000 members who have a stake in its future.

H. L. MITCHELL, Secretary,
Southern Tenant Farmers' Union
Memphis, March 30

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The Shape of Things

NEWS FROM LONDON SUGGESTS THAT PRIME Minister Chamberlain is still hankering after appeasement. Sir Nevile Henderson has returned post haste to Berlin, whence he was recalled after the Nazi invasion of Czechoslovakia, bearing, it is said, assurance that Britain was not aiming at encircling Germany, an appeal for moderation in the speech Hitler will deliver on April 28, and a veiled warning that if the response is unsatisfactory Britain may adopt conscription. In making this unilateral gesture of friendliness Mr. Chamberlain displays his usual exquisite sense of bad timing. Far from being calculated to restrain Hitler, it is almost an invitation to added truculence. The Nazi press has already joyfully acclaimed this move as a sign of weakness, an indication that British efforts to build up an anti-aggression front have failed. Equally deplorable are the probable reactions in the world beyond the axis. To Americans the dispatch of this diplomatic dove appears, at best, a queer way of backing up President Roosevelt's message to the dictators. Russia, already dubious about British sincerity, will hardly be encouraged to give the cooperation that is essential if any effective eastern barrier to aggression is to be built. As for the small European powers, already wondering whether a British guaranty is an asset or a liability, they may well fear that another Munich is being cooked up with one among them destined to be the *pièce de non-résistance.*

*

THE DIPLOMATIC COUNTER-OFFENSIVE OF the axis in the Balkans cannot fail to benefit from this new indication of British hesitation. A primary objective is the disruption of the Balkan Entente, composed of Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey, which is the obvious foundation for any Anglo-French defensive network in Southeastern Europe. The seizure of Albania thrust a wedge between Yugoslavia and Greece, and now the former, having been made aware of the gun at its back, is being politely wooed by the axis. Preliminary negotiations are being conducted by Italy, which seems to be playing a double game. On the one hand it is loyally trying to strengthen the axis by securing the adhesion

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of Yugoslavia: on the other hand it is anxious to form an inter-axis southern bloc which would offset the present preponderance of the German end. With this in view it is attempting to settle the longstanding minority claims of Hungary against Yugoslavia. The idea is that Hungary should accept minor concessions while Yugoslavia resigns from the Balkan Entente and becomes an effective member of the axis. This step would leave Rumania, with its much larger Hungarian minority, isolated and an easy prey to economic and political pressures. It is a neat scheme likely to go into effect unless the people of Yugoslavia, who heartily dislike both Italy and Germany, continue to express themselves so strongly that even their semi-dictatorial government will be forced to listen—it is reported that when Belgrade called up reservists last week they flocked to their barracks shouting, "Down with Mussolini" and "Down with Hitler." But here again Anglo-French shilly-shallying is playing into the hands of the fascist powers.

*

IN PARIS THE PRO-FASCISTS OF THE EXTREME right are drawing inspiration, if not something of more negotiable value, from Rome and Berlin for a renewed appeasement campaign. Their patriotic endeavors are now devoted to attacking and discrediting France's two most important allies. They oppose every attempt to strengthen the Franco-Soviet pact and lose no opportunity to disparage the strength of the Russian army. Britain, they argue, is a danger to France because it is promoting a war in which Frenchmen will bear the brunt of the fighting. So long as the British refuse to accept conscription, they say, their good faith is questionable. It is now reported from London, however, that the Cabinet has agreed to introduce the draft, though it is still uncertain when and under what conditions. There seems to be increasing support for this step inside Britain, but it is doubtful whether the Labor Party will indorse it unless the government also moves to conscript wealth. The budget, which at the time of writing has not yet been announced, may provide a clue to Mr. Chamberlain's readiness to strain the patriotism of his wealthy supporters.

*

LEON HENDERSON HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO fill the vacancy left on the Securities and Exchange Commission by the appointment of William O. Douglas as Supreme Court Justice, and may become its new chairman. He was appointed in the face of the attempts of the Stock Exchange to prevent his nomination to the commission and now to block his election as chairman. Paul V. Shields, chairman of the public-relations committee of the Exchange, conferred with the President on April 20 to discuss the qualifications which an SEC member should possess and to suggest that the new chairman be chosen from those already on the commission. That, of course, would rule Henderson out. The following day the newspapers reported that the candidacy of Henderson for the commission had "struck serious obstacles" and that objections to him came from within the Administration "as well as from Wall Street." We are glad that the President ignored the Exchange's advice and named Henderson. We do not consult the railroads before making an ICC appointment or the Edison Electric Institute before naming a Federal Power Commissioner, and we see no good reason to change the procedure in the case of the SEC. Henderson's work in the NRA, as consumers' counsel and head of the planning division, and his service as secretary of the monopoly inquiry, inspire confidence. Just before his appointment to the SEC Henderson submitted a memorandum to the Temporary National Economic Committee on the failure of "self-regulation" in the British iron-and-steel industry. He will now have a chance to study at close range another example of the folly of depending on "self-regulation"—the New York Stock Exchange.

*

THE "RECOVERY" PROGRAMS OF BROOKINGS Institution and the Republican National Committee, which appeared side by side on the first page of the New York *Times*, present an interesting parallel. Although the Brookings recommendations are much more limited in scope than the broad cure-alls offered by the Republicans, the two coincide at essential points. Both urge the immediate repeal of the undistributed-profits tax. Both ask for the elimination of taxes which are deemed to be a hindrance to business recovery, and warn against "unnecessary" government expenditures. The Brookings Institution recommends the repeal of the capital-stock tax and urges a substantial reduction in the surtax on high incomes. These recommendations, coming at this time, are particularly interesting in view of the fact that they are flatly inconsistent with the findings of the Brookings four-year study of the effect of the distribution of income on economic progress. It will be recalled that at that time Brookings concluded that the major defect in our economic structure lay in the tendency for the savings of corporations and well-to-do individuals to accumulate more rapidly than investment opportunities. This situation developed because concentration of income in the hands of a few had robbed the masses of the buying power necessary to provide profitable outlets for new capital. Instead of correcting this fundamental flaw in our economy by increased taxation on the holders of surplus capital, the Brookings Institution now would accentuate the problem by eliminating or reducing the levies best fitted to reestablish economic balance. We hope that Congress will ignore these latest recommendations of the Brookings Institution as completely as business ignored its earlier ones.

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GERMAN TRADE AGREEMENTS INVOLVING the provision of capital goods in exchange for raw materials and foodstuffs may prove less formidable in practice than in the headlines. The heavy industries of the Reich have been so monopolized by armaments that in other directions even normal replacement work has fallen far in arrears. There has, for instance, long been a shortage of essential railway material. The artificial industrial boom and the constant movement of troops and military material have put a tremendous strain on the German railroads, already handicapped by obsolete rolling stock and in need of track replacements. According to reports to the Department of Commerce, a crisis has now arisen which has forced the adoption of a four-year railroad-construction program, including 6,000 locomotives, 10,000 passenger cars, and 112,000 freight cars. It is difficult to see how the German rolling-stock industry is to meet these demands and, in addition, produce any appreciable quantity of goods for export. Yet if Germany is to exploit successfully its political and economic dependencies in Southeastern Europe it must, among other things, do something to improve communications. Moreover, the Reich has entered into contracts for the supply of locomotives and freight cars to Argentina in return for 100,000 metric tons of wheat to be delivered within the next six months. If they are wary, the Argentine exporters will only ship their wheat *pari passu* with the receipt of the German railroad material. Otherwise, having fulfilled their part of the agreement, they may well encounter a series of "unavoidable delays" in the completion of the Nazi end of the bargain.

*

A BILL TO PERMIT THE ENTRY OF 20,000 German refugee children of all faiths, outside the quota, is now being considered by a joint Senate-House immigration subcommittee. Sponsored by Senator Wagner and Representative Edith Nourse Rogers and backed by leading citizens of all parties and creeds, this measure would enable 10,000 terrorized children under fourteen to find a haven in this country in the present year and the same number in 1940. No charge on the public funds is involved, since admission depends on the guaranty of full provision for maintenance by responsible citizens or organizations. Urging a favorable report on the bill, Senator Wagner pointed out that the admission of these children could scarcely have an adverse effect on the economic life of 130,000,000 people. He might have added that they will fall into an age-group which is rapidly declining in numbers—a fact proved by a fall in the total elementary school enrolment of over a million since 1930. It may seem incredible that such a bill could be opposed except by those who share the Nazi view that a drop of Jewish blood puts a child outside the pale of humanity. Nevertheless, the American Legion and an assortment of patriotic societies have given evidence of their hostility. A representative of one group suggested we should look after the share-croppers' children before bothering about refugees—the first indication we have seen that this particular kind of patriot even knew share-croppers existed. The generous spirit of America seems to us better represented by Helen Hayes, the actress, who pleaded for the passage of the bill. "Whenever you open the newspapers these days," she said, "you find mention of boatloads of refugees, including children, being shunted from one port to another because nobody wants them. To whom can these children turn if nations such as ours do not open their doors?"

*

A BAD CASE OF JITTERS HAS DESCENDED ON New York's state legislature. The assembly has passed the Devany bill, ostensibly designed to ban from teaching positions as well as from state posts those advocating "overthrow of the government". This action is serious enough as an isolated effort; even more important is the inspiration it will provide for similar bills in other states. The arguments against such measures have been cited frequently enough and nowhere better than in Governor Lehman's veto of a similar bill last year. It would unleash a witch-hunt among teachers and state employees. And all the experience of contemporary crusades against minorities is that they ultimately challenge every brand of liberal opinion. It is heartening to note that the fight against the Devany bill is being led by a Republican, Assemblyman Moffat Abbot. It is in no way surprising that its most vigorous advocates are American Legion officials. The kind of hallucination which inspires such bills was dramatized in the testimony of two Republican Assemblymen who "revealed" that they had found on their doorsteps leaflets urging "overthrow of the Boy Scouts."

Short of War

IN CONSIDERING means of protecting the United States against the final horror of war, far too much attention has been paid to the steps to be taken after war breaks out and far too little to what may be done now to prevent catastrophe. The military tradition is deeply rooted in our heritage. It is assumed, usually without much thought, that the only substantial measures of self-defense are military measures, and that no middle ground exists between diplomacy and armed force.

President Roosevelt struck a blow at this tradition when he referred to "methods short of war but stronger than mere words." Unfortunately, the concept behind this phrase is so new that comparatively few persons have been able to grasp all its possibilities. For a small country there really is no middle ground between diplomatic pressure and war. But the United States is in a unique position. It is the world's leading commercial power. It commands close to one-half of the world's supply of strategic war materials. Since its diplomatic skirts are relatively clean, it has far more prestige than any other great power. It has the choice of using this power and this prestige constructively to develop and support a system of law throughout the world or, through lack of leadership, of allowing the world to relapse into complete anarchy.

The practices of diplomacy itself include several means "stronger than mere words." One of these has already been adopted in the withdrawal of Ambassador Wilson from Berlin. Beyond this lies the possibility of breaking off diplomatic relations. This, however, is not only a double-edged weapon but a weaker one than is ordinarily supposed. Added to these is the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of the fruits of conquest—splendid as a moral gesture but relatively useless as a weapon for enforcing law.

We have long made use of means short of war to protect our rights in the field of trade. Section 303 of the Tariff Act of 1930 empowers the President to impose a countervailing duty against any country which subsidizes its exports to the United States. It was under this section that President Roosevelt imposed a 25 per cent additional duty on a long list of German exports. Section 307 of the act permits the President to exclude all goods made by forced or convict labor. Some authorities argue that this section could be invoked to exclude all German imports from this country. Section 337 allows the President to exclude goods from countries which indulge in certain specified unfair trade practices. The Tariff Act of 1934 instructs the President to refuse most-favored nation treatment to any country which discriminates against American exports. This penalty has also been invoked against Germany. In case the discrimination continues, the President is empowered by Section 338 of the 1930 act to increase duties on the offending country, or ban its goods altogether.

Thus we have, in effect, established a moral principle governing our trade relations. We grant equal treatment to such countries as grant fair and equal treatment to our trade, but we bring discriminatory pressure against countries which do not.

This same principle might be applied to stop a far greater threat to our national security than trade discrimination: the violation of treaties on which all trade and peaceful intercourse rest. Both Germany and Japan, the chief treaty-breaking states, have gone so far in high-handed action against American trade that the President could legally ban their imports completely. Short of that, he could impose an additional discriminatory tariff on their goods. The President also has the power under the Silver Purchase Act and through manipulation of the stabilization fund to help friendly countries and penalize those which threaten our security. Loans and credits can also be advanced at present through the Export-Import Bank to countries threatened by aggression. Congress could, of course, go much farther. Following the precedent established in the Johnson Act, it could pass a law prohibiting American citizens from advancing loans or credits to nations which have violated a treaty with the United States. It could embargo the export of scrap iron or scrap rubber or oil in the interest of American defense. It could adopt special legislation, such as the Coffee bill, cutting off all exports to treaty breakers.

Some persons insist that such measures would lead directly to war. There is little basis for this contention. Many of the laws now on our statute books discriminate against foreign nations for specific reasons; yet no one has suggested that they are likely to end in war. The Johnson Act prohibits loans to some countries but not to others. The most-favored-nation rule not only discriminates but does so to enforce a moral principle. Why should the United States hesitate to use the same sort of pressure against countries which through contemptuous violation of law are threatening to plunge the world into war?

Such action would be effective as a moral gesture divorcing the United States from direct responsibility for the aggression now under way in the world. But it would be far more than a moral gesture. In view of the economic weakness of the aggressor states, it is possible that a sweeping embargo on American economic assistance might turn the tide of world events. Japan certainly cannot go on without American aid. Germany and Italy are not quite so dependent on the United States, but they might well hesitate to plunge the world into war if they were denied American scrap iron and other materials essential for war making.

End Child Labor Now

ONE would have thought, before Mr. Roosevelt's campaign forced the Supreme Court out of the "horse-and-buggy" era, that constitutional amendments would be required for minimum-wage legislation, for federal enforcement of the right to collective bargaining, and for control of agricultural surpluses. But the series of amazing reversals which have now culminated in a new decision upholding farm control have made such amendments unnecessary.

The Nation believes that the new AAA decision clears away the last obstacle to a federal child-labor law, making the Child Labor Amendment unnecessary. We therefore urge Congress to reenact either the 1916 or the 1919 child-labor law, preferably the former, and thus short-circuit the painful and tedious struggle to obtain ratification of the amendment.

It is not generally understood that the principles on which the Supreme Court invalidated the first statute in 1918 and the second in 1922 are much the same as those on which it held the AAA unconstitutional in 1936. These principles are rejected by the new AAA decision. The case against the constitutionality of child-labor legislation as framed by Congress during the Wilson Administration was never a strong one. The first child-labor law was based on sound precedents. It forbade the shipment in interstate commerce of the products of child labor, and in doing so it followed the pattern by which Congress had earlier forbidden shipment in interstate commerce of lottery tickets, impure foods and drugs, and "white slaves." The Supreme Court had upheld these other laws, and had there been a change of one vote it would have upheld the child-labor law, for the addition of one vote would have turned the dissenting minority of Holmes, McKenna, Brandeis, and Clarke into the majority. A year later Congress passed a new child-labor law, imposing a heavy tax on products of child labor moving in interstate commerce. Congress patterned the new statute on earlier laws using the tax power as a means of regulation—notably one against oleomargarine colored to look like butter and one to drive state bank notes out of circulation. But the attempt to apply this technique against child labor was also held unconstitutional.

In both decisions, as in the decision holding the first AAA unconstitutional, the majority did not and could not question the use either of the commerce power or of the tax power. The majority held these laws unconstitutional on the ground that the real motive of Congress was not to regulate interstate commerce or to tax but to regulate matters beyond its control, in the one case manufacturing and in the other agriculture. This kind of reasoning was neatly and wittily characterized by the late Justice Cardozo in a little-known case decided just a month before the first AAA was held unconstitutional. The case involved the right of the federal government to impose a special $1,000 excise tax on persons conducting a retail liquor business in violation of state law. The principle in this respect was the same as that involved in the question of processing taxes. The court divided in exactly the same way as it did a month later on the AAA, Cardozo, Brandeis, and Stone dissenting, Justice Roberts speaking for the majority. Justice Roberts held that the liquor tax was actually an attempt to usurp police powers, as he held later that the processing tax was actually an attempt to regulate agriculture. "The judgment of the court, if I interpret it aright," Justice Cardozo said for the dissenters in the liquor-tax case, "does not rest upon a ruling that Congress would have gone beyond its power if the purpose that it professed was the purpose truly cherished. The judgment of the court rests upon the ruling that another purpose, not professed, may be read beneath the surface, and by the purpose so imputed the statute is destroyed. Thus the process of psychoanalysis has spread to unaccustomed fields."

The principles on which the court upheld the Wagner Act and the Guffey Act have disposed of the view that manufacturing or mining or the labor relations in those industries are "purely local matters." The new AAA decision implies what everyone else has long recognized—that agriculture likewise is no longer a "purely local matter." But in reversing himself, and Chief Justice Hughes, on the AAA, Justice Roberts has also abjured the attempt by "psychoanalysis" to read the motives of Congress and on the basis of those motives to prevent the exercise of powers clearly granted by the Constitution and unquestioned even by the court. For Justice Roberts says of the new AAA: "The statute does not purport to control production. . . . It purports simply to be solely a regulation of interstate commerce, which it reaches and affects at the throat where tobacco enters the stream of commerce —the marketing warehouse. . . . *The motive of Congress in exerting the power is irrelevant to the validity of the legislation.*" If the majority now admits that the motives of Congress are irrelevant so long as the power exercised is itself constitutional and constitutionally applied, why can we not now use either the commerce power or the tax power against child labor? *The Nation* asks some progressive member of Congress to start the ball rolling by introducing a new child-labor law.

Fable for Our Time

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE death of Freedom Pavilion, recounted by Laura Z. Hobson on later pages of this issue, carries its own moral. But the moral is not a simple one. It is as complex as the time we live in, and the story itself is a useful fable for our time. For this is no plain case of murder. Freedom Pavilion was killed by caution and cold water, and the doses were administered by those who called themselves its friends.

There was a certain rich man in the group that tried to launch Freedom Pavilion who is a cynic. At least he claims he is a cynic, though his role in the fight would seem to belie his boast. He doesn't like Laura Hobson's article. He says that Freedom Pavilion couldn't have been killed because it was never born. It was only an idea and it required a lot of money if it was to be brought to life. It was, he thinks, a bold and beautiful idea, one that deserved to live; but it was just the sort of idea that would least appeal to the sort of people who could contribute the money. Very rich people don't like ideas that create controversy and threaten to disturb the status quo. So it isn't fair, he says, to blame Herbert Bayard Swope or any of his friends. The trouble was with the idea; it was too good.

Rich cynics or out-and-out Marxists may be able to draw that kind of a moral from the death of Freedom Pavilion. But the rest of us, struggling against time to make the democratic dogma mean something and work, cannot afford to. For such a conclusion leaves us no out except revolution or fiddling—and most of us are unwilling to tackle either job.

We must believe, and fight to make our belief valid, that in a democracy people of many minds and varied backgrounds can get together on some area of common ground. From the New Deal down to the smallest and poorest defense committee, we work in that belief. We look for friends among people of good-will in many allied groups, and we expect them, rich and poor alike, to do their share and to kick in for the running expenses. And we muddle on toward our destiny in a way that would look both slipshod and unrealistic to any well-brought-up dictator but that works fairly well for us, and can be made to work better.

So much for the theory. In action, of course, we have to depend on our wit and experience to tell us whom we should call upon and whom we must shun, and how broad is the ground on which we stand. The people responsible for Freedom Pavilion made mistakes in action, as Laura Hobson freely admits. It was not, I think, a mistake to enlist Herbert Bayard Swope. I have no doubt that Mr. Swope was genuinely taken with the idea of Freedom Pavilion, even in its unadulterated form, and that, left to himself, he might have been a useful ally. Unfortunately Mr. Swope is seldom if ever left to himself. In that fact lie both his value and his menace.

Perhaps the situation can best be put geographically. None of us lives at a fixed spot marked with a sign reading Proletarian or Capitalist, or Left or Right, or even Poor or Rich. We live and have our mental and social beings in broad areas with badly defined boundaries, areas that lop over on to the places next door. We get along well enough with our near neighbors and the people down the road. We even share a few of the hopes and beliefs of the people on the other side of the tracks; but our areas don't touch theirs at many points and it's no use pretending they do. Now Herbert Bayard Swope exists on a particularly large and sprawling acreage, peopled with the most enormous variety of friends and enthusiasms. It has plenty of room to accommodate an idea like Freedom Pavilion and it stretches way over there to the right into the territory of Monsignor Lavelle and the Nazi-decorated Thomas J. Watson and their like.

What happened was foredoomed to happen and should have been avoided by the experienced people in charge of Freedom Pavilion. Mr. Swope wanted to raise money for the project. Temperamentally Mr. Swope operates on a grand scale. Where you or I would think of a few fairly wealthy people who might give fairly large amounts of money to an idea like Freedom Pavilion, Mr. Swope thinks of a lot of terribly wealthy and terribly prominent people who would be scared to death of such an idea. So, instinctively and automatically, he begins adapting the idea to the people. A little landscaping here, a vine or two there, and the clear, challenging outlines of the thing are gone. Presently Freedom Pavilion itself is gone, too, and nothing is left but a diluted, pallid shadow of an idea. And, strangely enough, Mr. Swope's important friends are also gone; and in this fact lurks a moral if he will only take it. No one, not the most rich or cautious or conservative, will respond with enthusiasm and cash to an idea that has been robbed of its life. Old Heidelberg is not enough.

But for the rest of us, including the creators and sponsors of Freedom Pavilion, the moral is different. We must draw in our friends from as many directions as we can. They must be numerous, if democracy is to work, and they must be bold. They must be generous because it is true that few ideas can come to life without money. But there's no use seeking friends or funds among those who prefer caution to courage and the status quo to any idea that sharply challenges it. In short, we'd better play in our own back yard or in that of our neighbors. We can play in Herbert's yard, too, if we really want to, but we mustn't let him inveigle us up to the big house on the hill, because the people that live there don't play our games.

The governments polled by Hitler on the question whether or not they fear he will attack them have all, in one way or another, answered no. Only a very big brave nation would have the nerve to admit that it was afraid.

A friend, Anton Kuh, has recalled an old riddle that Hitler's questionnaire brings to mind: A crocodile sees a child walking with his mother and snatches the child. In response to the mother's entreaties, the crocodile says: "I will spare your child if you are able to guess whether I intend to eat him." Question: Does the crocodile eat the child? Answer: He does; for if the mother guesses "Yes," the crocodile says, "Right," and swallows the child; if the mother guesses "No," the crocodile says, "Wrong," and, proving it, swallows the child just the same.

Senator Robert Taft says that President Roosevelt has faked a war scare just to distract attention from the failure of his domestic policy and get himself reelected in 1940. To most people it looks as if Senator Taft had faked a preposterous and odious charge just to injure President Roosevelt and get himself elected in 1940; and as if, by so doing, he might succeed in electing Mr. Roosevelt instead.

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Phil La Follette Is Right

BY ROBERT DELL

ONE of the excuses made for the Munich capitulation was the ambiguous attitude of Russia. This assertion was a calumny; Russia was willing to go to the aid of Czechoslovakia whether France did so or not. This fact has now been confirmed by Dr. Eduard Benes himself in an interview with Erika Mann published on April 19 in the Chicago *Daily News.* Dr. Benes said too that shortly before the Munich conference he sent a military commission to Russia which came back with the best reports as to all aspects of Russia's morale and military preparedness. Thus one more lie is knocked on the head. An attempt is now being made in London and Paris to represent Russia as reluctant to participate in combined defensive action against Hitler and Mussolini. This is equally untrue.

The remarkable speech made by Philip F. La Follette before the Economic Club of New York on April 18 was as gratifying to me as was the declaration of Dr. Benes. Here was an independent and extremely intelligent American observer who came back from Europe and told his audience exactly what I have been telling my audiences in the United States since my first lecture at Philadelphia on November 12. What Mr. La Follette said is summed up in the following passage from his speech:

> The policies of the present governments of Britain and France are not the product of stupidity. They have been the result of a narrow, shortsighted, but extremely shrewd purpose to give preference to class interests ahead of national welfare.

May I offer Mr. La Follette my warmest congratulations on his warning against American alliance or cooperation with the present ruling forces of England and France? It would, as he said, be a fatal mistake to intrust the future of America and the fate of democracy itself to such hands. American public opinion should make it clear to the peoples of England and France that if they desire American support they must get rid of Chamberlain, Halifax, Samuel Hoare, John Simon, Daladier, Bonnet, and the pro-Nazi cliques whose instruments they are. It is only too true, as La Follette said, that the practical results of recent American foreign policy and the activity of American representatives abroad "may have been strengthening the forces within Britain and France who are least interested in democracy and who have never demonstrated the slightest concern in the welfare of the United States."

La Follette was quite justified in his skepticism about the reality and permanence of the ostensible change in British and French policy. There is too much reason to fear that the change is superficial. Why did the British government turn down the Russian proposal of an immediate conference between England, France, Russia, Poland, Rumania, and Turkey? Because Chamberlain did not wish to commit himself. The aims of British foreign policy were accurately exposed by the diplomatic correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in an article in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of April 7. He said:

> The immediate object of British foreign policy is a defensive alliance between Great Britain, France, Poland, and Rumania. This alliance, involving guaranties of immediate mutual armed assistance in case of attack by Germany, will, if it is concluded, be, so to speak, the "inner group." It is hoped that it will be concluded quickly, though Anglo-Polish relations must be established on their new foundation first (this is being done with remarkable speed). It is believed that this alliance will be manageable and effective. The intention is to limit commitments to the minimum that is absolutely required. There is no question of any form of universalism or of general "collective security," but only of specific measures against a specific danger at specific danger-points. But it is confidently hoped that there will be an "outer group," so to speak, of friendly powers who will at least observe benevolent neutrality, these powers being the Soviet Union, Turkey, Greece, and Yugoslavia. The Soviet Union is not immediately menaced and is in a different category from Poland. To force a Russian alliance on the Poles might ruin the work that has been done, work of the most delicate nature and so far very successful. A Polish-Russian alliance is in fact an impossibility, though friendly and indeed helpful relations between Moscow and Warsaw are desired and are attainable—indeed, they seem well on the way.

Since the article from which this passage is quoted was written, England and Poland have made a defensive alliance. It seems to me likely that one reason for this special treatment of Poland is that the British government thinks that Hitler has no intention of attacking Poland. He will probably come to an amicable arrangement with the Polish government about Danzig and the Corridor. The British government may also wish to deprive itself of the means of bringing pressure on Poland to enter with Russia into a general alliance.

According to the reports from Europe in the American press, Rumania has refused to join the alliance. The Rumanian and Greek governments apparently say that they are quite willing to be defended by England should the necessity arise, but not to enter into any mutual defensive contract. No doubt, like every other government in Europe, they have no confidence in the word of the present British and French governments. This lack of confidence in itself shows that, without a change of government and a genuine change of policy in England and France, no effective defense against Hitler and Mussolini is possible in Europe. As the diplomatic correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* said, the British government will not hear of any "collective security." It still prefers, to quote Winston Churchill's famous remark, "a bloc on one side and a rabble on the other." Whether a Polish-Russian alliance is or is not an impossibility, it would have been perfectly possible to bring Poland into a collective combination such as the Russian government proposed, but the British do not desire such a combination.

According to a cable message from "Pertinax" published on April 21, there had been a certain development in British and French policy, due perhaps to President Roosevelt's intervention, and British and French negotiations with Russia and Turkey respectively were progressing favorably. The London correspondent of the Associated Press, however, reported on the same day that Soviet Russia had made proposals "which countered those put forward in Moscow by the British ambassador." Perhaps by the time that this article appears in print we shall know more about it. It seems clear, however, that the Soviet government is pressing for a collective and general system of defense and the British government holds to the system of several separate pacts. So long as the British government opposes a general system of collective defense, it will be difficult to believe in its sincerity. It is indeed already impossible to believe in it after the decision to send back the British Ambassador to Berlin, which is an open affront to Mr. Roosevelt and a sign that "appeasement" has not been abandoned.

President Roosevelt's message to Hitler and Mussolini will have an excellent effect both in Europe and America—if Hitler and Mussolini reply with a direct negative, as presumably was the hypothesis on which the message was sent. If not, the result will be dangerous. Chamberlain and Company will clutch at any straw that gives them an excuse for returning to the "policy of appeasement." If Hitler suggested a limitation or reduction of armaments, the danger would be great, for any convention for that purpose would be a fraud unless it provided for effective international control, which Hitler will never accept. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt's chief purpose was, as Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen said in their Washington Merry-Go-Round on April 14, "to push, goad, or cajole the British Empire into the realization that democracy is at stake in Europe." I do not doubt that Roosevelt has been trying to induce the British government to abandon the "policy of appeasement" and that Neville Chamberlain and his colleagues are profoundly distrusted in Washington. Your State Department is extremely well informed about the double-crossing of the ruling oligarchy in England, in spite of your Ambassador to London. That oligarchy is as hostile to the United States as it is to democracy in general.

May I be allowed in conclusion to touch on a personal matter? I was sorry that my friends of the Newspaper Guild put Sir Willmott Lewis, the Washington correspondent of the London *Times,* in a compromising position by inviting him to join the panel of questioners at my lecture in Washington on April 16. He got out of it by declining to ask any questions because I had made personal attacks on certain English and French politicians. I had and I intend to continue. The American public ought to know by what sort of men England and France are now ruled, for the question is whether those men can be trusted. Phil La Follette says no, and he is right.

Trailers Without Wheels

BY BERYL GILMAN

THE implacable enemies of housing in this country have come out of their hiding in high places to sabotage slum clearance and rehousing. They are wielding an effective weapon, for while they were pretending to favor housing they fell on a practical way of doing it damage. They can fight housing with housing.

The current strategy of the anti-housing people, never really a secret, was clearly revealed early last month when Maryland's Senator Tydings rose in the Senate to attack the United States Housing Authority and offer for comparison the notorious Fort Wayne plan. His attack, lacking logic and mismanaging facts, was subsequently annihilated by Senator Wagner's rebuttal. But it showed again that housing opposition is becoming more determined. Speaking of the United States Housing Act, Senator Tydings said: "As I see it, as the act is now written and as it is now administered, the government of the United States of America has launched upon the greatest scheme of state socialism it has ever entered into. It seems to me to be on the Russian model. In striking contrast to this venture in state socialism . . . is the story of housing carried on under private supervision in Fort Wayne, Indiana."

The Fort Wayne plan is being maneuvered into public view as a model housing plan. Technical publications, the newsreels, the pictorial magazines, newspapers, and housewives' publications have supported the scheme. The Federal Housing Administration has praised it as "an excellent example of worth-while local effort," and as a result of all the ballyhoo many local agencies are favoring the plan. A Municipal Housing Division has been created in the FHA to push the plan nationally.

The sponsor of the scheme, now the chairman of the Fort Wayne Housing Authority, is a Fort Wayne insurance executive, a member of the insurance-company advisory committee of the Mortgage Bankers' Association. The whole enterprise has been tackled as a problem in prefabrication and mortgaging and has subsidized a scandalous and brazen system of land speculation. The Fort Wayne Housing Authority buys vacant properties for $1 from private owners—generally properties being held for a speculative rise. With the sale price the landowner gets an option to buy back the property for the same sum after five years, and is blessed with complete exemption from all taxation as long as the authority retains title. The land speculator sees carnival days ahead. Tax free, he can sit back and wait for the boom. Normally the land speculator is forced by the pressure of taxation to build or otherwise utilize his property in order to realize some portion of his investment. But the Fort Wayne plan relieves him of that necessity. A local bank and insurance company advance the costs of the houses, the FHA insures the mortgage loans, and the WPA contributes the labor for the prefabrication and erection of the houses. The Fort Wayne Housing Authority is the owner of the development.

The houses built are shacks, though nicely painted ones. They consist of three rooms and a bathroom, with a flat roof. One large room, twenty by twelve feet, "similar to the early American farm kitchen," serves as a combination living-room, dining-room, kitchen, and storage space. The other two rooms are bedrooms, seven feet, eight inches by twelve feet each, with a small closet in each room. The large combination room has a sink and a coal or wood-burning stove for cooking and heating the entire house. There is a hot-water tank in the bathroom but no heating unit in either of the bedrooms. There is no basement or attic, no storage space, no laundry facilities, no kitchen cabinet or refrigerator.

Entirely prefabricated in a WPA factory, the houses are assembled on the site over a four-inch concrete mat poured over wire and gravel. The walls and partitions, built of plywood and filled with insulating material, are erected over the concrete carpet and tied together with steel rods. The roof panels are bolted in place, and the house is thus secured to its foundation. The actual erection of the entire house on the site takes one hour and forty minutes, and the houses have gone up at the rate of one a day.

One element of real danger in the Fort Wayne plan is that it pretends to offer $900 houses, as compared to the $3,600 units of the USHA projects. But this $900 figure is based on concealed government subsidies. WPA labor constitutes a large subsidy, and the FHA contributes financing charges and technical services. The $900 figure covers chiefly the cost of materials at the factory and conveniently ignores land costs, labor, capital charges, technical services, and so on. "When these figures are added," Senator Wagner showed, "the so-called $900 house becomes about a $2,400 unit."

This means that $2,400 is the minimum cost of a sub-standard experimental house whose durability is questionable, some of whose plywood sections have already warped, and which does not meet the minimum health requirements of the American Public Health Association. The Housing Committee of the American Federation of Labor has stated that the concrete mat is likely to be damaged by frost heavings; that mildew will be produced; that the roofs may have to be replaced in less than ten years; that the entire house is non-durable and non-fireproof, with poor resistance to weather conditions; that large replacement and repair bills will make the houses unmanageable after five years unless rents are raised.

The Fort Wayne houses are constructed with twenty-year specifications. Thus a $2,400 portable, sub-standard dwelling, whose security is never established since it is made possible only by being erected on borrowed land, runs to $120 a year. Compare this with the $3,600 sixty-year house of the USHA. Included in that figure is the best in design and materials, the most modern improvements and comforts, the cost of slum clearance (purchase of slums, land costs, demolition), and trade-union rates of pay for all work done; and the cost is $60 a year.

The total shelter rent and cost of necessary utilities—water, cooking, heating, and electricity for lighting—the A. F. of L. also showed, is $17.53 per month for the Fort Wayne houses and $12.60 per month for the USHA minimum. (Electricity and water in USHA projects are purchased wholesale and are included in the tenant's rent. In Fort Wayne the electricity and water are purchased at retail by the tenant and paid for directly by him.) Senator Wagner may well ask: "Which is the better bargain for the nation?"

The Fort Wayne plan is a plan for creating trailers without wheels. Aside from instituting an unheard-of system of land speculation by hogtying housing to it, it is a plan to obtain private profit from public subsidy. The plan clears no slums and rehabilitates no neighborhoods. It plays little or no part in the stimulation of the building industry. It creates a system whereby houses can now be dispossessed as well as tenants. Will it also grow into a plan to cheat American families out of housing?

Chamberlain's Choice

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, April 12

THE loss of lives and property in another major war might constitute a mortal blow to the present social system. The fact that the system had been responsible for, or at least failed to prevent, two armed world conflicts in twenty-five or twenty-six years would alone be enough to condemn it. This is the chief source of bourgeois pacifism. Neville Chamberlain is a good capitalist—and therefore a pacifist.

To avert war, capitalism must be international. The League of Nations was an attempt to become international. It failed because the mellowing of nationalism—some people call it decadence—in one group of countries was accompanied by a resurgence of nationalism in another.

The League of Nations was wedded to the Versailles status quo. Soviet Russia therefore stayed out. But after fascists started attacking the status quo the U. S. S. R. went in, and then, one by one, the aggressors left. Capitalist internationalism of the post-1918 period was rooted in a craving for the rigidity of World War conquests. Yet it has now survived several radical alterations of the map. The advance of totalitarian imperialism found the orthodox capitalist nations obligingly prepared to abandon the pacifism of the League for the pacifism of appeasement. Geneva internationalism was conservative; it sought to perpetuate the British and French empires. But the appeasement policy of the British and French conservative governments was an acceptance of the rise of new, competing empires. This is a startling innovation.

Appeasement is in a way altruistic. As long as fascist expansion seemed to still its hunger by devouring China, Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, or by moving in the direction of Siberia and the Ukraine, the old empires closed an eye or lent a hand, even though rivals were strengthened thereby. It was the unselfishness of the selfish. To oppose the fascists might mean to have to fight them, and that would be costly. To fight them might mean to destroy them, and who would take their place? But charity has limits. When charity begins to come too near home the time may be ripe for discontinuing it. The fascist imperialisms remain insatiable. Years of appeasement have made them even more insolent. How can fascist appetites now be gratified without coming too close to the holy preserves of the British and French empires?

This is the key problem facing the British and French governments. The situation is apparently more urgent than ever because the force of totalitarian expansion, hitherto regarded by fascists and many non-fascists as irresistible, appears to be approaching an object which now yells that it is immovable.

The capitalist pacifists, seeking a way out, can ponder several alternatives. They can make another effort to canalize fascist expansion. They can barter their own domains for pacific assurances or economic concessions from one or two or all three of the totalitarians. They can try to overthrow the aggressor regimes and court all the attendant risks.

The idea of trying to direct fascist aggrandizement away from the British and French empires is not new. It was one of the motives of Munich and of other diplomatic manipulations. But a careful study of the globe offers little comfort. Africa is a possibility. It has Portuguese and Belgian and even French colonies which Great Britain might be ready to give away in an emergency. Each one of these mother countries, however, has pronounced its overseas possessions inalienable.

There is also Latin America. Were it not for the United States, Britain and France might not be wholly averse to encouraging the totalitarians to hunt for new prizes in that part of the world. But the services of the great North American republic may be needed for very important tasks. Asia? Japan is taking what it can without consulting anyone, and outside of China: Turkey is not for sale, Russia and England cannot allow Persia or Afghanistan to be seized, and while the totalitarians can trouble the waters of Iraq, Palestine, and Syria they could win them only in a general mêlée. There remains the crazy continent of Europe.

Germany and Italy are pushing toward the Black, Aegean, and Baltic seas. Italy wants to dominate the Mediterranean. But command of the seas must be the avenue to new lands, and Albania, Memel, Danzig, and the rest are not enough. Nor, unless the map is further altered to the advantage of the fascists, can Germany rest secure in a "protectorate" over even the non-resistant Czechs while France is a great power or while England can still beckon little states with a golden finger.

The axis has Spain. It is open season now in the Balkans, and the little Baltic states also are troubled. In fact, every European country except Russia is today exposed to sudden aggression. The appeasers have ruined their own cause. The wisest thing would have been to sacrifice Poland and Rumania and permit a Soviet-German war, with Japan cooperating in the East. Russia

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has vast man power and endless wealth. There the fascists would find perfect territorial, economic, and ideological gratification. But even though since 1927 the Bolsheviks have been crying "Wolf, wolf," I have never agreed that the U. S. S. R. was in real peril. And now less than ever. For by a strange turn of the wheel England and France have found it necessary to guarantee the independence of Poland. That might even mean Polish territory. If a similar promise is given to Rumania—and kept—then the two Western powers will also have given security to Russia. Before the war reaches Soviet soil Britain and France are pledged to fight. This has innumerable implications, but first of all it means that the bourgeois pacifists cannot attempt a solution of Europe's problems by encouraging the totalitarians to sink their teeth into Russia. In general, the fascists are too boisterous and wilful to be canalized. The "anti-Comintern" pact is an instrument devised to wreck the British and French empires, and appeasement has not been able to deflect it.

The major issue in the forthcoming period is this: Can England and France do anything to calm the savage fascist breast? Money? They could first canvass New York and Washington and then adumbrate a plan of economic symbiosis in areas tacitly recognized as the natural spheres of fascist commercial activity—Southeastern Europe, Spain, and China. But that is hardly sufficient, and I do not see why the totalitarians should accept it. Could England and France throw all of Europe to the aggressors and wash their hands of it? But they are part of it. If Germany gets much nearer to Bagdad it would be more dangerous than in 1913: British stakes in that region are greater, and Italy this time can actively collaborate in stirring up the Near East. Will the Western countries surrender all their prestige, all buffer territories, all strategic areas, and even part of their own territory? If not, an accommodation between the aggressors and the democracies will be extremely difficult, perhaps altogether impossible. Moreover, who will guarantee that the fascists will rest content even after the French and British have made these concessions?

The fascists do not take too seriously Chamberlain's and Daladier's speeches, and think they can obtain much more. That is the dynamite in the present crisis, particularly since the strategic situation is changing in the democracies' disfavor. Although Beck got a loan and a guaranty in London, he still prefers to sit on the fence. Since the invasion of Albania, Yugoslavia is tightly held in the Italo-German pincers. Hungary is nervously cooperating in the hope of avoiding annexation. Rumania has promised to sell the produce which could rob a British naval blockade of its insidious effectiveness. Given fascist arms, Bulgaria could help keep Yugoslavia and Rumania in line and worry Turkey and Greece in the bargain. Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Hungary are all exposed to attack even in peace time—there is always a national minority "yearning" for Nazi self-determination—and would certainly be occupied if they joined the Western powers.

How can these countries invite the fascist steam roller unless they have the most definite assurances that the British, French, and other governments will not let them down? There is very little chance of getting real collective security in Europe unless England or France, or perhaps Holland or Belgium, is attacked, or unless London and Paris decide that they have had enough and are ready to overthrow Hitler and Mussolini at the next act of aggression. Several Labor and trade-union leaders who saw Neville Chamberlain during the week following the swallowing of Czechoslovakia were convinced that the Prime Minister had got to a point where he felt that Hitler could no longer be tolerated in Europe. Maybe. But as long as the spirit prevailing in London and Paris makes it possible for people to say, Well, we could not have gone to war for the Sudeten province, and we cannot start a world conflagration for the sake of Albania or Memel or Danzig or Croatia or Lithuania, the fascists can still carry on. And Americans are entitled to ask, Why should we come in for Poland? The Poles can argue that they have no interest in Greece; and the Russians that they will not die for Tunis. It is collective security or fascist aggression, either all for each and each for all or chaos and defeat.

I have always held that the fascists could be stopped short of war and I have hoped that they would be. Even now economic measures could cripple their military potential. Germany and Italy are experiencing many internal troubles. But Hitler and Mussolini move from one successful coup to another. An increasing number of vital points on the new strategic map of Europe fall into their lap. They rob with impunity. If this goes on much longer they may easily conclude that it will soon be safe for them to strike the blow for world fascist supremacy.

Rudolph Kirscher writes in the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* in an obvious effort to calm the German public, that Hitler is sure "he can achieve his aim without war." That is for the Führer "the strongest driving force." Says Kirscher: "The German people know this quite well. They do not know how Adolf Hitler will carry out his plans, but they are convinced that with the idea of a genius—apparently at the last moment—Hitler will give the affair the necessary twist so that the aim can be achieved without shedding blood. The twist also gives his opponents the chance of slipping out of the danger which they themselves have created." This fairly accurate description of the Sudeten crisis may be applicable again. But there may be a mistake or an incident or a miscalculation. One of the gravest dangers is the fascist impression of the impotence, indecision, and division of the non-aggressors. And the paradox is that the non-aggressors still refuse to unite against forces that wish to destroy them, that are rotten within, and that are not prepared to fight a long, widespread war. They have no agreement with Russia. They allow Beck to play his own game with Hungary and Rumania, and they seem to think of guaranties as a sort of plaster to be stuck on wherever a boil appears. Perhaps the explanation is their fear lest the fascists succumb if they are hemmed in. The collapse of fascism would have serious repercussions on the entire capitalist world. So the terrible dilemma for representative capitalist minds like Chamberlain's and Bonnet's is: Shall we safeguard our empires by stopping and destroying the fascists or safeguard our social system by avoiding a war through further concessions and further vacillations? The trend, however, especially in England, is away from internationalist appeasement toward nationalist imperialism. British imperialism must conquer England before it conquers its enemies. The same applies to France.

Freedom Pavilion

BY LAURA Z. HOBSON

I GUESS I'd better tell the story of the Freedom Pavilion. It was to have been at the World's Fair: a great exhibition of the work of leading Germans thrown out of Germany for their race, religion, or politics. It was not to preach or call names, simply to "show Americans the testimony" of what a nation loses in the arts, science, medicine, education, religion, when it loses the freedom of democracy.

The plans for the pavilion—the result of many months of preparation—first became public news on January 12. They were presented to "seventy prominent citizens" at a cocktail party at the River House, arranged and presided over by Herbert Bayard Swope. On January 13 the New York *Herald Tribune* ran more than two thousand words about it. The *Times* front-paged it, too, and the other papers gave it plenty of play. The World's Fair had donated a 30,000-foot tract for it. Four days later, on January 16, the whole project was dead.

This was a mighty curious phenomenon. There has been much speculation about the reasons for it, mostly in terms of "pressure groups" and "incipient fascism" and "special interests." I can't tell the story of the Freedom Pavilion in such broad terms. I had never been active on a committee before, nor would I feel at home on a soap-box. I can only set down the testimony, can only tell the facts I know myself, and they will be facts about *people,* people acting and speaking and phoning, some people secure and confident about an idea and other people wary, worried, even frightened about it.

The polite official letters which made the death of the Freedom Pavilion public didn't appear in the press till February 2, two weeks after the *coup de grâce,* but the private obituary came to us on January 16 from Dr. Frank Kingdon, our administrative chairman, and there wasn't anything fancy in his verbiage.

"Whalen won't let us do it. They've been getting to him. He won't let us have the site."

Much of the early organization of the proposed pavilion was done before I came into the picture. The first active group included Samuel L. M. Barlow, the composer, and Ernesta Barlow, his wife, Dr. Frank Kingdon, president of Newark University, and Mrs. Sarah F. Brandes, who had a small publicity office.

On June 14, 1938, a letter was sent to Secretary Hull, signed by Oswald Garrison Villard, Mrs. Barlow, Connecticut's Wilbur L. Cross, Alvin Johnson, and Eustace Seligman of Sullivan and Cromwell: ". . . We believe that as Germany will not be represented at the Fair, an exhibition comprising the creative efforts of many of Germany's most gifted artists and scientists . . . no longer resident in Germany . . . would be welcomed by the public. . . ."

Secretary Hull's reply, dated June 24, in the stately phraseology of diplomacy ushered the idea on to its next formal step. It ended: "If, however, the enterprise is of an entirely private nature and does not in any way attempt to represent a foreign nation it would seem clear that those sponsoring the project could properly approach the New York World's Fair authorities merely as prospective exhibitors."

The World's Fair Corporation, like any other, has a board of directors, and Mrs. Brandes presented the idea to its chairman, George McAneny. He asked for copies of Mr. Hull's letter for the September 12 meeting of the board. A unanimous vote in favor of acceptance of this pavilion was reported, and Mr. McAneny arranged to have Mrs. Brandes and Leslie Baker, Director of Exhibits, visit the Fair grounds to look over sites. Lot N-14 was earmarked as most suitable.

In the meantime, through the summer and fall, another group worked endlessly on the exhibits that were to go into the pavilion. This "creative" group was a German refugee group—Catholics, Jews, Protestants, exiled or self-exiled from Nazi Germany. As work progressed, month after month, this group grew until there were nineteen subcommittees, each under the leadership

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of an expert, each charged with arranging an exhibit in some specialized field.

When the two groups were about to join forces more actively, the refugee group felt the need of having some American who might give them professional advice on the public reaction to their ideas, who might act as their "trustee" among the American members, and who was no amateur but a recognized technician in the matter of writing booklets and general promotion. One of them, Dr. Karl A. Wittfogel, the famed Orientalist, went to Thomas Mann, who sent him to Dorothy Thompson, who sent him to me, and I was in.

Soon major people from both groups formed an Administrative Committee: Dr. Kingdon, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Brandes, Erika Mann, not only for herself but representing the extremely active interest of Thomas Mann, Dr. Paulus Tillich of Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Wittfogel, Dr. Max Moericke, an art expert, and myself. Others came and went as special subjects came up for discussion. Regular meetings were held at my house, those far-into-the-night, eager meetings of people who believe in an idea.

We needed a name. We needed a pamphlet, coordinating the ideas and motives into a printed thing that could be handed to people. We needed sponsors. And we needed a permanent chairman.

The Barlows and Mrs. Brandes had long before approached Herbert Bayard Swope. He was interested. He was uncertain. He was discussing it with friends. He never came to our weekly meetings. His chief point of contact with us at this period was through Mrs. Brandes, who was now serving as paid secretary.

We were working intensely. We thought up names for the pavilion by the dozen, found flaws in them all, thought up others. When we got "Freedom Pavilion" there was unanimous agreement. We hit upon an idea for a poster, and Lester Beall, award-winning art director, donated his time and talents and made a poster we were all so enthusiastic about that we took it for the cover of our pamphlet. You see it here one-quarter the size of the pamphlet. Slowly, carefully we evolved the platform stating the correlated purposes of the Freedom Pavilion, and finally we had a pamphlet which set that platform down. Equally important, it also set the "tone," the emotional climate in which the pavilion would present its ideas:

> What there will not be is the propaganda of denunciation—in the sense of burning effigies or violent exhibits. But every quiet book—every fine name on that roster—every Viennese fiddler in the cafe—the very fact that the whole undertaking is sponsored and created by groups of men and women of all politics, of all faiths, Catholics, Jews, Protestants, working together in harmony and respect—
>
> All of that will be propaganda—forthright and creative. Call it propaganda—call it human protest—call it what you will. Americans will understand it.

Then on January 9 Mr. Swope put in his first appearance at a meeting with the Administrative Committee. From Dr. Kingdon, who had recently taken over most of the job of liaison with him, we had heard of Mr. Swope's idea of a cocktail party for important people and the press. Mr. Swope was still uncertain about being permanent chairman, but he would preside at the cocktail party as temporary chairman.

Mr. Swope had indeed been active. He told us he had already invited over a hundred well-known people to the party. Telegrams of invitation, signed by himself and eleven others, had already been sent out. They asked for replies directly to him. The precise purpose of the gathering was not given: "to discuss a matter of high cultural and international importance at the World's Fair." The signatures on these telegrams were Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, Colonel Henry Breckinridge, Marshall Field, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dr. Frank Kingdon, Robert Moses, Victor F. Ridder, Clendenin J. Ryan, Jr., Alfred E. Smith, Roger W. Straus, Owen D. Young, and Mr. Swope. (Mrs. Brandes later reported that Thomas Mann's and Dorothy Thompson's names were originally included but that Mr. Swope had removed them; she didn't know why.)

Those names on the telegram guaranteed front-page publicity. We were as one with Mr. Swope in wanting front-page publicity. We asked who the hundred were. Mr. Swope hadn't bothered to bring the list with him. He reeled off a few and they sounded fine. That was his province, and we had no reason to doubt the wisdom of his choices.

Only later did we see that the Freedom Pavilion's very existence might lie in the hands of those hundred people and that we who had worked for it for months had had no voice in the vital matter of their selection.

Then Mr. Swope settled down to "straighten some things out."

He didn't like the poster. We shouldn't use it for the pamphlet cover. It was "antagonizing." It was provocative. It was political. It would alarm people.

"Freedom Pavilion" as a name was all wrong too. It was antagonizing and provocative also. It would alarm people. He had tried it out on several of his influential friends, and they were alarmed.

His suggestion was "Old Germany." To go with it, he outlined his idea of the whole approach and contents of the pavilion—a vast panorama of old-time Germany, busts of Goethe and Beethoven and Bach, of Nietzsche and Kant—Vienna with its charm and music. The poster could carry it all out and have those famous heads fading off into the distance. The building itself, instead of the design we showed him, could be a sort of Old Heidelberg inn.

There he sat, the Mr. Swope who would be the same Mr. Swope three days later. There he sat, urbane, charming, booming at us graciously, listening now and again to our long-developed concept of the pavilion, and then going pleasantly ahead with his own private concept of "Old Germany." Again and again he told us his friends agreed with him.

It's just possible you're asking the wrong people then," I said. And the fight was on. For we did fight him.

I never shall understand why we didn't get up then and there and say that we would take our cue about "antagonizing" and "political" from the State Department in Washington, from the speeches of the President of the United States, and not from Mr. Swope or his friends. We said it later but not then. The telegrams were out, Thursday was three days off, Mr. Swope was only temporary chairman; so instead of rejecting we tried to persuade him.

Many times we thought we had succeeded. He even agreed with our point that it was better "to alarm half the people at the cocktail party but have a chance of arousing the other half positively." He assured us, and assured us again, that he was "not known as a cautious man." His own insistence on that forced it into open discussion.

"But you do sound cautious about Freedom Pavilion," I said, "and just as our own enthusiasm seems to create enthusiasm in people we talk to, I think we're right in feeling your own diffidence can't help creating diffidence in people you talk to."

He harped so long on his influential friends who were such good judges of public reaction that I finally resorted to the same tactics and tossed big names back at him: Henry R. Luce, president of Time, Inc., and Ralph McA. Ingersoll, at that time publisher of *Time*, were supposed to be pretty acute judges of public reaction themselves and not precisely hot-headed radicals, yet they and many others had given enthusiastic praise to poster cover, name, and pamphlet. That seemed to impress Mr. Swope.

We actually thought we had won him over. He said the pamphlet should be rushed to press and handed around at the end of the cocktail party. "Freedom Pavilion" was all through the text, would set the name in everybody's mind, and that would be fine. He asked us to leave off the "antagonizing" poster cover just for Thursday, except on six or eight copies "to try out on people." After that we would undoubtedly have all the 5,000 copies of our pamphlet bound with the cover as planned.

Mr. Swope smiled himself out then, and the other members of the committee, except Dr. Kingdon, left. As Mrs. Brandes departed, she handed over a list of deletions Mr. Swope had given her, names he wished removed from the "Provisional Organizing Committee" on the last page of the pamphlet:* Sarah F. Brandes, Samuel Chotzinoff, Mrs. Charles C. Guggenheimer, George S. Hellman, Ira Hirschmann, Mrs. Moritz Rosenthal, Alvin Untermyer, Mr. and Mrs. Paul L. Wiener.

I showed Dr. Kingdon a letter Mrs. Brandes had written me on January 2: "As for the names in the pamphlet itself . . . it has been suggested that only the three best-known names be listed—Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud. These are so great that the fact that two are Jewish can be discounted." (I hadn't even answered that, had merely left in the names I had originally written.) Just then Mr. Swope telephoned. He had found "five well-known writers and journalists" at home, had described the poster, had read the pamphlet aloud twice over. They were wildly enthusiastic. He said he had been needlessly fearful. He felt differently now.

Dr. Kingdon and I were vastly relieved, reassured. Front-page names and rich people *were* valuable to the Freedom Pavilion. Mr. Swope wouldn't invite people he didn't think he could count on. We put back three of the names he wanted deleted and let it go at that.

Yet for three days tension grew among us all. Everything hung on that cocktail party. Of the practical necessity of staging it none of us had any doubts. It was a necessity created, in part at least, by the baffling stalemate that had lasted for many weeks in our efforts to get financial support from interested individuals or groups. There were plenty of people warmly interested, who wanted to see this thing done, yet who did not wish to be known as the "first" to put up the money to do it. You couldn't get money from a Jewish group unless there were an equal, and simultaneously donated, amount of money from a Christian group.

There were two sizable promises: $50,000 from various Jewish donors whom we knew chiefly through Harold Guinzburg, president of Viking Press, and $50,000 from various German-American Christian donors, whom we knew chiefly through Victor F. Ridder, publisher of the *Staats-Zeitung*. The promises were friendly and firm. But they remained promises, not signed checks.

I found myself astonished that even in a non-sectarian and democratic cause there should be this racial grouping about financial support. Reasons were advanced by each side for not "underwriting" the plan apart from the other. No matter how valid and unassailable the reasons, the fact is that the delay lasted through the fall and into

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* **The full list of members of the committee follows: Dr. Frank Kingdon, Administrative Chairman; Hamilton Fish Armstrong, Frank Aydelotte, Mrs. Samuel L. M. Barlow, Henry Breckinridge, Nicholas Murray Butler, Henry Seidel Canby, William M. Chadbourne, Samuel Chotzinoff, Robert C. Clothier, Marc Connelly, Wilbur L. Cross, Walter Damrosch, Mrs. Henry P. Davison, Oscar W. Ehrhorn, Baron and Baroness Dahlerup, Marshall Field, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Lewis Gannett, Robert I. Gannon, S.J., Eva Gauthier, Harry F. Guggenheim, Laura Z. Hobson, Fannie Hurst, Alvin Johnson, Otto Klemperer, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Henry Smith Leiper, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Lewisohn, Henry R. Luce, Archibald MacLeish, Thomas Mann, Henry Morgenthau, Robert Moses, Condé Nast, Mrs. Edgerton Parsons, Victor F. Ridder, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rockmore, Clendenin J. Ryan, Jr., Eustace Seligman, Alfred E. Smith, Roger W. Straus, Dorothy Thompson, Paul Tillich, Oswald Garrison Villard, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wharton, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lester Wiener, E. Graham Wilson, Matthew Woll, Owen D. Young, Herbert Bayard Swope.**

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January. With $50,000 or $100,000 in the bank and spades digging into our tract at the World's Fair, there might never have been the need for a device to enlist public financial support promptly. But we didn't have the money in the bank.

So we had the cocktail party. In the audience sat men and women representing corporations whose total assets ran into hundreds of millions of dollars, and whose personal wealth wasn't peanuts either. They all believed in democracy: they could be made to feel that the Freedom Pavilion would magnificently symbolize that belief before the world. To make them feel that was the object of the cocktail party.

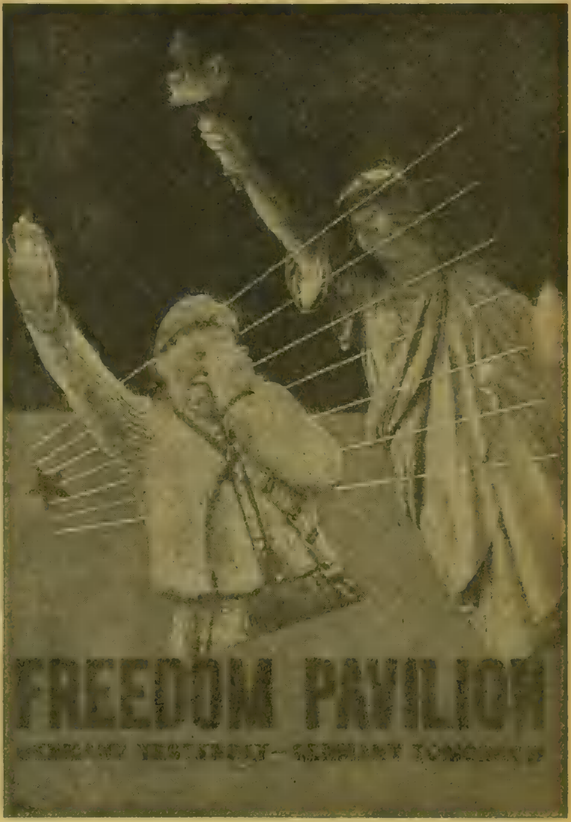
Mr. Swope rose to his feet and smiled benignly. It was the Mr. Swope of the Monday meeting, urbane and cautious. His opening remarks avoided calling the Freedom Pavilion by name. Properly enough leaving full explanations to Dr. Kingdon, Mr. Swope did venture the following on his own account: "The root of the idea is to indicate the enormous part she [Germany] played in the progress of civilization and the betterment of humanity; a Germany that had so conspicuous a part in preserving the continuity of history."

Never throughout the entire meeting did Mr. Swope mention Hitler or fascism, no word about freedom of thought, study, speech, worship. The nearest approach was: "There is a sense of resentment that occasionally manifests itself against certain activities of the existing government of Germany that has been displayed even against the Germans in America."

That is not set down from memory, long as I shall cherish it. It is taken from the official stenographic record of the proceedings at the party. So is every quoted excerpt that follows below.

Mr. Swope graciously introduced Dr. Kingdon, who spoke frankly of "the fight men are making for freedom"; who said he saw the pavilion as an "encouragement to every free German spirit that, anywhere in the world, is trying to keep burning the old flame of German idealism and of German accomplishment"; who said, "This pavilion seems to me to be a symbol of that unity of understanding that exists among free men . . . in the world of tomorrow it is the free Germany that is going to take its place."

As he went on outlining the plan of the Freedom Pavilion, there was an awakening of response, there were interruptions of applause. But then Mr. Swope took the floor again, and so did the tentative note. He tossed aside the six months of collective work that fifty able people had already done: "There is one thought I should like to elaborate and perhaps disagree on . . . there is nothing final in the formulae that have been discussed up to the present . . . these are points of discussion from which it is hoped that each and all of you may bring about improvements in the main theme."



The next speech was by Victor F. Ridder, whose *Staats-Zeitung* until the day before had been acceptable in Germany, and which still carries Germany's official "Trans-Ocean" press releases. He spoke for the German-American point of view: "I hope . . . to contact those German-American societies, organizations, those groups of men who have been fighting so hard in the last five years to hold their balance under the most difficult conditions, and say to them that this is something that belongs to them in a particular way."

Mr. Swope rose to introduce the next scheduled speaker. Instead he unexpectedly said: "Before going any further, I think that perhaps this meeting should pay tribute, willingly and gladly"—and called upon Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's.

I do not know just why Mr. Swope suddenly decided to call on a non-scheduled speaker from the floor. Or, so deciding, why he didn't light on Hamilton Fish Armstrong, say, or Fannie Hurst or Lewis Gannett.

But Mr. Swope did so decide, and the eighty-two-year-old Monsignor Lavelle rose: ". . . I don't think I would care to vote for anything that would be likely to provoke trouble or get us into war. It was a side issue altogether that brought us into the last one . . . I may be overtimorous, if you will, but we don't want to do anything that is going to provoke a conflict. . . . I don't want to throw cold water on the movement, especially when I see my friend Ridder up there, and Governor Smith, the old Happy Warrior. [Laughter.] But . . . as a kind of warning which comes to myself . . . I beg of you to be careful not to do anything that would provoke or bring us into trouble. . . . Some of the smallest things have caused war between nations."

Mr. Swope was on his feet: "I think we are very glad to have that attitude presented. It is precisely with that hope in mind that this meeting was called. There was no prearrangement, no caucus, with the view that this enterprise shall take one fixed course. . . . Instead of regarding it as cold water that the Monsignor has thrown, I think it a very sound caution. . . . I share his attitude precisely. . . . This enterprise would be completely empty if it were even remotely to inflame a warlike spirit. . . ."

The rest of the meeting had no warlike spirit, that's certain. Al Smith fanned a bit of life up into being, and then, presumably, remembered: "Probably if I had any individual opinion about it, I would be willing to go to the limit, but perhaps that may not be the best thing to do under the circumstances, because there is a note of warning coming from a great experience in Monsignor Lavelle's remarks, that it is very easy to disturb rulers, particularly dictators."

There were brief speeches by Byrnes MacDonald, representing Mayor LaGuardia, and by Stephen S. Voorhees, representing Grover Whalen; then Mrs. Walter Damrosch, from the floor, asked, "What is it proposed to call the exhibition?"

Chairman Swope: "The name is not final . . . hit upon the name of Freedom Pavilion, but on that point each will have a right to make an expression of opinion . . . as I say, the name is not final . . . Freedom Pavilion; Germany Yesterday—Germany Tomorrow."

Mrs. Damrosch: "That would support Monsignor Lavelle's idea that it would be exceedingly antagonistic toward a country with whom we are at the moment at peace."

Chairman Swope: "You think Freedom Pavilion carries that connotation?"

Mrs. Damrosch: "No, but I think Germany of Tomorrow carries it."

There remained then only one or two brief speeches from the floor, one an urgent appeal for financial support from Samuel Barlow, which appeal Mr. Swope hurriedly disowned: ". . . there was no desire nor shall there be any excuse for the idea of putting your name down for any commitment at all—other opportunities will be given to all of you to make yourselves manifest." Then came the formalities of the "unanimous" vote in favor of the project, the announcement from Mr. Swope that he would not be permanent chairman, the handing out of the coverless pamphlets; and the cocktail party was over.

Dr. Tillich turned to me: "We are finished. Freedom Pavilion is done."

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr said: "How can you fight for democracy without fighting?"

Erika Mann said: "But *why* did Swope suddenly call on Lavelle, who would surely kill this?"

In the corners of the room two meetings were called for the next day. One was a conference of war for late afternoon among Erika Mann, Dr. Tillich, Dr. Wittfogel, and myself. The other was a luncheon meeting to decide whom to invite to the permanent executive chairmanship, and to have Mr. Swope's report on reactions from his friends at the cocktail party. Privately Dr. Kingdon, Harold Guinzburg, and I met before going to Mr. Swope's office and decided that in asking anybody for sponsorship or money, the platform would have to be the printed pamphlet and nothing else.

We discussed possible candidates for chairman as we waited for Mr. Swope in his office, its walls swarming with autographed photographs of the great. Mr. Swope arrived. The big newspaper stories of the morning had headlined Monsignor Lavelle's warnings, and Mr. Swope announced that his canvassing by telephone had uncovered only depressing reactions. "I've been in constant touch since last night with Al Smith and Helen Reid and Grover Whalen. They think this will make trouble. Bobby Lehman's against it. The Fifth Avenue store crowd is against it—Walter Hoving and everybody. The World's Fair is supposed to be a pleasure place—controversial stuff's bad."

At luncheon in the Rainbow Room Mr. Swope offered his two suggestions for permanent chairman. One was Victor F. Ridder, whom Mr. Swope had introduced yesterday as "an ardent and devout Catholic" and who had himself said from the platform, "As long as we have a guide in New York City like Monsignor Lavelle, we are all right." We three voted that down.

Then came the other nomination—Thomas J. Watson, president of the International Chamber of Commerce and of International Business Machines, Inc., a visitor to Germany in 1937, who, as every newspaper morgue in the land will reveal, was "the first American to receive the decoration by Hitler, created May 1, 1937, for foreign nationals who have made themselves deserving of the Third Reich."

Mr. Swope received our angry rejection as if it were the most boring bit of hair-splitting. "I knew you'd bring that up," he said wearily, and went on with his reports. Ridder had called to say that the promise of $50,000 from his German-American group had been provisional and contingent on many things, which was perfectly true. Now his group was highly dubious.

There was nothing dubious about the meeting between Erika Mann, Dr. Wittfogel, Dr. Tillich, and myself

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later that day. I shall never forget those three faces when I told them of the suggestion to have a Hitler-decorated chairman. It was a meeting full of plans to find new support, new money. Dr. Kingdon reported then that he had remained with Mr. Swope all afternoon, while the telephone canvassing went on. "Inertia" was the best thing Mr. Swope could report. The worst was downright opposition.

The week-end that ensued was incredible. Rumors and reports came in every five minutes. Dr. Kingdon and Mr. Guinzburg were in constant touch with Mr. Swope, either at his office or by phone. According to him people were telephoning the World's Fair authorities. Everybody was alarmed; Grover Whalen was going to withdraw official permission—and the site.

Mr. Barlow and I hurriedly got introductions to Dr. Frank Monaghan of Yale, Director of Research of the World's Fair. We called on him, enlisted his sympathies and his promise to do everything he could. He phoned me at eleven that evening. "Whalen's astonished. There isn't a word of truth in the report—he hasn't the slightest intention of withdrawing permission or the site."

Nineteen hours later Dr. Kingdon uttered the private obituary to the whole committee. "Whalen won't let us do it. They've been getting to him. He won't let us have the site."

Grover Whalen now said that the World's Fair Executive Committee, a separate body from the Board of Directors, stated that "the matter had never come to them." Grover Whalen also said that "the plan had never been presented to him." Stenotyped records can be irritating, of course, but there is that 500-word speech of Mr. Voorhees, who was "good enough to consent to speak for Mr. Grover Whalen," and who had started by saying, "I think the message of Mr. Whalen has already been incorporated and already stated in the happy reception of the suggestion of a building on German culture." There were Mr. Voorhees's minute descriptions of the excellent tract of land and his message from "the management men" urging us to begin actual construction at once.

Even more irritating, I should think, would be any impertinent questions about how 30,000-foot tracts could be handed out at the World's Fair without the knowledge of the Executive Committee or Mr. Whalen.

But now we had no tract. Grover Whalen's veto was a final veto.

What had happened? I cannot answer. I can, however, set down Mr. Swope's own notations on how some of the most important people at the cocktail party voted during the three days that followed it. I take these from a document prepared at his office. It says: "It must be understood that not a word of this is to be let out until the official report is published." It is topped by the modest title: "Attitudes of Those Who Are in Position of Responsibility with Reference to the Prosecution of the Plan." Part of the document follows:

> Of those signing the invitations, the following counsel postponement, if not abandonment, of the enterprise: Colonel Henry Breckenridge, Marshall Field, Commissioner Robert Moses, Alfred E. Smith, Owen D. Young.
>
> Of the provisional committee, those who are dubious are: Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Baroness Dahlerup, Father R. I. Gannon, Ambassador Guggenheim, Condé Nast, Henry Morgenthau.
>
> Of those at the meeting, all of whom were to become members of the sponsoring committee, the following have expressed doubt or opposition: L. M. Boomer, Trubee Davison, Walter Hoving, Robert Lehman, Westbrook Pegler, James Speyer, Thomas J. Watson, Lucius Wilmerding, Monsignor Lavelle, Mrs. Ogden Reid.
>
> Additionally, the following who were invited are included in opposition: Roy Howard, Eugene Meyer.
>
> . . . the State Department, through the Third Assistant Secretary of State, has expressed its disapproval, apparently not knowing of the indorsement which Secretary Hull is credited with having given.
>
> Finally, the World's Fair, expressing its opinion through Harvey Gibson, chairman of the Executive Committee, and directly through Grover Whalen, is unfavorably disposed.

We didn't know all this at our last official meeting. Dr. Kingdon reported as many "reactions" as he knew about. But it no longer mattered. Grover Whalen's veto was a final veto.

There remained the official exchange of letters. We had to decide about them then and there, in the midst of that first consternation at the sudden and complete collapse of the Freedom Pavilion. Here I think that the committee, all of us except Erika Mann, who was absent, made a serious blunder. Dr. Kingdon read us drafts of the proposed letters, and we accepted them. One was from Grover Whalen, full of official phrases about pressure of time and "our policy to have every single feature ready on or before April 30." The other was the committee's answer, to be signed by Dr. Kingdon. This was also full of official phrases about "postponement," "pressure of time," and the like.

The Nazi press had already screamed its usual screams about a "Pavilion of Jewish Jetsam," and it would as promptly gloat over this failure as official proof that America wouldn't support this "work of Jewish emigrants." So we voted—all of us—for sending those face-saving letters.

We came out of that weak-minded fog in the next few days. Mr. Barlow, Erika Mann, and others went to Washington, armed with copies of the pamphlet (complete with poster cover), left copies, and talked with people in high and highest places. They came back with promises of impressive support. We got going all over again. Thomas Mann gave his own money to keep a small office open for the exhibit committees. Erika Mann had been advised in Washington about whom to invite to the new chairmanship, and she started to work on that basic problem at once. We felt confident that once that matter was settled, we could straighten out the Assistant Secretary's confusion, could go to Grover Whalen with this really big-time backing and re-persuade him, could pay for our own site if necessary, could have Freedom Pavilion in spite of everything that had happened.

Ignoring the old stalemate difficulty, two of us went to Harold Guinzburg. We were armed with smallish promises from Christian donors and we urged him to try for immediate action on the old $50,000 promise. He warmly agreed to try.

We felt that extraordinary efforts at secrecy about these new measures were necessary. We were determined not to let premature reports of them get to Grover Whalen, Herbert Bayard Swope, or anybody else who had been fearful or hostile. We talked only with the people to whom it was essential we should talk.

On January 26 I wrote Dr. Kingdon: "Swope called me last night to say that the exchange of letters was now ready for publication, and asked me whether I thought this should be released to the press or simply withheld in the hope that everybody would forget all about it. I stalled; told him I'd like to see carbons of the actual letters in final form."

On January 27, with a meeting in progress at my house, I called Mr. Swope. I asked for his promise, which he gave clearly, definitely, and freely, that the letters would not be released to the press at any time without giving the entire committee a chance to reconsider the complex problem of that release.

But on January 30 Mr. Swope sent a letter to Mrs. Brandes, who was still at our office winding up its affairs. The letter, signed by his secretary, opened: "Mr. Swope suggests that a note along the lines of the following should accompany the letters you are sending out to the list of those who signed the invitation, those who attended the meeting, and those who declined sympathetically."

Mrs. Brandes did not inform anybody of this order. She simply carried out Mr. Swope's directions. The official letters went out—about a hundred of them. With them went the last chance, of course, of public belief in or public support for the Freedom Pavilion.

No one can say that Mr. Swope broke his promise. He did not release the letters to "the press." They were sent only to Helen Reid, Roy Howard, and a hundred other "influential people." Next morning the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* and the others announced that the Freedom Pavilion was abandoned. It was openly, publicly, officially dead. In a democracy.

Pocket Guide

"GELATIN for Muscle," says *Newsweek.* "Gelatin for Pep," says *Time.* "The energy food in the news was Knox Gelatine," say the ads.

What's all this about? It appears that after several years of intensive investigation the Knox Gelatine people have discovered that several packages a day supply "a new, quick source of muscular energy."

Knox Gelatine has always been advertised in a sensible, dignified, and honest fashion. It's too bad to see it slip into methods that have a patent-medicine sound. It's a good food. How good a medicine it is remains to be seen.

An important ingredient of gelatin is glycine. Two years ago Squibb began to sell glycine as a muscle stimulant, advertising it only to doctors. But getting your medicine from the grocery shelf is more appealing than getting it from the drug counter. So in the last few weeks the public has hurried to the grocer for incredible quantities of Knox Gelatine.

Glycine is easier to take. To drink down two packages of gelatin a day, dissolved in water, is pretty stiff going. It doesn't taste any too good, though it is not so bad in fruit juices. Glycine, however, comes either in tablets or as an elixir and is taken like any other medicine. But will either glycine or gelatin do the trick?

The overworked human race is always looking for a pick-me-up. Hegel wrote on sugar water. The Scotch Highlanders keep going on oatmeal and whiskey; the Canadian guides on strong tea. Mountain climbers often carry chocolate. During the war a German biochemist, Embden, made some experiments that seemed to show that phosphoric acid is important for muscular work. It was easy to test; there were plenty of human guinea pigs in the trenches. Before going over the top certain men were given a drink of sodium phosphate. Other soldiers, the "controls," didn't get any. The phosphate worked wonders. The men who drank it came back from no man's land far less tired than the "controls." The Germans were jubilant. Here was another discovery to win the war. For more than ten years "Acid Sodium Phosphate Embden" was a favorite pick-me-up.

The fad didn't last long in the United States. The coming of vitamins and the excitement over the glands crowded it out. But the scientists kept on with their researches into the chemistry of muscular movement, or, as they call it, muscle metabolism. Phosphoric acid stayed in the lead as a muscular stimulant. In 1927 it began to look as if there were another compound of phosphoric acid in muscles, a compound formed with creatine. It is this creatine which is indirectly responsible for the vogue of granulated gelatin. As soon as the importance of phosphocreatine for muscular metabolism was recognized, glycine, as a likely source of it, came to the front. But the formation of creatine from glycine hasn't been proved. There is considerable doubt about it among scientists. And suppose creatine does come from glycine. Will glycine either as a medicine or in gelatin give you muscular energy?

Investigations have been steadily carried on, but without any final authoritative result. A majority of the reports indicate that glycine helps in slight cases of lassitude and inexplicable fatigue. But for severe muscular fatigue favorable reports are in the minority.

The best that can be said at present is that experience shows that if you tire easily, have no appetite, and are under weight you may profit by taking glycine—or, if you prefer, Knox Gelatine. If you decide to take Knox Gelatine, it would be a good thing to remember certain disadvantages. The dose suggested is an ounce of raw gelatin every day for a few weeks, followed by half an ounce a day for an indefinite period. Less than a quarter of gelatin is glycine. But gelatin contains protein, and you may get too much protein by taking it in this form. Moreover, gelatin swells in water, and it may do the same thing in the stomach. A great deal of it may make you uncomfortable. One research man has said that gelatin in the stomach helps to reduce excess acidity, because of its tendency to absorb the gastric secretions. But what about the people with too little gastric secretion?

Diabetics and near-diabetics should not use gelatin for this purpose at all. If they try it they'll soon find out that instead of more energy they have less, because they are adding to their total carbohydrate allowance.

Tests have shown that women's muscles are not affected by gelatin. And the normal individual who doesn't go in for vigorous athletic activities doesn't need any excess creatine. We obtain phosphoric acid, glycine, and creatine from the food we eat. Besides, it has been shown that even if food contains no glycine, the body can manufacture the amount it needs.

It is yet to be substantiated that to be effective as a muscle energizer gelatin has to be taken unflavored and unsweetened. It is not true, in any case, that Knox is the only unsweetened, unflavored powdered gelatin.

You can imagine the annoyance over this new function of gelatin on the part of the big advertisers who have spent fortunes in pushing their flavored and sweetened products—like Jello and Royal Gelatine. There may be some trouble on that front yet.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

ALTHOUGH THE National Labor Relations Board hearings on charges of anti-union policies brought against the New York *Times* have been progressing for many weeks, only the radical and labor papers have reported them; the major dailies have maintained an almost unbroken silence. Thus there wasn't much publicity for a bit of dialogue between an NLRB attorney and the *Times's* managing editor, Edwin L. James. The attorney asked James if he knew who Pearl Bergoff, notorious strike-breaking agent, was. James shook his head. "I can't identify that Russian name," said the managing editor of the *Times*.

WHEN AMERICAN Nazi organizations staged an exposition at New York's Grand Central Palace recently, the banner of the "Protestant War Veterans," a new pro-fascist group, hung beside the swastika. Samuel Robbins, chairman of the Council of United States Veterans, wrote to Edward J. Smythe, chief of the Protestant Veterans, asking whether the banner indicated approval of Nazi policies. Smythe replied that he had been shocked to find the banner hanging there, and on investigating had discovered that some "old ladies" affiliated with his group had in fact been picketing the exhibit. It was raining at the time and their banners got wet; so they took them inside and hung them beside the swastika to dry.

ON HIS visit to America last year Count Aisuke Kabayama tried without much success to influence American opinion in favor of Japan. Now, back in Tokyo, he is wooing American business in an effort to revive Japanese-American trade. The most recent of his overtures was a dinner given in Tokyo to honor four influential American business men. The guests, who were deluged with pleas for "harmonious trade relations" despite the China "incident," were Lawrence Hartman, of the Portland (Ore.) Foreign Trade Association, Charles Page, vice-president and general manager of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, Christy Thomas, vice-president and general manager of the Seattle chamber, and George L. Eastman, president of the Los Angeles chamber.

WHILE THE movie industry's million-dollar promotion drive—"Movies Are Your Best Entertainment"—publicly ended some time ago, Hollywood is still assessing the results. *Variety* reports two major and contradictory effects. On the positive side, "It turned newspaper blasts into puff editorials and a more constructive handling of film news"—of course this objective was vigorously and publicly denied when the drive started; on the negative side, "It made cinema audiences quality conscious, adding to the number of self-appointed critics in the theater."

AN ADVERTISEMENT for a London apartment facing Regent Square claims this asset: "a specially constructed blast- and gas-proof air-raid shelter in this building, believed to be the most up to date in existence."

DESPITE HIS refusal to affirm or deny the reports, there is good foundation for the story that Columnist Heywood Broun has been converted to Catholicism. He has actually conferred with high Catholic officials and received assurances that his political opinions will not stand in the way of his admission to the church.

PUBLISHERS OF "Bender's Consolidated Statutory Index," a series of volumes covering the New York statutory system, labeled their first volume with an unintended prophecy. It is marked: "ABANDONMENT–CZECHOSLOVAKIA."

IN THE effort to maintain ideological consistency fascist groups get into weird positions. Thus the *Defender*, Gerald Winrod's "anti-red, anti-Jewish" sheet, raps the *Saturday Evening Post* for saying that Jews have fared as badly in Russia as in Germany. To the anti-Semitic *Defender* this is Russian propaganda, "flatly contradicted by the fact that it has been a crime punishable by death for the last twenty-one years to criticize members of the Jewish race in Russia."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item received during April goes to Sherman Taylor of Bethesda, Maryland, for the item about the Nationalist Publishing Company published last week.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Our One-Sided Labor Act

BY I. F. STONE

A BARRAGE of propaganda has made two accusations against the Wagner Act as familiar as vitamins or free wheeling. The first is that the law is one-sided. This happens to be true, just as it is true that street-lighting arrangements are one-sided because the lights go on only at night. The statute forbids an employer to interfere with an employee's right to join a labor union, but—strange oversight—imposes no penalty on the worker who interferes with his boss's right to join a chamber of commerce.

The other accusation happens to be untrue, but it stems from such a mixture of half-truths, misconceptions, and schoolboy tags that it is harder to disentangle the error. There is first of all the school-civics theory that ours is a government of checks and balances. This is intellectual shorthand for the idea that freedom can only be preserved under a system of government by mutual suspicion, with executive, legislative, and judicial branches firmly separated and eyeing one another like watchdogs. Vaguely linked with this is the axiomatic wickedness of a man's acting as judge in his own case. The board is pictured as not only judge in its own cases but as at the same time policeman and prosecutor; therefore as operating without "checks and balances" and consequently being "un-American."

There is no need at this time to sift out the true from the false in this compote, or to determine how much of it is due to the fact that 40,000,000 seventeenth-century Frenchmen looking at England through the eyes of Montesquieu could be wrong. The author of "L'Esprit des Lois" saw separation of powers in an England that was actually preserving its liberties by legislative supremacy. It is easier to note that if this charge against the Labor Board is true, it is equally true as regards the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and other administrative agencies. To meet this difficulty a new theory has therefore been placed in circulation. Colonel Henry L. Stimson explained in a letter to the New York *Times* that the administrative process works well in the case of such agencies as the ICC and the FTC because they protect "all" the people. But he asserted that it could not work fairly in the field of labor relations because the Wagner Act was "class" legislation, designed merely to protect workers and dealing with matters full of "emotional dynamite" and "class feeling."

Surely if ever there was an issue full of "emotional dynamite" and "class feeling" it is to be found in the fight of the farmers for the ICC to protect them against the railroads, and in the fight of little business for the FTC and the Clayton Act to protect it against big business. A Labor Board research man has dug up some illuminating material in reply to Colonel Stimson. "We farmers in our part of the country," one of the witnesses at the hearings which led to the establishment of the ICC declared, "think we are being systematically pillaged. . . . A commission must be created to end the abuses which produce a privileged class, and are not in harmony with the spirit of our institutions." The president of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad spoke in the same terms for the opposition. "To constitute special courts to adjudicate railroad questions," he said, "would be class legislation." "Distinctly class legislation," was the protest of the National Association of Clothiers against the Federal Trade Commission Act. "The whole thing is against big business," the Chamber of Commerce objected in New York. "The only people who have any standing there [in Congress] today are the farmers and the working man."

Only in a limited sense is it true that the Labor Board acts as policeman, prosecutor, and judge. Its subpoenas cannot be enforced without first being submitted to the scrutiny of a District Court. Its decisions are enforceable only on order of a Circuit Court of Appeals. But this is not the only sense in which one must qualify the picture of the board's triple function. Walter Gellhorn and Seymour L. Linfield analyze its work in a comprehensive study made for the Commonwealth Fund and published in the March issue of the *Columbia Law Review*. They conclude that "one may conservatively insist that the board has made a largely successful effort to perform a difficult assignment by a procedure which, while minimizing the chance of mistake, fully preserves the basic values of traditional judicial processes." One of the points on which they dwell is the way the board actually handles its cases. An investigation is first made by the Field Examiner and the Regional Director. Whether a complaint shall issue is finally determined by the board at Washington. If a complaint is issued, the case is heard by a trial examiner chosen not by the board itself but by the Chief Trial Examiner. "Not only does the Trial Examiner have no immediate connection with the board itself," Gellhorn and Linfield write; "he does not even have contact with any of the regional offices or officers, for he is assigned from Washington, travels in circuit, and does not meet with any member of the regional staff in regard to the hearing. He is never assigned at the request or recommendation of the Regional Director or Regional Attorney. . . . The relations between the board's examiners and its attorneys are ordinarily not sharply different from those existing between many district judges and U. S. attorneys."

In most cases the board finds it possible to achieve a settlement informally without the need for the issuance of a complaint. Walter Lippmann, who has a gift for making the untrue seem the obvious, worked himself into an interesting bit of misrepresentation in a recent column on "The Alleged Labor Relations Board." "Surely the object of government intervention in labor disputes," Mr. Lippmann said, "must be to promote peace and justice. But the National Labor Relations Board is not required or *even allowed* [my italics] to work either for peace or justice." The fact is that 95 per cent of the disputes which come to the board are settled without formal hearings. As for promoting peace and justice, the board's figures are illuminating. From 1936 to the spring of 1937 there were 3,200 strikes involving 1,287,000 men, but only 1,800 cases, involving 677,000 men, were brought before the board. This proportion was reversed after the Supreme Court held the Wagner Act constitutional and thereby gave assurance that the board's orders could be enforced. From April, 1937, to September, 1938, there were 5,500 strikes, affecting 1,894,000 employees. But in 6,150 cases, involving 3,208,000 employees, workers chose to go to the board instead of striking. We pass the figures on to Mr. Lippmann.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

We Can Keep Out of War

Lincoln, Nebraska, April 17

OUT here in the Middle West I find many applauding the President's magnificent message to Hitler and Mussolini, but then adding: "However, if his appeal fails, won't it make people say that there is nothing left but war, and if war comes, shall we not inevitably be drawn into it?" To this my reply is emphatic. We *can* keep out of war if we make up our minds to do so, if we compel the President to stay out of war. He declared at Chautauqua that any President could put us into war no matter what laws were on the statute books unless he were confronted with a country so peace-minded that he could not yield to any temptation to go in. That is the challenge before us. If the country presents a united front to the President, he is bound to listen to its wishes. Today the bulk of the people are overwhelmingly opposed to war. I find evidences of that everywhere out here.

I know that some of the polls recently summarized in *Life* present evidence that is at points against this opinion of mine. I know of an increased vote for sending troops to help Britain and France fight Germany and Italy; I know that 82 per cent favored sending food to the Allies and that 66 per cent would sell them arms. I can only report that everything I hear and see in this section of the country points to an overwhelming wish not to repeat our experience in the World War, not to sacrifice more men, more treasure, and court still further economic disaster. One of the most extraordinary signs of this is the attitude of the Chicago *Tribune.* During the years leading up to the last war the *Tribune* was one of the most violent denouncers of those who dared to say that the United States ought not to go to war—they were traitors, cowards, pacifists, little Americans. Today it is taking exactly the position of those whom it denounced. It is absolutely opposed to our going to the aid of England and France, particularly of England. Recently it declared that Franklin Roosevelt was going exactly the way of Woodrow Wilson: "Mr. Wilson played the same kind of game and wrote better notes. They cost us 50,000 American lives and 20 billion dollars of debt; instead of saving the world for democracy we laid the foundation for the most ruthless absolutisms which Europe has known in 500 years and for the worldwide economic depression from which we suffer today. Mr. Roosevelt may have better luck with his correspondence, but the risk is appalling."

The *Tribune* also took Mr. Stimson "for a ride" on his statement before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. When he was asked by Senator Reynolds if Hitler and Mussolini were not doing now just what Great Britain and France had done on a grander scale, Mr. Stimson replied: "You are going pretty far back into history." The *Tribune* scathingly retorts that since Mr. Stimson was nineteen years old England has conquered Nigeria, Somaliland, British East Africa (now Kenya), Nyasaland, Uganda, the Boer republics, and the Sudan (now turned over to Egypt). And Mr. Stimson was only twenty years old when the French seized Annam, Tonkin, and Laos. In his lifetime the French have also grabbed Tunis and Madagascar, Djibouti and Dahomey, to say nothing of Morocco. The *Tribune* pounds away day after day against those who would put us into war again.

There are other and better papers which are similarly outspoken. The Minneapolis *Star* declares that it is the people's "widespread desire that every possible means be used to keep the United States free of the European mess, whatever catastrophe it brews." It says that history may show that the President is pursuing the right path to that end, but it declares that "what we do know is that he is taking the American people faster toward what appears involvement than most Americans want to go." In Omaha the *World-Herald,* founded by Senator G. M. Hitchcock, who was a spokesman for Woodrow Wilson, carries today on its first page fifteen extracts from letters received by Senator Burke demanding that this country be kept out of war, all written by Nebraskans; and it adds that Senator Burke is getting them at the rate of one hundred a day. The *World-Herald* heartily approves of the President's appeal to Hitler, declaring editorially that the people of America want peace. The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* says the same.

Of course there will be a tremendous appeal to our sympathies if London is bombed and thousands of its inhabitants killed. Still, we can stay out of it. One cannot look at this peaceful section out here and doubt that its people will remain firm in their refusal to send their sons abroad again. That does not mean that they cannot be overridden in Washington, that President Roosevelt may not lose his head and rush us into war. Everyone who desires peace must bear his Chautauqua speech in mind and focus such a fire upon the President, as well as upon Senators like Mr. Burke, that he will not be in doubt for one moment as to what the vast majority of his fellow-citizens want him to do.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"SCIENTIFIC HUMANISM"

BY JACQUES BARZUN

THE term "scientific humanism" seems to be gaining ground as a rallying cry among educated liberals and socialists, who agree that intelligence and not force is the only hope of the world. It is an inspiriting slogan if only because it seems to make the best of two worlds both equally attractive. But is it not also possible that the two worlds indicated by the two words in the phrase occur there in a topsy-turvy relation which conceals a denial of intelligent social action? The answer hinges upon the word "scientific," which may mean either the use of science by humanists or the control of humanistic endeavor by scientists.

Some weeks ago in *The Nation,* Mr. Lancelot Hogben, whose authority and intelligence command respect, described what he understands by scientific humanism, summing it up in three articles of faith which are at the same time proposals for action: (1) transforming society so as to replace private profit by the satisfaction of common human needs; (2) seeking scientific knowledge about common human satisfactions in order to plan intelligently; and (3) promoting social evolution by immediate educational reforms "which will entail the teaching of science with much greater attention to its social implications, and of the humanities in conformity with the scientific outlook."

At first blush what could be more reasonable than Mr. Hogben's program? To one who is, like the present writer, engaged in teaching the humanities and who feels that education is a means of social reform, scientific humanism appears to guarantee peace, evolution, socialism, and culture under the aegis of science. Science is here both method and standard of action, and everybody nowadays is on the side of science. If we apply Mr. Hogben's system, the objector or obstructionist can be answered with an irrefutable "Science teaches that, etc. . . ." and he will find very few to back him.

But what does it really mean to teach the humanities in conformity with science? The bare statement is on the face of it suspicious: it suggests making what is human subserve what is scientific. At the same time, the conjoined "social implications" of science, which must also be taught, suggest inevitable consequences following from the self-directed march of an impersonal goddess, Science. How do these two notions, absolutist and mechanical as they are, fit in with the primary one of an improved—because planned—society?

So strongly are we convinced of the absolute rightness of science that we never ask why it is that Mr. Hogben and those who share his views always speak of educating and planning in conformity with the scientific outlook, and never offer us the services of science to be used in conformity with the dictates of the humanities. The difference is not one of mere wording or emphasis; it is a practical difference. Translated into political terms for a democracy, the issue raised by scientific humanism is ultimately, Who shall legislate—the people, ignorant and respectful of science, or science itself, which means in fact the scientists, with their specialized outlook and generally jaunty self-confidence?

Some scientists, it is true, are genuinely tentative. Mr. Hogben, for instance, wants to find out scientifically what common human needs and their satisfactions are. But is that part of the social problem? Mr. Hogben assumes not only that science can positively ascertain what human needs are but that they are there to be ascertained. On this point Voltaire raised a serious doubt when he said, *Le superflu, chose très nécessaire,* but I should like to go farther and hazard the seeming paradox that there are no common human needs except such as we arbitrarily—or democratically—decide upon. History shows that mankind can be starved, enslaved, beaten, raped, bullied, and brutalized, and go on as merrily as before. Any argument against these proceedings must therefore be an a priori moral or aesthetic argument that can never have an absolute basis in science or anywhere else.

Again, one notes that the scientific part of scientific reform is always a product of the future. Present-day science is a guide only to our manual operations—making aluminum out of clay, as Mr. Hogben suggests, or growing tomatoes in a tank instead of a garden. But in matters of human choice—marriage, career, philosophy, interior decoration, or diet—science settles no problems automatically. People must be coerced or cajoled into obeying its dictates. Social improvement under the aegis of science is consequently another absolute dogmatism, at once well-intentioned and largely irresponsible. The scientific impulse to which we owe so much that is good is fundamentally that of trying everything. It should have freedom, but on the same terms as any other valuable impulse, that is, under social control. Anyone familiar with the way in which the poor in clinics and the young in schools are used as guinea pigs will see what is involved in an extension of the habit. And the assurance, "It's all right, it's scientific," will weigh little with those who remember that the history of the sciences dealing with man, from medicine to psychology and from pedagogy to dietetics, has been a succession of theories tried out on the dog and continually replaced by new ones equally "scientific" so far as origin, backing, and confident dogmatism were concerned.

As for social implications, they also have been taught as dogma, and with perfect sincerity, in the shape of classical (Newtonian) economics or of evolutionary (Darwinian) sociology. We deplore and deride the results today, but we forget that our discarding of past errors is no guaranty that we have at last caught social truth around the midriff. For his own part, Mr. Hogben thoughtfully reverts to some of the teachings of the utopian socialists as against the large-scale absolute determinists of the neo-Marxian era. Is he not thereby showing us that we must carefully distinguish between an intelligent choice made in the light of available fact and an acceptance of the temporarily dominant theories which researchers of every kind promulgate as the findings of science?

Those who see in our modern educational system the waste of money, time, and energy incurred in the pursuit of "scientific" truth about pupils' needs, aptitudes, and desires shudder to think of an extension of this sort of inquiry into every corner of human existence. The American people is fond enough as it is of what is called objective fact. Frequently it turns out to be nothing more than mass opinion, but however useful that determination is in its place, it is obviously no substitute for thought. Thought might suggest, among other things, that whereas efficiency can be tested, accomplishment cannot; that there is no single rule for achieving spiritual ends; that comfort cannot be legislated into existence or vice out of it, as prohibition showed, and that even if it could, it still would not be happiness. In short, the removal of discomfort, disease, and attendant despair in their well-known and easily visible forms is a full-time task for any reformer.

At this point it is often difficult to convince the ordinary scientific humanist that in making these objections one is not a mystic, a cynic, or a fundamentalist bishop in disguise. The truth is that one can be a twentieth-century product of our partly scientific civilization, full of faith in scientific method, without having the slightest faith in a religion of science. For it is plain that if science is not steadily regarded as an instrument to be guided by choices arrived at on a humanistic basis, it becomes an end in itself, a ritual and a body of doctrine which must be classed among the treacherous absolutes under which man is ever seeking shelter.

Unless, therefore, the scientific outlook means simply common honesty in dealing with facts, it cannot constitute a rationale for educational or social reform. The humanities must come first, not in order of importance or glory, but in simple precedence: if Henry George and the elder Huxley—who was a great and genuine scientist—are to cooperate, it is Huxley who must be directed by the other or by the community that contains them both.

If the inverse relation obtains, what does (and did) happen is that Huxley tells a science-worshipful public that "capital is the mother of labor," that the "working and owning classes are close allies and not opponents," and that in the social struggle "the qualities that insure success are energy, industry, intellectual capacity, tenacity of purpose . . . while fools and knaves sink to their natural place at the bottom." A people that laps up science gets the social implications it deserves. It won't do to discount Huxley as a stupid man or an old fogy. His intelligence was great, and it enabled him to make even in social affairs some profound and humanistically true observations. But they were true because they recommended themselves to humanists, not because Huxley was an F. R. S.

The humanists, it may be objected, furnish no solid ground for making social decisions. True, they and their researches help no one to choose between one kind of aluminum and another for making the ideal frying-pan. But they are fully able to guide democratic choice about social purposes. Despite endless disputes concerning details and means, there has been in the humanistic tradition of the West no deviation from a single aim—the achievement of certain kinds of freedom, beginning with freedom from bodily cares and ending with freedom from intellectual constraint. The history of culture is one long demonstration of something that can be called inherent, inexpugnable democracy. Nor does it stop there; the humanities generated the sciences themselves, the history of which demonstrates that our physical limitations can be made to yield by the application of intelligence. What more harmonious division of labor could be desired?

On the other hand, if scientific humanism erects science into a legislative and educational authority, it will be doing no better than the church with its supernatural sanctions, or the creators of *noblesse oblige* with its social sanctions. It may succeed for a time, riding the wave of superstitious scientism which modern advertising has so ably exploited already, but it will ultimately go down before a rebellion based, like all previous rebellions, on humanism, natural rights, or whatever other fiction expressive of human desires happens to meet the needs of the moment.

BOOKS

Diego Rivera

DIEGO RIVERA, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Bertram D. Wolfe. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

MANY strange stories and legends have already gathered around the Colossus of Mexico. Bertram Wolfe's book on Rivera perpetuates some of these and deflates others. Mr. Wolfe has given us a flesh-and-blood portrait, well balanced and vividly written. The author quotes as his credo Carlyle's famous definition:

> If an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? . . . In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions, in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography.

This task, all the more difficult because in this case it deals with a living man and his friends and intimates, and furthermore with a man around whom many controversies have surged, Mr. Wolfe has accomplished with tact and insight. He has tried to be fair and impartial, to present an all-around picture, the faults as well as the virtues. To be sure he is sometimes inclined to play the role of the apologist, and give his subject the benefit of the doubt. Which is as it should be: in general it is better to be affirmative and understanding than to be destructive and prejudiced with regard to the foibles of humanity. Nevertheless, from my own acquaintance with Rivera and the testimony of many of the characters that appear in the book, I should say that Mr. Wolfe's portrait of Rivera was essentially sound and as accurate as is humanly possible. And it is readable and exciting as well. He has dramatized, with the skill of a novelist and the integrity of a historian, the characters of Rivera's three wives, Angelina Beloff, Guadalupe Marin, Frieda Kahlo, and of such old friends as Elie Faure; he has dramatized with rare psychological insight a painter's progress from student days in Spain and Paris, through fruition in Mexico and the United States, to the frustration of the latest years. Over everything dominates the personality of Rivera, Gargantuan, myth-making, genial, intelligent, dynamic, ruthless, unpredictable.

But this book is more than the biography of a single man: it really lives up to its title of "Life and Times." And by doing so it appeals to a wider circle than those interested in Rivera the man or even in Rivera the artist. In the course of his interpretation of Rivera's art, the author, or the artist speaking through him, throws many interesting sidelights on one of the most burning questions of the day, the relation of the artist to society. His discussion, for example, of Rivera's relations with the artists of Montparnasse, such as Picasso, Gris, Modigliani, Kisling, Severini, Foujita, and many others, becomes, as it were, an illuminating commentary on the schools of Paris, the nature and underlying causes of their revolt against tradition.

> As we look back at them even from this brief distance, we can begin to see cubism, futurism, suprematism, and all the other schools of abstraction and formal experiment in modern art, as contrary eddies in a common current. Together they mark the end of a long progress of growing isolation of art from society, the result of art's having been forced increasingly to turn in upon itself. If the painters could no longer paint for society, they could at least paint for each other, and increasingly they did. If their craft was no longer a means to public ends, they would make it an end in itself.

And in succeeding chapters, when the colorful pageant of the Mexican Murals is unfolded, there are many wise and penetrating comments on the advantages and disadvantages of artists' unions, on propaganda and art, on the new symbology of the Brotherhood of Man, on the social value of frescos, on the common people's appreciation of art, on whether an artist should be a member of an active political party. The life of Rivera becomes, as it were, a case history, a documentation of experience by an unusually intelligent and forward-looking artist, which can be profitably read by everyone, both artist and layman, who is interested in the significance and social content of art. "I had the ambition," Rivera wrote of his Mexican murals, "to reflect the genuine essential expression of the land. I wanted my pictures to mirror the social life of Mexico as I see it, and through the reality and arrangement of the present, the masses were to be shown the possibilities of the future. I sought to be . . . a condenser of the striving and longing of the masses and a transmitter providing for the masses a synthesis of their wishes, so as to serve them as an organizer of consciousness and aid their social organization." The extent to which the artist has created a full-blooded synthesis of agrarian Mexico, and the fidelity of his rendering of the complex industrial and social organization of the United States, are fully revealed in this book.

Here is a living portrait of one of the most versatile and forceful of modern painters, the tribute of long-standing friendship and humane understanding. The book is handsomely printed, with 168 well-selected illustrations which throw much light on the text.

CARL ZIGROSSER

Make It New

CULTURE. By Ezra Pound. New Directions. $2.50.

THE English edition of this volume is called "Guide to Kulchur." Because this title so perfectly sets the tone of the book, it is odd that it was not kept for American readers. Certainly Pound is the last person to wish a cold, unironic title set at the head of his irreverent remarks. The extreme oddness of these essays, to the reader inexperienced in Pound, may automatically invalidate many of his conclusions, some of which are valuable. It would be a good thing, therefore, if the new title at the outset were canceled and the old title written in.

Pound's ideal reader is a person who has experienced real discomfort on being shut up, in a railway train, lecture hall,

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or concert room, with well-modulated voices expressing careful, well-bred opinions on the subject of the arts. Such a reader will remember his own impulse to break into argot and obscenity. This is exactly what Pound has done here, for 349 pages. He has published in the last ten years a number of diatribes against the canned reverence accorded literature. He now goes for reverences pertaining to the whole field of culture, including mathematics, philosophy, painting, and music. He is against the pious respect which stiffens around mankind's achievements in all fields—"the religion of culture well adapted to the emotional needs of polite societies." He is all for breaking up, throwing out, biting the thumb at, pulling the beards of, disinterring, freshening, "making new." He refuses to attack moldy but sacred academic rigmaroles from a distance. A critic like Roger Fry, from whom Pound has learned much, is content to pin down the pretensions of philistines, culture addicts, and *avant-garde* snobs with well-bred wit. Pound walks into the field armed with stink bombs. He fronts the "specialists," running to seed in their limited circles, with his own eclecticism, which makes free of many. He is at times shallow, misinformed, inaccurate, but he smashes his way through the fences and pulls down the walls between archives.

Pound is a provincial American who, after receiving degrees from two provincial American universities, went to Europe and never came back. He combines in himself at present two strongly marked and—one would suppose—completely irreconcilable types: the brilliant American village atheist, and the European dilettante to whom "novelty is a positive virtue." At the beginning of his career, sick to death of the hangovers from the English nineteenth-century critical and artistic values then infecting American poetry, he determined to exhume poetry from the grave into which scholars and moralists had lowered it. He was after poetry in all languages, poetry of all ages. The preface to "The Spirit of Romance" (1910), "a book which never had a public," announced this ambition. Recently he has added a passionate belief in the theories of Major Douglas to his belief in pure poetic values. He is now a soldier of an Economic Faith Militant, as well as a fighting aesthetic. His unexpected jumps between these poles of his enthusiasm, his uncontrolled and frequently hysterical attempts to link the two passions together, his tub-thumping for Mussolini's planned economy make it a simple task to cull ridiculous and half-baked statements from his text. Certainly Pound has few disciples at present, and every critical observer has had a period of disliking his methods. The only way to be fair to a man who, in spite of all his faults, has spent his life cutting away dead wood in the sacred grove is to read "Guide to Kulchur" with an eye alert for its virtues rather than its defects.

"Great literature," Pound has said, "is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree." One of the sternest of Pound's English critics has admitted this statement to be "a very good corrective to the academic and general habit of discussing literature in terms of Hamlet's and Lamb's personalities, Milton's universe, Johnson's conversation . . . and Othello's or Shelley's private life." In contrast to academic failure to see, or acknowledge, the human vigor at the center of human art and thought, here are some sentences from Pound:

> In my student days no senior had the faintest inkling of Dante's interest, Shakespeare's interest in living. . . . The history of culture is the history of ideas going into action. . . . You can write history by tracing ideas, exposing the growth of a concept. You can also isolate the quality or direction of a given time's sensibility. That means the history of an art. . . . Properly, we shd. read for power. Man reading shd. be man intensely alive. The book shd. be a ball of light in one's hand. . . I suspect that the error in educational systems has been the cutting off of learning from appetite. . . . How to see works of art? Think what the creator must have known and felt before he got round to creating them. . . .

Snap judgments, wrong insistence, and, although this is rare, lack of ordinary common sense lie scattered about on these pages. On the other hand, the book is almost completely free from *idées reçues*—except, of course, economic ones. What is lacking is the increasing mellowness and the real, as opposed to hysterical, breaking through into new thought one expects, not entirely sentimentally, from a seasoned artist of fifty. Pound's original substance has not been tough enough to go forward, in spite of and through struggle, into great originality. His taste for the obscure and the esoteric have ultimately weakened his gifts. He likes to fiddle around: to translate Latin translations of Chinese ideograms into English; to put a phrase of Aristotle's, in the original, under a Chinese character. (But it must be remembered that the only interesting and profound discussion of Chinese ideograms in English comes from Fenellosa, through Pound.)

All sorts of memories of Pound's real services in clearing up the aesthetic-moral muddles of the last thirty years must be referred to while one reads this book. And two sentences might be added to its title page:

> To express anything at all is a crime with the philistine; to express anything vital is a crime with culture. (Roger Fry.)
>
> I am trying to use not an inch rule but a balance. (Ezra Pound.)

LOUISE BOGAN

"I Come from Guernica"

THE CHILDREN OF GUERNICA. By Hermann Kesten. Alliance Book Corporation. $2.50.

AS GROWN-UP people behave like madmen and act like wild beasts, children, in comparison, acquire the dignity and wisdom of philosophers. They are the innocent, pathetic victims of fanaticism and brutality, and staring at adults with horror, they ask: "Why are you so crazy? Why must you be so wicked?"

In this book, writing in the first person, Hermann Kesten, an exiled German author in Paris, meets a lad who like himself is a refugee. As writers by profession are bound to be curious, Kesten is eager to hear the life story of the young stranger. The boy begins his narrative in a quiet manner: "My name is Carlos, and I come from Guernica. My father had the chemist's shop on the market square. He was the best man that ever lived."

The tragedy of Carlos and his family is the tragedy of the

Spanish people. Life in Guernica, the Holy City of the Basque country, used to be calm and pleasant. The chemist was happy with his wife, Señora Pia, and with their children, who had such beautiful names—Carlos, José, Ghil, Innozentia, and Modesta. They loved their mother and adored their father. But the idyl was disturbed by the sudden arrival of Uncle Pablo, an adventurer. Many years before, there had been a serious quarrel between Father and Uncle Pablo, and the two brothers had not seen each other for a long while. Now Uncle Pablo comes back and makes trouble. He is impudent and cynical and rather witty. He amuses and frightens the children, and starts to flirt again with Señora Pia, who had once been his fiancee.

The civil war, the tragic fight between brothers, has its prologue in this private sphere. The family in Guernica is not at all concerned with politics; it demands only a certain amount of personal freedom and comfort. The civil war, when it comes, strikes them as an unintelligible catastrophe, like a thunderstorm or an awful disease. The Spanish children with the fine romantic names have to watch and to do revolting things. Some of them even get involved in a murder, and little Innozentia loses the right to her lovely name. Life becomes a nightmare. The sinister, naive, and moving report of young Carlos reaches its unforgettable climax with the description of the notorious bombardment. For the children of Guernica it means something like the end of the world. The mysterious, ruthless enemy destroys their homes and their city, brings death to two of them and to the good father, "the best man that ever lived." However, Señor Pia and Uncle Pablo succeed in escaping to France with what remains of the family, as does Carlos, who gets separated from the others.

But the flight to France was not the last adventure of the family. The story goes on like a baroque fairy tale, almost overcharged with odd events and absurd complications. Matters become still more confused when the lost son, Carlos—in Paris called "Monsieur Charles"—finds his mother, who is living with his cynical Uncle Pablo. The latter finally abandons the poor woman, going away with the attractive wife of Carlos's generous French host. Carlos, for his part, quarrels seriously with his brother José, because both of them have fallen in love with the same girl. It is all a half-tragic, half-comic mess. Carlos tries to commit suicide, and when he fails comes to important conclusions about how to continue with his life. He decides to become a writer, confident that he may communicate essential truths by telling of his past experiences.

Hermann Kesten, author of several brilliant novels and literary essays, often seems to laugh about serious matters. Sometimes the reader almost gets the impression that the author approves of Uncle Pablo's cynical ideals. But in reality Kesten is a moralist disguised as a grim joker. His book is neither bitter nor frivolous; is it frivolous to notice the grotesque elements in a tragedy? There are plenty of reasons, these days, to cry about human beings, and to laugh at them. The moralist in exile, whose face is wet with tears and distorted with painful laughter, utters with a touching sort of desolate enthusiasm the words of Beaumarchais's Figaro: "Hail to joy! Who knows if this world can endure another three weeks?" KLAUS MANN

Seeing Real New York

CHANGING NEW YORK. Photographs by Berenice Abbott; Explanatory Text by Elizabeth McCausland. A Publication of the Federal Art Project. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

HOW superior to the usual romantic view book of New York is this book of photographs by Berenice Abbott! It is a book that literate people will wish to own and enjoy at their leisure. The stock thrillers of the gravure sections showing "Manhattan magic" are conspicuously absent. There are no views from the R. C. A. Building toward the harbor through the gloaming. There are not even, as in Mendelssohn's "America, Picture Book of an Architect," which seemed exciting ten years ago, any tall slit-like pictures to show tall slit-like canyons, nor is there any special opacity in the shadows that the skyscrapers cast on the slums.

It is a sober book, superficially matter-of-fact. Miss McCausland's captions, based on the work of a WPA research staff, gain their interest through their detailed and specific narrative. The straight photographic technique is of a kind which the camera-club enthusiasts for filter and angle shots will find old-fashioned: as in the newsstand guides, when you look at a skyscraper you can count every window. Quite evidently Miss Abbott, who has devoted ten years to seeing and photographing New York, has been in no hurry, has taken her pictures not as a tourist but as one who lives there.

The effect is like walking through the city on a slightly cloudy Sunday. Those days of modulated light tell so much more than the days of exhilarating sunshine, which dazzles you with half the view so as to blind you to the rest. And the detailed facts, keenly observed, build up to more in the end than "effects" do. Miss Abbott's composition, rich in content, have a delayed power. Sometimes this is magnificently epic and tragic, as in that incomparable view of the Henry Street tenement wall against the skyscrapers of Park Place. Once it sings right out, in the breath-taking glimpse of the downtown towers through the rigging of the schooner Theoline. Again, there are the times when Miss Abbott simply plants you in front of a Bowery sidewalk hardware display, where you can count—and price—the endless array of common articles, such as knives, paint brushes, and electric heaters. Then there is the contrast between the handling of the thumping old downtown Post Office (since demolished) with its funny pretentious columns, and the sudden discovery, presented without comment on the next page, of delicacy and refinement in the arabesque of an utterly unpretentious "Lebanon Restaurant" window.

Does this suggest with what skill, and what fresh delight for the eye, the artist has let the facts arrange themselves and recreate, through design, the city's fantastic story and its innumerable moods? The book has its own salt, too. Sometimes the fun is purely graphic, as in the three-fingered composition for the Flatiron Building or the African striping of the Triboro barber school; sometimes it is of subject matter, as in the grave picture of Lafayette on Union Square, addressing himself so gallantly to the "best-dressed women" of the huge sign of that not modest merchant, S. Klein.

This first book of New York calls for more. The real city has been invaded but not yet conquered. Miss Abbott deserves some help. She needs printers and plate-makers whose work is not so harsh. She needs to be relieved of editing done from above, if her own picture is to come out whole. Maybe, left to herself, she would find in her inexhaustible files more scenes that convey the heartiness and joy of life that seven million people have brought with them even into poor New York. The very last picture in the book gives a foretaste of greater richness. It shows the great arch of the Hellgate Bridge. This has never before been portrayed as so incredibly gracious a monster. By contrast, even the Triborough suspension span, which shows in a lower corner, is fragile and feminine. In front of the arch there blossoms, all succulent and tender—and confident—a little tree. Perhaps, of course, this is so fine because it is not really New York.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Tragedy of a Liberal

NIGHT RIDER. By Robert Penn Warren. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

NOT only is "Night Rider" a mature first novel, but it bodes extremely well for the future of American writing. Robert Penn Warren is clearly no one-book author. His progress since 1929, when his life of John Brown was published, is shown not only in the structure and pattern of "Night Rider" but in its clarity of writing and thinking and in the fulness of its characterization.

"Night Rider," on its most immediate and exciting level, is the painfully graphic story of the effects of the terrorism of the Night Riders, a group of tobacco growers in Kentucky in the early part of the century who tried, first by peaceful, then by violent, methods to organize a cooperative association. But the underlying motif of the book is the tragedy of Percy Munn, the young lawyer who, because of his belief in an ideal and because of the persuasion of men simpler and surer than himself, was compelled to act in a way that it was not in him to act. It is the inevitable tragedy of the liberal, the conflict which the man who cannot see that there are two sides to a question is never called upon to face.

John Brown, after he was captured at Harper's Ferry, said: "Two of my sons were killed here today, and I'm dying, too. I came here to liberate slaves, and was to receive no reward. I have acted from a sense of duty, and am content to await my fate. . . . I think I did right. . . . I hold that the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty." And when he was led to the scaffold, the old man said quietly, "I am ready at any time—do not keep me waiting."

When Percy Munn became involved in arson and murder in an effort to gain the liberty of the poverty-stricken tobacco growers, enslaved to the buyers who paid them only starvation prices for their crops, he fled, failed in an attempt to shoot the man who had betrayed his cause, and finally committed suicide.

To the civilized mind Percy Munn is a much more sympathetic character than the fanatical abolitionist. The liberal, trying to organize a cooperative way of life for men who

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were too weak and ignorant to do it themselves, had a constructive plan and purpose. The future of the slaves for whose liberation John Brown willingly committed murder and treason, whose descendants can even now hardly be said to be free, never worried John Brown. And in the defeat of the whole-hearted man of action there is an integrated, triumphant tragedy; there is catharsis at the end. But inherent in the fate of the liberal of whom violent action is demanded is the cancelation, the final destruction, which leaves the reader, however moved to pity he may be, with a sense of unfulfilment and frustration.

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.
> "Julius Caesar," Act II, Scene 1.

Of this "insurrection" in the life of Percy Munn, Mr. Warren has written with depth, insight, and rare distinction. No character in "Night Rider" fails to come fully to life. The book is at all times absorbing. It is in addition an important milestone in the development of the American novel.

MINA CURTISS

Shorter Notices

WINE OF GOOD HOPE. By David Rame. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Middle Western states have ground for a complaint against David Rame, since theirs is the only important section of the world not used at least as a port of call in his nomadic novel, "Wine of Good Hope." The hero, Tony Lemaire, inherits a traditional wanderlust, the male members of his family having always left their vineyard of Languedoc in the Cape Colony to become soldiers of fortune. Even though it looks for a while as if Tony's love for the vine-covered land would wipe out the roving taint in his blood, his ambitious sister's intrigues and the ravages of a forest fire send him out upon a smuggling venture which in turn draws him to Brazil, Argentina, Malaya, London, New York, and intermediate points. Once well started, he is relentlessly driven on by a bitter dissatisfaction with himself and by a burning desire to find his father, who had disappeared a dozen or so years before but whose trail Tony finds blazed by legends of superhuman adventures. Languedoc he gladly leaves to the women of the family, to his sister and to his strong-willed grandmother, who never loses hope of bringing him back eventually to assume his proper responsibility. Even his fiancee and childhood sweetheart, Lowell Marlowe, cannot exorcise the demon that scourges him from hemisphere to hemisphere, bringing him into contact directly or indirectly with the Vargas insurrection, the Spanish civil war, the New England hurricane. You have to hand it to Tony: he has a knack of arriving at places where things are happening. And if you have a pretty firm conviction all along that everything will turn out happily, that he will find his father, marry Lowell, and return triumphantly to Languedoc—well, you know that no author is going to put his hero through all those paces just to have him end up in a transient shelter. Mr. Rame, who is a native of South Africa and has been around a bit himself, writes splendidly, and his up-to-date Anthony Adverse is likely to reach, and appeal to, a large audience.

PICASSO. By Gertrude Stein. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Miss Stein's Picasso is an adamantine Spaniard who has constantly sought to intensify his vision of "things seen without association." At the same time there is a slight, peculiar tenderness in him—almost akin to sentimentality—which makes him desire various kinds of consolation. His story, as she sees it, is a fluctuation between these two tendencies. His Blue Period (1901-4) was pure Spanish, wavering, dipped in a temperament fantastically acute and touching. His return to Paris brought his Rose Period, when he almost lost himself in grace and delicacy as such. Cubism followed and a new attack in that war which would never end for him. Then 1917 and the seduction of Italy and the theater in virtually a second Rose Period. Subsequently, in the twenties, he became realistic, painted gigantic classical women, and was cool and precise and perhaps less searching—though the sheer "writing" which figured in some of his drawing did show, says Miss Stein, the retention of Saracen elements from his homeland. Next came the period of Russian influence, due perhaps to his wife; then two years of idleness (1935-37), and finally the impressive resolutions of the last two years, induced by the Spanish War. An appealing book, just, perceptive, and close to the artist. Handsomely printed, it completes what was begun in "Portraits and Prayers" and adds an indispensable item for the appreciation of the least predictable of modern painters.

RECORDS

MARIAN ANDERSON has sung with the beautiful art but never, in my experience, with the sheer loveliness of voice that is to be heard in her new version of "I Can't Stay Away," with "Were You There?" on the reverse side of the Victor record ($1.50). On the other hand, the splendor of Flagstad's voice is, as usual, not wholly recreated by the record ($1.50) of Strauss's "Cäcilie" and "Seitdem dein Aug' "; but on this record is phrasing—particularly the subtly inflected sustained phrasing of "Seitdem dein Aug' "—which expresses musical feeling and taste that are as impressive and moving as the voice.

Gieseking's performance of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 53 ("Waldstein") (Columbia: three records, $5) is beautifully wrought; but played *Adagio molto,* or very slowly, as Beethoven directs, the slow movement can have a significance and effect that it cannot have played *Andante,* with movement, as it is by Gieseking. The piano is recorded with clarity and fidelity, but without the richness of timbre that has been heard on the recent Rubinstein records and that is even more extraordinary in the Victor set of Chopin's Sonata Opus 58 (three records, $6.50). The first movement of this fine work is spoiled for me by Brailovsky's distortion of phrase in the way that is traditional in performance of Chopin; but the other three movements are free of this and highly satisfying.

The sheer gorgeousness of sound that is in Delius's music is in "Appalachia," which occupies five of the seven records in the Delius Society's Volume III ($14) issued here by Columbia. In most of his works this gorgeousness is amorphous; but "Appalachia," like "Brigg Fair," gains from being in the highly vertebrate form of theme and variations. Good also are the excerpts from "Irmelin" and "Koanga" on another record; but the music for the closing scene of "Hassan" on still another is quite poor. Beecham's performances with the London Philharmonic and the choruses of the B. B. C. and the Royal Opera are excellent; the recording is of the superfine quality that English Columbia seems to reserve for these volumes; the surfaces are of an improved quality which I hope American Columbia will not reserve for these volumes; and Columbia continues to set an example, which Victor continues not to follow, by including the original English booklet in the set.

If there is anything finer and more exciting in jazz being recorded than the performances of John Kirby's Orchestra it has yet to come my way; and this will continue until someone decides to build Kirby up and persuades him to enlarge the orchestra from six men to sixteen. Every one of the players is first-rate, but the outstanding member of the group is Billy Kyle; and it is his extraordinary piano-playing that contributes most to making "Rehearsin' for a Nervous Breakdown" and "Pastel Blue" (Decca) and "The Turf" (Vocalion) the exciting things they are. The only recent record that approaches them is the Brunswick reissue of the Teddy Wilson "What a Little Moonlight Can Do," and for the same reason—the piano-playing of Wilson at the height of his 1935 powers. Then there is a fascinating solo by Jess Stacy in the Goodman Orchestra's "I'll Always Be in Love with You" (Victor); Meade "Lux" Lewis's famous "Honky Tonk Train Blues" is reissued on Bluebird; and there are excellent trumpet-playing by Frankie Newton and fine work by the entire group in his record of "Rosetta" and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" (Bluebird).

B. H. HAGGIN

DRAMA

Mr. Behrman Goes Astray

CERTAIN virtues can almost be taken for granted in any play by S. N. Behrman, but "No Time for Comedy" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) seems to me distinctly less successful than any other of his recent works and at least relatively superficial as well as relatively unfunny.

As the title suggests, the problem is specifically that with which Mr. Behrman himself has been repeatedly faced—the problem of a comic writer living in an age which forces upon his attention conflicts which the comic spirit seems incapable of resolving. He is faced therefore with an unhappy choice: either he must abandon the form and spirit of pure comedy, or he must confine himself to subjects which are bound to seem remote for the simple reason that they are

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bound to avoid reference to the topics most persistently under discussion. In the past Mr. Behrman has got around the difficulty in more than one way. In "Biography," for instance, he eluded it by making the two proponents of conflicting political philosophies so plainly mere talkers that they could be satisfactorily disposed of by the talk of the brilliant woman who embodied the comic philosophy. In "Rain from Heaven" he sent the German exile back to his native land to fight the battle which he could no longer honorably avoid, while he left his heroine to continue life in her own land, where, for the time being at least, the comic virtues of tolerance and common sense still have their place. Both of these plays were successful, but "No Time for Comedy" ceases almost to be comedy at all while failing to become very much more than a rather tepid problem play.

The central situation seems decidedly promising. It concerns the dilemma of a brilliant young writer who, just as he is beginning to be tired of writing smart comedies for his actress wife, falls into the hands of a sort of up-to-date Dulcy, a rich woman who goes in for serious problems and is accustomed to use as a technique of seduction the discovery that successive men are wasting their talents by not realizing the depths of their souls. Inevitably our hero writes a play about death, asks his Dulcy to marry him, and plans to go off to Spain to fight for democracy. But when he realizes that the play is wretched stuff, it is almost equally inevitable that he should return to his wife and, presumably, forget about Spain. Perhaps the fundamental trouble with the play is that it has really two themes, here related but not identical, which are never clearly distinguished and which get in each other's way. One theme, specifically stated, is concerned with a conflict over a man between two types of women—the shrewd, intelligent critic and the yearning flatterer or, as the former puts it, the tearer-downer and the builder-upper. The other theme, and the one to which the title of the play refers, is concerned with the question whether or not the comic virtues have any place in a world where, as a character in one of the author's previous plays remarked, "while you are trying to understand your enemy he will kill you." This second theme Mr. Behrman takes seriously and seems by no means willing to dispose of out of hand. Yet he has begged the question and made the conclusion inevitable by making the protagonist of the graver view a pretentious imbecile while letting the hero's choice of an attitude nevertheless depend largely upon his choice between the two women. Perhaps because the two themes are confused, neither of the issues is ever directly faced, and at no time does either conflict really come to a head. The play is brought to a close by an ingenious theatrical trick, but brought to a close while one is still waiting for the decisive confrontation of the problem with which it ostensibly proposes to deal. The big scene has simply not been written, and even the hero's conclusions concerning the place of comedy in his world are left almost sentimentally vague.

Only occasionally does the dialogue exhibit the crisp and witty precision one has come to expect from Mr. Behrman, and it may be that the central confusion is also responsible both for that and for the fact that the characters seem to lack the charm which even his rattle-brains have managed so often in the past to suggest. Under the transforming touch of pure comedy even bores become entertaining, though we still recognize the fact that they would be intolerable in any drawing-room except the enchanted one which the comic writer has conjured up, and in the same magic realm even fools make themselves welcome. But in "No Time for Comedy" Mr. Behrman's characters are seen without enchantment; so that Katharine Cornell cannot make the heroine as charming as she ought to be and Margalo Gilmore, though I think she plays extremely well, cannot make the solemn seductress amiable. Much the same may be said of Laurence Olivier as the playwright. We are asked to believe that, though we see him in a bad mood, he is really a young man of graciousness and charm as well as intelligence. Yet I could not see him as other than a pouting and ill-humored puppy. Probably Mr. Behrman was not very happy in writing this play, and he does not make the spectator very happy either.

Probably no one concerned in the original production of "Pins and Needles" at the Labor Stage was sanguine enough to suppose that it would ever live to require a 1939 edition, but there seems no good reason now why it shouldn't last indefinitely. One of the new skits, The Red Mikado, stopped the show at its first performance, and is a brilliant as well as a hilarious satire. Another of the new numbers, called Papa Lewis, Mamma Green, is almost as good, and there is lots of other new material, some of which stings sharply for all its apparent good humor. "Pins and Needles" ought to be an institution—if it isn't one already.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Letters to the Editors

How Loyal Is Canada?

Dear Sirs: Mr. David Martin's conclusions in his article "The King Comes to Canada" in *The Nation* for March 11 seem to me merely a triumph of wishful thinking, and I should be sorry to see them accepted by your readers as unchallengeable facts. That there have been great changes in Canada since 1914 every informed person is aware. The mere fact of the country having lost 60,000 men in the Great War, and seen its national debt increased fivefold, is enough to insure that it will not go to war again without some thought. When and if the final crisis comes in Europe, Canada will make up its own mind; but it is far from certain that the decision will be against cooperation with Britain. Many circumstances lead me to expect the reverse; and in particular my impressions of the September crisis are utterly different from Mr. Martin's. I was in Canada at the time, and my observation—confirmed by that of every political observer I have talked with—was that as the tension grew it became steadily clearer that if war came the Dominion would be in it almost from the first moment. Every day brought increased pressure upon the government for a policy of cooperation: from newspapers (in this connection Mr. Martin, ingeniously reversing the Toronto *Globe and Mail's* campaign, attempts to use it as evidence of isolationist feeling); from groups (the organized veterans were especially conspicuous, and the Canadian Corps Association offered to raise and train one division "as a preliminary contribution"); from many individuals. On September 24 the Toronto *Saturday Night*, an influential independent weekly of moderate views, severely criticized the pressure groups for embarrassing the Prime Minister at a difficult moment, and added:

> Nobody in any part of the world, we imagine, can have been in any doubt that had the British government gone to war over Czechoslovakia, or should it even yet find it necessary to do so, the Dominion of Canada would join in that war to the extent of its resources in men and money, with the same impassioned conviction as it did in 1914.

Limitations of space forbid me to discuss here the motives prompting the present Canadian official policy of "no commitments," to examine Mr. Martin's historical arguments, or even to point out his errors of fact. Of these last, one particularly glaring example must suffice: the statement that "an agreement has been concluded for the construction of a military highway from the American border through British Columbia to Alaska." This is entirely untrue. All that has been done is that both countries have appointed fact-finding commissions to investigate the project.

C. P. STACEY

Princeton, N. J., March 28

Dear Sirs: Mr. Stacey adduces certain quotations and facts to prove that there was a widespread sentiment in favor of military support to Britain. My article does not deny the existence of such a sentiment; on the contrary, it points out that the bulk of the Canadians of British descent are still loyal to the empire—but that the same thing cannot be said about the remaining 49 per cent of the population.

Mr. Stacey accuses me of ingeniously attempting to reverse the position of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. I would recommend a more careful reading to Mr. Stacey. The few questions which I used could only have come from an article favoring empire solidarity; to reverse the *Globe and Mail's* position—particularly by employing the selected quotations—would be a feat, I fear, beyond all ingenuity.

There is one minor correction that I should like to acknowledge. No *formal* agreement has yet been concluded for the construction of the Alaska highway. But when Premier Patullo of British Columbia returned from Washington last year he announced that the American officials and himself were completely agreed on the project and that it only remained to arrange the finances.

Mr. Stacey has assiduously refrained from dealing with my essential arguments. I point out that economically Canada is far more dependent on the United States than it is on Britain, and that everything today indicates that there will be a further alienation from Britain and a further rapprochement with the United States. I state that Canada could not participate in another European war without running the risk of serious disaffection in French Canada—an opinion concurred in by some of the most authoritative Canadian journals. I quote a statement made by Major General J. F. C. Fuller in which Canada is bitterly denounced as the major obstacle in the way of a united empire defense scheme.

Mr. Stacey apparently considers public opinion and newspaper opinion and governmental policy to be identical. But the Chamberlain government during the Czech crisis gave a classic demonstration of the gulf that can sometimes separate public opinion from official policy. Mr. Stacey, moreover, has not accurately represented press opinion, let alone public opinion. If the *Globe and Mail* was pro-British during the crisis, the *Toronto Star*, from the standpoint of popular influence the most powerful paper in Canada, discreetly avoided the question. The major part of the French Canadian press observed a similar discretion—effectively concealing from the casual observer the hostility of the *Canadiens* to participation in a foreign war. True, the Canadian Corps pledged its loyalty to Britain, but the leadership of the Canadian Corps is about as representative of the rank and file as is the leadership of the American Legion.

It is to be noted that my article does not exclude the possibility that Canada will side with Britain in the event of war. What it does say is that this is contingent primarily upon the future of British-American relations. If Premier King today is prepared to solidarize Canada with Britain and France, he is only following the American lead. On the surface this may appear as a display of empire solidarity. But if Britain ever returns to its previous orientation—and there is no guaranty that it will not—the bonds of empire would become extremely tenuous things.

DAVID MARTIN

Toronto, Canada, April 7

Albanian Heroes

Dear Sirs: The events of last week evoke a vivid picture of a great military leader of antiquity who, as an invincible conqueror, marched at the head of Albanian troops into the distant Orient—Alexander the Great. History calls him King of Macedon but identifies this Macedonian as an Albanian. The Albanian people treasure the memory of this ancestor, whom they call "Iskander," and King Zog's heir was given that name.

In the second canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" Lord Byron shows his hero landing on the coast of Albania and extols in the following passage the dauntless descendants of Alexander the Great:

Fierce are Albanians, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valor bids them bleed
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

Now these heroes have become Mussolini's slaves. ANTON KUH

New York, April 13

Jewish Life and Literature

Dear Sirs: In his otherwise able review of Singer's East of Eden," Harold Strauss makes certain generalizations concerning Jews and Yiddish literature which have little basis in fact. It is no more accurate to state that Yiddish literature "is still extremely close to its folk culture" than it is to assert that it is eminently sophisticated and cosmopolitan. Yiddish writers, like all honest artists, are interested in all aspects of Jewish life and depict those which appeal to them most.

Nor is it entirely true that to the Jews of Eastern Europe "a day in 1913 was hardly distinguishable from a day in 1773." While the culture of the backward Jewish villages followed in the main its accustomed medieval pattern until the World War, it was nowhere "hermetically sealed"; indeed, for the past half-century young Jews have been in the vanguard of the revolutionary political and social movements. One need only read the early plays and novels of Sholem Asch, or even the works of the older Yiddish writers, to appreciate the deep cultural ferment within the Jewish pale.

Moreover, Mr. Strauss's further assertion that "the majority of Yiddish novels begin in the timeless existence of the ghetto" is simply not according to fact. The greater part of the writings of Asch, Opatoshu, Leivich, and other living writers begin in the present and deal with vital issues of modern Jewish life. CHARLES A. MADISON

New York, March 30

Dwight C. Morgan

Dear Sirs: The foreign-born in America suffered an inestimable loss in the untimely death of Dwight C. Morgan. Having helped to organize the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born in 1933 and having served as its secretary until he died last January, Dwight C. Morgan will be remembered as a self-sacrificing and courageous leader and a most loyal friend of those he undertook to help.

In tribute to him his friends and coworkers are creating the Dwight C. Morgan Memorial Fund. The money is to be devoted to educational purposes, making possible the continued publication of books and pamphlets on questions whose understanding is vital to the welfare of the foreign-born. It is essential to the safeguarding of American democracy that they be equipped with a sound knowledge of the dangers of unjust deportation, unfair discrimination, and legal measures which threaten them, and with an appreciation of their position in this country. "Every part of the fight for equal rights for the foreign-born will help to maintain and extend the democratic rights of the native-born," Dwight C. Morgan said in his pamphlet, "The Foreign Born in the United States."

In order that the purposes of the memorial fund may be adequately filled, it is proposed to raise $5,000 as a minimum. Donations may be sent to Charles Recht, care the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MARIQUITA VILLARD

New York, March 20

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ROBERT DELL, *The Nation's* correspondent in Geneva, is in the United States on a lecture trip.

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The Shape of Things

*

POLAND'S STOUT-HEARTED RESISTANCE TO Hitler's demand for Danzig and a corridor across the Corridor has started twitters in the French and British undercover appeasement groups. Reports from London have spoken of Anglo-French pressure on Poland, and an editorial in the London *Times* stressing the German character of Danzig may have been calculated to dampen British support for Warsaw. The Foreign Office, however, has sharply denied suggestions that the British guaranty is being qualified, and there are other indications that in Britain the "Municheers" have lost influence. But in Paris they remain powerfully intrenched, with their henchman, M. Bonnet, still occupying the key position of Foreign Minister. Following Hitler's Reichstag speech comments were circulated calling attention to the comparatively friendly references to France and suggesting that Frenchmen would regard Danzig as a bad cause for which to fight. A dubious part is being played in giving publicity to such manufactured opinion by P. J. Philip, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*. As a reporter of what France thinks Mr. Philip is often far from adequate, but he is a most efficient guide to what M. Bonnet would like France to think. *Times* readers would therefore do well to check Mr. Philip's reports by reference to the more objective dispatches of John Elliott in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

*

DER FUEHRER AND IL DUCE, DESPITE THEIR frequent brotherly gestures, do not seem altogether to trust each other. There are reports of strengthened fortifications on both sides of the Brenner Pass, and Mussolini still seems reluctant to enter into a full military alliance with the Reich. Nevertheless, the two dictators probably know they will have to hang together. Their subjects, however, are clearly resentful of the fate which binds them so closely. Ordinary Italians, it appears, were thoroughly upset by the bellicose tone of Hitler's Reichstag speech. They loathe the idea of being dragged into a quarrel with Poland. Germans equally hate the thought of fighting to gain Tunisia for Italy. Recent published

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and private reports from Germany suggest the growth of unorganized but potent discontents. The ever-increasing pressure on labor to work longer hours and to speed up production is meeting resistance. Recently a bloody riot is said to have occurred in the Saar coalfield over the sixty-hour week. Nor is the food situation improving. Simultaneously with a proclamation by Dr. Ley, leader of the Labor Front, telling Germans to enjoy life and "not vegetate" came a decree cutting down cattle slaughterings by 20 per cent. All Hitler's great victories seem to result only in lower living standards and harder labor, and the moral satisfactions which they bring are no longer sufficient compensation. Overorganized, overdrilled, overworked, and oversupervised, the German people are becoming so exhausted that they respond less and less to each new stimulant. They are not the stuff with which worlds are conquered.

* * *

BY INTRODUCING A CONSCRIPTION BILL Mr. Chamberlain has broken many pledges that he would never take this step in peace time. But we are not sure that this is ground for an indictment. It is, however, an admission of guilt on a much graver charge —of dalliance with aggressors until the moment when only a full mobilization of British resources can hope to check their depredations. The adoption of conscription obviously has no immediate military value. The first draft of two to three hundred thousand young men will need six months for a modicum of training. No doubt, as equipment becomes available, the numbers will be gradually increased. But as a symbolic gesture conscription is important, for it is so contrary to the whole British tradition that only in the gravest circumstances could it be accepted by the people. The government's action is therefore an attempt to convince present and potential allies, as well as the dictators, that its new firmness toward aggressors is not a mere façade. France, Russia, and Poland have been pressing for such a sign, and apparently there has been equally strong pressure from British groups. The Labor Party is opposing conscription, but it seems unlikely to carry that opposition to more than parliamentary lengths. Its position on the question is, in fact, not easy to sustain. For it has been urging the government to take a firm stand against fascism, and it now risks the accusation that it is unwilling to implement its words with the means of action. Moreover, although it has pressed the government to accept allies irrespective of ideological differences it has permitted just such an obstacle to prevent the formation of an effective opposition to Chamberlain. Had it not thus weakened its authority the Labor Party would have been in a better position to insist that conscription should, at least, be accompanied by a change in Prime Ministers.

AN ALMOST TOTAL BLOCKADE CONTINUES on news from Spain. The few reports which have filtered through the censorship tell practically nothing about conditions in Madrid and other formerly Loyalist cities. According to the latest official dispatch, the "peace parade" has been definitely set for May 15, after which there will be general demobilization of both domestic and foreign troops. Doubt is still expressed, however, that demobilization can actually be carried out so soon. William Carney, the pro-Franco correspondent of the New York *Times,* reports that only 223 persons have been condemned to death of the 17,000 who have been tried for treason by the new regime. Private letters from Spain, however, say that the number of executions runs into the thousands with the end not yet in sight. The food situation, for all except the most favored of Madrid's population, is declared to be worse than during the siege. There are also reports of disaffection within Franco's ranks which will preclude any possibility of restoring normal conditions in Spain for many months to come.

* * *

THE CHINESE SPRING OFFENSIVE SEEMS TO have pushed back the Japanese in many sectors of their two-thousand-mile battle front. Despite Japanese denials, it is apparent that the Chinese are less than ten miles from Nanchang and are threatening to nullify Japan's one victory since the capture of Hankow last October. Another Chinese attack is threatening the strategic city of Hsuchow, junction of the Tientsin-Nanking and Lunghai railways. Fighting continues on the outskirts of Canton, although here the Chinese seem to have made little progress in the past few weeks. To complicate matters, Japan faces new difficulties on the economic front. Its effort to force the population of North China to accept unbacked paper money in place of Chinese national currency has definitely failed. And in the United States Senator Pittman has introduced a bill empowering the President to stop all trade with Japan, while the Treasury is considering the imposition of penalty tariffs on Japanese imports. Enactment of either of these measures, but particularly of the Pittman bill, would seriously weaken Japan's military efficiency.

* * *

FEW VOICES ARE RAISED TO DISPUTE THE increased efficiency and economy to be derived from the reorganization plan announced by the President, and it is difficult at this time to recall just why the tories should have raised the bogy of dictatorship two years ago in an effort to prevent this modest streamlining of government. New federal security, works, and loan agencies are created, and the newer government instrumentalities developed by the New Deal are distributed among them and the Department of Agriculture. That portion of the reorganization plan of perhaps the widest significance is

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the one placing PWA, WPA, and other public works under a single head. One of its most useful by-products is that it ends the danger that the white-collar projects might be scrapped by enactment of the Byrnes bill. While works agencies are thus coordinated by the reorganization order, Mr. Roosevelt apparently looks forward to less need for public works next year. His relief message defended the principle of work relief but asked only $1,477,000,000 for the WPA during the next fiscal year, a sum that would give employment to but 2,000,000 jobless as compared with the 3,000,000 on WPA last year. While Mr. Roosevelt seeks to appease the budget balancers in this way, the Congressional committee investigating the WPA seems to be laying the groundwork for as dirty an attack as possible. The committee's agents in New York—one of whom has served as counsel for "patriotic" groups—are seeking to find out what members of the Federal Arts Projects are members of the Workers' Alliance or the Communist Party. The right of the unemployed to be represented by the Workers' Alliance, or any other organization, has been upheld by the Administration; a man out of work has as much right to belong to the Communist Party as a man with a job. We can see no authority for the committee's snooping.

✢

JOHN L. LEWIS HAS PUT THE A. F. OF L. leadership on a big black spot. He charges that the amendments to the Wagner Act supported by the federation were "prepared with the aid, advice, and counsel of representatives of the National Association of Manufacturers," and declares himself ready to present documentary proof to the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. William Green and John P. Frey have issued denials, and Joseph A. Padway, counsel of the A. F. of L., says he will meet the Lewis statement "at the proper time." The proper time to meet it is when A. F. of L. leaders testify for the Walsh amendments before the Senate committee, and we hope members of the committee will subject them to a thorough examination. For the fact remains, as *The Nation* has pointed out, that the Walsh amendments were never approved by the A. F. of L. rank and file, or by a convention, and that they go far beyond the two amendments authorized by the joint meeting last December 20 of legislative representatives of the A. F. of L. and the railroad brotherhoods. The other Walsh amendments are clearly designed to protect employers, and to protect them in anti-union activities. They have no connection with legitimate—or illegitimate—trade-union aims. That the National Association of Manufacturers supports these amendments is no secret, but if Lewis can present documentary evidence of collusion between the notoriously anti-labor N. A. M. and the A. F. of L. he will set off an explosion that may blow the traitorous top leadership of the federation sky high.

THE APPOINTMENT OF LORD LOTHIAN AS British Ambassador in Washington is significant. Evidently Downing Street feels that in these troublous times an unprofessional diplomat is more likely to gain a sympathetic ear for its policies than a cut-and-dried career man. In Lord Lothian it has found a man who has many contacts here, who has traveled extensively in America, and who has conscientiously studied American affairs. We have no doubt that the New York "Four Hundred," the best hostesses of Washington, and the more exalted academic circles will receive him with open arms. Ordinary Americans, we suspect, may find him a trifle too suave. Lord Lothian entered public life as a member of Lord Milner's nursery—a group of bright young men who carried Oxford's "sweetness and light" to South Africa after the Boer War. Later he helped establish the *Round Table,* a solemn quarterly devoted to the higher ethics of British imperialism. During and after the Great War, as secretary to Lloyd George, he acquired a thorough education in practical politics. In recent times Lord Lothian, a friend of Lady Astor's and like her a Christian Scientist, has been identified with the Cliveden appeasers. However, living up to his family motto—*Sero sed serio* ("Late but in earnest")—he is now ardently advocating a strong alliance against aggression and is even willing to accept Russian aid. Interviewed in London regarding his new post, Lord Lothian is reported as saying: "I would be quite satisfied to do half as well as Joe Kennedy has done over here." That is no doubt Mr. Chamberlain's hope, but it sounds a bit ominous to us.

✢

NATIONAL PEACE AND SECURITY WEEK, organized to mobilize public opinion throughout the country behind immediate revision of the Neutrality Act, was scheduled to close with a mass-meeting in Washington on May 3. Although hastily announced to meet a crisis in our foreign relations, the week met with an excellent response in many parts of the country. Last Saturday the Republican mayor of Los Angeles, Fletcher Bowron, held a huge mass-meeting on the steps of the City Hall, at which Czech, Slavic, Italian, and Chinese groups in native costume led the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. Mayor LaGuardia and other city officials sponsored the week in New York. The formal drive will be officially ended by the time these lines are read, but there must be no relaxation in popular pressure for revision of the Neutrality Act to permit discrimination between aggressors and their victims. The Senate committee's decision to postpone action on neutrality for at least another few days makes it imperative that the campaign go on until Congress either adopts the Thomas amendment or repeals the present act altogether. Such action would be the most effective possible answer to Hitler's insolent appeal for American isolationist support.

Hitler Says No

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IN EUROPE today it is true not merely that acts speak louder than words but that words are important only as acts. Hitler's answer to the President was a political act and has been accepted as such. The important elements in his speech were (1) his unconvincing effort, aimed obviously at his own people, to justify the conquest of Czechoslovakia; (2) the direct threat to Poland, embodied not only in his repudiation of the Polish-German non-aggression pact and his reiteration of the demand for Danzig and a trans-Corridor corridor, but in his startling comparison of Poland's present situation with that of Czechoslovakia last summer; (3) his shrewd counter-attack on American institutions and on the President's intervention in European affairs, designed to take all possible advantage of isolationist sentiment and political division in this country.

Each of these points deserves some attention. The labored argument on the righteousness of the seizure of Czechoslovakia was first of all an answer to German unrest and discouragement. All observers testify to the disquiet in Germany that followed the Munich triumph. It filled the ordinary German with foreboding as well as shame. But, superficially at least, it could be accepted as an item in the popular program of creating a *Volkstaat*. The victory of March was another story. The annihilation of the Czechoslovak state, the absorption of Bohemia and Moravia, the "freeing" under Nazi rule of Slovakia—these were a step in a different direction, a step toward that *Lebensraum* which has no fixed walls and which so obviously cannot be occupied without ousting the present occupants by force.

The conquest of Czechoslovakia had to be justified in the eyes of the German people if only to lay the ideological foundations for the next move in the direction of Poland. Poland is no more German than Czechoslovakia. Apart from Danzig it has no considerable or solid German minority; even the Corridor is predominantly Polish. Germany has asked for the cession of Danzig and for a fifteen-mile-wide strip of land across the Corridor. Poland has refused this request; it has mobilized its army and signed a mutual-defense pact with Great Britain. It has, in short, proved even less amenable than Czechoslovakia. In view of all this, Hitler was forced, he said, to repudiate his recently renewed non-aggression agreement with Poland; but he would still be willing to negotiate a new one if Poland wished. Which meant, put plainly, that he would refrain from attack if Poland would now surrender Danzig, the right of way through the Corridor, *and* the alliance with Great Britain; otherwise the fate of Czechoslovakia would be Poland's fate.

The issue of Danzig is not a palatable one for the Western powers. The city is German; it is Nazi in sentiment and its government is Nazi-controlled. As a single issue, Danzig would be a poor *casus belli,* politically as well as morally. Hitler knows it and so he deliberately directs his open threats to this point. But Danzig is not a single issue. Economically it is both vital to and dependent on Poland. Deprived of it and cut off by the proposed new corridor from Gdynia, their only other port, the Poles would be at Germany's mercy. For this reason the chance of settlement by negotiation looks slim unless Great Britain and France behind the scenes bring upon Poland the sort of pressure that forced Prague to yield in September. Undoubtedly the Western powers would welcome a "voluntary" compromise, but Poland will hardly be subjected to the brutal ultimatum from its allies that downed the Czechs. The new anti-aggression front, based on the new realization of Hitler's threat to the West, would collapse under such a barefaced betrayal. To weaken that front was, of course, a major purpose of this part of Hitler's speech.

Hitler's third object was to ridicule the President's plea and direct attention to American weaknesses. According to Dorothy Thompson, this section of his "answer" was prepared by the German embassy in Washington. It was a good job. As Miss Thompson points out, Hitler used not only the arguments but almost the exact language of the American opponents of the President's foreign policy. He repeated his regular—and always effective—attack on the Versailles treaty; he played on the popular theme of British imperialism; he pointed out the deplorable economic plight of the United States; he dismissed the very thought of German penetration in the Americas while pointedly listing our own lapses from neighborly good conduct; he rebuked the President for interfering in Europe instead of tending to his own affairs at home. All in all Hitler managed to sound like a mélange of American isolationist Senators, and like them he avoided the great issue on which the President based his plea: What is to become of Western civilization if war engulfs the world? Mr. Roosevelt asked Hitler whether he would demobilize and submit his claims to a conference in which the United States would join as friendly mediator. Hitler talked all around the subject and then said no.

He said that just as the United States would resist foreign interference in the affairs of the Americas, so Germany would resist interference on the Continent, especially in those areas set apart for German exploitation; in effect he established a Monroe Doctrine for Europe. And he offered bilateral peace pacts in place of the general settlement suggested by the President. Putting these two counter-proposals together, we can see clearly enough the design in the Führer's mind. Hitler's Europe would be comprised of states bound separately to Germany—but not to one another—by "peace" pacts drawn in ac-

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cordance with the "life-needs" of the Reich. If it should suit Hitler to alter the arrangements, he could do so at his convenience, taking one state at a time. It is easy to see how reasonable the idea of such a Europe must look to Hitler.

But at the moment this ideal Europe is in abeyance. An alliance created specifically to resist his plans is in process of rapid growth. If Russia joins as a full-fledged member, it will be hard to beat. But Hitler is still betting on his power to corrupt and divide, to threaten and buy. He is confident enough to risk saying no to the President. The next very few days will demonstrate whether his assurance is justified.

The Milk Racket

NO phase of the monopoly inquiry should be of greater interest to the American people than that which deals with the milk business. Harsher names have been applied to it. So conservative a farm journal as the *Rural New Yorker* could say, when Tammany Leader James J. Hines was convicted, "The policy racket covers a period of about seven years and was said to involve about seven million dollars. . . . The milk racket covers a period of twenty years and is estimated to have involved one hundred million dollars a year." Bitterness is understandable when one observes the fat profits which two huge nation-wide milk combines continue to draw from a set-up in which there is an apparent overproduction of milk on the dairy farm and an all too real underconsumption of it in the home.

Although the Temporary National Economic Committee devoted less than two full days to presentation of the public's case against monopoly practices in milk and heard no representative of dairy-farm or consumer organizations, enough evidence was forthcoming to paint the outlines of a characteristic and crucial "want amid plenty" problem. As we go to press, spokesmen for the milk industry are opening their rebuttal. They have much to rebut. The testimony and statistical analyses by Dr. Frederic C. Howe of the Department of Agriculture and Kemper Simpson of the Federal Trade Commission show that since milk distribution became a big business the margin between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays for milk has widened. In 1923, when the National Dairy Products Corporation was formed, the dairy farmer's share of the milk consumer's dollar was 52 cents. Ten years later it was 35 cents.

The monopolists are perpetually talking of a supposed surplus of milk and assuring the farmer of their generosity when they buy this "surplus" at distress prices, but an AAA official estimated some years ago that if pinch-faced children in the slums and the pellagra-ridden South had sufficient milk there would be a shortage of 15,000,000 cows. Big-business methods in milk have meant, not economy and efficiency in distribution, but a greater power to exploit both farmer and consumer.

It is a pity the monopoly inquiry did not invite farm and consumer organizations to speak on the milk problem, for then the hearings might have gone beyond familiar evils and generalities to the concrete and immediate problems involved in AAA milk-marketing regulation. The Supreme Court last week heard argument on the appeal from the decision of Federal District Judge Frank Cooper holding the New York milk-marketing agreement unconstitutional. And after reading the legalistic brief presented by the government and the realistic opinion handed down by Judge Cooper it is hard to avoid the conclusion that though the AAA may have succeeded in raising the price of milk it has not succeeded in curbing monopoly. On the contrary Judge Cooper showed specifically how the price-pooling provisions would drive the independents out of business. One feels that the government's argument put it in the position of acting as apologist and defender in New York of much the same interests and tactics that it is prosecuting under the anti-trust laws in Chicago. It is no accident that Frank E. Gannett's anti-New Deal *American Agriculturist* is strongly supporting the AAA milk agreement, while the pro-New Deal Dairy Farmers' Union and the pro-New Deal Milk Consumers' Protective Committee in New York City oppose it. Nor is it easy to down the suspicion that the Chicago milkshed committee appointed by Governor Horner of Illinois to study the New York milk-marketing regulations may seek to sidetrack the anti-trust prosecution in Chicago by proposing a similar marketing order for that area.

With the principle of government regulation of milk we have no quarrel. But we do not think the Department of Agriculture has yet made a satisfactory reply to the criticism voiced by Judge Cooper. The federal-state regulatory set-up in New York was conceived in the councils of the monopolists and supported in Albany and Washington by their lobbyists. The basic fallacy, the contention that "company union" cooperatives genuinely represent the dairy farmer, is reflected in a system of block voting that makes a joke of the democratic referendums which are supposed to pass on marketing agreements. The same illusion finds embodiment in price-pooling provisions that benefit the big distributors at the expense of the independents. Finally, the complex system of classification developed by the big combines as a means of milking the dairy farmer was taken over in its most extreme form by the AAA in New York. Whatever the Supreme Court decision—and it may find the case moot because the complementary state law has also been held unconstitutional—revision of the AAA by Congress as far as milk is concerned is essential if the milk monopoly is to be curbed instead of legalized. The objectives must be to give the individual dairy farmer the right to an individual vote, to end domination of the big cooperatives by the milk combines, and to simplify or eliminate systems of classification and price-pooling so complicated that no ordinary farmer can vote on them intelligently and so arranged as to insure domination of price and market by the two milk trusts.

The Economic Trump

AS AN argument for not concerning ourselves with the affairs of the outside world, we frequently hear it said that the totalitarian powers offer no threat to the territory or domestic interests of the United States. This is true in only the most limited sense. It does not take account, for example, of the fact that our national security is dependent on the general recognition of some standard of international law and equity. Each new triumph of the aggressors undermines that protection by encouraging the forces of decay. Nor is enough consideration given to the direct threat of totalitarian policies to our economic security. For in the fascist states no clear distinction is made between military policy and economic policy. Trade and finance are but instruments of power politics. In the past two years the Nazi government has been engaged in extending and perfecting the economics of war while the democratic countries have refused to take the same road. The Japanese have been developing similar weapons in the occupied sections of China.

The conflict between totalitarian trade policies and those of the United States goes much deeper than is ordinarily realized. The United States, in common with most of the democratic countries, believes that economic progress is best served by an interchange of commodities and that such an interchange will raise living standards throughout the world. It has long believed that by liberalizing trade policies, reducing tariffs, providing an open door in the colonies, and insisting on equal treatment through the most-favored-nation clause, many of the causes of economic friction between nations can be removed. The policies of Germany, Italy, and Japan are opposed to this program. Nazi policy has been directed toward obtaining complete control of the economic resources of Central and Eastern Europe, and as much as possible of the resources of Latin America. The primary purpose of Nazi trade has been, not to raise living standards, but to obtain the raw materials essential for war. To assist this drive, trade agreements have been made as far as possible instruments of political control. And the totalitarian powers have used military threats and economic blackmail to enforce their policy wherever necessary.

At the same time the fascist states have not hesitated to take the utmost advantage of the free-exchange system to further their political and economic ends, even while seeking to destroy that system. Their purpose is so to weaken the democratic countries that when war actually comes they will already have been defeated.

Against the economic weapons of the aggressor powers there must be an economic defense. Nothing could be more anomalous than a huge increase in our expenditures for military defense while we continue to furnish the aggressor states with the materials by which they may continue their aggression, materials that may ultimately be used against us. Fortunately, it is not necessary for the United States to adopt fascist trade policies in order to defend itself against totalitarian pressures. The United States, Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union together control an overwhelming share of the world's raw materials. This imposes on them a very special responsibility to utilize these resources for raising the world's standard of living. They also have a responsibility to see that the resources are not used to buttress the policies of the aggressor states.

What type of economic defense could, then, be suitably used by a democracy interested primarily in peace and higher standards of life throughout the world? There would seem to be three fundamentals: First, every effort should be made to develop and extend trade between the United States and those countries which are interested in promoting the fullest exchange of goods and services and which accept the principle of equal treatment for all. This would serve the twofold purpose of strengthening the non-totalitarian states economically and of supporting the internal forces of democracy. Second, measures should be adopted to deny the advantages of such a free-exchange system to countries which seek to use those advantages to destroy the system. The United States already denies Germany the advantages of most-favored-nation treatment. But Japan and Italy enjoy full access to our market despite the disabilities which they place on American trade in the territories under their control. Passage of the new bill introduced in Congress by Senator Key Pittman, authorizing the President to embargo exports to or imports from Japan, is an essential part of a program of economic defense of the United States. Other measures which might be taken in this direction were discussed in last week's issue of *The Nation*. Finally, an economic counter-offensive, in the form of loans and trade concessions, should be waged in Latin America and elsewhere to regain the cooperation of countries now in the totalitarian economic orbit.

If we act while we retain our economic strength, it is still possible to prevent the aggressors from resorting to war. For we still hold the trumps. But if we wait, pursuing a program of economic appeasement, we not only make war more certain but risk defeat when war comes. Our great financial and economic power is our best defense if we are wise enough to use it.

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Open Season on Reds

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, May 1

REPRESENTATIVE Howard W. Smith of the Eighth Virginia Congressional District has for too long hidden his light under a bushel. Little known outside his home town of Alexandria and the back rooms of Congress, this small-time banker, landlord farmer, lawyer, and statesman deserves recognition from the reactionaries whose chores he has done so quietly and efficiently as a member of the House Rules Committee. Without Smith, John O'Connor of New York could never have been what President Roosevelt called him: the greatest obstructionist in Congress. Nor could Martin Dies have done what he has without Smith's advice and support. If gratitude were in the tories, Smith, not Garner, would be their candidate for President.

They call Garner the Man of the Hour. But he isn't really. Smith is. Smith symbolizes the silly season now on in Congress as Garner never could.

Smith's latest exploit gives something of the measure of the man. He has gathered up a handful of the scores of bills recently introduced in the House to deliver the country from the menace of communism and domination by aliens and thrown them together into an omnibus bill (H.R. 5134) "to make it unlawful to overthrow the government of the United States . . . and for other purposes." This measure is primarily designed to harass aliens, fingerprint them, confine them in concentration camps, and, if possible, send them back where they came from. But as the title suggests, it also makes it a crime punishable by $10,000 fine, ten years' imprisonment, or both for a citizen to advocate overthrow of the government by force or violence.

Going a step farther, it provides that: "It shall be unlawful for any person to organize, or help to organize, or become a member of, or affiliate with any society, group, or assembly of persons who teach, advocate, or encourage the overthrow or destruction of the government of the United States, or the government of any state of the United States, or the government of any subdivision thereof, by force or violence, or by any unlawful means." The bill also makes it a crime to suggest assassination of the President or any other public official. The jails would bulge with buxom ladies if the Smith bill passed and the D. A. R., throwing off its inhibitions, resolved its true sentiments toward President Roosevelt.

As for aliens, they could be thrown into concentration camps and left there for life if they belonged to "any association, society, or group which advocates, teaches, or advises a change in the form of government of the United States." Thus an alien member of the C. I. O. might be jailed or deported because that organization advocates amendment of the Constitution to forbid child labor. While it would require a tortured interpretation to hold that such a change in the basic law constituted a change in the form of government, some of our federal courts are expert torturers. Under Smith's bill, too, all non-citizens would be registered, fingerprinted, and rushed out of the country or into concentration camps for deviations from Republican standards of virtue.

In fact, the Smith bill is so nearly a spiritual twin of the infamous Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 that it would be regarded as either a monstrosity or a practical joke at a normal session of Congress. But not at this one. Last month the House actually passed, surreptitiously to be sure but without any effective opposition, a bill by Representative John J. Dempsey of New Mexico, Dies committee member, providing for deportation of any non-citizen who advocates or belongs to an organization advocating "any change in the American form of government." And a few days later the House Judiciary Committee approved a bill by Representative Sam Hobbs of Alabama providing for the creation of concentration camps for aliens. Smith has borrowed the worst features of both the Dempsey and Hobbs bills. The determined atavism of the Southerners who control most House committees cannot be laughed off.

While part of the Smith pack concentrates on new laws to persecute recent immigrants and radicals, others are pursuing them by "investigation." The Dies committee, its coffers replenished with a $100,000 appropriation and its staff augmented by the hiring of J. B. Matthews as "research director," is again hot on the trail of the elusive red. Meanwhile, a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee under Clifton Woodrum, another Virginia giant, is sniffing the same tracks on the pretext of conducting an investigation of relief. H. Ralph Burton, its chief investigator, has been in New York trying to find out how many Arts Projects workers are members of the Workers' Alliance and taking pictures of a few copies of the *Daily Worker* found with other newspapers in a Writers' Project workshop.

While all this is going on, liberals in the Senate are finding it difficult to get action on a resolution to appropriate another $100,000 so that the La Follette committee can complete its inquiry into the activities of the West Coast fascisti headed by the Associated Farmers.

And Senator Wagner of New York is meeting stubborn resistance in his attempt to permit 20,000 child refugees from the Hitler terror to enter the United States. There is a chance, nevertheless, for the Wagner and La Follette projects. The latter has been indorsed by both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. and can be put across if William Green makes full use of his influence over the Senate. So far he hasn't.

With the alien population diminishing and the Communists, following their united-front line, relatively quiescent, the current clamor for their scalps from Congressional descendants of alien radicals who chased the Indians out is a little puzzling. One contributing factor, and probably the most important, is Dies's magnificent demonstration that the old red-baiting stuff, twisted enough to give it an anti-Roosevelt slant, is readily convertible into headlines. However, that isn't the whole explanation. Smith, for example, is no publicity hound. He is content to work for the cause of social and political retrogression behind the scenes and let Dies take the bows. His motivation goes deeper. He is a convinced, sincere, native American primitive who seems to believe, with Hamilton, that the populace is a beast. The beast must be caged. Repressive measures against aliens, politically harmless because they have no vote, are a start in the right direction. It is a little sad to realize that Jefferson, were he alive today, would be one of Smith's constituents (Monticello is in the Eighth District), and that his advocacy of periodic revolution would make him a criminal under the Smith bill.

Tom Dewey: G.O.P. Glamor Man

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

WHEN Thomas Edmund Dewey goes through the spacious rooms of the Bankers' Club at the luncheon hour, the formidable array of about-to-be-stuffed shirts, leaders of the New York bar, bankers, business men, and industrialists gathered there is visibly impressed. At the approach of this young man, with his plump cheeks, his pointed nose above a coal-black mustache, his quick-darting eyes, an awed silence falls over the tables. As he passes, with Samuel Seabury at his side beaming with a pride that is well-nigh paternal, club members whisper to their out-of-town guests, "There goes Tom Dewey."

An outsider would not suspect that in spite of his appearance of sleek abundance Dewey is in reality a symbol of scarcity—the scarcity currently suffered by the Republican Party in respect to full-statured Presidential candidates for the coming election. That this political juvenile should be seriously considered for the star part in the coming G. O. P. performance is an indication of the straits in which the casting committee of the Old Guard now finds itself. His complete lack of contact with the rank and file of party workers beyond the Hudson, his glaring unfamiliarity with the most elementary details of the spade work of politics on a national scale, his pompous and dictatorial manner, and his arrogant refusal to listen to advice make the wheel-horses restive when they think of 1940.

Since Dewey's campaign against Lehman last year, and particularly since the fresh flood of publicity loosed by the conviction of Hines, the nation's press has blazoned his name from Cape Cod to Los Angeles. The impression has gone abroad, sedulously cultivated by the G. O. P. press-gang, that at last the party has found that desideratum of all old-line nominating conventions, a house-broken liberal. He is pictured as the shining-armored one who has successfully tilted against gambling and vice in the very capital of crime, and the picture is in no way marred by the fact that the little fellows are still being fleeced by the policy racketeers and that scarlet women are still to be found within New York City's limits.

With this picture goes the "New Faces" slogan, though not so much has been heard of that of late. This is the supposititious plea of the younger element in the party for something new to look at on campaign posters. The Young Republicans are alleged to be putting the heat on the higher-ups for new and more liberal leadership. Should the Democrats invite mass fratricide by nominating a reactionary like Garner, new faces like those of Dewey and the easy-to-look-at Bruce Barton would have an enormous appeal, especially for the women.

The belief held in many quarters that Dewey, who clasps in fellowship the clammy hand of Herbert Hoover, is a genuine liberal has not been downed by the fact that since his last campaign he has moved definitely out of the camp of such liberal supporters as Kenneth Simpson, leader of New York City's Republicans, now in disfavor with the Old Guard because of his deals with the American Labor Party in '38. Mr. Simpson is a loyal party worker who continues to give out statements that his postman's back is bent with letters from Dewey's supporters. Mr. Simpson, however, has been around, and his private thoughts on the quality of the Dewey liberalism would be interesting. Liberal followers of Mayor LaGuardia who are still within the Republican fold are no more enthusiastic than the Simpson group. Just a little while ago, in one of those off-the-record speeches before political writers at Albany, the District Attorney made it plain that he had not forgiven the Mayor for refusing to commit himself in the last election. Yet though straight-shooting liberals may gag, it begins to look as if they would have to join with the Old Guard in whooping it up for Dewey when the Republicans next convene to rescue the country from the fell Democratic clutch. The Big Money is in the Hoover camp together with Mr. Dewey, and where the money is there are the delegates also.

Before the Dewey boom becomes ear-splitting, it may be possible to attempt some evaluation of the qualifications for the Presidency which the young man from Owosso, Michigan, and New York City possesses. There is, in all conscience, no lack of information for anyone interested in Mr. Dewey's starry-eyed career; newspaper morgues bulge with fat envelopes dealing with every phase of the success story which began in the little town near Flint on March 24, 1902.

To the great and, at that time, wicked city of New York this unknown young man came with a degree of A. B. from the University of Michigan, a pleasing baritone voice, and a decision to make as to whether he should be an actor, a singer, or a lawyer. He chose the last and worked his way through the Columbia Law School, supplementing his meager income by singing in church choirs. He was graduated in 1925, admitted to the bar the following year, and employed subsequently by the law firm of Larkin, Rathbone, and Perry and later by McNamara and Seymour. He was introduced to Republican politics by Stephen Tyng, then his district captain, now one of his assistants. Then he was discovered by George Z. Medalie, who was United States Attorney.

Mr. Medalie had worked up a good practice in the defense of such big-shot racketeers as Arnold Rothstein and Legs Diamond, but was now prosecuting the underworld with equal zeal. He made Dewey one of his assistants with instructions to go after bootleggers. Dewey won his first criminal case in thumping style by convicting the beer-running "Waxey" Gordon Wexler. This was in 1933, and Mr. Medalie graciously stepped aside in the course of the trial so that his assistant could be sworn in at the tender age of thirty-one as the youngest man ever to hold the job of United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. At the conclusion of the Wexler case, which received abundant publicity, Mr. Dewey retired to private practice and is said to have made fifty thousand dollars in two years. Then a grand jury of business men, disgusted with the fumbling tactics of Tammany's District Attorney, William C. Dodge, asked Governor Lehman to give them a real prosecutor.

After considerable hesitation because of Dewey's youth, the Governor made the young man Special Prosecutor at a salary of $16,695 a year, provided him with $122,000 for expenses, and told him to go after the racketeers whom Dodge had been treating with such suspicious tenderness. Mr. Dewey picked four men, all under thirty, for his assistants—William B. Herlands, Jacob J. Rosenblum, Murray I. Gurfein, and Barent Ten Eyck. They were hard-working, courageous, and as keen in smelling out crime as their chief. And they did a grand job.

Small business men were invited down to Dewey's heavily guarded offices in the Woolworth Building and promised protection if they would name the racketeers who were preying on them. The prosecutor moved swiftly and successfully against the gangs in the live-poultry business, against trucking, restaurant, and baking mobsters, loan sharks, and the organizers of policy games and prostitution. In other cities whose good names had been tarnished by gangster activities men said, "Watch this Dewey kid. He's throwing the fear of God into the mobsters." There was a quiet exodus from listening posts around Times Square, from upper West Side apartments, from waterfront markets and Harlem basements.

With such a record of practical accomplishment, Dewey's name was inevitably the only one considered by the anti-Tammy united front when it sought a candidate for District Attorney. At first Dewey was disposed to be coy about it. Then he imposed terms—an absolutely free hand, the extension of his peculiar methods of prosecution, and plenty of money for these prosecutions from wealthy reformers, money which need not be accounted for. Ironically enough it was Ferdinand Pecora, who later as judge in the first Hines trial plainly showed his distaste for Dewey's methods, who finally persuaded Dewey to run.

There were those who urged the candidate to take a fundamental stand on the causes of crime in our municipalities. They wanted him to talk about the conditions that breed crime, the economic forces back of racketeering. He had his own ideas, however, and these consisted in raising his audiences' hair by telling detective stories. "Eleven men were sitting in the back room of an East Side hang-out—" that sort of thing. It went over big.

Having obtained his free hand, the new District Attorney went on throwing "the fear of God" into criminals with even greater energy. A succinct tribute to the effectiveness of his methods is this note written by a "bagnio" proprietress from her cell: "I hope Uncle Dee drops dead, the louse."

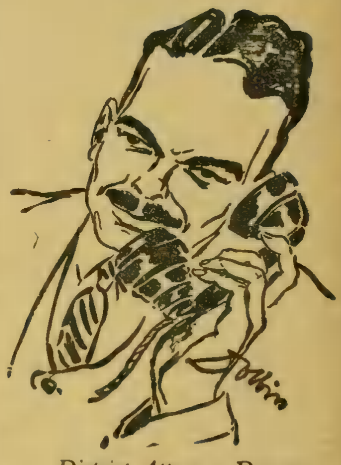
The Dewey technique entails the mass production of evidence which leads in a surprising number of cases to convictions of a spectacular nature. Carefully rehearsed raids net large numbers of the small fry in the lower reaches of the racketeering world. These are bundled indiscriminately into patrol wagons and deposited in houses of detention, known as Dewey's "singing schools." If by chance some big fish is caught in the net, he is sent to such a "quiet place in the country" as the Westchester house where a key witness in the Hines trial shot himself. The small fry are held as material witnesses under bail so high, in most cases, as to assure a long stay under lock and key. After a few days they are interviewed by a member of the D. A.'s staff and urged to tell all. By this time the weaker among them are in such a state of boredom or panic that they start "singing." It must be understood that all this is done in the most gentlemanly manner. There is no rubber hose, no goldfish room, no third degree in the old-fashioned sense. The prisoner-witnesses are assured that it is all for their own good and that the protective-arrest method is to save them from unpleasant consequences after their release.

Once the singing is well under way, encouraged by promises of immunity, sooner or later there will pop up a name for which the investigators have been waiting. That's what happened in the Luciano case, for example, when a lady with the nickname of "Cokey" said that she had seen Luciano talking with some low characters in a Chinese restaurant. Now, with the name of the Big Shot in the investigator's notebook, there is a smart stirring in Mr. Dewey's sound-proof offices. The original singers are sent back to their detained fellows to urge them to go and do likewise. They tell of guaranties of protection and of fat rewards for services that may be rendered in tracking down the wanted Big Shot. An affidavit made by a witness in the Luciano case states that she was sent on a trip to Europe at the expense of the D. A. Another tells how a witness and her husband were set up in the filling-station business out West. Another contains a letter from a Dewey assistant promising that a witness would not be punished for certain misdeeds, "or for any other offenses."

The Big Shot, aware that the Dewey finger is on him, does one of three things—he comes in to sing about some Bigger Shot, he flees town, or he decides to stand trial. Dixie Davis, lawyer for the Dutch Schultz mob, combined the first and second courses of action. As a result of his singing, and despite the manifest reluctance of Judge Pecora, Davis was let off with a light sentence.

The singing processes are conducted in the strictest secrecy. There is an air-tight censorship in the Center Street office which few reporters and no staff members dare to question. Lawyers have difficulty in seeing their clients, against whom no charges have been officially made. But soon a grand jury hands down some important indictments, and the town has a new sensation.

In the course of the trials he conducts, and most notably in the summing up, the young prosecutor has a habit of indulging in *obiter dicta* which simply infuriate the defense counsel. "I can't tell you," he will say blandly, "what this man was doing at that time or in that place. Of course, I know, but—." It was this running fire of innuendo which angered Judge Pecora — who had long before broken with Dewey.



District Attorney Dewey

Lloyd Paul Stryker, counsel for Hines, kept insisting that Dewey was interested in the conviction of the Tammany leader, "because it was important to him [Dewey] personally." And he more than hinted that there was a relationship between Dewey's prosecution and his political ambitions. A few outspoken liberals, concerned with the maintenance of civil liberties, have made no secret of their misgivings about the possible extension of the Dewey technique. If it is possible to hold men and women practically incomunicado and under prohibitive bail in the name of protective arrest and for no specified crime, to offer rewards for their testimony, to make searches and seizures without warrant, and to introduce as legal evidence material gathered by these seizures, what may happen, ask the liberals, if a prosecutor takes it into his head to go after opposing political groups, or social and economic organizations with a philosophy distasteful to him—or to the President?

In his campaign for Governor of New York last fall Dewey used some of the same cops-and-robbers technique. When he thundered against crime and told how he had wiped it out in his adopted city, upstate dairymen and apple-growers, who long ago learned to think of New York in Babylonian terms, took him to their collective bosoms. When, however, the young candidate attempted to link to Albany beer-runners the man who had given him his start, even Frank Gannett, upstate Republican owner of an influential newspaper chain, thought this was going a bit too far. He wrote in his Utica *Daily Press:* "A fairly general feeling exists that Mr. Dewey may be overplaying his hand in trying to spread the racket-busting technique all over the state." Other advisers warned Dewey not to attempt to "smear Lehman."

For a little space the Republican candidate tried other issues. In one speech he charged the New Deal with "callously wasting funds for political purposes," and with keeping "millions of workers out of jobs by a spirit of hostility and quarreling toward business." This was more to the taste of the Gannetts, but at that time opponents of the New Deal were not so strong as they are today, and after reading some telegrams Mr. Dewey announced that the preceding comment embodied his chief criticism of the New Deal. He then talked about "the intrenched greed of monopolies" and said, "We must fight to uphold every measure passed or offered for the relief of human distress, the advancement of the cause of labor, the promotion of economic security."

When someone suggested that he might find some greed intrenched in the headquarters of the Niagara-Hudson and the Consolidated Edison, which have the state hogtied to exorbitant rate bases, Mr. Dewey consulted a rate expert who has long fought the utilities. The candidate was then able to point out quite correctly that the much-heralded Lehman effort to regulate the utilities had reduced the average residential electric-light bill only 12 cents a month. However, he named none of the members of the utility lobby which has so bitterly fought even the mild reforms advocated by Lehman. Naturally he said nothing about the Republican alliance with the lobby and nothing about public ownership. The Dewey solution was to "revitalize" the New York Public Service Commission.

Finding that when he strayed from crime the cheers of his audiences were notably muted, the candidate went back to racket-busting. At the same time "Vote American" placards began to appear upstate, and there were indications that a strong anti-Semitic drive was getting under way. To Mr. Dewey's credit be it said that he promptly repudiated this sinister move, exclaiming, "I condemn and despise any support based upon racial or religious prejudice."

As election approached, with optimistic forecasts from Republican headquarters of a Dewey victory, President Roosevelt sat down for a hot fireside chat. He commented on young men who spend their time at "ladies' tea parties and gentlemen's clubs" and ended by remarking, "By their promoters shall ye know them." Farley capped this by naming some of the more prominent contributors to the Dewey campaign fund of $230,366—J. P. Morgan, Eugene G. Grace, Mrs. David Bruce, daughter of the late Andrew Mellon, Solomon R. Guggenheim, Simon Guggenheim, Harry I. Guggenheim, Murray Guggenheim, E. Frazier Jelke, and Trubee Davison, among others. When the shouting was over, it was found that Lehman's plurality over Dewey was 64,394 and that the District Attorney had increased the Republican vote in the state only 4 per cent over the vote cast for Judge Bleakley in 1936.

Although a few nights after the election Governor Lehman and the District Attorney shook hands cordially enough in a theater lobby before the camera men, since that time they have clashed with a bitterness that indicates the true feelings of both. In a tempestuous moment the District Attorney accused the Governor of having engineered a "leak" for the purpose of discrediting the testimony of Dixie Davis. The usually restrained Governor was outraged. He accused Dewey of "inexcusable arrogance and impertinence."

Arrogance is a word frequently on the lips of Dewey's critics. Though the District Attorney may be the pet of newspaper publishers, owners, and advertisers, he is certainly no favorite with working reporters. They detest the hoity-toity manner in which he snaps, "No comment," in answer to routine and legitimate questions. They have no admiration for the way in which he comes to them outside the courtroom where he is conducting a case and asks, "How am I doing?" Conceding his courage, his incorruptibility, his enormous energy, they also tell of his slave-driving of his assistants, his violent temper, his biting tongue, his conspicuous lack of humor, and, above all, his overwhelming admiration for the life and deeds of Thomas Edmund Dewey.

But humor, modesty, and gratitude are not necessary qualities in a Presidential nominee, as the Republican bosses well know. What is needed now is to line up the delegates to the next convention. New York State Republicans, split into two hostile camps, must somehow be unified. Mr. Simpson and his fellow-liberals must be appeased or purged. Something must be done to keep the pudgy figure of Herbert Hoover well in the background; however valuable the Hoover support may be within the Old Guard sanctums, it is nothing to parade before a public whose memories go back to October, 1929. Chairman John D. Hamilton is struggling with these complications, and in the meantime Mr. Dewey is wisely letting his chief rival, the verbose Taft of Ohio, make public utterances on the state of the nation which, if continued, seem destined to clear the tracks for Dewey.

Dewey stands up at closed-door gatherings of newspaper publishers, big advertisers, bankers, and industrialists in a Barkis-like attitude, assuring all hands that he is not seeking the nomination but—. His off-the-record speeches show him to be a man who combines the zeal for "good government" and for "turning the rascals out" which marked the municipal reformers of the '80's and '90's with an easy acceptance of the reactionary creeds which have invariably aborted these reforms. Boasting that he was born in the twentieth century, he has progressed little farther in his political, social, and economic thinking than the McKinley era.

How to Win Loot Without War

BY WILLI SCHLAMM

HITLER'S foreign policy is the most profitable venture we have heard of since gold was discovered in California. It is like a fairy tale—one gets rich over night, conquers countries without firing a gun—or like a business man's dream, a maximum of gain with a minimum of risk. Fathers who want their sons to have a great future ought to have them study Hitler's diplomacy. Learn in four short lessons how to become the master of an entire continent.

LESSON I: THE PRINCIPLES

Erase from your old history textbooks the thesis, "War is the continuation of politics—with other means." The new German diplomacy is based on the principle, "Peace is the continuation of war—with other means." The world at large loves peace because it is peace; this is its big mistake. The new German diplomacy esteems peace only as an instrument with which to wage war. The silly old world imagines that foreign politics is the art of *avoiding* war. For Hitler foreign politics is the art of *winning* wars. German diplomacy is a war science. Hitler's diplomats are a special corps of the German army. You will learn about their arms in the next lesson.

LESSON II: THE LIGHTER ARMS

Model Number One: Popular Indignation. This arm has the advantage for Hitler that its manufacture does not require foreign exchange; "popular indignation" is entirely made in Germany and of German raw materials. Production is exceedingly simple: you produce "popular indignation" by talking about it. "The German government advises that it will not be able much longer to restrain the growing popular indignation—" and there you have it; the popular indignation is all ready. Statesmen of the old school fear this arm because they know that under democratic conditions the people's *genuine* indignation is very powerful. They do not know that the new Germany fabricates popular indignation in a chemical laboratory.

Model Number Two: Provocation. In "Mein Kampf" Hitler says that he got his biggest stimulus from Dr. Lüger, an old mayor of Vienna, the man who created anti-Semitism in Austria. Dr. Lüger uttered thirty years ago the classic sentence: "I will decide who is a Jew and who not, and nobody else shall decide it!" The new German weapon, "provocation," was made according to the same formula. A special section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Berlin decides when and where the German nation has been provoked. Mussolini's ban on the German language in South Tyrol was no provocation, but when an honest Czech called Frantisek Navratil was made a postman in the Sudeten German village of Prachatice, that was a unbearable provocation. This light weapon is used to ascertain if the enemy front has become nervous. When it is fired, elderly enemy commanders usually lose their heads and evacuate voluntarily their positions.

Model Number Three: Accusation of Terror. Terror is whatever the others are doing. An especially acute form of terror is the wish of a non-German state to have its laws respected also by its German citizens. Hitler permits the other states of the world to impose on their German citizens in the course of every year a maximum of 10 per cent of the discipline which the Third Reich imposes daily on its non-German subjects. Whatever exceeds this 10 per cent is terror. This weapon is effective especially because of its crashing noise.

LESSON III: ARMS OF HEAVIER CALIBER

Model Number Four: the Incident. The "incident" is a kind of "provocation" but charged with more dynamite. Nobody outside Germany can ever guess which provocation will have the honor of becoming an incident. The choice is made in Berlin after meticulous calculations. An event which in December would have been a mere provocation can suddenly develop into an incident in May; it depends on the state of the harvest, on alliances, and on other circumstances. Whenever German diplomacy needs an "incident," it has one to hand. Why? Because for centuries in almost every tavern of the world people have fought on week-ends. German diplomats can rely on it. And they can rely on it that at least one of the guests quarreling in the tavern will be a German. And if they happen to be in need of an incident, any little riot in a bar gets the chance to enter the school books as a historical date.

Model Number Five: Equal Rights. This very efficacious arm has been based on an old principle: most persons will swallow any nonsense if it is labeled "equal rights." Of course a thief who proclaimed the thesis, "If the judge has got the right to lock me up, then I have the right to lock the judge up," would be laughed at. But if the statement is made by a government, half the world will believe it. "If the Prague government has the right to send troops to Bratislava, I have the right to send troops to Prague," said Hitler and went into Prague.

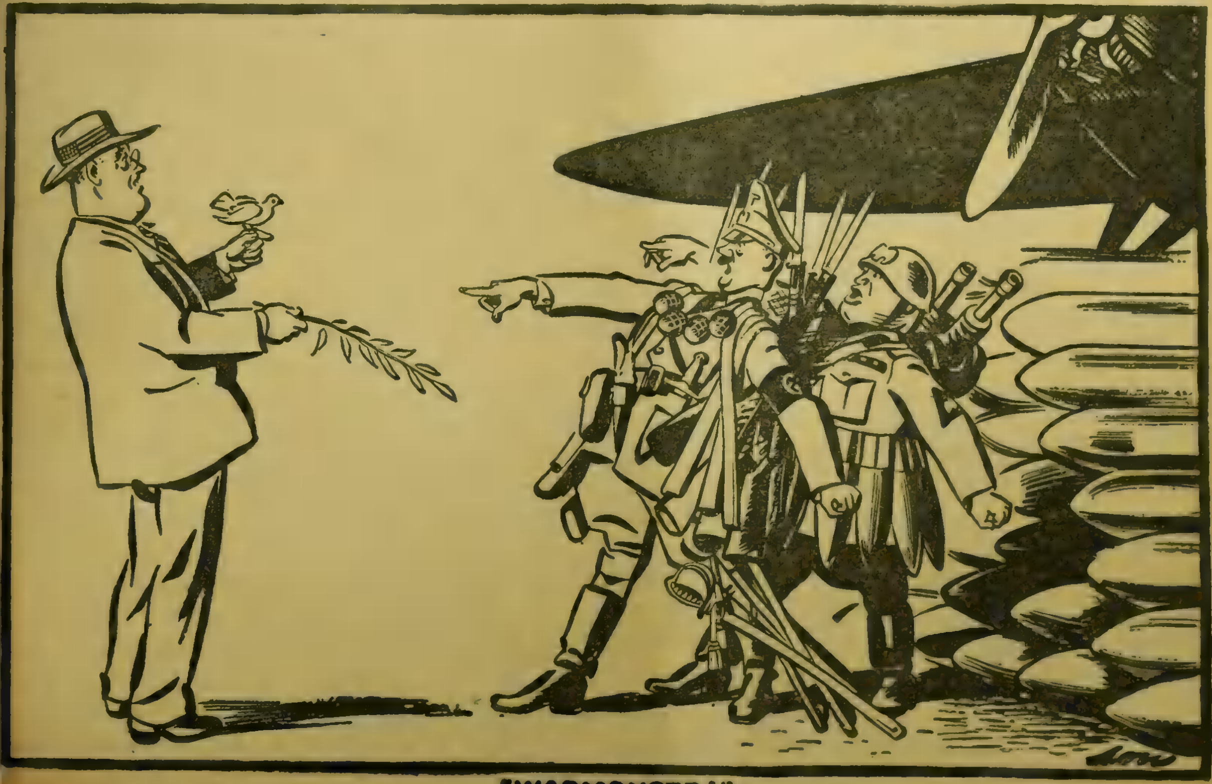
"Equal rights for the judge and for the thief!" It sounds funny, but this is, in politics, the most impressive argument of the twentieth century. Having studied carefully this prevalent feebleness of reasoning, the Berlin Foreign Ministry constructed its "Equal Rights" gun.

LESSON IV: WEAPONS OF THE VERY FIRST RANK

Model Number Six: the Lie. The brilliant inventor of this arm observed one day that most European statesmen have both an academic degree and the naivete of an illiterate person. After this observation it was easy for him to proceed to the construction of that gigantic modern weapon, the lie. The strongest argument of naive statesmen in favor of their "appeasement policies" against the dictators is the lies they have been told. "But the Dictator said himself that he would be a good boy now. He said that he would not ask for anything more if only we would give him this one last slice of cake!" Hitler declared six times, orally and in writing, that he would respect the independence of Austria under any circumstances. Six times the world breathed more freely. After it had breathed more freely for the sixth time, Hitler invaded Austria. Hitler declared three times in solemn form that he did not want one inch of Czechoslovak soil. The world breathed freely, three times. After the third time Hitler cut Czechoslovakia to pieces.

Model Number Seven: the Menace. We all know that we might break a leg in the street, but we talk only rarely about it. This is a matter of moral hygiene; if the danger of breaking a leg were discussed daily every second person would become a neurotic and refuse to walk in the streets. There you have the secret of Berlin's most potent weapon! The new German diplomacy has abolished the protection which civilized man had developed against his fear of war.

Psychoanalysts know that it is relatively insignificant whether a man lived through a misfortune in reality or only in his imagination; if the psychological experience was vivid enough, the same physical consequences may result from it. The new German diplomacy has used this axiom of "Jewish" psychoanalytic science to construct an entire arsenal of modern weapons. They shell the world with "revelations" about the tremendous efficacy of mysterious German poison gases, of mysterious German incendiary bombs, of mysterious German plague germs. It does not cost one cent—the newspapers of the democracies actually pay money for it. People live through the horrors of war *in their imagination.* This enervates them exactly as a real war would. German diplomats, as the vanguard of the German army, aim to make the real war quite superfluous. They discharge news instead of guns and wound minds instead of bodies: they conquer the reason and not the armies of their enemies. A novel type of general has become the Napoleon of the twentieth century—the gifted publicity agent who combines some knowledge of psychoanalysis with a few tricks of suggestion like those which a modern department store uses to catch customers. And this modern Napoleon does not survive through his genius but through his colossal luck; he is surrounded by a world of neurotics.



"WARMONGER!"

Living Philosophies

XIV. FAITH OF A CYNIC

BY LIN YUTANG

I HAVE always been repelled by idle philosophical speculations; terms like Plato's "idea," Spinoza's "essence," "substance," and "attribute," and Kant's "categorical imperative" have always aroused in me a sense of suspicion that the philosopher was getting too much involved in his own thought. The moment a philosophical system becomes too impressive or logically too beautiful, I become suspicious. Complacent, self-satisfied, and foolishly logical systems, like Hegel's philosophy of history or Calvin's doctrine of total depravity, arouse in me only a smile. On a still lower level, political ideologies, such as fascism and communism as they are actually represented today, seem to me but caricatures of thought itself. For communism I have a much higher respect than for fascism because the former is based on an idealistic love for the common man, while the latter is based on a cynical contempt for him; but as they are practiced today, both are to me products of Western intellectualism and show a curious lack of self-restraint. More and more I am impressed by the wisdom of Confucius: "I know now why the moral life is not practiced. The wise mistake the moral law for something higher than it really is; and the foolish do not know enough about what moral law really is. I know now why the moral law is not understood. The noble natures want to live too high, high above their ordinary self; and the ignoble natures do not live high enough, that is, not up to their moral, ordinary, true selves. There is no one who does not eat and drink, but few there are who really know flavor."

While I have the utmost patience for science when it is discussing or bisecting the smallest minutiae of life, I have no patience for hair-splitting philosophy. Yet in their simplest terms science, religion, and philosophy have always fascinated me. Stated in the simplest terms, science is but a sense of curiosity about life, religion is a sense of reverence for life, literature is a sense of wonder at life, art is a taste for life, philosophy is an attitude toward life based on a greater or lesser, but always limited, comprehension of the universe so far as we know it. I regret profoundly that I was presented with the choice of enrolling in the School of Arts or the School of Science as a freshman when I did not know anything about either, and I shall always feel that perhaps I made a wrong choice by choosing the arts. My love for science has never ceased, and I have tried to make up for my rejection of it by constant reading of popular summaries. If by science is meant an eternal curiosity about life and the universe, then I may still claim to be a scientist. Also I am so profoundly religious by nature that "religions" often make me furious. My being a pastor's son does not explain it all.

As an ordinary educated man I have tried to adopt a reasonable and as far as possible harmonious attitude toward life, toward living, toward human society, toward the universe, and toward God. The fact that I am naturally predisposed to suspect philosophical systems does not mean that I disbelieve in the possibility of a more or less unified and harmonious view of life, issuing in a harmonious attitude toward the business of living—money, marriage, success, the family, patriotism, and politics. I believe rather that the distrust of involved and air-tight systems makes the adoption of a reasonable, unified, and harmonious view of life fairly simple and easy.

I know science's limitations, but with my worship of science I always let the scientist do the spade work, having complete confidence in him, knowing that he is thoroughly conscientious. I let him discover the physical universe for me—the physical universe that I desire so much to know. Then, after getting as much as possible of the scientist's knowledge of the physical universe, I remember that the man is greater than the scientist, that the latter cannot tell us everything, cannot tell us about the most important things, the things that make for happiness. Then I have to rely on *bon sens*—that eighteenth-century word which deserves reviving a little. Call it *bon sens*, or common sense, or intuition, or intuitive thinking, it is that type of thinking which alone can help us attain the wisdom of living. True thinking is always that type of thinking, a sort of warm, emotional, half-humorous and half-whimsical thinking, mixed with a grain of idealism and a grain of delightful nonsense. Give imagination a little play, and then restrain it by a little hard cynicism, like the kite and its string. The history of mankind seems like kite-flying: sometimes, when the wind is favorable, we let out the string a little and the kite soars a little higher; sometimes the wind is too rough and we have to lower it a little; and sometimes it gets caught among tree branches. But reach the stratosphere of pure bliss—ah, perhaps never!

II

Since Galileo's time, the influence of science has been so vast and deep that it has enveloped all of us. The modern man's views of God, of the universe, of the basis and nature and constitution of matter, of man's creation and past history, of his goodness or badness, of his soul and its possible survival, of sin, punishment, the character of God's vengeance and forgiveness, of man's relationship with the animal kingdom—all these notions have undergone definite changes since Galileo's time. On the whole, I may sum it up by saying that, in our minds, God has become bigger and man smaller, while, on the other hand, the body has become cleaner and immortality vaguer. Thus all the most important notions involved in the practice of religion—God, man, sin, and immortality (or salvation)—have been, or should be, overhauled.

It is not because I am irreligious but rather because I am supremely interested in religion that I cannot help tracing how the progress of scientific knowledge impinges on the externals of religious belief. While the Sermon on the Mount is left practically intact, as is also the beauty of the moral realm and of noble living, we must bravely admit that science has played havoc with the paraphernalia of religion, the stock notions with which the religions have always worked, like the notion of sin or of hell. I think not one in a hundred college freshmen or seniors today, perhaps not one in a thousand, believes in a literal hell. And if such stock notions have undergone a profound change, religion itself, or at least organized religion, certainly must be affected.

When I say that in our minds God has become bigger and man smaller, I mean bigger and smaller physically. Since we cannot but conceive of God as being at least commensurate with His universe, we naturally become spellbound, awestruck, as modern astronomy steadily reveals a wider and wider physical universe. The greatest enemy of old religions and all anthropocentric faiths is the two-hundred-inch telescope. When I took up a New York paper a few weeks ago and read that some astronomer had discovered a new star cluster 250,000 light-years away from the earth, the old notion of man's place in nature became downright ridiculous. These things are not unimportant in their bearings on our belief. I long ago reached the point where I realized how small and puny and humble I looked in God's, or the Universe's, eyes, where the idea of a complicated system of downfall, punishment, and redemption seemed entirely preposterous and presumptuous. The very idea of God punishing man for his imperfections seems as absurd to me as the idea of myself evolving a system of punishment and redemption for a being less than the size of an ant's feeler, or of a fair-sized maggot.

Science, or modern knowledge in general, has changed our idea of good and evil, of retribution, and of the worth or necessity of vicarious suffering. The idealized contrast of sin and perfection is no longer tenable. A better knowledge of man's heritage of animal or savage instincts, products of a natural course of evolution, has rendered meaningless the age-old debate over the original goodness or badness of human nature. You cannot blame man for having the sex instinct any more than you can blame the beaver for having it. Thus the mysticism about the evil of the flesh, upon which the Christian religion was built, loses meaning. The medieval, or monastic, or typically "religious" attitude toward the body and toward the material life is therefore gone, and in its place has come a healthier and more sensible view of man himself and of his earthly occupations. To say that God was angry with man for being imperfect, or for being merely halfway on the road of evolution, does not make sense.

What repels me particularly today in religion is its emphasis on sin. I have no consciousness of sin and no feeling of being damned. I think many men, looking at the problem coldly and sensibly, have come to take the same position. While not living a saint's life, I believe I have lived a fairly decent human life. Legally I am perfect, while morally I have imperfections. But all these moral imperfections or delinquencies, like occasional lying and neglect of duty, added up together and placed before my mother as the judge, would probably make me deserve three years' imprisonment at the most, certainly not the damnation of hell-fire. This is not boasting; few of my friends deserve five years at the worst. And if I can face the memory of my mother, I can face God. My mother could not condemn me to eternal hell-fire. This I know. And I believe God is as reasonable and understanding.

At the other end of the Christian teaching is the notion of perfection. Perfection was the state of man in the Garden of Eden, and perfection is also the state aimed at in the future heaven. Why perfection? I cannot understand it. It does not even spring from the artistic instinct. The idea, developed by the logic of Asia Minor of the first centuries, was that we wanted to live in heaven in the company of God, and that unless we were perfect, we could not go to heaven. This perfection is therefore of a mystical character, having no logical basis except the desire of man to live in a heaven of perfect bliss. I doubt whether the Christian, if he were not promised a heaven of perfect bliss to live in, would care to be perfect. In actual daily life this notion has no import whatsoever. I therefore also repudiate for myself the ideal of the perfect man. The ideal man is rather one who has tried to live a decent life and to see the truth according to his lights. The ideal man for me is merely a reasonable man, willing to admit his mistakes and correct them.

III

Such a revelation of belief must be profoundly disturbing to many sincere Christians. Yet unless we are ruthlessly honest, we are not worthy to know the truth. In this matter we ought to behave as the scientists do. It is generally as painful for scientists to discard the old laws of physics and accept new theories as for us to discard old beliefs. Scientists often struggle against new theories, but they are a fair-minded lot and eventually accept or discard theories as their scientific conscience dictates. New truth is always disturbing, as the sudden impact of light is painful to the eye. Yet after the mental or physical eye is adjusted to the new light, the situation is not so bad after all.

What, then, have we left? A great deal. The contours of old religions have been changed and their outlines blurred, but religion remains and always will remain. I am speaking of religion as belief colored with emotion, an elemental sense of piety or reverence for life, summing up man's certainty as to what is right and noble. One might think that by analyzing the spectrum of the rainbow or creating artificial rainbows at fountains in squares our belief in Noah's pact with God would be destroyed and we would therefore be left in a world of Satanic skepticism. But no, the rainbow is just as beautiful if one will only look. Not a bit of the beauty and mystery of the rainbow or the river breeze is destroyed.

There is a world of simpler beliefs left for us. I like them because they are simpler and perfectly natural. What I call the old "machinery" of salvation is gone; in fact, the very object of that salvation for me is gone. The old paternal God, the God who takes an almost inquisitive interest in our trivial personal affairs, is also gone. The logical chain of original perfection, downfall, damnation, vicarious suffering, and new perfection is definitely broken. Hell is gone, and after it heaven. In this philosophy of living I believe we simply have to leave heaven out. It may frighten us, who are used to thinking with a heaven, to do so, but it should not. For we still have a marvelous universe, physical in its aspects and almost spiritual in its workings, moved as it were by forces unseen.

The spirituality of man, too, is untouched. The moral realm is untouchable by the laws of physics. Understanding of the rainbow is physics, but delight in the rainbow is morality. Understanding does not, and should not, and cannot destroy the delight. This is the world of simple beliefs, requiring no theology and no hypothetical rewards and punishments. It is enough that man's heart is still touched by beauty and goodness and justice and kindness. To live the good life, to act according to our highest and noblest instincts, is merely the right thing to do. It is in fact to be religious. Granted that we have the animal heritage, that we have instincts that are survivals of our savage and animal ancestry—the "sin," if you like, that we carry with us in our history of development—it is only common sense to say that we have a higher and a lower self. There are noble instincts and ignoble instincts. Without believing that the ignoble instincts are attributable to a Satan working in us, we still do not need to follow the ignoble instincts at the expense of the noble. As Mencius says, "The sense of mercy is found in all men; the sense of shame is found in all men; the sense of respect is found in all men; the sense of right and wrong is found in all men." Again as Mencius, the advocate of the higher life and the greater self, puts it, "He who attends to his greater self becomes a great man, and he who attends to his smaller self becomes a small man."

IV

But though materialism does not logically follow the disappearance of the old religious point of view, morally it does, so curiously are we human beings made. The modern world is on the whole increasingly materialistic as it becomes increasingly less religious. Religion has always meant to man a unified body of valid beliefs, with a divine sanction back of it. It is something which man feels instinctively and emotionally rather than believes intellectually. Cold rationalistic beliefs cannot take the place of religion. Furthermore religion has the sanctity of age, the force of an old tradition. It is not good that this tradition be lost; but this has happened. The modern age, moreover, is not the kind of age to produce new founders of religion. We are too critical. And the force of an individual's private belief about rational conduct compared with the force of a great religion is like a gutter compared with a great river. This private belief is, I believe, fully adequate for the superior man, but not for the inferior man, in Confucian terms. We have really landed in a modern dilemma.

It testifies to the wisdom of Moses and Confucius that they both tried to give the laws of civil life a religious sanction. But as we cannot produce a Moses or a Confucius in this modern age, I believe that the only kind of religious belief left for the modern man is a kind of mysticism in the broadest sense of the word, such as was preached by Laotse. Broadly speaking, it consists in reverence and respect for the moral order of the universe, philosophic resignation to the moral order, and the effort to live in harmony with this moral order. The *tao* in Taoism means exactly this. It is broad enough to cover the most advanced present and future theories of the universe. It is both mystical and practical. For the materialism of success the Taoist has a kindly, indulgent smile. Materialism looks foolish rather than evil in Taoistic light. Hatred and envy are diluted with laughter. Against the excesses of luxurious living Taoism teaches the simple life, and against the urban life it teaches the love of nature. Against ruthless competition and struggle it teaches the emptiness of the prize, the defeat of the

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conqueror, and the victory of the humiliated. Against the foolish desire for individual immortality it teaches the immortality of the universe and of life itself. Against overaction it teaches inaction and contemplation. Against achievement it teaches being. Against strength it teaches softness. Against the most sinister force of modern life, the belief in brute force as exemplified by the fascist nations, it teaches the important doctrine that you are not the only clever guy in the world, that you get nowhere by trying to push ahead, that nobody is a damn fool all the time, and that the law of action and reaction works eternally, bringing vengeance upon those who violate it. It works toward world peace by breeding the fundamental peaceful temper.

In the reconstruction of religion in other respects, I do not think we shall be so successful. I have defined religion as an elemental sense of reverence for life, summing up man's beliefs as to what is right and noble in a unified view of God and life and man. The body of valid beliefs naturally changes from age to age. These valid beliefs form the content of religion, and the content must change. The importance of any particular tenet varies from time to time. "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath" was once, for instance, an important tenet of religion, but it is entirely unimportant today for the modern man. Probably "Remember to keep holy international treaties," if it could receive the sanctity and emotional color of a religious belief, would contribute more to our happiness in the present age. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods" can be liberally interpreted, but it would certainly be better if man today could believe religiously "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's territory." It would have much more real force. "Thou shalt not kill" can be considerably improved by adding the phrase "not even people of a different country." These beliefs should be religiously valid, but they are not. It would be extremely difficult to produce a new religion that would embody these important tenets of the modern age. Living in a truly international community, we lack an international religion.

We are living in a cynical age. Man is less optimistic about himself, or has less faith in humanity, than the French encyclopedists of a century and a half ago. Less than ever do we as a whole believe in liberty, equality, and fraternity. Diderot and d'Alembert might really be ashamed of us as their intellectual descendants. International morality has never sunk so low. "For sheer shamelessness we have to hand it to the people of the nineteen-thirties," some future historian will write. As far as killing one another is concerned, we are living in an age of super-barbarism. Mechanized barbarism is barbarism none the less. In such a cynical age only the supreme cynicism of a Taoist is not cynical. The world will right itself. Take a long view and you are comforted.

Everybody's Business

"COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS . . ."

IF THE Board of Governors of the Stock Exchange were truly imaginative, it would surely have held a revival meeting when the details of the British budget came over the ticker. Proceedings would have opened with a fervent singing of "Count your blessings, count them one by one," and the chairman would then have given an address pointing out how happy was the lot of the American capitalist in comparison with that of his British brother. "We may think we are unduly chastised," he might have concluded, "but should we not be thankful that we merely have to suffer the whip of the radical Roosevelt and are spared the scorpions of the tory Chamberlain?"

However, since Wall Street's present attitude is "Lower taxes and less spending even though it chokes us," it is hardly surprising that it has not stressed the relatively greater weight of British burdens. So far as I know, there has been no publication of comparative figures such as appear below.

BUDGET ESTIMATES 1939-40

	Great Britain	*American Equivalent* (million $'s)	*United States*
Total expenditure	6,187	18,551	9,096
Total revenue	4,408	13,224	5,770
Increase in public debt	1,778	5,334	3,326
Public debt at beginning of fiscal year	38,203	114,609	41,131

To obtain the American equivalent of the British figures the latter have been translated into dollars at the current rate of exchange and then multiplied by three, since the population of this country is about three times that of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Looking at these figures, and remembering the dire prophecies that if we increase our public debt much more we shall be economically sunk, we may wonder how Britain manages to keep going. Indeed, our scare-mongers might go farther and ask themselves how Britain, which at all times since the war has carried a debt burden incomparably heavier than our present load, has contrived to keep its system on a fairly even keel and has even improved its standard of living.

Comparison is also in order between the actual taxes paid by wealthy Americans and those which will be paid by wealthy Britons after the budget increase in surtax rates.

TOTAL INCOME	INCOME TAX AND SURTAX *Great Britain*	INCOME TAX AND SURTAX *United States*
$ 10,000	$ 2,373	$ 415
50,000	21,440	8,869
100,000	52,440	32,469
250,000	155,190	128,294
500,000	336,440	304,144
750,000	577,690	489,094

If we were to apply to the British fiscal situation the same type of orthodox analysis that is daily applied to federal financial policies in this country we should arrive at two contradictory conclusions. On the one hand, we should expect that high tax-rates together with the specter of an enormous and mounting debt would deaden private enterprise, dry up

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investment, and intensify unemployment. On the other hand, we might forecast early inflation. Now both these prophecies cannot be correct, even though many financial commentators on our domestic position do not hesitate to subscribe to them simultaneously. For so long as there is any considerable amount of idle labor in a country it is hardly possible to have demand for goods and services so much in excess of supply that there is an uncontrollable rise in prices.

Unemployment has been falling in Britain in the past few months, but in March there were still over 1,700,000 persons without work. Nevertheless, according to both the London *Economist* and Mr. J. M. Keynes, by the end of this year Britain's longstanding unemployment problem will have vanished. The assumption on which this forecast is based is that a budget deficit, however spent, is analogous in its immediate effects on employment to the same amount of private investment. Assuming the latter is unchanged from last year, and the estimated budget deficit is not exceeded, the British investment will rise in 1939-40 by £236 million. Allowing for an average annual output of £250 per employed person, this means additional employment for 944,000. But account must be taken of the fact that employment directly provided creates supplementary employment. Under British circumstances it is estimated that this indirect addition is roughly equal to the direct amount. Hence, theoretically, Britain should not only see unemployment wiped out in the next twelve months but should actually encounter labor shortage, and hence a danger of inflation.

Two steps have already been taken, however, to forestall such a situation. In the first place, the government has introduced a bill to give priority to orders for the army. As a result, new private investment involving the purchase of capital goods from the metal and engineering industries will be discouraged. Secondly, new taxes in the budget are designed not merely to provide more revenue but to reduce consumption. For instance, the drastic increase in automobile-license fees should curtail car purchases severely, freeing both raw materials and skilled labor for armament needs.

The tragedy of Britain is that only under the direct menace of war has it been possible to mobilize all national resources and to solve the problem of unemployment which has overshadowed the country for nearly twenty years. The government has steadily refused to use unemployed men and credit for the creation of public works; now it devotes both to an effort as economically futile as pyramid building. Moreover, since the intensity and duration of that effort depend on forces largely beyond its control, it cannot cry halt when full employment is achieved. It must, if the international situation demands it, go on to divert labor and capital from the production of useful goods to the satisfaction of Moloch.

We can count it among our blessings that foreign enemies are not an immediate menace. But chronic unemployment is a danger to free institutions which we must face. Cannot we mobilize our resources, not for international conflict, but for a war against poverty? We can, but we must first repudiate the fiscal myths to which we cling. We must be willing to see government deficits not reduced but increased. We must realize that so long as a country has a pool of unemployed capital and labor it cannot impoverish itself by borrowing.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

GEORGE DEATHERAGE, leader of the pro-fascist "Knights of the White Camellia" and also promoter of the American Nationalist Confederation, hopes to make the latter "*the* fascist party" of America. Recently he sent out more than 1,000 reprints of speeches by Senator Reynolds of North Carolina opposing refugee immigration and praising the Dies committee. The important fact is that they were mailed from St. Albans, West Virginia, where Deatherage lives, in envelopes bearing Reynolds's frank—which could only have been furnished by Reynolds's office.

IT IS GENERALLY admitted in Washington that the State Department is jittery over the anticipated publication of a book by Claude Bowers, ex-ambassador to Spain. During the war State Department officials ignored most of Mr. Bowers's pro-Loyalist reports; now they are afraid he will publish the information they neglected, which has been pretty well vindicated by events.

TEN DAYS after Hitler's seizure of Memel a German map entitled "Das Neue Politische Gesicht Europas" was published which showed both Czechoslovakia and Memel in red as part of the Reich. Danzig, too, appeared in red of a slightly lighter shade. To an American journalist who bought the map in Königsberg the salesman commented: "It will save them trouble; they won't have to remake the map when Danzig returns."

AND SO far on into the night: According to Washington sources a domestic debate took place in the White House shortly after Munich. The President, while chagrined at the pact, insisted that Chamberlain would ultimately resist aggressor nations. Mrs. Roosevelt, more disillusioned, maintained that he wouldn't.

MOVIE EXHIBITORS are becoming increasingly wrathful at Hollywood's issuance of "remakes." Many old films have been reissued with only the title changed, some even under the old title on the theory that people have forgotten it. As a result exhibitors report rising resentment among patrons who discover they've seen it all before. A current example is "The Hottentot," which has been issued five times under different names.

ALTHOUGH NEWSPAPERS rarely carry a line about them, street battles between sellers of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* and bystanders are becoming frequent, especially in New York. Observers note that the sellers have a double function: to sell the papers, and to shout reactionary, anti-Semitic slogans at non-purchasers. Their actions are in line with the basic fascist tenet that if you repeat a lie often and loudly enough, it will be believed.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

RETURNING travelers from Germany tell distressing stories of the general disintegration of the morale of the German people in consequence of the example set by the head of the state, Adolf Hitler. I do not refer, of course, to his personal habits. His complete temperance and the comparative asceticism of his life set a good example to the youth of the country, although it is not being followed by the leaders in the party. What I am referring to is the breakdown of public and private morality. The doctrine of force preached by Hitler and his open advocacy and practice of falsehood and chicanery as the means of accomplishing one's ends, which he has set forth so frankly in "Mein Kampf," are being imitated throughout Germany. There is no longer any sanctity of contract. An agreement between business men is not to be lived up to if expediency or self-advantage dictates another course. The wholesale plundering of the Jews is costing the people dear. As Booker Washington once said about his own people and the whites, "You cannot hold a man down in the ditch without getting into it yourself and holding him." The German people cannot see their government depriving nearly a million people of all their human rights at home and taking their country and their liberties away from millions abroad without being profoundly if insensibly affected by the dishonesty of such conduct.

This has just been set forth to me at length by an American of German birth and training who represents in Europe an important New York business house. He spoke with the deepest feeling of the inability of bankers and business men to carry on trade with Germany today because of the Germans' total unreliability. If, he says, they want to wriggle out of a bargain which has proved unsatisfactory they have an easy way. They simply say, "Our government will not let us go on with this contract; it says that it does not conform to its totalitarian plan," or "to the four-year plan," as the case may be. No comeback is possible because neither the court nor the administrative officials will decide in favor of foreigners. German business men, he deplores, no longer pretend to any business ethics, and they are openly taking the attitude that they can get what they want by threats and by force. A circumstantial story comes to me from Switzerland of German business men going to Swiss bankers and saying to them: "We know you have a great deal of money in your vaults that you are not using. We warn you that you must help us with some of this. We are going to modernize the Balkans with great speed, putting in new roads, new railroads, developing the mines, and building the factories that will help us, and we are certain that you will not refuse to loan us your surplus funds, because you cannot fail to have noticed what happened to Czechoslovakia." This information reached me before the final destruction of Czechoslovakia and before the published treaty with Rumania had demonstrated the intention of the Hitler government to make the Balkan states into feeders of the German economy.

A German with whom I have just had a long talk—he is visiting here—spoke with great sadness about this breakdown of morality, and said that if the government should fall, he believed so much damage had already been done to the German character that it would take at least a generation to undo the harm and to reestablish standards of common decency and ethics. He declared that the German people are well aware that there was no excuse for tearing the remnant of Czechoslovakia to pieces and annexing the Czechs. No one, he said, even pretends that there was any injury to Germans or any serious disorder calling for invasion. The people now understand the Hitler technique and realize that it can be applied to Schleswig-Holstein or the Polish Corridor; they see that disorders and unrest can be created by Nazi emissaries within any country. I asked him if there were still any gullible Germans who believed that the Reichstag fire was set by the Communists. He laughed and replied: "Only a few who are so stupid or so uninformed as to never have heard or understood the truth."

The disheartening thing about it all is that a whole generation of German children have been taught that might makes right and that, provided you can get away with it, you can rob and murder to your heart's content. All this is so foreign to the character of the old Germany as to constitute in itself a dreadful tragedy. It is in part a result of the World War. The warring nations not only engaged in wholesale murder but accepted the principle that in war you may lie, steal, cheat, and crucify without penalties; in war the ablest liars and killers get the most medals and the highest distinction. Hitler, the uneducated, has merely applied to international affairs the bandit morals he learned during his four years at the front. He is oblivious of the fact that the leaders around him are lining their pockets, that official Germany is ridden with graft and corruption where it was once proud of its integrity. And all this is making the great Germany, the great and noble Aryan Reich which is to last a thousand years!

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

PROTEUS, OR VICO'S ROAD

BY LOUISE BOGAN

JOYCE has been writing "Finnegans Wake"* for seventeen years. In 1922 "Ulysses" was published in Paris; this book was begun the same year. *Transition* has brought out about half of it, intermittently, under the title "Work in Progress"; and a number of fragments have appeared now and again in pamphlet form. A whole school of imitators has clustered around its linguistic and philosophical example, and its influence has been so strong that critics have been led to write of it in, as it were, its own terms. Something unheard of and extraordinary was happening to language, history, time, space, and causality in Joyce's new novel, and the jaw-dropping and hat-waving of the front-line appreciators were remarkable in themselves. Because this subjective, or rolling-along-in-great-delight-with-a-great-work-of-art, school of criticism has had its innings with Joyce's book, the plain reviewer might do well to approach the work at first with a certain amount of leaden-footed objectivity, remaining outside the structure and examining it from as many sides as possible.

Joyce himself, as we shall see, has given a good many clues to what the book is about. The first thing that strikes the reader, however, is the further proof of Joyce's miraculous virtuosity with language. "Finnegans Wake" takes up this technical skill as it existed at the end of "Ulysses" and further elaborates it. Then Joyce's mastery of structure and his musician's feeling for form and rhythmic subtlety are here in a more advanced—as well as a more deliquescent—state of development. The chief reason for the book's opacity is the fact that it is written in a special language. But this language is not gibberish—unless it wants to be. It has rules and conventions. Before one starts hating or loving or floating off upon it, the attention might be bent toward discovering what it is, and how it works.

This private tongue is related to what Panurge called the "puzlatory," and it is cousin to the language of E. Lear, L. Carroll, and the writers of nonsense verse in general. It is based on the pun and is defined, by Fowler, as: "Paronomasia (Rhet.) 'word-shunting.' Puns, plays on words, making a jocular or suggestive use of similarity between different words or of a word's different senses." Upon this rhetorical device "Finnegans Wake" is borne, no matter what limits of intelligibility or impenetrability it touches. Two examples may illustrate it:

> For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours hath moidered's lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more.
>
> But listen to the mocking birde to micking bards making bared!

Now let us examine the texture of the writing. This, as one would expect, is firm. Moving for the most part in a private idiom, Joyce keeps unerringly to style's economy, precision, and weight. Through a thousand variations, through a confusion of tongues, the fundamental sinew of the writing persists; the book can be opened anywhere, and a page read at random, in proof of this. The remark of Richard Strauss to a young musician comes to mind: "Why do you write atonally? You have talent." Joyce is not writing as he is writing to cover up inexpertness. Prosodically, he is a master, as can readily be seen if he is compared with his apprentices.

He is a master-musician and a master-parodist. Here, even more clearly than in "Ulysses," Joyce brings over into literature not only music's structural forms—as exemplified by the fugue, the sonata, the theme with variations—but the harmonic modulations, the suspensions and solutions, of music: effects in words which parallel a composer's effects obtained by working with relative or non-relative keys. Phrases and whole passages are transposed from a given style, mood, tempo, signature into a more or less contrasting one. Certain proper names—Finnegan, Earwicker, Anna Livia, Dublin, Phoenix, Howth, James and John, Lucan and Chapelizod—reappear in truncated, anagrammatically distorted, or portmanteau forms. The night-river leitmotif reads, at its most normal: "Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!" Its variants are numerous and remarkable. Joyce, the parodist, in "Ulysses" colored matter with manner with extraordinary effect. The number of styles parodied in "Finnegans Wake" is prodigious. But these present parodies differ somewhat from their predecessors; they are actually more limited. The punning language in which they are framed gives them all a mocking or burlesque edge (the prose poems, only, excepted). This limitation and defeat of purpose—for an immense book written in two main modes only is sure to grow monotonous—is the first symptom to strike the reader of the malady, to be later defined, which cripples "Finnegans Wake."

Thus equipped, then, with his private vernacular, Joyce proceeds to attack what certainly seems to be every written or oral style known to man. A list of these styles would fill pages. The range and variety can only be indicated here. All forms of religious liturgy (Bible, Prayer Book, sermon, mass, catechism, litany); conversation; letters informal, formal, and illiterate; the fable, the examination paper, the chronicle; fashion notes and soap-box speeches; the hair-splitting argument and the sentimental narrative. And here are dialects and jargons—"every known *patois* of the English language." Slang, journalese, and specialized vocabularies: of heraldry, the race track, the courtroom, the nursery. Also uncounted foreign tongues, from Sanscrit through Anglo-Saxon to modern European, back to pidgin English, baby talk, and the sounds children make before speech. There are also just plain noises, onomatopoetically expressed, from bangs and howls to twitters and whimpers.

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* The Viking Press. $5.

The "auditive faculty" of Stephen Dedalus has been expanded so that the functions of the other senses become subsidiary to it. Joyce has put down everything he has heard for the last seventeen years. We now can examine some evidence from Eugene Jolas, the editor of *Transition,* as to Joyce's method of work. Jolas says: "It was necessary [in compiling a complete MS for publication] to go through a number of notebooks, each of which had esoteric symbols indicating the reference to a given character, locality, event, or mood. Then the words accumulated over the years had to be placed in the segment for which they were intended." And what Joyce was up to in general—the underlying theme and philosophical purpose of the book—has been partially elucidated by Joyce to Jolas and others. Jolas says:

> We know that Mr. Joyce's ambition has been to write a book dealing with the night-mind of man. . . . We have tried to keep in mind that the dramatic dynamis is based on the Bruno theory of knowledge through opposites, and on the Vico theory of cyclic recurrence. . . . History being, in his earlier words, "a nightmare," Mr. Joyce presents his phantasmagoric figures as passing back and forth from a mentality saturated with archetypal memories to a vision of future construction.

Another of Joyce's favorite exegetes sheds a little more light (and it can be definitely stated that light is needed, since the one actual fact which is clear to the reader, without exegesis, is that the action takes place in one night or one aeon of time, and is concerned with a man—a giant, an earth-force—asleep). Stuart Gilbert says:

> Joyce's new work is partly based on the historical speculations of Vico. . . . Vico held that there is a recurrent cycle in human "progress," as in the movement of the stars. Societies begin, continue, and have an end, according to universal laws. . . . Every nation passes through three stages, the divine, the heroic, the human. The prelude and aftermath of each cycle is complete disintegration. . . . Vico contemplated the writing of an "ideal and timeless history" in which all the actual histories of all nations should be embodied. . . . "Work in Progress" is, in many aspects, a realization of Vico's project. . . . It is interesting to note that an exceptionally intricate passage in Mr. Joyce's book is, in effect, a fantasia on the quinary scale. . . . Even the difficult passages of the Anna Livia Plurabelle fragment become lucid when read aloud in the appropriate rhythm and intonation by the author. In fact, rhythm is one of the clues to the meaning . . . for each of the polymorphous personages of the work has his appropriate rhythm, and many "references" can be located by reference to the rhythm of the prose.

With these few "clues" well in mind, the reader can only open the book, without further explanation, and battle his way into it. Life is too short to read all the glosses which have already multiplied around it and will continue to multiply. Some of its themes are perfectly clear. The pedestrian reviewer can add a few scattered notes, put down during her own two weeks' life with the literary monument.

There is every reason to believe that a *complete explanation* of the whole thing will come, after a longish lapse of time, from Joyce himself. This happened, it will be remembered, in the case of "Ulysses" after about nine years. . . . There is nothing whatever to indicate that Joyce has any real knowledge of the workings of the subconscious, in sleep or otherwise. Carroll has far more intuition than Joyce into the real structure of the dream. There are no sustained passages which give, for example, the feeling of nightmare. The punning style, as a matter of fact, precludes this. It is as though Joyce wished to be superior to the unconscious. . . . At one point he brings in a long apologia for his own method and language. The effect of this interpolation is very queer. . . . Some sections start off with indicated time, but these indications seem to be afterthoughts. . . . The later versions of the fragments already published seem to be changed out of sheer perversity: a clause is omitted leaving nothing but a vestigial preposition; a singular noun is shifted to the plural, and the meaning is thereby successfully clouded. . . . The most frightening thing about the book is the feeling, which steadily grows in the reader, that Joyce himself does not know what he is doing; and how, in spite of all his efforts, he is giving himself away. Full control is being exercised over the minor details and the main structure, but the compulsion toward a private universe is very strong. . . . Joyce's delight in reducing man's learning, passion, and religion to a hash is also disturbing. . . . After the first week what one longs for is the sound of speech, or the sight of a sentence *in its natural human context*. . . . The book cannot rise into the region of true evocation—the region where Molly Bloom's soliloquy exists immortally—because it has no human base. Emotion is deleted, or burlesqued, throughout. The vicious atmosphere of a closed world,

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whose creator can manage and distort all that is humanly valuable and profound (cunningly, with God-like slyness) becomes stifling. . . . "Ulysses" was based on a verifiable theme: the search for the father. The theme, or themes, of "Finnegans Wake" are retrogressive, as the language is retrogressive. The style retrogresses back to the conundrum. To read the book over a long period of time gives one the impression of watching intemperance become addiction, become debauch.

The book's great beauties, its wonderful passages of wit, its variety, its marks of genius and immense learning are undeniable. It has another virtue: in the future "writers will not need to search for a compromise." But whatever it says of man's past it has nothing to do with man's future, which, we can only hope, will lie in the direction of more humanity rather than less. And there are better gods than Proteus.

The People, Yes, Doctor

A DOCTOR FOR THE PEOPLE. By Michael A. Shadid, M.D. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

THIS reviewer has never had the good fortune to meet Dr. Shadid in the flesh. But I gather that he is a kind of natural phenomenon, like the dust storms that occasionally redistribute the landscape of the Oklahoma panhandle where he has lived and practiced for thirty years, and where, by a set of curious chances and despite all the might and guile of the adversary, he has established America's pioneer cooperative hospital.

In this book Dr. Shadid tells who he is and how he did it. The story is as fabulous as "Pluck and Luck" or even "Jack the Giant-Killer"; and it is all strictly true. Moreover, it is not Dr. Shadid's fault that his autobiography reads like a collaboration between Horatio Alger and Izrael Zangwill. It's just that it happened that way. Shadid is no prig. In fact, he is a better man than the father of his adopted country, because on one occasion he did tell a lie, or act one—when he stuffed the empty beds of what is now the Farmers' Union Cooperative Hospital with his children and other ringers to fool the inspector for the insurance company, to which the cooperative owed money.

In general, however, one knows that Dr. Shadid is telling the truth in this book, as elsewhere. An intensely active and practical person, he would always have found himself too busy to fictionize anything. He is, in fact, one of the two most interesting and important personalities brought to the fore by the current struggle to reorganize the health services.

Briefly, Dr. Shadid tells how he was born in a one-room stone hut in a malodorous Syrian village; how he witnessed, at the age of ten, the birth of a girl to whom he was promptly betrothed, and whom he later married after they had both come to America; how he was educated in an American mission school in Beirut; how he peddled imported trinkets from door to door to pay for his medical education; how it was not until he married that he became a horse-and-buggy doctor—before that he had only a horse; how he swapped punches, figuratively speaking, for nearly a decade with the Oklahoma medical politicians until the latter couldn't take it any more. This happy ending, which belongs in the "goldfish swallows freshman" category, occurred only this spring. As Dr. Shadid engagingly explains, "the medical politicians do not have enough funds with which to buy the lawmakers as they did in 1937."

The best parts of the book deal with this amazing struggle, in which Dr. Shadid is seen rushing, with scarcely a pause, from operating room, to lawyer's office, to the Farmers' Union hall. Here is a specimen of his platform style: "The profession of medicine is an honorable calling. The people in their collective capacity are going to redeem it from its low estate and restore its ancient precepts—the precepts of the Golden Rule and of Jesus of Nazareth."

It takes a Syrian immigrant brought up in a Protestant American mission school to say that—and mean it. There was a time when this country thought it could use any amount of such faith, such zeal. It could still use it—any amount of it. But I see by the papers this morning that the president of the New York State Medical Society, as a matter of "self-preservation," has urged that the licensing of émigré doctors be sharply restricted.

JAMES RORTY

Our Earliest Cities

CITIES IN THE WILDERNESS: THE FIRST CENTURY OF URBAN LIFE IN AMERICA, 1625-1742. By Carl Bridenbaugh. The Ronald Press. $5.

THE word "frontier" has offered coverage for a variety of meanings: to indicate early Western farms, cattle country, northern timberlands, the edge of open unsettled areas, and of late to focus the idea that all America has been and still is a frontier of Europe. Thus even our larger early settlements along the Atlantic seaboard have been consistently called frontier settlements—fronts or spearheads pushed into wild land. It has been pretty much taken for granted that only gradually, perhaps not until after the Revolution or later, did they assume urban character.

In a richly packed book Mr. Bridenbaugh shows that Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Charles Town became cities within a hundred years of their foundation, indeed that before half that time had elapsed they were acquiring the stability, the growing density of population, the dominating position in relation to surrounding territory, the recognition of communal problems, and the will to solve them which belong to urban organization. Questions of sanitation, infectious diseases, fire protection, the care of the poor, highway maintenance and construction, commercial licenses, even town planning, developed with urban complexity from an early date and were continually being viewed afresh, with new solutions attempted as new conditions arose. Mr. Bridenbaugh portrays well those livelier phases of urban life which have often been neglected in colonial studies. If his consideration of what may be called the cultural end-products, in science and the arts particularly, is less detailed than his analysis of social and structural elements, he has strongly indicated the full picture. The wealth of his materials, many of them hitherto unexplored or unsynthesized, is immense.

The sum of the evidence is refreshing. Instead of the familiar thesis that life in the colonial towns was constricted, crude, or cruel, with a final odium laid upon the Puritans, a multiple, burgeoning existence is revealed which measures well against that of communities of the period abroad. Brief but far-reaching comparisons are established between the five colonial cities and Bristol and Norwich, which were comparable in size—with the balance weighing down rather heavily on the American side as to all the factors making for civilization, in the rise of the press, education, civic and social enterprises, forms of punishment for crime, in the humanities generally. In a final summary Mr. Bridenbaugh suggests that the five cities constituted a "section," with broad identities in character and interest, and that even what lay behind them was not truly a frontier but a related countryside. The real frontier he defines as an irregular affair stretching farther west by means of scattered trading posts or outposts of settlement.

These distinctions have a considerable importance in determining the full character of the colonial period, and Mr. Bridenbaugh throws out the still further suggestion that its more radical thought came from the cities rather than from the agrarian or frontier sections. This idea is not developed here; perhaps he will test and trace it in a succeeding volume. If fairly proved, it will displace at least in part some of the more sweeping conclusions as to the place of the frontier and its famous individualism as governing forces in American life. In the present book the author is concerned with the concrete and sufficiently difficult task, though it is clear that he has steadily kept the wider implications in view. "Cities in the Wilderness" will prove a mine of reference for historians and sociologists. Historical novelists will sleep with the book under their pillows, and even the lay reader may be induced to plunge into its detail, for it is written with distinction and with a kind of eagerness that makes even its more technical considerations absorbing. CONSTANCE ROURKE

Our Economic Disorder

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS IN A CHANGING WORLD. By Willard L. Thorp and Others. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

THIS timely 800-page contribution from eleven of the nation's foremost liberal economists is a symposium which on many matters approaches an encyclopedia of economic problems. The unifying force that binds together the eleven contributors is a spirit of liberalism which manifests itself in the recognition of certain grave maladjustments in our economic order.

The book is divided into seven major sections: problems of consumers, of prices, of labor, of capital, of government, and of conflict. Corwin Edwards discusses the woeful plight of the consumer caught between indigency and misleading advertising, and describes the development of consumer cooperatives and the growth and occasional decline of governmental "consumer" agencies. Theodore Kreps in his stimulating and carefully prepared section on prices emphasizes the importance of price inflexibility, the need of obtaining price balance, and the determination of government-controlled prices versus business-controlled prices. The third section of the book, which is concerned with problems of management, is somewhat platitudinous about "efficient management," "intelligent competition," and "business foresight." The chapters relating to labor problems by the late Edward Berman are a fitting testimony to the loss which the social sciences have sustained in his passing. In 112 pages he has made what is perhaps the best summation to be found anywhere of the history of the labor movement, of the practical problems of unions, and of labor's relations to government. F. Cyril James in his section on capital emphasizes first the difference between capital—"wealth that is devoted to the production of more wealth"—and funds that are utilized to create capital, and, second, the disparity between the amount of investable funds and the need for those funds in the formation of capital. In Section Six A. E. Burns and D. S. Watson are concerned principally with the development of government control over private enterprise and with the problems which are created both in the regulation of competition and in national planning. Finally, R. S. Winslow writes very vividly on problems of conflict between economic groups, the use of propaganda, and the general strategies utilized to achieve victory on the economic battle front.

Within these seven sections are packed a tremendous amount of historical information and a great number of economic analyses. High points in the book are Willard Thorp's skilful editing, Walter Kleim's chart on page 331 showing an inverse relationship between price dispersion and production, Corwin Edwards's delightfully satirical comments on modern advertising, the suggestion of F. Cyril James for the establishment of a government lending organization to finance promising small businesses and new processes, and the shrewd examples given by R. S. Winslow of "the principle of inconsistency," that "in an exchange economy the logic of rational self-interest is inconsistent with the logic of general welfare."

The book suffers from a very grave omission in that no chapters on technology are included. Dr. Berman's "productivity theory of labor" is certain to be attacked by those who hold that labor increases its social income only through its organizational strength. O. W. Blackett's observation that the basic cause of the depression was the too rapid passage of the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation is an excessive generalization; there are other "basic" maladjustments, such as technological displacements, inflexible prices, a maldistribution of income, and an abatement in the expansion of the capital-goods industries caused by the existence of over-capacity and the dearth of new industries. Furthermore, the interrelationship of the various trends, the impact of force upon force, is often not very clear. This, however, is inevitable in a symposium, which, by its very nature, must attack a problem in segmented sections rather than as a functional whole.

"Economic Problems in a Changing World" is "dedicated

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to the proposition that our economic system is behaving rather badly." This proposition is one which has been enunciated for many years by those whom society has chosen to designate "radicals." That a number of the nation's leading liberal economists have recognized the validity of the proposition and have written so ably and extensively about it indicates that there is developing a new approach, a new spirit of analysis, a new utilization of empiricism which is gradually changing and may revolutionize the study of economics. The value of this book in crystallizing this new spirit is exceeded only by its value in clarifying for the intelligent and observant reader many of the economic phenomena which appear to be strangling our present order into a rapidly approaching coma.

JOHN M. BLAIR

The Devil Rediscovered

THE AGE OF THE FISH. By Odon von Horvath. Translated by R. Wills Thomas. The Dial Press. $2.

"NOTHING can convey the idea of the infinite as well as human stupidity." This was the motto of one of Horvath's plays. Indeed, his work before 1933 was a vast collection of instances of human stupidity. But the collector presented his specimens with mirth rather than with wrath. His unbounded appetite for the meanness and stupidity of the human race was hardly malicious. He was a kind and bitter man, whose sense of humor was so keen that he found human folly more funny than despicable. At least till 1933. His last book, "The Age of the Fish," shows a change. The laugh has vanished from his good-natured, full-moon face; there is a new expression on it—horror.

Short chapters and shorter paragraphs reveal the story like flashes of lightning showing eerie bits of a nocturnal landscape. The scene is a small town in Germany, but this Germany lies in the misty mid region of Weir. Characters, well drawn and yet bodiless, scurry about. A young schoolmaster maintains that Negroes too are men. His totalitarian-bred pupils boycott him. The headmaster, a prudent coward, arranges things. The young schoolmaster gets drunk. A former colleague explains: ". . . the earth is moving into the zone of the fish. The souls of men, my friend, will become as rigid as the face of a fish." The class goes to a camp for military training. The teacher meets a strange country priest who quotes Pascal and Anaximander. There is a row between two boys. The teacher becomes involved. A murder is committed. Innocents are on trial. God speaks to the teacher in the shop of a tobacconist. So the teacher tells the truth and loses his job. But finally, with help from various quarters, the culprit is tracked down, and the strange country priest sends the teacher to a missionary school in Africa to teach Negroes.

There are three sides to this excellent book: poetry, detective-thriller, and theodicy. Symbols, beautifully chosen and cunningly distributed, are the clues, and Providence investigates the crime. Now and again there are still traces of Horvath's innocent enjoyment of the incongruous, but they pass by and what remains is Strindberg's groping between guilt and God told with Poe's intangible horror. For, let there be no mistake, this is not, principally, an anti-fascist book, though it is one of the best anti-fascist books ever written. It shows not concentration camps, but schoolrooms in which children are taught to subordinate truth and justice to the state. This, however, is only the setting. The main theme is the rediscovery of evil and in consequence of it the vindication of Divine Providence. In other words: if you have to believe in the devil, you had better believe in God too. That this book has been received simply as an anti-Nazi book indicates how detrimental every slogan—anti-fascism as well as fascism—can be to the activities of the mind. True, the devil, who brings about the teacher's conversion, is a totalitarian one, but there is a hitch. The murder, which should be the apogee of evil, could have been committed in a democratic country as well. (In fact, there was a similar case some years ago in the United States.) But this is one of the little inconsistencies which are the privilege of poetry. It does not affect the main theme: a man who lost his faith in the World War regains it in the Third Reich as he perceives the working of Providence in the chance happenings of a murder and its detection. To Horvath even the smallest incident seems to be designed and part of a vast plan. He was killed last summer on the Champs Elysées by a crashing chestnut tree.

ROBERT VAMBERY

Shop Talk

I WANTED TO BE AN ACTRESS. By Katharine Cornell. Random House. $3.

MISS CORNELL'S autobiography, as told to Ruth Woodbury Sedgwick, is very good talk of a special kind. Readers for whom brilliance, wit, and illumination of subject matter are the prerequisites of conversation will be disappointed in the book. The style is simple and direct. There are no novel or important ideas contributing to a larger understanding of the theater, the drama, or the art of acting. But for people who enjoy shop talk, talk of the expert technician telling spontaneously of his trade or craft, this book is a delight. Miss Cornell, the symbol of "glamor" to millions of Americans, is to herself a hard-working woman, ridden by a gift, a talent, a métier, a passion, call it what you will, so deep and strong that for her it is life itself. Only from the words of the critics in the reviews included in the book could a reader who had never seen Miss Cornell act visualize her rare beauty of movement, figure, and voice.

From her own words Miss Cornell emerges as a woman of unusual honesty, generosity, and courage, with none of the stylized exhibitionism typical of so many of even the greatest actresses. Her own modesty more than anything else, perhaps, has prevented the glamorous actress from becoming a creative force in the American theater. For with few exceptions, including such classics as "Romeo and Juliet," "Candida" and "Saint Joan," Miss Cornell's greatest successes have been melodramas, brought to life largely by her own vitality and talent. Miss Cornell has worked so intelligently, so conscientiously at her own art that one can only wish she had held to the same standard of perfection in her choice of plays. But it is perhaps unfair to demand that a woman of such rare and distinguished qualities, an actress of such beauty and grace, should also be an initiator in the theater. MINA CURTISS

Strange Dinner Party

FOREVER WILT THOU LOVE. By Ludwig Lewisohn. The Dial Press. $2.

WITHOUT wishing to prejudice a book which the author evidently intended to be the account of a very moving love story, it must be said that we have here one of the oddest dinner parties in fiction. It is staged in a smart restaurant in an American city, and the more or less friendly diners are six: host and hostess, Mark and Lydia; another married couple; a school teacher; and a young columnist. The host and hostess have arrived at a stage where Mark is extremely dissatisfied with Lydia for one thing and another, as duly appears; the Buists are a painter and his wife who present a front of impeccable devotion; the school teacher, Millicent, is very plain but very warm-hearted; and the columnist, Walter, is Lydia's friend rather than Mark's. At the beginning of the meal Mark observes that they are certainly holding hands; on one occasion Mark kisses Millicent warmly; but mostly, as Mark proceeds in the telling of the great love story of his life, his hearers become lachrymose rather than amorous. Lydia starts in being tearful quite soon, though it is only later on, after much listening and the drinking of well-chosen wines, that the tears roll down her face and "Walter Goss took out an enormous white handkerchief and passed it to her." On two occasions: "Millicent wept." Mrs. Buist contents herself with becoming pink or sniffing, but her husband repeatedly half gets up and then sits down again. "His glasses glittered. But with a hollow jeering laugh at himself he sank back." In the end he too sobs. Walter contributes flippant interruptions: sometimes he uses a falsetto voice, sometimes he screeches, sometimes he giggles. As for the story itself, it is a good enough repeat performance on the love-against-the-world theme. If it has been told many times before, it has not often been recounted in such peculiar circumstances. NORAH HOULT

DRAMA

Stunt

BOTH the dramatization and the production of "My Heart's in the Highlands" (Guild Theater) are perfectly in the spirit of William Saroyan's story. I wish I could let it go at that, but I am afraid that the question, And just what *is* the spirit of William Saroyan's story? is almost as nearly inevitable as it is difficult to answer. Mr. Saroyan, as very few people can have escaped learning, is the young man who has published eight volumes in four years and made himself the most widely sneered at young writer of our day. He is our own "marvelous boy," and there has probably been no one since Byron who has so persistently cultivated the art of admiring in public his own sensibility and brilliance. Others may search for material, wrestle with the problems of form, or ponder possible meanings. Mr. Saroyan has merely to let himself go. For him there is a story in everything, for the simple reason that if no other point emerges it is at least clear that life is strange and wonderful—provided, of course, that you have a temperament like Mr. Saroyan's. And that point he can make with the greatest of ease. One is tempted to echo Dr. Johnson and exclaim, "Any man could write like that if he would abandon himself to it." But the plain truth is that if any man could, a great many more certainly would, and that Mr. Saroyan's farragos of sentiment and slapstick, ingenuity and impudence, are not only *sui generis* but highly entertaining to all those whom they do not exasperate.

"My Heart's in the Highlands" is one of the best and the most typical of his stories. It is concerned with a starveling poet, convinced that people do love poetry but just don't know it, and his casual guest, a venerable old fraud who collects food from the populace in return for short recitals on the bugle, usually preceded by solemn assurances that he plays so well because his heart really is in the highlands. The nucleus of the piece is probably no more than a highly conventional and highly sentimental view of the poet as a "dreamer," and its moral is probably nothing more original than that the world ought to treat its "dreamers" better. But the manner is so extravagant and fantastic, the tune Mr. Saroyan plays so nearly forgotten in variations and cadenzas, that it is hardly worth while to ask what it is. Almost at the end, when the venerable fraud has been taken back to the old men's home from which he had escaped, and the poet and his young son have been compelled to take to the road with their belongings in a handkerchief, the boy passes his judgment on the world. "I'm not mentioning any names," he says, "but there must be something wrong somewhere." That is about as specific as Mr. Saroyan's "message" ever is.

I should have thought that no story would be more difficult to dramatize or to stage, but the Group Theater, which puts on the play, has shown remarkable ingenuity in inventing a style of acting and presentation which seems somehow the equivalent of the author's manner. The most fantastic things are said and done in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, and the setting looks as though it might have been conceived by Mr. Dali in a mood of unwonted cheerfulness. Often I was not sure whether I was being amused with or at Mr. Saroyan *et al.;* but I never doubted that I was being amused. Now that the production—originally offered only for a series of special performances—has been taken over by the Guild, I recommend it highly to all except those who are sure from this brief report that they couldn't possibly like it. If you are not absolutely sure of that, you will enjoy it more than you think probable.

Advice somewhat similar should be given in connection with "Mexicana," the dancing and singing revue presented by a huge company at the Forty-sixth Street Theater under the auspices of the republic of Mexico. Any idea that one would be letting oneself in for a series of quaint folk-dances or anything else "educational" should be discarded immediately, for it is evident that the gentlemen who compose the Mexican Ministry of Education are very broad-minded gentlemen indeed, and that what they have sent us is a collection of the best—and incidentally the best-looking—theatrical dancers and singers the country affords. They have also spared no expense in outfitting what is one of the handsomest spectacles seen here in a long time. The company is as cosmopolitan as the population it represents, and it includes a couple who perform marvelously in the comic-erotic style of the Cuban cabaret performers; but most of the dancing is of an extremely gay and lively sort which occasionally suggests our tap but is probably the result of a free theatrical development from the classical dances of Spain. In any event, it is different enough from anything we are familiar with to be fresh and yet does not seem really strange. Some of it is funny, most of it extraordinarily sly and witty. Many of the performers have faces almost as mobile as their bodies, and it will be a cause of amazement to me if four or five of the best performers are not interned by producers of our own musical revues. Unfortunately I have no equipment with which to analyze dancing, but I have seldom enjoyed a spectacle so much.

Despite all that Madame Nazimova can do, the late Karel Capek's "The Mother" (Lyceum Theater) is a dreary and pedestrian play which certainly adds nothing to the discussion of war and its evils. At the end, the mother, who has protestingly lost her husband and all the other members of a large family in one way or another, finally herself puts a gun in the hand of her surviving son and sends him out to civil war in the streets. Some members of the first-night audience hissed, and Madame Nazimova has explained that the despairing mother is sending him out, not to kill someone, but merely to die. Why he should need a gun for this I do not know, but that is not all. There does not seem to me to be much use in pacifism if you have to die for that too. A real pacifist, so it seems to me, is morally bound not to ask his children to die as heroes but to hide them under the bed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

"JUAREZ" (Warner Brothers) is the latest offering of a new and ambitious Hollywood slowly emerging in opposition to the policy of turning out pictures that are primarily entertainment and avoiding anything that is political or controversial. As producers the Warners are now courageously leading the progressive forces. Their epic of Maximilian's fatal adventure in Mexico and Juarez's successful resistance to foreign invasion is an immense step forward on a road the milestones of which carry the inscriptions "Black Fury," "I'm a Fugitive," "Black Legion," "Zola," "The Story of Louis Pasteur"—films of laudable tendencies but still spoiled by obvious compromises. In "Juarez" a remarkable clearness of purpose is reached. This fact alone puts the picture in a class by itself.

It runs for almost two hours, but one would like it to be twice as long. A complexity of life is attacked: individual fates and social conditions, historical facts and basic ideas, warfare and intrigue across the Atlantic. The scope of the theme is immense, and it is widened still further by the desire to present it with its useful meaning for our time. Many

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extraordinary and in themselves complete scenes are piled up. If the grandiose result, in spite of the advantage of an extended time limit, again and again gives the impression of being fragmentary, the question is whether the chosen technique, that of a slow and epic narrative, is suitable for our theater, which does not allow as yet for exceptional works of three and four hours' length. As it is, the time needed for making a complicated political situation understandable and usable automatically hampers the execution of the equally important task of bringing the characters to life. Major characters who must carry the theme are thus in danger of becoming mere symbols, while minor ones, Porfirio Diaz for example, have the chance to remain, out of proportion, human.

No one of the production departments can justly be held responsible for what has been called the unbalance of this great picture. Its faults are rather the marks of the phase of development reached by the seriously working part of Hollywood. The fake historical pageant with its criminal falsifications has been left behind. Perhaps we shall have to pass through a period in which the desire to preserve the material is dominant before we arrive at the perfect thing—the great vision of historical truth in the tense perspective of pure art. There are scenes in "Juarez" which come very near to the ideal. There are others correct and excellent but without life. The styles are sometimes mixed, or the actors play on different levels, or they do not forget themselves. The stoic Juarez stands out not only by virtue of his personality but also partly because of the unnecessarily stressed stardom of the actor.

These criticisms, to which others could be added, because for once, with this picture, we are happily in a realm where nuances count, only underline the excellence of the whole. The unsentimental, telling script and imaginative dialogue (John Huston and associates), the direction (William Dieterle) with its exactness of feeling for the decisive characterization of a situation, the production (Jack L. Warner, Hal B. Wallis, Harry W. Blanke) of admirably coordinating force, the photography of Tony Gudio give a great opportunity to a cast which is throughout of first rank. Paul Muni, adding Juarez to his portraits of historical personalities, creates an unforgettable character, most convincing in his little wagon, towering in the scene with the ambassadors when he tells them what the Indians think about the Christian European civilization. Bette Davis is a perfect Carlota, touching and intensely human. She becomes with every new part more and more the first actress of Hollywood. The surprise of the cast is Brian Aherne as Maximilian. John Garfield, Claude Rains, Holmes Herbert—I have not the space even to list all the players of high distinction.

Of two outstanding pictures "Wuthering Heights" is artistically the more intense and homogeneous, "Juarez" the more ambitious and important. No one who wants motion pictures which make sense and provide a great experience should miss "Juarez." It is the best Hollywood has yet done with a historical theme.

In "Dark Victory" (Warner Brothers) one forgets easily a forced script—from the unfortunate stage play—of dishonest suspense because of the performance of Bette Davis as the young heiress doomed by an incurable disease. Her portrayal of the symptoms of the malady, of her realization of her fate, and of her tremendous effort to cope with it is not only overpowering in its effect but serves to create an unforgettable character that far transcends the lines and situations of the part. Here really is great creative acting! Besides Miss Davis one remembers favorably only Geraldine Fitzgerald, the promising newcomer. Direction, by Edmund Goulding, and production are excellent.

Notice should be taken of the Cycle of Seventy Films to be given in daily programs as part of the exhibition of Art in Our Time at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (New Building, 11 West Fifty-third Street). The exhibition opens on May 10. The cycle, international in character, will illustrate chronologically the major steps in the history of the motion picture from 1895 till today. With it the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, which has done remarkable work since its foundation in 1935, appears for the first time before the general public, whose patronage this highly useful institution in the widest sense deserves.

FRANZ HOELLERING

MUSIC

HISTORY is a legitimate study, but Mozart did not write his G minor Symphony to provide a lesson in history. He intended it as a work of art to be experienced; and its value is not in what it can teach—not in any facts about it, about its composer, about his period—but in the experience which it affords as a work of art. I say this for the benefit of the people—some of whom hold forth in Music X Tuesday and Thursday at ten—to whom Mozart's G minor is anything and everything but something to experience. These people may consider the other things they are concerned with necessary for the experience; but I contend that the symphony can exert all its power as art on someone who knows nothing about its composer and period; just as someone—in Music X Tuesday and Thursday at ten—can know everything about the work, its composer, its period, without knowing anything of its effect as art.

Moreover, to know the relation of Mozart's style to the style of an eighteenth-century rococo interior is to know only what Mozart had in common with a hundred mediocre contemporaries, not what is uniquely his. A hundred men used the same resources of musical language, style, and form as he, were subjected to the same influences of events and ideas, but did not produce the same music. Even the grace, elegance, and refinement of the period are, in the G minor Symphony, distinctive; even the musical language, style, and forms of the period are converted into a medium of expression that is Mozart's and no one else's; and when we consider what is expressed in the symphony, the feeling that is crystallized in the delicate structure, we are faced with something that is unique not only in his period but in all periods, that cannot be accounted for by anything or anybody around him, that originated in an inner chemistry of his particular qualities of mind, emotion, and spirit.

Of these qualities we get a precise and full communication in the music, and I would say only in the music. The letters* bring us as close to Mozart as we can get—if, after hearing the G minor Symphony, we are interested in the source of what we have experienced. And by the evidence of the letters the composer of this work was a person of rich and engaging humanity; by the evidence of some that are now published for the first time, or for the first time in unexpurgated form, this humanity was startlingly complete. But by the evidence of the G minor Symphony there were deep-lying emotional and spiritual resources on which only the artist drew, which achieved formulated expression only in the patterns of sound—resources which, by the evidence of some of the early compositions, were already in existence, miraculously, for the boy to draw on almost as soon as he put pen to paper.

From the Mozart correspondence we get an authentic picture of the man, his career, the conditions under which he functioned as an artist; and in this as in other instances the process of learning truth is at the same time one of discovering error. There is, for example, the common belief that Mozart's music, like that of other great composers in the past, and like the work of every great artist, was not rightly understood and valued by those who heard it in his lifetime. This is the contention of composers of today, who explain in this way the indifference or dislike which their own music encounters; and it is an inference drawn from the fact that Mozart died of privation at thirty-five. The fact is indisputable; the inference is disputed by Mozart himself. In 1782 he reports to his father that "The Abduction from the Seraglio" is "making such a sensation in Vienna that people refuse to hear anything else, so that the theater is always packed"; in 1783 the opera is given in Prague, Mannheim, Frankfurt, Bonn, and Leipzig; in 1785 it is so popular that Schott publishes an unauthorized clavier arrangement in Mainz before Mozart can publish his own in Vienna. In the same year Leopold Mozart reports to his daughter someone's statement that in publishers' announcements he had seen nothing but Mozart's name, and that the Berlin announcement of the six quartets dedicated to Haydn had stated: "It is quite unnecessary to recommend these quartets to the public. Suffice it to say that they are the work of Herr Mozart." From Leopold we learn also of the success of Mozart's subscription concerts in Vienna in 1785; Mozart himself, in 1787, describes his success in Prague, where "nothing is talked about but—'Figaro'; nothing played, blown, sung, whistled but—'Figaro'; no opera attended but—'Figaro' and forever 'Figaro.'" In 1791, a few months before his death, he writes to his wife about the packed theaters and "the usual applause and repetition of numbers" at performances of "The Magic Flute." Never does he have occasion to complain of a disappointing response to one of his works (the hisses of the cabal cannot prevent the shouts of "bravo"); but he does have occasion to complain of a disappointing financial return; and there we have a reason for his death from privation at thirty-five. But that must be left to a further discussion next week.

B. H. HAGGIN

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* "The Letters of Mozart and His Family." Chronologically Arranged, Translated, and Edited with an Introduction, Notes, and Indices by Emily Anderson. With Extracts from the Letters of Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Translated and Edited by C. B. Oldman. Three Volumes. The Macmillan Company. $18.

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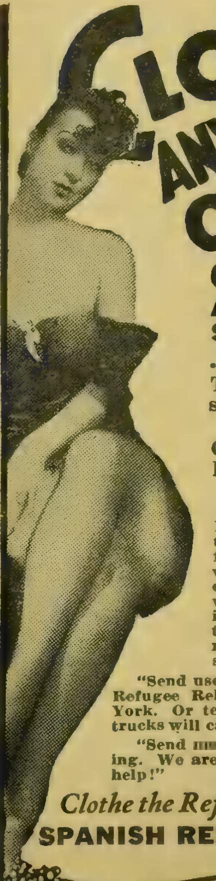
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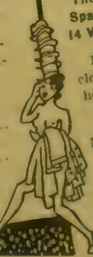

Letters to the Editors

French Concentration Camp

[*The following paragraphs are from a letter written to a member of his family by an Austrian who served with the International Brigade in Spain and is now interned in a French concentration camp.*]

On Feb 8 we reached the frontier, now only with our arms in our hands. The arms were confiscated and we crossed the frontier without as much as a pack on our backs. Our physical condition was unspeakable. Under the supervision of the Mobile Guards, hungry and completely exhausted as we were, we were forced to march fifty-five kilometers without a pause until we arrived behind barbed wire in a concentration camp.

The camp is on the seashore. At first the men had to sleep without any covering and without any kind of roof to their heads, entirely exposed to the rain and the storms which are at present prevailing. In consequence, added to the old diseases came new ones. Dysentery, the result of perpetual chill, has reached a frightful pitch. As there are no latrines, the beach is covered with the excretions of the hundred thousand people who are living here. The drinking water is impossible; the daily food consists of one loaf of bread and a plate of soup for six people. We are guarded by Senegalese who kick us about and use their rifle butts on us. Refugees who have managed to rescue a trunk or any possessions are robbed of them by the blacks.

The conditions in the so-called hospital are such that the people won't go into it, with the result that the death-rate is rising appallingly. During the last fortnight the Peoples' Front Organization has succeeded by means of a widespread campaign in rectifying some of these frightful evils, but when you think that I, for instance, have not been out of my uniform for two months, nor have I changed my shirt for two months, you can see that conditions are still almost unbearable. We know nothing about our prospects of starting a regulated life again. In spite of everything, the morale of our people, when you consider what they endured in the latter days in Spain and now here in France is really good. This is where one can see the essential difference between a capitalist and a socialist army.

W. M.

Camp de Concentration, St. Cyprien, Perpignan, Groupe Austrichien.

Why "Stop" Fascism?

Dear Sirs: And what do you and the Episcopal bishop do about it? I am referring, of course, to your mistitled article Let's Mind Our Own Business in the April 15 issue of *The Nation.*

Here, quite evidently, is what *you* do about it: You say that "if freedom and democracy are not to perish, fascism must." You say, "There are two available ways of stopping it [fascism] . . . by economic weapons and by arms." You suggest a boycott which "in any case would seem worth trying in our inevitable war against fascism." And again you suggest that the isolationists argue that an economic boycott, if successful, would lead directly into war, and—"Perhaps they are right. . . ."

So you would have us go the whole way; burn our bridges behind us and, if need be, go to war to make the world safe for democracy. That is your solution of the world crisis; and this on the same page with the bishop's account of the mangled Chinese boy.

Did it ever occur to you that the mangling of that boy was the truly horrible thing, and not the question of who made or sold or bought or used the bomb? You would have us manufacture more bombs for the mutilation of little people elsewhere because their system of government is wrong! Is *that* democracy? Believe with us, or die?

Did it ever occur to you that there *could* be an end to fascism irrespective of our benighted beliefs and terrifying nationalist ego? By evolutionary processes and the internal growth from within of realization? By its own weaknesses? Have you thought of the Russian Revolution, the American Revolution, or the Civil War? Those were both evolution and revolution toward the better life. Those were not world wars, with every half-baked European editor clamoring that sides be taken; yet governments were overthrown and wrong systems deposed without the involvement of peoples and continents other than those concerned. And if fascism does *not* collapse of its own weaknesses or those of its dictators, did it ever occur to you that it *might* be right for those peoples who permit it or support it? That it *might* survive in modified and improved form on the same planet with democracy?

S. S. FIELD

New Orleans, La., April 20

Men Know Best

Dear Sirs: Just the same Mrs. Woodward would have written a better piece on shaving cream if she had stopped to ask a man about shaving. Consumer research in general would, for that matter, be better if it asked more about the consumer.

Some years ago, on the advice of the consumer bulletins then going the rounds, I tried this shaving-mug experiment and I tell you it's a mess. Men pay more for shaving cream in tubes not because of the extra speed but for reasons much too simple to get into the ads, which are always highfaluting. The tube isn't always threatening to fall off the shelf and break. More important, the tube can be thrown into a suitcase, which the mug cannot. I changed to the brushless kind of cream on a journey too, because this kind gets rid of the wet brush that was always turning up nestled against your only clean shirt. No doubt I pay too much for the brushless cream, and no doubt there is no magic in it whatever. But let's keep sticking to the main points. The new brushless cream, even though modern, even though advertised, does keep the razor from hurting your face when you shave, so that there is comfort in it—and don't let anybody try to tell you there is any comfort in itchy bath soap, let alone yellow laundry soap—God save the consumer! I speak strictly from experience and out of a sensitive skin.

Comfort and convenience, not speed, are what sell modern man his brushless shaving cream, and hurrah for its inventors but damn their road signs. There are some money-saving men, however, who have found an acceptable second-best. It is the one device that your article failed to mention: the shaving stick. It has the drawback of requiring a brush but is the Scotchman's

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dream. Well do I remember mine—I kept it, the same one, year in, year out, until it finally dawned on me that I was just doomed never to change odors. Then I threw the old stub away.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

New York, April 26

The Industry's Point of View

Dear Sirs: Mr. Haskell's letter is kinder than that of another reader who begins with "Nuts to you! What do you know about shaving?" and who predicts that I shall wind up testifying before the Dies committee—all because I think shaving soap better than shaving cream.

My piece was not based on the preferences or opinions of the men I know. I did not consult my husband or my brother or my nephew or my cousins. The material for the piece I got from the industry itself, and from advertising men closely associated with it. It expressed a business rather than a personal point of view.

A tube is more convenient for traveling, but the amount so used is small. And I should have mentioned the shaving stick. Lewis Gannett also pointed out that omission to me. It is a good soap, and it doesn't really require a brush.

HELEN WOODWARD

New York, April 28

"Crisis"—in 400 Theaters

Dear Sirs: In his admirable article, Hollywood Waves the Flag, in *The Nation* of April 8, Mr. Frank Nugent comments on Warner Brothers' unwillingness to distribute "Crisis," the documentary film about the betrayal of Czechoslovakia. This statement does an injustice which Mr. Nugent would be the first to want to have corrected. "Crisis" has been booked to play in practically every one of Warner Brothers' theaters. To the best of my knowledge, this is the first time that a documentary film not distributed gratis like "The River" has ever been given so thorough a showing by a major circuit. It constitutes a genuine and gallant service on the part of Warners, both to American democracy and to the encouragement of independent film production. Their readiness to show an anti-Nazi picture in over 400 theaters throws into even bolder relief the timidity of the other producer-owned circuits, which to date have not favored this memorable picture with even a single trial booking.

ARTHUR L. MAYER

New York, April 24

Geography and Electricity

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of April 15 Mr. Stan Brown, of Washington, gives what seems to me an erroneous picture of New England geographical features. He states that New England has the usual coastal plain. As a matter of fact, the coastal plain, so called, which stretches southward from New Jersey has no counterpart in New England. In Massachusetts Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and parts of Cape Cod are generally held to be "coastal plain." For the rest of New England, the rocky plateau reaches salt water.

New England is interwoven with a network of power lines already, and if these could be constructed, it seems reasonable to suppose that others might be too. It is indeed characteristic of the New England upland that many of its villages are in valleys, but these are ordinarily at falls or at dams built at falls. The slopes of the valley bottoms, moreover, are usually so great that many other dams could be constructed; these would protect the villages lower down without flooding any land of likely use except for woods and pasture. The Connecticut Valley is an exception, but here most of the flood plains are unused except for pasture or hay. This valley, as far north as Northfield, Massachusetts, is devoted to specialized crops, such as tobacco, grown on terraces well above the danger of flood. Dams constructed on the Connecticut River throughout its length might flood out hay and pasture, but little damage of this kind was done when dams were constructed at Fifteen Mile Falls, Bellows Falls, and Holyoke. Most of the farms of New England are in the hills, far above flood, but not above the possible reach of cheap electricity.

STANLEY D. DODGE

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 26

What Price Protection?

Dear Sirs: Many times during the past five or seven years, the writer, a Kansas farmer, has wished that *The Nation* would publish a series of articles covering the development of the so-called American protective tariff, stressing particularly its effect, or lack of effect, on the country as a whole, on the farming class, in making the South the country's major economic problem, and as a basic cause of war.

The only reference to the subject the writer has seen recently was that in the editorial Latin American Trade, in the issue of March 4, which in connection with the embargo against the importation of meat from Argentina stated: "The real reason for its continuance, now that Patagonia, the chief ranching province, is free of the plague, is the desire of the meat producers here to preserve their monopoly." Granting that this is true, have not the meat producers the same right to preserve their monopoly that is granted to the iron, cement, aluminum, and other industries by the high import duties on their products? This is no argument for tariffs, protective or otherwise; the writer will gladly exchange his interest in the American meat monopoly for the privilege of exchanging surplus wheat for needed foreign goods, including Japanese light bulbs for the farm lighting plant yet to be acquired.

JOHN NITCHER

Courtland, Kan., April 25

Notes from Paris

Dear Sirs: For the past week the better cafes of Paris have been teeming with anxious business men, small shopkeepers, and others making plans for evacuating their families to some safer place, exchanging gossip about the silent mobilization going on in France, and discussing the unbelievable ungentlemanliness of the Germans, who failed to keep their word given at Munich. Many of these men have come to the conclusion that Germany should be given in to completely. "Let them take their colonies, and their Mitteleuropa. France will go on as a tourist country like Switzerland." Phrases like these are often to be heard.

In the working-class districts, however, is a completely different attitude. There one meets with many signs of impatience and disgust with government policies. The workers saw long ago that the only results of Munich would be an offensive against the working class in France and the continued advance of Nazi Germany through Europe. Many want to fight now before Germany gets too strong. Others are for maintenance of peace at all costs. All are ironical and bitter about Daladier's defense measures, which start in by increasing the legal working week in some industries to sixty hours, and making other inroads on workers' rights.

In Paris military preparations are everywhere in evidence. Yesterday I saw three anti-aircraft guns and a platoon of infantry moving through the streets at dawn; on every side one hears of friends, relatives, acquaintances called to the colors. There are, however, no official notices of this mobilization. There has been absolutely no mention of it in the press.

Many well-informed Frenchmen consider that as long as the U. S. S. R., France, and England can maintain a united front against German aggression, there will be no war. But there are serious doubts about how long any agreement between Moscow and the governments of Britain and France can last.

JOHN STEVENS

Paris, France, March 26

Mr. Ezekiel's Plan

Dear Sirs: In your issue of April 8 Eliot Janeway reviewed my new book, "Jobs for All." It may seem cavalier to comment on so friendly a review. There is one point, however, which I should like an opportunity to clear up.

He says, in part, ". . . a concerted effort would be made to raise the national income by, say, 15 per cent; . . . every industry . . . [would raise] its production schedule by 15 per cent. . . ." In thus condensing the plan, he has oversimplified one of its essential details to an extreme degree, and may mislead those who are economically naive, or cause the economically sophisticated to believe that my proposal is itself too simple to deal with the complex realities of industry. In a concerted and balanced program of expanded production, salt and steel, or flour and furnaces, would each have to have widely different rates of expansion. One chapter, How Much Will Each Industry Expand? was devoted to this problem and to showing how the differing degrees of expansion might be arrived at.

MORDECAI EZEKIEL

Washington, April 17

Indignation of a Spaniard

Dear Sirs: In 1810 William Wordsworth wrote a sonnet entitled "Indignation of a High-Minded Spaniard" which may be worth rereading today.

We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands;
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

FRANK NELSON

Wichita, Kan., April 20

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KENNETH G. CRAWFORD, Washington correspondent of the New York *Post,* is the author of a book on lobbying, "The Pressure Boys," to be published this month.

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The Shape of Things

*

WITH TWENTY-ONE MILLION TONS OF SOFT coal above ground and the nation's needs estimated at seven million tons a week, negotiations between soft-coal operators and the United Mine Workers' Union were still deadlocked as *The Nation* went to press. Last-minute intervention by the President, who has summoned negotiators for both sides to the White House, may succeed in preventing a serious crisis. Already New York City's subways have curtailed service to cope with diminishing coal reserves. Blame for the inconvenience that threatens the public rests on the operators. On March 16 John L. Lewis offered a resolution under which the miners would have continued at work during the negotiations. The operators in turn would have promised to make the terms of any settlement retroactive to April 1, when the old agreement expired. The operators voted the resolution down. Lewis blames the Administration for not having insisted that the operators accept this proposal in the public interest. The stubbornness of the operators strengthens the suspicion that they are deliberately provoking trouble in the hope of weakening Lewis and the U. M. W. U., and thereby the C. I. O.

*

THE LATEST DEMAND OF THE CHAMBER OF Commerce of the United States that business taxes be modified as "deterrents to recovery" is part of what appears to be a carefully organized campaign for federal tax reduction. By dint of mass newspaper publicity the impression has been given that business is threatened with immediate collapse if something is not done to lift the staggering burden of New Deal taxes. The utter inaccuracy of this picture is revealed by the preliminary report of a survey of business taxes conducted by the Research and Statistics Division of Dun and Bradstreet. On the basis of the first 10,000 returns to a widely distributed questionnaire, the total federal, state, and local taxes of manufacturing industries were found to be only 3.3 per cent of total sales. Retailers, excluding chains, paid taxes amounting to 2.03 per cent of their total sales, while those of wholesalers totaled only 1.5 per cent.

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Moreover, not all these taxes, small though they are, are paid out of profits. Some of the most substantial, notably the social-security levy and property taxes, are largely passed on to the consumer in the form of higher prices. If these and certain minor and franchise taxes are deducted, the true tax burden is only about half the figures given above and is confined almost wholly to concerns earning profits. With the chamber's demand for a revision of our tax structure we are in entire agreement. But we feel that the taxes on business profits and on middle and high incomes should be increased rather than cut. Tax reduction should start with repeal of the federal excise and sales levies, the taxes which really bear on business through the curtailment of mass buying power.

*

A FIRST STEP TOWARD TOTALITARIANISM IS the way Representative Caroline O'Day characterized the Hobbs bill, which has just passed the House. The bill provides that deportable aliens who cannot obtain a passport to leave the country and whose own countries refuse to receive them may be placed in concentration camps. It is shocking that a bill so at variance with the traditions of a free country should have been reported favorably by a majority of the House Judiciary Committee without a hearing and then have passed a House that reverberates all too often with oratory on "Americanism." Congressman Emanuel Celler, in a minority report opposing the bill, pointed out that deportable aliens unable to obtain passports constitute a minor problem, hardly warranting methods that smack so strongly of fascism. In the past nine years, Celler estimates, 850 aliens would have been affected by the bill's provisions, a third of these being White Russians denied passports by the Soviet government. The bill provides for neither trial by jury nor any other constitutional safeguard, and under it a deportable alien could be imprisoned for life by an administrative officer. We hope our readers will do all they can to prevent its passage in the Senate.

*

FRANCE HAS TAKEN ANOTHER IMPORTANT step along the road to reaction by requiring the unemployed to shift to any part of the country where jobs may exist under the penalty of being struck from the relief rolls. This action follows a series of decrees increasing the work week from forty to forty-five, fifty, and in some cases sixty hours; imposing new taxes and economies designed to provide an additional 20,000,000,000 francs for defense; and restricting the freedom of the press still further. A year ago a prediction that the fundamental rights of French workers and citizens could be thus restricted without a revolution would have been simply laughed at. Labor has conceded so much, however, in the past few months in granting "emergency" powers to Daladier that it has few weapons left with which to fight. There is also a growing feeling that France has got itself into a position which requires that the entire nation be put on a war footing if the country is to survive. France is only beginning to pay the price for having sold its best friend and ally into slavery at Munich.

*

THE BOMBING OF CHUNGKING BY JAPANESE planes was one of the more frightful outrages of a war which from the beginning has been characterized by unusual brutality. Estimates of the number killed range from three to ten thousand; practically all were civilians. More than a million and a half Chinese have fled from the burning city. Attacks were made on two successive days, but it was the second bombing that accounted for at least three-fourths of the casualties. A touch of irony was provided by the fact that the bombs set fire to and destroyed a number of buildings in the German embassy compound and badly damaged the embassy itself. The Chungking bombing came nearly a year after similar attacks on Canton had stirred protests throughout the civilized world. Despite the protests, Japanese planes are still driven by American gasoline and still dropping bombs made perhaps from American scrap iron.

*

THOMAS L. STOKES IS A TALENTED AND ABLE Washington correspondent attached to the Scripps-Howard chain. But the series of articles for which he won the Pulitzer award is one of his least distinguished contributions. An article on the Scripps-Howard newspapers, appearing elsewhere in this issue, serves to illuminate the background of the prize-winning series. Roy Howard decided some time ago that since we could not have low taxes and the WPA, the WPA must go. Having failed, in a direct appeal, to convert the President to his view, he apparently determined to "get" the WPA by more indirect methods. Along with the rest of the publishing fraternity he raised the slogan of "politics in the WPA." Mr. Stokes was sent to Kentucky to get a story to tie in with the Howard campaign; and he got it. A newspaperman who goes after a story on which his employer has already taken an editorial stand is under a handicap; detachment is likely to be missing. Under difficult circumstances Stokes did a good piece of reporting, but his findings were magnified into the anti-New Deal series of 1938. This isn't the first time the jury's views have paralleled those of the anti-New Deal brain trust.

*

SOME DAY WE ARE PLANNING TO DO something about the World's Fair. So far we have only discussed the Freedom Pavilion—which isn't in it. A lot of buildings and exhibits and entertainments, we hear, are in it, and when that pass Mr. Whalen promised us arrives we shall attend to them too. We only wish we hadn't missed International Business Machines Day. A

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lot of other days are coming—Mothers', Tulip, National Association of Cost Accountants, Fred Smith, Fine Woolens, and Grandma's Night Out Day. All these we shall attend—if that pass comes through—but put together they won't make up for I. B. M. Day, with Nicholas Murray Butler apostrophizing freedom and Thomas J. Watson, while the latter sat by modestly, perhaps with his Hitler medal on his breast. We didn't need a pass to read the official catalogue, but it is a melancholy exercise. On one page we read that Albania is "at present ruled by His Majesty King Zog I," and the Czechoslovak section a few pages farther on announces a travel exhibit illustrating scenic attractions within the "recently revised borders." Most painful of all is the section on Spain's exhibit, which was to display "the democratic and cultural progress of the republic. . . ." The paragraph ends with an announcement of a "series of five frescos entitled 'Actual Moment in Spain,' " as well as a mural showing "the Erika Reed, the first American food ship to bring food and medical supplies to [Loyalist] Spain during the Spanish civil war." It will be interesting to see what Franco's representatives at the Fair have done with those paintings. But before we go over to investigate we have a job to do. National Poetry Center has asked us to write a poem for the Fair, and we must get right at it because if it isn't in by May 26 it won't appear, "enlarged approximately ten feet square," in "the World's Largest Illuminated Book" "for the 60,000,000 visitors to see." Excuse us while we jot down a few rhymes.

✶

FRANK P. WALSH DIED IN HARNESS TO THE same ideals that won his allegiance as a young lawyer in St. Louis. He was a defender of Tom Mooney, of Sacco and Vanzetti, of William Z. Foster. As chairman of Woodrow Wilson's Commission on Industrial Relations he blazed away at J. P. Morgan the Elder, at Carnegie, Russell Sage, and Rockefeller. His assault on "the tyranny of capitalism" in the commission's reports, his factual data on the maldistribution of wealth, and his proposals for industrial democracy earned him the label "socialistic" when that was still an epithet. He fought for Irish independence at Versailles and was legal adviser to de Valera when the Irish leader was negotiating with Lloyd George in 1921. He supported La Follette for President in 1924. When Franklin D. Roosevelt, as Governor of New York, established a State Power Authority to develop the potentialities of the St. Lawrence River and keep them out of private hands, he named Walsh its first chairman. Walsh made the authority a vigorous and effective defender of the public interest. Finally, though a Catholic, Walsh had the courage to speak out in defense of Loyalist Spain. His sudden death at seventy-four brought to a close the vigorous and honorable career of a liberal who never grew tired.

Contest of Nerves

IF EUROPE is not yet technically in a state of war, it is certainly far from being at peace. And the tension is increasing. Hitler has in fact begun another of those contests of nerves which served him so well last September. He is once again gambling on the theory that his opponents will break first and enable him to bring off another bloodless triumph. Thus Colonel Beck's firm but by no means chauvinistic speech has not been answered directly either by fresh demands or by offers to negotiate. Instead, a press campaign of growing virulence has been organized, and a flood of rumors released with the object of intimidating the Poles and their friends.

Meanwhile, advantage has been taken of the dilatory methods of the British government in its construction of the anti-aggression front to demonstrate to the world the contrasting unity and firmness of purpose of the dictators. With well-staged publicity, Baron von Ribbentrop and Count Ciano met at Milan and agreed in principle on the conversion of the axis into "a comprehensive political and military alliance." It is doubtful whether this new treaty is much more than window-dressing, since Mussolini is already tightly bound by circumstances to Berlin and compelled to accept all orders not only in the international but also in the domestic sphere. It is even more doubtful whether the Italian people will overcome their dislike and suspicion of Nazi policies. But the apparently reinforced axis may serve to impress other powers which have been discouraged by the indecision of London and Paris.

Just as Chamberlain once hoped to satisfy Hitler with small appeasements, so he now hopes apparently to scare him by limited threats. Downing Street has still to recognize that the fascist menace is not to be overcome by half-measures; that, on the contrary, only a closely welded coalition of powers acting as a diplomatic and military unit can now possibly succeed in checking Hitler's megalomania. Such a coalition cannot be built with Russia either left out altogether or, at best, permitted only a garret in the servants' wing. Yet by all accounts the British government is still trying to persuade Moscow to give contingent guaranties of assistance to Poland and Rumania instead of agreeing to an Anglo-French-Russian pact capable both of offering mutual security and of providing joint guaranties to smaller prospective victims of aggression. While such hesitation exists at the British Foreign Office, and while important sections of the London press still revive the Munich note at every opportunity, it is no cause for wonder that the Russian government should remain suspicious of British good faith.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the Litvinov mystery is hardly calculated to allay Western doubts about Soviet policy. It is difficult to accept the sudden disappearance of the veteran Foreign Minister as a pure coincidence which leaves Moscow's international outlook unchanged. Litvinov has always been the proponent of collaboration with the Western powers in a policy of collective security. And now when, despite British wobbling, this aim seems nearer achievement than ever before, not only does he resign without warning and without a word of farewell to the foreign diplomats or the foreign press, but, it is reported, his closest aids have been removed and even his picture taken from the vestibule of the Foreign Office. With no word of explanation offered officially, it is hardly surprising that rumors should multiply of a new departure in Soviet policy.

According to the New York *Daily Worker,* the displacement of Litvinov by V. M. Molotov is intended as "a sharp and drastic notice to the Chamberlains and Daladiers" that negotiations with Russia are not to be used as a cover for a new sell-out on Munich lines. This explanation is also favored by some well-informed non-Communist observers. On the other hand, the suggestion has been made that the dropping of Litvinov foreshadows a Russian move toward isolation or even a deal with Germany which would insure the latter a neutralized eastern front while it settled accounts with the West. Certainly there are influential people in Germany who would be glad to see such a deal in effect, a return to the policy which Bismarck vainly pressed on Kaiser Wilhelm II. The possibility is being seriously discussed in diplomatic and financial circles in Berlin, which are pointing out that recently Hitler has ceased his verbal blasting of Moscow. Another straw is the reported willingness of Japan to turn its pact with Germany and Italy into a military alliance. Up to now it has politely refused invitations to this effect. The change of heart suggests that it takes the possibility of a German-Russian understanding seriously enough to wish to head it off.

Despite such rumors, it is difficult to believe that Russia is really preparing to withdraw from Europe and give the green light to Hitler. There would, perhaps, be a certain ironic justice in leaving fascism and Western capitalism to choke each other—thus reversing the once-cherished scheme of the Anglo-French reactionaries. But such tactics have already recoiled on the West, and surely in the long run they would prove equally dangerous for Russia. Fundamentally Britain, France, and Russia share a vital interest. None of them can afford to allow Germany to dominate Europe by force. They all need peace if peace can be secured without making concessions which simply encourage blackmail. They all know that such a peace is inconceivable unless they find the way to solidarity and find it quickly.

Showdown on Neutrality

AFTER more than a month of bitter and fruitless controversy, it now appears that final action on proposals for revising the Neutrality Act may be taken within a few days. Although the hearings have done little to dissipate the mists of confusion which have hung over the issue throughout the present session of Congress, individual Congressmen are tending to line up in three distinct camps. Having failed in their attempt to obtain support for stronger mandatory legislation, the isolationists have rallied behind Senator Vandenberg's proposal to reenact Section 2, the cash-and-carry clause which expired May 1. The chances of the Pittman bill being adopted, on the other hand, have been greatly increased by the Administration's acceptance of its cash-and-carry formula for arms shipments. Pittman's latest proposal, which would give the President power to embargo all trade with Japan, has removed many of the practical objections to his original bill. Advocates of a positive self-defense policy for the United States that would deny America's resources to law-breakers are lined up behind the Thomas-Geyer resolution, which would permit the President and Congress to distinguish between an aggressor and its victim.

In urging that the cash-and-carry provisions with regard to raw materials be reenacted but that otherwise the act remain unchanged, isolationists argue that both the Pittman and the Thomas plans are in reality "unneutral," that both would, in practice, work to the disadvantage of Germany if it should be the aggressor in a European war. The statement is essentially true, but the deduction from it—that we can keep out of war only if we are impartial in all our actions—is an absurdity. Yet this assumption forms the basis of the whole isolationist position. Complete impartiality is a myth. Even the complete cessation of all trade would not be impartial, since it would work to the relative disadvantage of the country with which we normally had the greatest trade. Our present Neutrality Act was certainly not impartial with respect to Spain; it would not be neutral in its effect if applied to the Far East. The conditions which cause the cash-and-carry policy to work to the advantage of England and France as against Germany are not inherent in the policy—they are created by geography.

The term "neutrality" in connection with our basic foreign policy is responsible for endless confusion. "Neutrality" is not an end in itself. What is important is that we keep out of war and protect our national security. The time has passed, if indeed it ever existed, when that can best be achieved by attempts at impartiality. The United States is an integral part of the world. Its security is bound up with a worldwide acceptance of the principles of law and justice. An announcement of impartiality between the law-abiding and law-breaking countries would be a direct encouragement to aggression. It would be a direct threat to our national security.

Only one bill before Congress is so framed as to place the United States indisputably on the side of law. That is the Thomas-Geyer resolution. Adopted as an amendment to the Pittman bill, it would make clear where America stands and thus do more to head off war than any other action the United States could take at this moment.

An Undo-Nothing Congress

MR. ROOSEVELT'S luck is still with him. When Congress convened in January, the outlook for the New Deal could hardly have been gloomier. The President had suffered a setback in the November elections. The Republicans had increased their representation in the Senate from 8 to 23 and in the House from 70 to 169. The country's apparent swing to the right had encouraged the anti-New Deal Democrats, and a coalition between them and the Republicans seemed easily achievable. The conservative press predicted that this would be "a revisionist Congress," and Chairman Martin of the Republican Congressional Committee announced in a radio address on the eve of the session that the days when Congress acted as a rubber stamp for the President were over. The Wagner Act, social security, the wage-and-hour law, relief, taxation, banking law, and securities regulation were all slated for a triumphant overhauling. Liberals began to admit privately that the New Deal was over, and to expect the worst.

Four months have passed, and nothing has happened. The complaints now rising from the great anti-New Deal organs that Congress is doing nothing, that the crisis abroad has distracted it from domestic problems, are to be read in the light of the opposition's ignominious failure. If Congress has done nothing, or very little, it has also undone nothing. The New Deal has so far escaped unscathed. "Four months have passed," Walter Lippmann writes, "and with the notable exception of the defense program, the Administration and Congress have not yet dealt with a single question of national importance. Not only is there no agreement on taxes, relief, deficits, public spending, there is not even a definition of what constitutes the disagreement." More candidly, Frank R. Kent says, "The high hopes of those who thought that with an independent Congress and a conservative trend the more glaring New Deal mistakes might be corrected, and the obvious steps to free business from hampering restrictions be taken, are now very wet indeed." And for those who hoped or feared that Mr. Roosevelt had embarked on a program of appeasement, Mr. Kent continues, "This is due partly to the war atmosphere, which magnifies the wrong things and minimizes the right ones. But there are other reasons. The chief of these is that President Roosevelt cannot be brought to admit there are any mistakes that need correction." In its context, this is high praise.

The failure of this Congress to disembowel Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal is being blamed, by some fourth-dimensional logic, on Mr. Roosevelt. But Mr. Roosevelt's own limited and immediate program is slowly but surely being achieved. In his opening message to Congress he made few recommendations, and these few are gradually being adopted. "With the exception of legislation to provide greater government efficiency [reorganization], and with the exception of legislation to ameliorate our railroad and other transportation problems, the past three Congresses have met in part or in whole the pressing needs of the new order of things." Reorganization has been effected, the new relief appropriation seems safe enough, a new $838,000,000 farm bill has been passed by the House and is assured—despite economy talk—of passage in the Senate. The Wheeler-Truman railroad bill seems likewise headed for adoption. But the combined tory-A. F. of L. attack on the Wagner Act has bogged down in committee, and other plans to "amend" the New Deal out of existence seem as far from their goal as ever. The new Republican minority leader, Joseph W. Martin, Jr., ballyhooed as a master-strategist, was expected to work wonders in the House. He has signally failed to deliver the goods.

The great bombardment has fizzled out, and the New Deal can emerge from the cellar. The time seems to have come for counter-attack, and one of the first and most obvious tasks is to prevent the reactionaries from killing off the La Follette committee, which needs another $100,000. No other New Deal agency has been so effective in keeping the right on the defensive. Continuation of its work would not only enable the committee to delve into sore spots as yet untouched, particularly in California, but would tend to keep business on its good behavior. And though the main outlines of the New Deal program have been written into law, much remains to be filled in. The housing program is still in doubt; poorer farmers have yet to obtain their fair share of farm relief; collective bargaining should be written into government contracts. What better answer to critics of the President's defense of democracy abroad than to turn more vigorously than ever to the widening of democracy at home? How often in the debates over the neutrality bill have we heard isolationists and apologists for the axis plead for attention to evils at home! Let Mr. Roosevelt test their sincerity by proposing further action to end conditions under which a third of the nation is still ill fed, ill clothed, ill housed.

Appointments South

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

TWO good appointments were announced last week. Robert Morss Lovett was named Government Secretary for the Virgin Islands and Norman Armour was made Ambassador to the Argentine.

The first pleases me particularly. Under the New Deal—and specifically under the direction of Ernest Gruening—the Virgin Islands administration has conducted a lively experiment in social reconstruction. The Islands, like many other virgins, are beautiful but poor. Their chief economic hopes lie in developing native handicrafts and turning native sugar into rum—and then in finding a market for both products. Mr. Lovett's predecessor, Robert Herrick, who died at St. Thomas in December, had helped to build up the cooperative organization of producers which markets hand-made wares in a fine store close by the landing stage at Charlotte Amalie. This enterprise has become much more than a selling agency. It has introduced high standards of workmanship and design, and the goods turned out by its members are styled deliberately to meet the demands of visiting Americans. What they lack in quaintness they more than make up in quality; and they still look like honest native products.

I happened to land at St. Thomas only a couple of weeks after Mr. Herrick's death, and I was met everywhere by the sorrowful assurance that he could "never be replaced." People had liked him, obviously, far better than they like the governor, Lawrence W. Cramer, and they felt a sense of acute personal loss. But if anybody can replace Robert Herrick successfully it is his old friend and former colleague at the University of Chicago. Robert Morss Lovett has a variety of qualifications for his new post. He is a reformer of long and excellent standing. He said to me the other day, "I suppose I like Oswald Villard's book partly because I'm cut out of the same piece of goods. I look at things the way he does." For a man like Mr. Lovett, who believes that government should be neither aloof nor repressive but an active agent of social progress, the experiments under way in the Islands must offer a most attractive challenge. In some directions he may do an even better job than Mr. Herrick, who in casual contacts seemed austere and even awe-inspiring. Mr. Lovett is a person of such warmth and sympathy that his success in the rather delicate personal relationships involved in his new position seems assured in advance.

The shift of Norman Armour from Santiago to Buenos Aires is gratifying for several reasons. Mr. Armour is a diplomat of long experience and a person of distinction and charm. For all that, he didn't belong in Chile, where he has served as ambassador for the past two years. During the last few months Chile has experienced a revolution. It was accomplished at the polls and without violence, but it was a thoroughgoing overturn just the same. The new government, supported by a liberal-left coalition of somewhat unstable composition, is trying to build up the wretched economy of the country and at the same time to repair the monstrous physical damage of the earthquake. This double-headed job calls for heavy expenditures, and the necessary funds can come ultimately only from the wealth of Chile, which is largely in the capacious pockets of American financial interests. The government has enacted a law levying export taxes on copper and nitrates and is hoping to float a loan in the United States. All its financial measures have had unyielding opposition from the right—from the political reactionaries who have the support of North American business interests.

When I met the new President, Pedro Aguirre Cerda, and several of his chief supporters just after his inauguration, I was told that none of these persons had previously met Mr. Armour. The ambassador and his wife—who was once a Russian princess—are a popular couple, and they entertain generously. But their Chilean friends are drawn from the small and superbly exclusive upper class, that lives, as Archibald MacLeish wrote in *Fortune*, "in an economic world so far removed from the world of wage-earners and farm laborers—and even from the world of the middle classes—that there is no communication between them except the communication of suspicion and hate on the one side and charity and fear on the other."

The supporters of the new government with whom I talked were much disturbed by their lack of contact with the embassy of the United States. They look to the New Deal as their model, and they count upon the Roosevelt Administration as their defense against both the old practices of Yanqui imperialism and the newer threat of fascist penetration. In Chile, if nowhere else on the continent, the United States should be represented by a democrat, by a person who understands the meaning of the popular front, who likes its leaders, who knows how to translate the Good Neighbor policy into honest collaboration with the government. An ideal successor to Norman Armour would be Claude Bowers, if he could be induced to take the job.

For Argentina, Mr. Armour seems a safe choice. Relations between that republic and the United States are strained, and several ticklish problems are waiting to be solved. But the country is rich, its government is strong and conservative, and the problems lie within traditional diplomatic boundaries, where Mr. Armour, by both temperament and experience, is equipped to do his best work.

The Poles Are Ready

BY ALBERT VITON

IF CHAMBERLAIN and Halifax grasped the hand of Colonel Beck, Poland's dashing Foreign Minister, in the fond hope of leading him off on a new appeasement course, they may find themselves disappointed. Not that Beck and his clique would refuse to lend themselves to such a policy. Beck was engaged in building a diplomatic bridge from Warsaw to Berlin as long ago as 1934, and my conversations with various Polish politicians and foreign observers last December convinced me that his ardor for Berlin had not cooled. In his eagerly awaited speech of May 5 he pleaded for "a peaceful method of action" which would in effect satisfy Germany and at the same time save his own face. The hitch is that neither Beck nor Rydz-Smigly nor the ineffectual President Moscicki are all of Poland. Behind them stand thirty-odd million peasants, shopkeepers, soldiers, workers, and petty officials who are not likely to tolerate a sell-out. Unless their attention is diverted, they might even start the fireworks against orders.

The situation in Poland is more complicated than one would gather from newspaper reports. The men that came to power in 1926 under the wing of Pilsudski, and the feudal aristocracy that controls them, find themselves in a quandary. Beck's foreign policy, like that of his predecessor, Zeleski, has been dictated by the need to obtain international support for a reactionary internal system. Until now the essential features of domestic policy have been in harmony not only with legitimate national interests but with the aspirations of a propaganda-born "great-power" complex. That is no longer the case.

The gulf between rich and poor is extremely wide in Poland, and fear of a revolution is probably greater there than anywhere else. According to a comprehensive study made in 1933, 23 per cent of all workers receive wages of less than $2 a week; 30 per cent get between $2 and $3.50. The cost of living is abnormally high. Housing conditions in industrial centers are among the worst in Europe. Unemployment is chronic. Progressive social laws have been placed on the statute books, but very few are enforced. A law of 1920, for example, declares that every city must provide a livelihood for all its inhabitants. Needless to say, this law has remained a dead letter. Since the various social-insurance funds have been administered by the state, they have become a liability rather than an asset to workers. The total annual consumption per head of the working population amounts to less than $100.

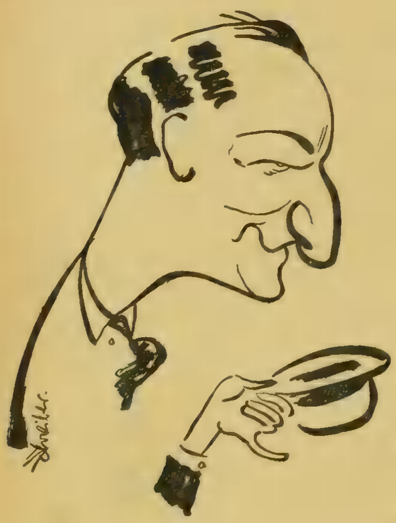
Even worse is the state of the peasants. They live in hovels not fit for pigs; large numbers have no work; almost 40 per cent are illiterate. The peasant's total consumption amounts to about $44 a year. Rarely does he see any cash. To stimulate the use of matches, the government is putting out special boxes for the villages at a fraction of the price charged in cities. Usually peasants keep fires burning all the time to save on matches. No serious attempt has been made to raise the cultural or economic level of the medieval villages. Very little reclamation work has been executed; the quality of agricultural products is poor; land reform has been carried through at a snail's pace. In 1921 about 3 per cent of landlords owned no less than 44 per cent of the land. Since then about 15 per cent of the feudal estates have been broken up; no more.

These conditions have bred revolutionary movements which even a constant terror has not been able to crush. *Robotnik*, organ of the tolerated right-wing Socialists, said recently: "It is possible to eliminate puppets and fictions from political life, but since the dawn of history no one has succeeded in eliminating mass movements rooted in the heart of reality." The jails are filled with political prisoners, but strikes continue to be frequent occurrences. The stay-in strike was born in Poland, trade-union leaders told me; they called it the "Polish strike." What is even more important is that the peasantry is seething with discontent. In reply to peasant strikes which took the form of withholding food from the cities, the government clamped down last autumn a draconic law making such strikes treasonable offenses.

Another factor in the anxiety of the ruling clique is that almost a third of the inhabitants are not Poles; and a good part of them are kept within the state at the point of the bayonet. There are about five million Ukrainians, about three million Jews, close to two million Ruthenians, and also Germans, Czechs, Lithuanians. Instead of coming to terms with the minorities the regime has oscillated between bitter persecution and campaigns to Polonize them. The minorities treaty has been denounced. Economic enterprises have been forcibly removed from the hands of minority groups; civil liberties are denied to them. Cultural oppression has reduced the number of Ukrainian schools from 3,000 to 100, and Ukrainian political organizations, if not broken up, are watched with suspicion. Whole villages have been beaten up. I was present in Parliament when a Ukrainian deputy revealed that troops had been torturing peasants.

The blood bath instigated by Pilsudski in the Polish Ukraine a few years ago and the constant police terror against other minorities have not stamped out the secret revolutionary organizations. In case of war some of those organizations would try to stab the government in the back; certainly in case of a war against Soviet Russia. Many of the minorities look to Russia for salvation. The Ukrainian peasants, their official spokesmen admit, would much prefer to join their brethren in the Soviet Union, with whom some organizations are said to be in close contact. Economic discontent and disgust with the frightful corruption and inefficiency in government offices have made even the Polish workers and peasants look wistfully toward the Soviet Union.

Realizing that they are sitting on a volcano, the feudal aristocrats and the political chiefs have tried to overcome social discontent, first, by cultivating an exaggerated nationalism and anti-Semitism, and, second, by setting up a totalitarian state apparatus powerful enough to crush all opposition. Not much need be said about the first. The regime has not ceased proclaiming that no economic reforms can be undertaken until at least two million Jews get out of the country. It has tried to convince the peasantry that their misery is not due to medieval methods of cultivation and feudal landlordism but to the presence of Jews. The exaggerated nationalism that has been cultivated has given the Poles territorial ambitions and an arrogance which ill becomes them.



Colonel Beck

More important is the swing toward totalitarianism. Constitutional changes during the past few years have increased the power of the Executive at the expense of Parliament. Elections have become a mockery. Trade-union meetings were broken up by the police during the Warsaw municipal elections last December, and the leaders were jailed. The Socialists and the followers of the Peasant Party boycott elections to Parliament. State control over economic enterprises has steadily expanded: about 60 per cent of all white-collar workers are employed by the government. The Supreme Army Council, which means Rydz-Smigly, has practically unlimited control over every phase of life. Only fear of popular indignation has kept the government from completing the totalitarian trend. The measure giving the Cabinet dictatorial power, which was submitted to the Sejm recently, was discussed months ago, but the government has not dared to proceed with it until now.

It was to gain support for these internal policies that friendship with Hitler and Mussolini was cultivated. Warsaw saw visions of happy cooperation extending into the colonial field, for Poland too wants colonies. German and Italian lecturers came to point out the close affinity between Polish culture and the totalitarian spirit. No one in Warsaw suspects Russia of aggressive designs, but the trend away from France began when the latter moved closer to Russia. The ruling clique is mortally afraid of cooperation with Russia. They know that the whole apparatus for oppression and extortion would disintegrate as soon as Soviet soldiers set foot in the country.

It would be dangerous to assume even now that a break between Poland and the axis powers is inevitable. Beck has not slammed the door on negotiations with Hitler. He will undoubtedly make every effort to come to an amicable understanding with Germany—perhaps at the expense of a third country. The regime's ambition for more territory, especially Lithuania, is well known, and some barter arrangement may yet be carried through.

The great untested factor in the situation is public opinion. Will mass pressure be strong enough to prevent a sell-out? It should not be forgotten that ardent nationalism has been cultivated, and that the Poles are a very proud people. Also the Germans are more hated in Poland than in any other country. Memories of Prussian oppression are still vivid. Public opinion was overwhelmingly against passivity in the face of Nazi bullying even before the British guaranty. No man is more popular in Poland than Grazynski, who crushed the Germans in Silesia. The strong line recently taken by the press was inspired not by the Foreign Office but by public opinion. When news of the expulsion of Polish Jews from the Reich reached Warsaw, a succession of spontaneous demonstrations broke out, and so overwhelming was the outcry that Beck had to tell the German embassy that Poland would return in kind, and a round-up of prominent Germans was begun. Poles who waste no love on native Jews rushed to the aid of refugees from Germany.

"Colonel Beck may know what he is doing, but he cannot cede territory over our heads," a junior officer of the air force assured me. I heard the same words from hundreds of people. "We Poles are not Czechs," I heard on every side. Army officers with whom I discussed the occupation of the Sudetenland expressed amazement at the way Czech soldiers had obeyed orders and given up one position after another. "We could never get our soldiers to do that," they told me. "There would always be regiments which would start shooting without orders." It is difficult to foresee how much of this spirit would remain in a moment of crisis, but whenever I pointed out to Poles that if left unaided they could not prevent the Germans from overrunning their country in six weeks, they replied, "It is nobler to perish fighting."

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From Scripps to Howard

BY ROBERT BENDINER AND JAMES WECHSLER

I

LATE in the autumn of 1911, Lincoln Steffens and Clarence Darrow, worn out by their efforts in the turbulent McNamara case, fled to a private ranch near San Diego. The fate of the dynamiters was still unsettled, and both men tried to avoid the subject. So their host, Edward Wyllis Scripps, talked about his newspapers. He complained bitterly, Steffens later said, that the young men he hired were too easily corrupted. They were dazzled by their first glimpse of wealth and respectability, and they went back for more. "I get me bright boys from the classes that read my papers," Scripps lamented, "I give them the editorship and the management, with a part interest in the property, and in a year or so, as the profits begin to come in, they become conservative and I have to boot them back into their class."

Inevitably the conversation drifted back to the McNamaras, and Scripps drew out an essay he had written. It was a defense of labor's right to use any weapon in its arsenal—even dynamite. "We, the employers, have and use every other weapon," he had written, enumerating: the jobs to give or withhold, the capital to spend or not, the bar and the bench, the press to "state our case and suppress theirs," the governor and the legislature, the police and the militia.

Thirty years later the Scripps-Howard newspapers were to damn the Wagner Act on the ground that it made too many concessions to labor. The distance between Scripps's essay and the current crusade of the papers that still bear his name is a measure of the distance between Edward Scripps and Roy Howard.

When a liberal institution dies, the process is a dismal one; when the liberalism dies and the institution survives, the tragedy is prolonged and accentuated. Dread of this outcome shadowed Scripps's life; while he tried feverishly to avert it, and even spent years fashioning safeguards against it, he shrewdly visualized the pattern of decay. His worst fears are now being confirmed. Scripps published newspapers which were as journalistically colorful as they were editorially pugnacious, which viewed the world from the lowly side of the railroad tracks. Today the same newspapers are increasingly drab, spiritless, reconciled to the perspective of Park Avenue.

The chain's rise is a familiar adventure story. Scripps went to Cleveland with $10,000 and an idea which rendered him immediately suspect among publishers. The $10,000 was borrowed, and the idea was of a newspaper dedicated to "95 per cent of the people"—since the other 5 per cent could take care of themselves. The date, 1878, is important because it was just a year after the railroad strike had been savagely crushed, when reaction against labor unions was visibly rising. It was a time for newspaper publishers to clamor for law and order and for the New York *Tribune* to urge that "the best meal that can be given to the regular tramp is a leaden one." Scripps obstinately sold his *Press* for a penny so that workingmen could afford to buy it; he dramatized its independence of "the interests" so that the dispossessed would want to read it; he printed unpleasant truths about respectable people, and advanced the heresy that an advertiser could do wrong.

It worked. If it was treason to the local aristocracy, it was nevertheless exceedingly profitable. In two separate partnerships and alone, Scripps soon invaded other areas. He was alternately hailed and derided for being "for labor unions right or wrong"; he was praised and pilloried for owning "the family papers of the workingman." By 1908 he owned part or controlling interest in twenty-one papers. In that year he decided to withdraw momentarily to inspect what he had done. "I like to play dead and watch the property I've built," he said.

What he saw both pleased and frightened him. He saw that his papers had established a line of communication with the anonymous and inarticulate masses. He saw that, almost alone among publishers, he could view the oligarchy to which he belonged with detachment, cynicism, and even contempt. But he also saw the frailty of his own editors, and the ease with which they were tempted to sell out. It was all right playing dead; if necessary you could return to "boot them back into their class." What would happen when you couldn't return?

Perhaps because of this anxiety about the future, his choice of lieutenants was in many ways uncanny, and the results were impressive. It was said that Scripps thought things and got other men to write them, that he dreamed things and got other men to do them. In 1905 he hired a young man named Roy Howard, a one-time Indianapolis newsboy. Scripps found good reason to rejoice over the selection. A host of legends surround their first meeting, most of them relating to the bizarre clothes the young man wore. But taste in apparel was the least vital element in the contrast. Scripps was well-born, physically immense, awkward; Howard, of humble parentage, diminutive, jaunty. Scripps was moody and introspective, Howard ebullient and extroverted. Scripps was primarily an intellectual, voyaging in rough philosophical waters, engrossed in science and history; Howard was exclusively an activist, boasting that he only knew what he read in newspapers, distrustful of book-learning. Scripps was as contemptuous of man's stature as he was sympathetic toward men; Howard was awed by success stories and less sensitive to the sordid details. Scripps shunned men as rich as himself, and Howard longed to be a rich man. If they were alike in their essential self-confidence, their journalistic bravado, and their wealth of talents, the gulf between them was vast. Nevertheless, Howard worked loyally and with phenomenal success for the man who once said he had "gall written all over his face." Scripps became fond of him, too, just as many of his present associates, despising his sense of values, are attracted by his warmth and amiability.

When the Associated Press threatened to achieve a monopoly over news wire-service, Howard got his big chance. Scripps distrusted his fellow-publishers too much to tolerate such monopoly; he established the United Press and in 1912 made Howard, who had ably performed minor assignments, its general manager. For the U. P.'s ensuing triumph Howard was in great measure responsible, and when the issue of succession in the Scripps dynasty became acute, he was rewarded. In 1922 Scripps put him into partnership with his son Robert; the Scripps-McRae League became the Scripps-Howard Newspapers; and the chain's post-war boom was launched. Howard, the ex-newsboy, was now buying papers for keeps. From 1920 to 1931 the chain acquired ten papers and launched six more; from 1920 to 1928 its circulation soared from 800,000 to 2,500,000. And in all this activity Howard's power grew steadily.

The new organization's history, at least until 1928, glitters with brave crusades. In 1924 the Scripps-Howard papers defied their leading advertisers and supported Robert M. La Follette for President. They fought the Klan and revealed its links with big-shot politicians. They challenged prohibition in dry Knoxville as well as in wet New York. Advocating Soviet recognition, they were deaf to the epithet "Bolshevik." While the power trust was buying up press and politicians at bargain prices, they remained uniquely incorruptible. One of their most generous acts was the rescue of Carl Magee, a young New Mexico editor who had helped smash the Fall ring. When he was persecuted, slugged, and driven out of business, Bob Scripps ordered the purchase of his paper and restored him as editor. The chain took up the Mooney case and stubbornly refused to drop it. Seen through the eyes of George F. Babbitt, if all this was not revolution it was pretty close to it. Such militancy had its financial compensation, to be sure, but to E. W. Scripps that was a mean consideration.

In 1926 Old Man Scripps died on board his yacht and was buried at sea. His legacy seemed secure. Two years later the chain supported Hoover for the Presidency, although half its local editors privately favored Smith. It was a prophetic move, demonstrating that Howard's word was becoming Scripps-Howard law. For twenty years E. W. Scripps had tutored his son Bob, grooming him to fill large shoes. But with the old man's death Bob, who had wanted to be a poet, withdrew more and more into a melancholy exile, allowing his partner to play regent for the dynasty. Last year Bob died, and the regent took over—throne, crown, and all.

There are those who contend that Howard's chief talent is his ability to detect upheavals in popular thinking before they become overt; others argue that his temperature faithfully reflects the fever chart of Wall Street. The first is the more charitable, the second the more plausible, explanation of the chain's broken-field running in the past decade.

Scripps-Howard's anti-Hoover period was redder than the rose. The man the chain had helped to elect in 1928 it now denounced for his refusal to "lend a hand" to the unemployed. It assailed Henry Ford for sneering at the jobless. It issued an insistent call for sweeping redistribution of wealth. This was ancient Scripps doctrine, the most continuous element in the chain's editorial history. "Do We Want Revolution?" the Scripps-Howard papers rhetorically inquired in 1931, warning that "free men will not starve in the midst of wealth." In a series of articles Bob Scripps inveighed against the "idiocy" of capitalist accumulation. From Washington came editorials assailing both old parties and applauding the progressive bloc for its emphasis on redistribution and planned economy.

The chain greeted Roosevelt's nomination half-heartedly, but once he was elected its enthusiasm for the change burned with a fierce bright flame that couldn't last. Under his own by-line in 1933 Howard acclaimed the "New Deal revolution," simultaneously warning against the "Bourbon diehards" who will attempt to "stigmatize" the new program as "socialistic." His papers bade "farewell to the Administration officials and political hangers-on who take most of their ideas from Wall Street." They flayed "government by money-changers" and made it clear that "President Roosevelt does not expect the bankers who got us into this mess to get us out." "Almost anything the government does will be an improvement on the old discredited system," the chain announced, lamenting that we "had grown flabby" and predicting that "we have learned—at least for a while."

The "while," in the case of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, was about four years. In 1933 they had rejoiced because "we have a leader"; by 1937 they were intimating pretty plainly that we could do better without him. In October of that year President Roosevelt held an unusual press conference. To the White House press corps he confided that he had just been visited by a New York "business man" bearing protests and suggestions. His chief protest, the President said, was against the rise in tax schedules; his immediate demand was for a balanced budget. When asked whether he had read the budget, the visitor had admitted he hadn't; asked to propose concrete reductions, he had stammered a good deal, then come to the point. Urging the President to put the unemployed on the dole, he prodded him to scrap such "silly public works" as the Grand Coulee, Fort Peck, and Bonneville dams. "When I suggested," Roosevelt told the reporters, "that this would bring hardship to millions of workers, he said, 'I have to pay high taxes. Federal taxes take half my income.' " The President added bitterly: "His income is $400,000. After tax deductions, that means he has $200,000 left on which to keep from going to the poorhouse." The "business man" was Roy Howard.

In a sense the turning-point had been reached before Howard's visit. In 1936 several important executives in the chain were known to favor Landon, but Howard either didn't want or dared not risk an open break with the President. By 1937 he was ready for it. In that year the papers which in 1933 had pleaded, "Give the President More Power," joined the war against the Supreme Court reorganization plan as a "dictatorial" maneuver. The terms of the President's court plan may reasonably be regarded as one of the most legitimately controversial aspects of the New Deal program, but the opposition from the Scripps-Howard papers proved to be merely the opening gun of a long-range offensive.

After the court fight the American press raised shrill voices against "spending" and for balancing the budget. A merciless attack was opened on the Wagner Act and the NLRB. The President's tax program and his "purge" of the Democratic Party provoked political death struggles. The witch-hunt against the C. I. O. gained ground: John L. Lewis was playfully linked with the Kremlin, and labor faced a solid reactionary front. The anti-WPA joke was becoming a good deal more serious, and "politics in WPA" a favorite smoke screen for the attack on federal relief. The whole national setting was not unlike that in which Scripps had founded his first paper—but his heirs were now drawn up on the other side of the firing line.

After his ill-starred invasion of the White House, Howard did his firing from a more discreet distance, but the volleys became heavier. His newspapers not only enlisted in the battle against the Wagner Act; the *World-Telegram* even fought against Senator Wagner's reelection. In the course of the "purge," with all good Republicans coming to the aid of the Democratic Party, the chain continually reproached the President for spurning conservative Democrats. To the anti-C. I. O. avalanche it contributed the Stolberg series, with its emphasis on Communist activities among the followers of John L. Lewis—a series which Howard recognized, if Stolberg didn't, as a godsend to anti-C. I. O. tub-thumpers. To the general anti-red hysteria the New York *World-Telegram* contributed its silly foray against Simon Gerson, a Communist who was allegedly undermining capitalism in his humble role of assistant to Manhattan's borough president. But perhaps most brutal and disingenuous of all—and certainly most revealing—was the chain's attempt to "get" the WPA. Howard's advice to the President earlier in the year cast suspicion on the high-mindedness of the campaign, and the very intensity of the attack was disproportionate to the issue allegedly at stake, namely, "politics in the WPA." When the "exposé" began, *Newsweek* called it a "warmed-over version of charges which Republican newspapers have been making for months"; yet the *World-Telegram* ran black streamer headlines throughout the series, such as "WPA Vote-Buying Bared in Kentucky." So transparent was the campaign that *Newsweek* concluded that the series signalized the permanence of Scripps-Howard's "new policy." It was followed shortly thereafter by dark revelations concerning the menace of the New Deal's "propaganda machine." By the time the chain got round to condemning the government-reorganization bill as another phase of the Roosevelt dictatorship, there wasn't much occasion for surprise.

Scripps-Howard was not merely deviating occasionally from the New Deal line. If that had been the case, there would have been no ground even for raised eyebrows. What had happened was that the chain had become in effect a Republican institution subject to occasional moments of liberal heresy. From July 5 to November 12 last year its conversion was statistically tabulated. In that period the New York *World-Telegram*, its leading paper, published seventy-five editorials* bearing on important domestic issues. No fewer than sixty-one of these were unmistakably anti-New Deal. But contemporary Scripps-Howard editorials, written as many of them are by the same men who once wrote for Scripps, suffer from a double affliction. They are not merely conservative, adorned with vague liberal rhetoric; they are lifeless, written with no more gusto than a routine obituary.

Roy Howard once said that a newspaper inevitably mirrors the man who runs it. His recent dispatches from Europe, revealing more about Roy Howard than they do about that feverish continent, furnish fresh insight into the mind which shapes Scripps-Howard policy. They provide a self-portrait: the jaunty press lord, confidant of Lord Beaverbrook, raconteur of intimate political gossip. Howard could boast that he had been admitted to Europe's key chancelleries, but "taken in" might have been a more accurate expression. It was Howard's misfortune to embrace all the justifications for the Munich agreement just a few moments before Cliveden publicly reversed itself. As a result, some of his scoops were as "exclusive" as his 1918 flash on the false Armistice.

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* Editorials on national subjects are written for the most part in Washington and appear in all papers of the chain.

After a whirlwind tour lasting some five weeks and divided among five major European capitals, he displayed no hesitancy in cabling the "lowdown" on the state of nations and their military machines, as if he were a one-man Gallup poll. He reported solemnly that "the chances of rebirth and revival of Czechoslovakian democracy on a sounder foundation are better today than they would have been had the French and British last September challenged the Rome-Berlin axis." He quoted without comment the Nazi apology that in pre-Hitler Germany "the Jews were crowding the Germans out of the professions." He glibly announced that the Italian "masses" were sold on fascism, while the capitalists and intellectuals weren't. He begged the democracies to flirt with Mussolini, insisting that Il Duce would be delighted to abandon Berlin. He categorically announced that "Russia is an exploded hope . . . washed up as a factor in any immediate alliance against fascism."

Then just as Howard started for home, the Great Reversal took place. J. L. Garvin's hitherto pro-Nazi *Observer* embraced the Soviet Union, Chamberlain blew kisses in the direction of the Russian embassy, and Howard's dope on the U. S. S. R.—obtained, it is said, from a staunch democrat named Bonnet—became painfully obsolete. So, too, it appeared, was his tip on Mussolini's quickening pro-democratic pulse. Needless to say, few newspapermen would challenge Howard's right to defend Munich or criticize the Red Army. They do challenge his resort to M. Bonnet and Lord Beaverbrook as impartial students of Russian affairs, and his apparent assumption that the truth about Europe is distributed in Foreign Offices.

Significantly enough, Howard's cables simultaneously deplored "intemperate talk in high places" in the United States and rejoiced that Roosevelt's blunt language was tending to curb Hitler. The two judgments are plainly contradictory; no more so, however, than Howard's final-paragraph eulogy of the New Deal which his newspapers have steadfastly condemned in the last two years. Doggedly Howard continues to propagate the legend that he is the New Deal's best, if most unappreciated, friend, and he recently even went to the length of rebuking Captain Patterson's New York *Daily News* for suggesting that he had turned sour on the Roosevelt program. If Howard doesn't honor his loyalty in the observance, he more than makes up for it in the breach.

[*Editorial censorship, changes in personnel, loss of prestige, and future prospects will be the burden of the concluding half of this article on the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, which will appear next week.*]

Spaniards in Exile

BY FRANCIS G. SMITH, JR.

Paris, April 22

TONIGHT in France, in eighty-four of its ninety departments, sleeping in rough barracks, in deserted factories, or in stalls formerly reserved for polo ponies, are 452,000 Spanish men, women, and children. They do not wish to return to Spain. France does not wish to keep them. Their present existence is precarious. Their future is even more uncertain. The Spanish war is over, yes, but the tragedy and the problems it brought linger on for all with eyes to see.

Of the 452,000 refugees, 270,000 are former Loyalist militiamen. They are still in concentration camps along the Pyrenees frontier—60,000 in Argelès-sur-Mer, 60,000 in St. Cyprien, 68,000 in Barcarès, the remainder in half a dozen smaller inclosures. Conditions in the camps are far better than in February, when holes dug in the sand were the only protection against wind and rain, when the men stood in line for hours every day, subject to the insolence and rubber hose of the Senegalese guards, to obtain a quarter of a loaf of bread. There was no possible excuse for this misery, and the French knew it. But only one newspaper, *Ce Soir*, had the honesty to print the complete facts; the others spent their time protesting against those "who spread lies." Now there are barracks, rough but sturdy, sanitation facilities, and a supply of clear running water. The sick and wounded are receiving adequate medical treatment at six base hospitals. There is coffee for breakfast, and a thin meat soup and vegetables for lunch and dinner, not a nourishing diet for men deprived for months of solid food but a distinct improvement. With few exceptions the Senegalese have been removed. Near Pau, at Grus, there is a permanent camp for the Basques, 15,000 in number, with clean military barracks, excellent food, and sport facilities, and it is expected that in the coming months the other camps will gradually assume this shape. Lack of occupation for the refugees is now perhaps the greatest single danger.

The infamous agreement between Franco's representative, General Jordana, and Bonnet's emissary, Léon

Bérard—so great a diplomatic defeat for France that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has not yet officially published it—calls for the return to Franco of all Republican Spain's gold and goods in France. The French are consequently forced to foot the bill for the camps. It is not a small one. The estimated cost per man per day runs from 7 to 15 francs, depending on the locality. The total bill, up to the end of this month, will probably reach 700,000,000 francs.

The French naturally hope that the militiamen will choose to return to Spain. They not only hope but believe that "when affairs are more settled in Spain" the soldiers will return en masse. But there is little ground for this optimism. Only 16,000 men in Barcarès have expressed a desire to cross the border again, and at present only 100 a day are leaving. Franco has asserted that his transportation facilities are overburdened and that he can take no more at a time. Those who have already returned have been shoved directly into another camp and not released until two "recommendations" from Nationalists of good standing have been received. These "vouchers" are not easy to obtain. Those in the camps know this full well.

Some 100,000 Spanish women and 80,000 children are scattered throughout France, with the largest concentration in the departments of Calvados, Orne, Corrèze, and Deux-Sèvres. According to the latest available figures, there are more than 1,500 camps or centers, with an average of 100 persons in each. Many children are separated from their mothers and do not know whether the latter are dead or alive. The Office Français pour les Réfugiés Espagnoles in Paris is trying desperately to bring families together, if only by letter. Many orphans, thin and frightened, their nerves worn by the horror of constant Italian bombings, are being placed in private homes throughout the nation. Their number is estimated at 10,000.

The camps vary greatly. One of the best is the Château de Terres Horas at Morlass, where fifty children and eight women are housed. Driven from Gerona in the last frightful hours of the war, they lost all their baggage in flight and arrived in France with nothing but the clothing on their backs. In this château, donated by its owner to the government, they have found at least temporary peace. Adequate clothing came from America at once. There are beds, and the straw mattresses are comfortable. There are blankets for all. The food consists of bread, potatoes, meat, beans and peas, sugar and salt. Thirty liters of milk are distributed every day. The children are physically fit. Once more they are smiling. Three hours every morning they go to school; in the afternoon they frolic under a hot southern sun. The mayor of Morlass, backed by the community, has given the children permission to leave the grounds and wander where they will. But to wander far one must have shoes. Only half the group possess them.

At Dax all is well, too, though the refugees, 138 in number, live in an ancient prison. All have beds, mattresses, and sheets. The children, vaccinated against all diseases, have slowly regained their former health. They suffer from a lack of school supplies, but have been taken to the motion pictures and the circus by the local priests. There is one luxury here unknown to most other centers —a hot shower.

A typically bad camp is that at Morcenx, halfway between Bordeaux and Bayonne, with 200 women and almost 400 children. A dilapidated cork factory and new wooden barracks serve as housing quarters. The factory is dirty and swarming with flies. The canvas-and-straw mattresses are packed tightly together. The surrounding ground is low and muddy.

It is no wonder that the primitive infirmary, consisting of a few wooden bunks and blankets, but no linen, is filled with cases of grippe and of a peculiarly virulent intestinal infection which has not been completely diagnosed. Even the well children are mentally depressed; present conditions appear to them little preferable to past horrors. Léon Brouste, the mayor, is doing the best he can to alleviate the suffering, but the community is poor and the funds at his disposal are inadequate. The camp needs beds and linen, medical and school supplies, shoes and dresses, all kinds of nourishing food.

At Beyères near Biarritz 500 women and children are sleeping in the pony stalls on either side of a former polo field. In many cases two and three persons are crowded into one bed. The same intestinal infection is prevalent, and six cases of typhoid fever have appeared. Hygienic conditions are shocking. Most of the women possess only the dress and coat on their back, stained and dirty. Scabies consequently is rife.

For these camps the French government contributes from 3 francs a day for children under five up to 15 francs a day for adults, a sum which the local communities have done their best to supplement with gifts of food and clothing. In each town a *comité d'acceuil* has been formed, and where an avowedly fascist mayor is not at the helm, it has done excellent work. Yet, despite this aid, despite the help of Paris organizations, the needs are still shocking. Impartial, non-political groups which have made a careful survey of all camps report that 25 per cent of the children need beds, 50 per cent need blankets, 71 per cent need shoes, 60 per cent need clothes and underwear, 35 per cent need toothbrushes and paste, 10 per cent need soap and toilet articles, and 30 per cent need school supplies. The last-named need should not be overlooked. The acquisition of some means of distraction has turned many of these centers from a refined hell into a comparatively blissful heaven.

The French Red Cross, composed to a high degree of the "right people," is somewhat too proud of its work. It has spent more than 1,200,000 francs and distributed

18,000 shirts, 4,000 sheets, and 8,000 pairs of trousers, but even with the gift of 750,000 francs from American headquarters, its work has fallen far short of meeting pressing requirements.

L'Oeuvre and *Ce Soir* have raised more than 2,000,000 francs and have distributed it wisely. By far the best-organized and most efficient relief group, however, is the Office International pour l'Enfance, with Paris headquarters at 2 Place La Bruyère. Directed by a dynamic young American, Mme Noël Dreyfus, it has distributed 40,000 pounds of dried milk, 20,000 pounds of sugar, large quantities of chocolate, and figs and other dried fruits. Clothing and school supplies have been rushed into the provinces by its special trucks. Throughout the country it has set up *coins blancs* where children are supplied with milk at the cost of just 30 francs (less than $1) per child per month. Now, with the assistance of the Union des Syndicats de la Région Parisienne, it is establishing a home for all the different Spanish groups in the Loire-Inférieure.

The average Frenchman feels that any criticism of the country's treatment of the refugees is unjustified. He maintains that the problem of feeding and caring for 450,000 persons is not an easy one, to be solved in three months' time. Even those most angered by the conditions admit that at a time of great danger, when the threat of war has made increasing demands on the nation's pocketbook, the government has shouldered the burden as well as could be expected of any government. They also admit that any criticism against France should at the same time be directed against Great Britain and the United States, which are responsible, to a greater and lesser degree, for the death of Republican Spain. Geography has made France pay the penalty of the mistakes of all. Also to be considered is the almost total lack of private charitable organizations.

The attitude of the right, however, has been indefensible. It has seized upon a few isolated incidents in the camps, unavoidable in any community of 60,000 wretched souls, to prove that Spaniards are not worthy of French "hospitality" and that not another sou should be spent. Its press has not bothered to print a factual account of any of the camps. It believes—many of its members, unfortunately, with utmost sincerity—that Franco is Spain's real savior and, despite all the recent evidence to the contrary, a friend of France as well. It is this feeling, shared to a large extent by the bureaucrats of the French Foreign Office, which may threaten the future well-being of the refugees. The French government insists that it will not force the Republicans to return to Spain against their will so long as they behave like "gentlemen." But it has no shadow of a plan for the future of these men, women, and children if they refuse to "be sensible" and leave of their own accord. If war should come the Foreign Legion would take many of the men, especially those from the International Brigade, the discipline and spirit of whom made an impression on French officers at the border.

The help of a new organization and another country may yet pull the French at least halfway out of their present dilemma. The organization is the Servicio Evacuacion Refugiados Espagnoles; the other country is Mexico. Headed by Pablo de Azcarate, former Spanish ambassador to London, and heartily supported by ex-Premier Juan Negrin and every political party and syndicate of Republican Spain, the Servicio has set itself the monumental task of sending across the Atlantic, in chartered ships, as many refugees as Mexico will accept. And at the present time Mexico has set no definite limit to its generosity. It wants most to obtain technicians and skilled workers, and it naturally reserves the right to reject those persons it believes undesirable. Most observers believe that with adequate funds at least half the refugees can be evacuated in the next few months.

Money is ever the problem. It is the problem of the 210 Americans now stranded at Havre. It is the problem of the 452,000 Spaniards. Some funds are available, private fortunes and government moneys on which M. Bonnet has not yet been able to lay his hands. But the organization sets the cost of a new life for every individual at $400, the sum necessary for the passage and to guarantee that the individual will not become a public charge. It is expected that the first ships, carrying 10,000 persons, will sail on May 15 for the New World.

Interpretation

BY GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT entered the Executive Office the other day, smiled at his assembled secretaries, and said, "Good morning!" That was all that he said—"Good morning!"

Now there was a time, in my simple-hearted innocence, when I would have taken that remark for just what it seemed to be—"Good morning!" and nothing more. But my days of innocence are over. I have been reading Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson, to say nothing of a few others, and I am a considerably smarter fellow than I used to be. And although the President's "Good morning!" may carry not even the slightest connotation to the uninitiated, I should like to point out, as a trained observer, that this was perhaps the most significant statement Mr. Roosevelt has made since he entered the White House.

In the first place, exactly what did the President say? He said, "Good morning!" Not "Good afternoon!" or "Good evening!" mind you, but "Good morning!" And why did he specifically select morning, out of all the available periods of the day? Surely the reason is obvious.

Because it is in the morning that the sun rises. And *where* does the sun rise? In the east, of course. East is the Orient, east is Japan. And so the President's statement begins to take form and pattern.

Here for the first time we have definite proof that the Presidential mind is at last concerned definitely with the Japanese-Chinese situation. Plainly Mr. Roosevelt is taking this opportunity of stating his views on the Japanese aggression, but we must not hastily assume from this that he contemplates invoking the Neutrality Act. On the contrary, the President gives us definite indication that no such plan is in his mind. Witness his use of the word "good." Why this particular word? Because in his judgment the war in the Orient is progressing satisfactorily at the present time, from the standpoint of the democratic powers, and consequently he is disinclined to take any overt step. At the same time, however, he gives sharp warning to Japan that the situation is being closely watched.

Now let us go a step farther. With the European situation so acute, Mr. Roosevelt's statement obviously must be read with an eye to its effect on the totalitarian powers. In fact, it is to the totalitarian powers that the message is plainly addressed. Why? Let us consider a moment. We know that it is Mr. Roosevelt's custom to enter the Executive Office at nine o'clock in the morning, and it was at precisely that hour that the statement was made. But when it is nine o'clock in the morning in Washington it is two o'clock in the afternoon in France and England. In other words, lunch time. Again bearing in mind his use of the word "good," what is the President saying to France and England? Obviously he is telling them that they may continue to eat their lunch in peace, and that in the event of war this country may be counted upon for limitless food supplies.

But lunch has already been eaten in Germany and Italy. In Berlin it is three o'clock, in Italy four. The Germans, who are traditionally heavy eaters in the middle of the day, are going through a period of drowsiness. But in Italy it is an hour later, and the Italians are alert and keen-eyed.

Now the President's real plan begins to emerge. For is it not clear that his statement constitutes an invitation to the Italians to catch Germany napping, as it were, and to desert the axis while there is yet time? Obviously he does not set forth the full details of his plan in this message; it is put forth largely in the nature of a "feeler." But the ground has been broken for separating Germany from its ally, and in that forthcoming separation the President tells us that America will play a leading role.

On the domestic side the President's statement is no less pregnant with meaning. Again the question must be asked: Why does he select morning? Clearly it is not the big business man who is active in the morning: directors' meetings are customarily held at three or four o'clock in the afternoon. No, the morning belongs to the farmer—it is the farmer who rises at dawn and starts upon his endless round of chores. So now we have renewed assurance from the President of his interest in agricultural legislation, and at the same time a definite intimation that big business must shift for itself. The period of appeasement is over.

Later: An additional statement made by the President late last evening gives evidence of a sharp change in foreign and domestic policy. Upon leaving his office for the day the President said, "Good night!" Obviously all of the foregoing must be read in the light of this new and sensational development.

Pocket Guide

HOW SWEET IS SUGAR?

CORN sugar is wholesome, but it isn't as sweet as cane or beet sugar. So when you're buying corn sugar you want to know it. And that is the point of the hearings being held in Washington by the Food and Drug Administration. As things are now, canners who use corn sugar must say so on their labels. The Corn Products Company, naturally enough, doesn't like that a bit, and for fifty years has been trying to change it. A few weeks ago it turned up in Washington with all kinds of expert witnesses—advertising agents, doctors, and customers. The doctors said that corn sugar was wholesome but admitted under cross-examination that the customer has a right to know what he is getting. Now further hearings are being held, this time at the request of the beet- and cane-sugar people. On the first day the results of a Gallup poll on the question were brought up. The poll was of 461 users of canned peaches. Here is the substance of some of the questions and answers in the poll:

Do you know that sugar is used in canning peaches? Yes, 96 per cent.

Do you understand "sugar" to mean either cane or beet sugar? Yes, 75.1 per cent; no, 18.8; don't know, 6.1.

If dextrose (corn sugar) is used, do you think it should be declared on the can? Don't care, 15.6 per cent; yes, 65.6; no, 16.2; don't know, 2.6.

If commercial glucose (corn syrup) is used, should it be declared? Don't care, 15.2 per cent; yes, 67.9; no, 16.9.

The interesting thing is that though the corn-sugar people have been trying for fifty years to get their stuff substituted without a specification on the label, it is the first time the actual buyer who pays for and eats the canned goods has been given a chance to express an opinion.

SPRING CLEARANCE SALES

Announcements of spring sales are splashed all over the newspapers these days. Men are as fascinated by them as are women. Some young men tell me they buy all their clothes at sales. How good are they?

In the trade a department store is awkwardly known as "promotional" or "non-promotional." In New York, Gimbel's and Saks Fifth Avenue are owned by the same people, but one is promotional, the other not. The promotional store makes its way by constantly shouting about bargains, special sales, and novelties. The non-promotional store bases its drive on style and its reputation. The division is a rough one. Each sometimes uses the technique of the other.

The non-promotional store is likely to sell higher-priced goods than the other. This may make you think that you get less for your money. That is usually not true. You get just about what you pay for. If one store advertises a special line of gloves for $1 and another charges $2.50 or even $5, it is probable that the dollar glove is worth just about a dollar. We all have to buy according to our pocket-books, and the thinner the pocket-book the more "bargains" we've got to pick up and the less satisfactory they're likely to be.

In a promotional store sales are continuous. When an ad writer in such a store gets ready to cram selling words into the allotted spaces, the buyer may say, "Here, you can say this was reduced from $29.50 to $15.75. And look, dear, think up a good plausible reason for it, will you?" Such sale goods may have been picked up as a job lot from a hard-up manufacturer. Or they may be stock that has to be cleared away before inventory. Or they may be what the trade calls a "loss leader," a real cut price to get traffic into the store. In end-of-season sales all these things are thrown together—real reduced-price goods from the stockroom and left-overs from last year, or the year before. Even reputable stores often throw in a lot of poor stuff for the sales. Some of it is stuff left on the manufacturer's hands. He sends it to the store on consignment just for the sale. If it's unsold he takes it back. Such stuff is no bargain at any price. Sometimes the original price is actually raised instead of lowered.

But there are some bargains in the end-of-season sales—and better ones in a non-promotional store than in the other kind. More are to be found in very small or very large sizes than in the average sizes. If the spring is very cold, especially up to Easter, the price cuts come sooner, and there are more of them. At this time of year you can find many genuine reductions on fur coats, also on men's overcoats. But you've got to know how to shop. You've got to know goods and fabrics and values. Otherwise it's cheaper to go in and ask for what you want on quiet non-sale days.

Wanamaker has abandoned sales altogether and claims that everybody is better satisfied.

THE GOVERNMENT SEIZES MARMOLA

Marmola is a reducing medicine based on thyroid extract. Thyroid shouldn't be taken without basal-metabolism tests. Some fat people don't know that and some prefer to ignore it. Besides the thyroid extract, Marmola contains among other ingredients strong cathartics. The Federal Trade Commission issued a complaint against it in 1928, but the courts saved it that time. Now at last, thanks to the new Food and Drugs Act, Marmola has come up against a tougher obstacle. Under Section 502 of that law the Food and Drug Administration has seized sixty-one packages of Marmola in Madison, Wisconsin, as a drug dangerous to health in the dosage prescribed on the label. The law is a good one as far as it goes, provided it can be saved from the amendments that manufacturers are so generously offering.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

WHEN CORDELL HULL returned from the Lima conference, he pooh-poohed John W. White's dispatch to the New York *Times* describing wholesale censorship and espionage by Peruvian officials. Hull insisted that nearly everything had been sweetness and light. Now a veteran correspondent in South America not only confirms White but says privately that the source of White's information was Cordell Hull.

ON MAY DAY in New York representatives of the Dies committee held a hearing in a hotel room overlooking the parade route. The chief investigator was J. B. Matthews, ex-radical now working as a committee "expert." As the marchers went by, the band played the "Workers' Funeral March," and one of the left-wing witnesses being interviewed asked Matthews if the parade didn't remind him of his own past. "Oh, it is May Day, isn't it?" said Mr. Matthews.

WHEN NAZI troops invaded Czechoslovakia they brought with them posters, printed in both German and Czech, announcing what wonderful things were ahead. There was one slip-up in the well-prepared coup, reports a London journalist: the posters brought to the Czech town of Slany were printed in German—and Rumanian.

THE BUNDLES of office copies distributed in the plants of Hearst's Chicago *American* and *Herald-Examiner,* where the Newspaper Guild is on strike, carry a new stamp. They are marked: "Office copies. Not to be sold or criticized."

JAY FRANKLIN in his syndicated column referred recently to an unnamed "Republican newspaper" whose Washington correspondent had resigned because he wouldn't editorialize his copy. It is said in Washington that the man was A. L. Warner and the paper the New York *Herald Tribune.* Among other offenses, Warner refused to call the Child Labor Amendment the "youth-control" amendment.

OPTIMISM NOTE: The Yankton (South Dakota) College newspaper advertised Sylvia Sidney in "One Fourth of the Nation."

A DISPUTE is going on inside Consumers' Union reminiscent of the Lawyers' Guild row; the Union's affiliation with the League for Peace and Democracy is one of the issues. . . . H. N. Brailsford, author and journalist, has asked the national executive committee of the British Labor Party to expel him for committing the same "crimes" as Stafford Cripps and his group. . . . Middlebury College has requested Professor Robert Davis, who has been writing pro-Franco dispatches for the New York *Herald Tribune,* to omit the college's name from his by-line. . . . G-men are quietly interviewing subscribers to William Pelley's fascist *Liberation.*

IN ITALY people are beginning to grumble that things were better under Mussolini.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WRITING in the Baltimore *Evening Sun,* Henry Mencken gives it as his opinion that Franklin Roosevelt will beat Hitler and Mussolini in the debate now going on because he knows just how to frighten the American people into letting him have his way with them, which Mr. Mencken thinks will be to put the United States into war, all in the pursuit of a third term. I was struck by this because I have invariably been asked, after the addresses which I have been delivering in the Middle and Far West, whether we should not connect President Roosevelt's activities against the dictators with the third-term issue. I have replied that I did not think the President would be a candidate for a third term if we stayed at peace and that I did not think he would consciously put us into war, but that I believed any man in his position, with his domestic policies faring so badly, must subconsciously be aware that it was a bit of luck to be able to excite his fellow-citizens about events abroad. I very much fear that if war comes abroad, whether we are in it or not, he will be able to obtain the renomination some of his ardent followers seek for him. Of course, if we should get into the war, that mischievous statement of Abraham Lincoln's about not swapping horses when crossing a stream would be worked overtime. I myself can conceive of no situation in which we should violate the third-term tradition, especially in these times when we too are in danger of a dictator because of the New Deal's inability to heal our ills and put our ten million unemployed to work.

None the less, however Mr. Mencken may feel, I am unfeignedly glad that the President sent that remarkable appeal to Hitler. It is of course far in the background now, but I think I owe it to the readers of this page to let them know that I rank that appeal of Roosevelt's as one of the very greatest of our diplomatic documents. I should not alter this judgment even if it could be proved that Mencken was right and that the President's motive was partly a selfish one. I know that the letter did accomplish a great deal. It gave us a breathing spell, if only for a couple of weeks. It made Hitler answer in public before the whole world. He made that public answer partly because in his conceit he thought he could convince multitudes of listeners that he was right. He did more than that, however. He put himself under the world's microscope and made millions scrutinize his words who otherwise would not have done so.

It may be that there will be war in Poland before these lines are read. I cannot believe it now, for I think the President was partly correct when he said that Hitler had left the door one inch open. I think he left two doors open. I think that Hitler's suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt lay his disarmament proposal before the other nations first had within it a hint that if that were done Hitler would cooperate. Perhaps this is only a faint chance, but the world is so rapidly approaching ruin through the armament race that I think the President should try appealing again to the so-called democratic states in Europe for a disarmament conference, in the hope that something may be accomplished.

The other door was the one opened by Hitler when he said he agreed with Mr. Roosevelt that trade ought to be made free in the world and he hoped the President would start the reform in this country. That was a clever jibe, since we have been for many years the worst offender in blocking world trade by our high tariffs. But I don't want to take time today to labor this point—only to say again that I wish the President would go on debating with Hitler and Mussolini publicly, whatever his motive. For it seems to me that, thanks to the radio, we are moving far toward "open covenants openly arrived at." We are witnessing a wonderful international exchange of views under the eyes of multitudes. The corresponding millions in 1914 were utterly unconscious of what was brewing. Today people are following events with breathless anxiety. In Santa Barbara an extremely well-informed man, when asked if people out on the Pacific Coast were as concerned as those in the East, replied, "There is nothing else being talked about out here."

During the crisis of last September the whole world listened in on what was happening. For a few days the European situation took precedence in England and the United States over football, horse racing, and golf. If the President replies to Hitler over the radio, he will again focus public opinion upon this awful situation—awful if only because it is so nerve-racking that it does not seem as if any of the alleged statesmen of the world could stand the strain much longer without cracking. Again, I think that this public international debating must have a good effect on the dictators themselves. It must make them feel more responsible, more conscious that they are in the open. I think that when the history of this period is written it will be found that there is much less secret skulduggery going on behind the scenes now than there was in 1914.

THE FETISHISM OF POWER

BY SIDNEY HOOK

NOT so many years ago the conquest of power was the central theme of all left-wing social theory oriented to political activity. Today, in the light of the consequences of totalitarian rule, concern with power is primarily with its abuses, its destruction of life and corruption of the spirit. The naivete of the messianic reformer has given way to weary skepticism. The Young Davids of radicalism seem to have laid aside their slings for the Book of Ecclesiastes—or for a safe berth with the New Deal. For most of the disillusioned the main political task is conceived as preventing fascism from coming to power, not by winning power for socialism, but by strengthening liberal capitalism. Suspicion of the excesses of all power makes easier the acceptance of the customary abuses of existing power.

This new attitude toward power is revealed more in moods than in explicit argument, though theoretical formulations have not been lacking. But it is to books of an earlier day that we must turn to find the weightiest critiques of political power. Mosca, Pareto, Michels, writing in an age when optimism was as general as pessimism is today, raised all the crucial problems which have now come to the fore. They fortified their conclusions on the nature of political power with a mass of historical material and a nicety of analysis which commands respect even when it does not elicit agreement.

The translation into English of Gaetana Mosca's "The Ruling Classes"* offers an opportunity to evaluate both the strength and the weakness of this recurrent philosophy of political power. Like most doctrines that catch hold easily, the basic thesis is simple and recommends itself with a high initial plausibility to anyone who has had some political experience. It asserts that political power never rests upon the consent of the majority, that irrespective of ideologies or leading personalities all political rule is a process, now peaceful now coercive, by which a minority gratifies its own interests in a situation where not all interests can receive equal consideration. As Mosca himself puts it: "Political power always has been, and always will be, exercised by organized minorities, which have had, and will have, the means, varying as the times vary, to impose their supremacy on the multitudes." In peaceful times, the means are public myths and secret frauds; in crisis—force. Whichever side wins, the masses who have fought, bled, and starved are made the goat. Their saviors become their rulers under the prestige of new myths. The forms change, but the essential content remains. This is put forth as a "law" of all social life which can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of everyone except the dull, the pious, and candidates for political leadership. It is a law accepted by every political partisan as obviously true for other organizations but as a slander when applied to his own.

The reactions to this position in recent discussion have been astonishing. They tend to confirm some corollaries Mosca has drawn from his thesis about the distribution of political intelligence. One group does not argue the truth of the theory on the evidence but asserts that since its acceptance makes for defeatism it must be wrong. Another group applauds Mosca's theory or some variant of it and deduces therefrom the comforting view that revolutions are never justified; this despite Mosca's contention that revolutions do not depend upon any theory of political power. Some contest the truth of his findings on the nature of political power because on some other unrelated points he is clearly mistaken. The most sophisticated opponents of the thesis first state it in such a way as to suggest that according to it all power is necessarily evil and should never be employed. They then have little difficulty in showing that this leads to a *reductio ad absurdum,* for men must act, and this involves a choice between alternatives all of which demand implementation by some power.

In the interests of clear analysis we must distinguish between Mosca's descriptive generalizations of the actual uses and abuses of political power in the past and present, and the theoretical explanation he offers of them. As descriptive generalizations, Mosca's conclusions are valid, once differences in the form of political rule have been properly noted. It is true that every political organization is in effect run by a minority. It is true that vital illusions, chicanery, and naked force have been three important props of all political rule. It is true that every successful mass movement—even with a democratic ideology—has compromised some of its basic principles, on occasions all of them. The history of Christianity, of German Social Democracy, of the Russian Communist Party indicates in a dramatic and focal way all this and more. But in explain-

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*McGraw-Hill Book Company. $4.50. The first edition of the original appeared almost forty-five years ago.

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ing these phenomena and in predicting that the future must always be like the past Mosca falls back upon a psychological theory of human nature considered independently of its social context. Almost every one of his explanations and predictions involves an appeal to an original nature conceived as essentially unalterable despite its varying expressions. Mosca's antiquated terminology can be brought up to date by translation into the language of dynamic psychology or psychoanalysis. But the controlling assumptions are the same no matter what the terms. The laws of political power are frankly characterized as psychological. They flow from fixed and unchangeable elements in the nature of men. Mosca has no hesitation in sometimes referring to them as "wicked instincts." It is from this conception of original sin that Mosca's dire prophecies flow.

The fact that the argument from human nature must be invoked to support the thesis is *prima facie* evidence that the entire position is unhistorical. Everything Mosca says may be granted except when he speaks in the future tense; for the genuine problems of power are always specific, are always rooted in the concrete needs of a particular people at a determinate time. Any conclusion based on his findings about the futility of social change and struggle is therefore a non-sequitur; it betrays political animus, and if grounded at all, is derived from other considerations. The belief that there is an invariant core of properties which constitutes the "essential" character of human nature rests on gross data drawn from history and on a faulty technique of definition. Habits, traditions, and institutions play a much more important role in political behavior, and are more reliable in predicting the future, than any set of native impulses. By isolating the latter from their objective cultural setting, selecting from among them an alleged impulse to dominate, fight, love, or flee, the pattern of human nature can be cut to suit any current political myth.

Despite the fact that Mosca's "laws," when presented in psychological dress, have no empirical warrant, they can be reformulated so as to bear relevantly on particular situations in which intelligent choice between different modes of power is possible. They then function as "cautions" or "guides" to possible dangers that attend transference of power from one group to another. The task then becomes one of devising safeguards—an occasion for experiment not for lamentation. And most safeguards do not make accidents impossible; they make them less frequent. Sufficient evidence has been assembled which indicates the probable sources of future corruption and oppression. It would require a treatise to explore this theme, but in a preliminary way we can indicate the spheres of social life in which conflicts will arise, necessitating safeguards against oppression.

The first sphere of conflict and possible oppression is obviously economic. Most socialists grant this readily enough for the past but deny that it holds for collectivist society. Yet it is apparent that under no system operated by finite creatures in a finite world can all men be equally served in everything and, what is just as important, equally served at once. That there will probably be some differences in standards of living, no matter what the level of productive forces, none but a utopian will deny. But there are differences and differences. Conflicts there will be, but their kind, generality, and intensity will depend upon the specific mechanisms adopted to reflect and negotiate the interests of different groups of producers and consumers. Socialists have always asserted that there is no genuine political democracy without economic democracy. In a collectivist economy the converse is even more emphatically the case.

The second sphere of possible abuse of authority is administrative. Every administrator intrusted with responsibility for making decisions that may affect the jobs, pleasures, and life careers of other human beings may function as a tyrant. The greater the area of administration, the greater the danger. Especially when efficiency is the goal is it easy to palm off injustice as a necessary evil. Here too the situation is one that must be met, for better or for worse, by contriving checks and reviews with a maximum of publicity.

Finally there is the undeniable fact that many people love the exercise of power. For some it is a compensation for frustration; for others it is a way of acquiring prestige, glory, a sense of vitality or importance; for almost everybody it is a temptation to prefer those we like and to overlook those we despise. Everyone has his own list of people whose absence he thinks would be a boon to the world. But what follows from all this? Nothing that need dismay anyone who is not a saint or a fool. Here as everywhere else, once we surrender the dogmas of an unalterable human nature or inevitable laws of organizational progress or corruption, we can do something to mitigate and counteract, and to establish moral equivalents.

Whether we are talking of pain or injustice or power, there is no such thing as *the* problem of evil except to a supernaturalist. There are only evils. The more we know about the pathological lust for power, the conditions under which it thrives, the instruments it uses, the myths behind which it hides—and the more public we make that knowledge—the better can we cope with the problem of taming it. Skepticism is always in order; but no more than in science need it lead to paralysis of activity. More knowledge is always desirable, but we know enough to make at least a beginning. And if we are interested in democratic socialism, by keeping our eyes on both Germany and Russia we certainly know what to avoid. Despite the swelling chorus of disillusion there still remain alternatives to the insanity of uncontrolled myth and the inhumanity of uncontrolled power.

Notes by the Way

A MESSENGER boy was responsible for the fact that some *Nation* subscribers received the copy of April 29 later than usual. His name is unknown to me and his story, unlike the tale of the message to Garcia, is not an example to youth, yet he emerges as a curiously affecting figure. He left *The Nation* office at seven of a Monday evening, carrying in a brown manila envelope copy for six editorial pages of America's Leading Liberal Weekly. In those six pages the President and Congress of the United States were told how to end the menace of fascism, Short of War, abroad, and how to End Child Labor Now, at home; they gleamed with editorial flashlights showing the way out of half a dozen world problems. But to the boy, the unsuspecting carrier of light, his precious burden was only an envelope that had to be delivered to a press in the depths of Brooklyn.

To make a long story short, the carrier got lost. How long he wandered in the labyrinth of subways we shall never know. But at last he made for home, envelope and all. The next morning he was, presumably, confronted with two duties—the package and school. He must have been pretty sick of the package by then; he may have dreamed about it. He must also have felt the need to do something familiar and sure. So he and the package went to school, where, I trust, they arrived on time.

It was 1:30 p. m. on Tuesday when he finally completed the journey he had begun at 7 p. m. on Monday. *The Nation* went to press late and the boy probably got sacked. End Child Labor Now, you will remember, was the title of one of the editorials he carried. Fable for Our Time was the title of another; and the boy in his way created another fable for our time—of a messenger carrying all the answers but hopelessly lost underground. Well, not quite all the answers, for even if he had looked he would not have found in his package a single line to solve the only problem that concerned him at the moment—how to get from where he was to the place where he ought to go.

I SUPPOSE no one would deny that social significance has won its way among intellectuals. The only literature of escape that has any standing these days is that which relates "How I escaped . . ." from Totalitaria. The old-fashioned l. of e. is in the doghouse, and though a large section of the reading public is in the doghouse with it, the self-conscious intellectual is constrained to curl up with a good dismal book on the hopelessness of it all—which is made even more dismal by that inevitable note of hope in the last paragraph. By that time he feels so much like Laocoon that one note of hope will not unwind a single coil.

A few years ago frivolous intellectuals contributed to the literary reviews lists of great books they had never read. It seemed pretty silly at the time; I couldn't help feeling, for instance, that H. L. Mencken would have suffered no harm if he *had* read Dante. This year the only series at all comparable is the one appearing in the *New Republic;* its title is Books That Have Changed Our Minds, which suggests a prodigious grinding of gears on a ceaseless journey up the mountain of social significance.

I am all for the social conscience—though it has become so fashionable that the place is flooded with cheap copies—and I have read my share of "significant" books, but I think the time has come to say a word for books that let you go to sleep at night if only to give the social conscience a rest so that it can go to work again the next morning. Luminal is not enough.

The detective story is the old stand-by of intellectuals, and in spite of changing fashions in what the well-turned-in intellectual will read, the output of that particular soporific has not, so far as I know, decreased. But it happens that detective stories have the same effect on me as a history of the Third International. The story is told of Bjorn Bjornsen that on one of his lecture tours he found himself in a hotel room decorated with a very realistic picture of a terrible shipwreck, complete with brave captain, women with babies, and lifeboats spilling their burdens into the sea. He could not sleep for thinking of the victims. At last he rose and tacked on the picture a slip of paper on which he had written, "All were saved." Having resolved the situation, the novelist went to sleep. By that test *Saturday Evening Post* fiction should be the perfect bromide. But the happy bourgeois endings and the slick writing of that opiate of the people induces in me only a profound melancholy and a sense of insecurity that makes me slip the second latch on the door and lie wide-eyed until daybreak.

As far as I'm concerned, what this generation needs is more good books about deserts. The image of a Bedouin's *beyt* in the center of a *Khala* stretching to the horizon in every direction is to me so soothing that after half an hour even an extra announcing the next war would be powerless to disturb the peace. The knot of sensation loosens, the nerves unwind, the mind spreads out over the sands, and nothing is heard but a tent side—or is it a window-shade?—flapping in the wind. "Arabia Deserta" is, of course, the perfect book about the desert. It *is* the desert. But one comes eventually to the end, and if one allows a decent interval between rereadings, supplements are necessary. The current season has yielded at least one. It is "The Unveiling of Timbuctoo," by Galbraith Welch (William Morrow and Company, $3.50), and it tells the story of René Caillé, who more than a hundred years ago won the distinction of being the first white man to come back alive from the city which is still the symbol of inaccessibility. Caillé went alone from the Guinea coast to Tangier, disguised as a Moslem. He would have been murdered instantly if his masquerade had been discovered; with that in mind he had studied the part so well that he never betrayed himself though he spent seventeen months in a land of fanatics. He came out wasted and half-starved after a journey of 3,150 miles which would still seem incredible if it were not for the existence of documentary proofs, including his day-by-day diary which is the basis of this book.

The only trouble with Caillé's story is that it fills only 351 pages. One traverses in half an hour a stage of the journey that took Caillé two months. The 1,313 pages of Doughty (in the one-volume edition published some years ago by Random House) are better proportioned to the tale he has to tell. And "Arabia Deserta" has another distinction which, for instance, T. E. Lawrence's "Revolt" lacks. Lawrence's personality is so colorful and so involved with the problems of the age that it overpowers the subtle, colorless

Propaganda Analysis

A Bulletin to Help the Intelligent Citizen Detect and Analyze Propaganda

INSTITUTE FOR PROPAGANDA ANALYSIS, INC.

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The Attack on Democracy

To AMERICA'S would-be dictators, *Mein Kampf* is Horatio Alger, Jr., streamlined. Mr. Alger's hero didn't smoke or swear or drink, he saved his money, loved his mother, and rose from rags to riches, Q. E. D. The hero of *Mein Kampf* shrieked "Jew!" and "Communist!", and he, too, rose from rags to riches – from poverty-stricken housepainter to Chancellor of Germany. There is the moral, for demagogues like William Dudley Pelley, George W. Christians, Gerald Winrod, and George Deatherage to see: cry "Jew!" and "Communist!", shout "Jew!" and "Communist!" You, too, can be dictator.[1]

Today in the United States there are some 800 organizations that could be called pro-fascist or pro-Nazi. Some flaunt the word "Fascist" in their name, or use the swastika as their insignia. Others – the great majority – talk blithely of democracy, or "Constitutional Democracy," but work hand in glove with the outspokenly-fascist groups and distribute their literature. All sing the same tune – words and music by Adolf Hitler, orchestration by Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, the powerful Reichsminister of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda. That song bewitched the German people, as the song of the Lorelei bewitched the mariners of antiquity; it lured them headlong onto the reefs of fascism. It can be sung with variations, but always the refrain is "Jew!" and "Communist!"

The story of Gerald Winrod, praised by James True as "the Jayhawk Nazi," is typical. In the days when evolution was hitting the front pages, Dr. Winrod stalked through Kansas and, indeed, the whole mid-west, decrying evolution. Later, when anti-evolution sentiment waned, he jumped on the anti-Catholic bandwagon and became an outspoken Pope-baiter. However, Pope-baiting likewise became passé, so Dr. Winrod learned

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[1] In the interests of readability, footnotes have been

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shades of the sands of Arabia. Doughty has set down without obstruction the spreading majesty of the desert, the sordidness of its towns, the dessicated lives and bodies of its nomads. The Nasrany, a physical weakling, who half a century and more ago took pot-luck for two years in the nomad tents, never denying his religion or his nationality and therefore often running the risk of death, has become a legend in Arabia. Lawrence, in his introduction to the edition I mention, says that Arabs in the desert spoke to him of the "Engleysy" Doughty, whom their grandfathers had known. And he is the hero of every writer of books about Arabia except Doughty.

AN eight-year-old asked me recently, "Doesn't that radio man ever have any lunch?" Judging from the oozing richness of his voice that radio man must live on butter. What he says suggests a much leaner diet. "The sensational . . . no-aerial portable radio," he said the last time I listened—and the voice as usual was portentous with promise—"has no aerial."

MARGARET MARSHALL

Joys and Glooms

DEMOCRACY WORKS. By Arthur Garfield Hays. Random House. $3.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS'S engaging mélange of facts, figures, and cracker-barrel philosophy is illustrated by pictorial statistics borrowed from several sources. These statistics serve their purpose very well indeed, but it is a crying shame that the book could not have been turned over for additional embellishment to the late T. E. Powers, creator of the little comic-strip characters known as the Joys and the Glooms. When Mr. Hays is figuratively addressing his Socialist friends, the Joys take complete possession of his soul; he is, on such occasions, a somewhat ostentatious partisan of the capitalist system as it rocks and staggers along under democratic procedures. But when Mr. Hays is confronted by his capitalist friends, the Glooms march in and the Joys scamper for cover. The Glooms bring with them all the argumentative ammunition which Mr. Hays has just finished denying to Norman Thomas and Earl Browder—but Mr. Hays has no compunctions about using this ammunition on the more plush-bottomed of his acquaintances. The result, in "Democracy Works," is a sort of dialectical seesaw that makes for confusion. But the confusion is purely verbal; once it is granted that human nature abhors a "pure" system, Mr. Hays's championship of a mixed economy that is part free capitalism and part public "interventionism" seems very logical indeed.

With a bow to T. E. Powers, the contents of "Democracy Works" might be summarized this way: the American Socialist r-r-revolution, with its inevitable guardian, the Tyrant State, is still a long way off, and maybe it is never coming (the Joys do a frenzied dance). Meanwhile any number of methods work to ameliorate the situation: the cooperative movement is slowly growing, the government is committed to pump-priming and providing jobs for the luckless, the TVA is here to stay, labor unions help to keep wages up and daily work-hours down—and (watch those Joys go into a mass ballet!) freedom and liberty dwell in the interstices of our gloriously mixed-up hybrid economy. There is, of course, the danger that a system of economic checks and balances will fail to increase production as the population grows, in which case capitalism will become rigid and the Hagues, Girdlers, and Weirs (Gloom, Gloom) will wax increasingly vociferous in defense of the "American way" of clubbing the "outside agitator." Fascism lurks up this street (the last Joy is now in hiding, and Glooms are swarming all over the lot, showing their teeth in terrible grimaces). But (one little Joy peeps out from behind a rock) technological unemployment doesn't last forever; prices come down eventually, and the unemployed begin to go back to work. (Didn't Robert Owen anticipate the most dire predictions of the Technocrats way back in 1817?) And, anyway, the government, which now spends each year an amount equal to one-third of the national income, is committed to the "socialization" of consumption (all the Joys are now out of hiding, and the Glooms have retreated to Jersey City). The only thing to worry about (one Gloom pops back over the river) is war; Mr. Hays doesn't like to see the United States sit in on the "crooked game" of Collective Security. However, the shadow of war isn't very menacing, just yet; and the government is free to experiment (Joy, Joy, Joy) with such devices as the Swedish double budget, state-fostered housing, and the Ezekiel plan of bribing the capitalists to produce, produce, produce. (The Joys are left in undisputed possession of the field, pending Mr. Hays's next encounter with one of his capitalist clients.)

Such a crude restatement of Mr. Hays's theme in terms of a Powers cartoon may do violence to the soundness of the arguments in "Democracy Works." But it does no violence to the tone. Mr. Hays belongs to the hearty-hefty school of colloquialism-slingers, as his chapter headings (We Digga Da Ditch—, Shoes for the Baby and Sunday in the Park, and From IOU to AFL and CIO) indicate. An argufier from the word go—and a damned good one, too—Mr. Hays can't be bothered with questions of modulation; he wants to get it all down in black and white, with so many raps on the knuckles for the extreme right, and a good dose of "that-was-old-stuff-back-in-1848" for the Socialist and Communist left.

Personally, although I prefer the colloquial style to the grand manner any day in the week, I could get along without some of Mr. Hays's literary he-mannishness. But as for the contents of "Democracy Works," I am all on Mr. Hays's side. Men obviously have different motivations: the desire for security battles the desire for freedom in every one of us. Inasmuch as the nature of man is mixed, it would seem logical to suppose that a mixed economic system (part socialistic "intervention," part free enterprise) takes care of more psychological needs than any other system. This does not mean that a mixed system is ordained of God, or that democracy must endure forever: for all his Joyousness Mr. Hays is no right-must-triumph Pollyanna. But it does mean that Americans won't willingly depart from the mixed-up system they have at present—and if his countrymen aren't interested in the Socialist millennium, the pragmatic Mr. Hays prefers to make his plans accordingly. Those plans include fighting for preservation of the civil liberties which, as Mr. Hays points out, you aren't apt to have under a "pure" system.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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Night of the Hatchets

THE NEW INQUISITION. By Konrad Heiden. With an introduction by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Modern Age Books and Alliance Book Corporation. 50 cents.

THE world-famous author of the first history of National Socialism and an exhaustive biography of Hitler has written a masterpiece of social-political pamphleteering "which every American should read"—as Hendrik Willem Van Loon says in his alarming introduction. This often misused phrase, one must emphasize, is rightly used here. Even the informed student of Nazi politics and behavior will realize in reading this book how little he knows, how pale his idea has been, of what happened on November 10, 1938, and in the following days all over Germany—only half a year ago and almost forgotten—when the "ire of the people" in "spontaneous action" staged the greatest, most atrocious, and most cowardly pogrom in history.

Konrad Heiden gives us the record of the ghastly proceedings of the "Night of the Hatchets" hour by hour, quoting from checked accounts of victims and neutral eyewitnesses for whom he is able to vouch. In a tone and spirit of almost frightening restraint he presents fact after fact: how the "spontaneous action" started at three o'clock at night when even the most ardent terrorists had to be dragged out of their beds; how the wholesale arrests got under way; how the hatchets which had been distributed the day before were used; how the schools closed and the children got the order "to smash everything the Jews have"; how orphanages and hospitals and old people's homes were emptied and their inhabitants, children and old people, driven barefooted over splintered window glass, in their night clothes, into the cold night; how thousands upon thousands were taken to the concentration camps and tortured. "The S. A. had arrested a young Jewish couple. The wife asked permission to take along her ten-months-old baby. This was refused. When the two had been taken away, the baby was locked in the empty apartment, which was sealed and placed under guard. The baby's cries could be heard for two days. Then it grew quiet." Truly, the burning to the ground of five hundred synagogues was a minor feature of the whole coldly calculated action.

The author studies the pogrom from every angle, giving its meaning in terms of Nazi power politics and its place in the process of the physical liquidation of German Jewry. He takes pains to find out how the German people acted as a whole, and after establishing that the great majority strongly disapproved, comes to the hopeful conclusion that for the first time limits are visible beyond which the German people will not endure a tyranny which forces it to become a partner in the lowest crimes.

For two reasons one cannot read this short book at one sitting. First, one has to pause before continuing to look at a reality which the most fearful imagination could not invent; second, one is forced to think. The lessons to be drawn are manifold and of far-reaching consequences. The introduction says rightly: "Konrad Heiden has rendered us a signal service by writing this book, which may well contain his own death sentence. . . . He has deserved well of the American people."

FRANZ HOELLERING

"It might with equal effect be called 'The Life and Death of an American Town'."
—N. Y. TIMES

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THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

FOR hundreds of thousands of Americans who have found themselves, in the last few years, directly in the line of fire between opposing forces in industrial conflicts, Elliot Paul's new novel will have a special significance and appeal. It tells the story of a little New England town; of what happened when one man, the factory owner, Mark Loring, tried to impose his will on the townspeople. As THE NEW YORK TIMES says: "The peculiar distinction of 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' . . . lies in its portrayal of the town . . . caught and confused in the shambles of ideas and loyalties . . . Slowly in spite of defeat, paid for in unemployment, hunger, and disruption of business, the town begins to take shape as a unit supporting an American principle of freedom and fair play. The doctor, the minister, the lawyer, the merchant, faced with the methods employed by the victor, take their stand with the defeated . . . and discover a personal rejuvenation of faith . . . For this and for its brilliant characterization, this book deserves high praise."

EDWIN SEAVER said, over WQXR: "We have had a number of interesting strike novels . . . but none, I think, have been as good as Mr. Paul's novel. If you want a really rousing novel of the contemporary scene, a novel brimful of action, and offering most significant implications, read Elliot Paul's 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.' "

RANDOM HOUSE recommends *The Stars and Stripes Forever* unreservedly to all those who read *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town.* They will find it equally dramatic and moving, but dealing with a scene and a problem more real to Americans of the year 1939 . . . it tells a side of the story of industrial conflict that has never yet been told, the side that means most to those of us who belong to neither of the disputing forces and want only to be left alone in peace . . .

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK, $2.50

Arctic Empire

SOVIETS IN THE ARCTIC. By T. A. Taracouzio. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

THIS book is published under the auspices of the Bureau of International Research. The author is an American citizen, though a native of Esthonia, who studied for four years at the University of Leningrad and completed his studies with a Ph.D. degree at Harvard University. With this background and a command of the Russian language, he is now in charge of the Slavic collection at the Harvard Law School Library. He is author of "The Soviet Union and International Law," written under the same auspices.

There has long been need of just such a work as "Soviets in the Arctic," by one who had at his command the complete literature of the subject. The book is based on decrees of the Soviet Union and what has been actually accomplished under them as indicated by official statistics. The questionable reliability of many of these data is frankly admitted, and the author has preserved an admirably scientific point of view.

The first impression, and it is one which is bound to be confirmed by a careful reading, is amazement over what has really been accomplished under difficulties which at first appeared to be almost insuperable, but for coping with which a totalitarian state possessed exceptional advantages. This Arctic empire now in evolution north of the polar circle is of necessity based first of all upon the establishment of communications, and these are, and for a long time must be, chiefly through an ice-blocked sea which has long defied even exploring expeditions to navigate it. That such difficulties have already to a large extent been overcome redounds to the credit of the *Glavsevmorput,* the administration of the Soviet Far North, which was first set up as recently as 1933. At the head of this great organization is Professor Otto Schmidt, with an All-Union Institute for the development of technique and the training of personnel. In the brief period of six years that has since elapsed, the accomplishments have been little less than marvelous. The supreme handicap has been a population made up of primitive races with alien customs and languages. The miracle has been wrought largely through the efficient use of airplane and radio, supplemented by that peculiarly Russian form of ship, the ice-breaker.

Of short-wave radio stations there are today no fewer than seventy-two strategically placed throughout this far-flung Arctic empire, and airplane and ice-breaker bases are already established at the most difficult places for the aid of commercial ships traversing the "northern sea route." The ice-blocked waters off Cape Cheliuskin, which separate it from the Nicholas II archipelago, remain the one great obstacle; and though ships navigate this Vil'kitskii Strait each summer, the great body of commerce operates within the seas to the west and east—lumber to the west and fish to the east. From these great arteries of traffic the large rivers of Siberia, especially the Ob, Yenesei, Lena, and Kolyma, make contact with the hinterland to and beyond the Trans-Siberian Railway.

The opening up of much-needed coal mines near Igarka on the Yenesei, and of the equally needed salt mines near the mouth of the Lena, promises an early large expansion of commerce along both these coasts, westward toward Europe and eastward to the Orient.

It is this side of the evolution of the Soviets' Arctic empire, exploration and the northern sea route, which is the outstanding success thus far achieved. Mr. Taracouzio's picture shows for the economic development, even on the basis of Soviet statistics, the woeful lack of correspondence between the advance planning outlays and the accomplishment. Page after page of his book sets forth the advance estimates of accomplishment compared with the very meager results.

The book is fully documented and is furnished with a fourteen-page index. A third of the book is given over to thirty-four long appendices, all but two of which concern decrees and statutes of the Soviet government. The book is furnished with six double-page maps, with another in a pocket at the end. There is also a forty-four-page bibliography. Together these indicate that the book is likely to become the standard work of reference in English.

WILLIAM H. HOBBS

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Life Story of a Socialist

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GERMAN REBEL. By Toni Sender. Vanguard Press. $3.

SOME months ago Angelica Balabanoff published her autobiography, which gave new insight into the character of some leading men in the revolutionary movement in Russia and Italy. Now Toni Sender follows with her life story. She does not give us as interesting psychological studies as Madam Balabanoff, but Toni Sender's presentation of the German labor movement as seen from her observation points in two German provincial towns, Frankfort and Dresden, is different from the usual picture and makes interesting reading. Moreover, the story of a life exclusively devoted to one cause has its own special appeal.

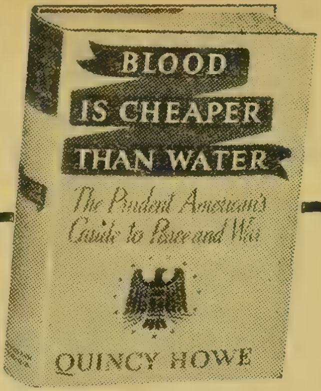
Toni Sender was born in a little town in the Rhineland into a well-to-do Jewish family. She soon suffered under the middle-class life and morality that surrounded her. Her first revolt consisted in earning her own living, something unusual in the circle to which her strictly religious family belonged. As a next step she joined a union. Since there was close contact between unions and the Socialist movement in Germany, active participation in the industrial labor movement almost necessarily led to political action.

However, to be really free, Toni Sender left Germany and settled in France. There she joined the famous fourteenth section of the Socialist Party in Paris. She saw the profound differences between the heavily centralized German labor movement, controlled from the top, and the loosely connected groups of the French Socialist Party, discussing their conflicting opinions in full freedom. The almost complete lack of a paid party machinery in France, consequent on the small size of the organization, partly explains these differences. Another explanation is represented by personalities like Jean Jaurès and "Father" Bracke, who led the French Socialists.

When the Great War broke out, Toni Sender left France hurriedly and went back to Germany. Soon she was engaged in the struggle within the Social Democratic Party in Frankfort over the issue of the Socialist attitude toward the war. She belonged to the small group of those who opposed the Majority Socialists in their support of the government's war policy. After the fateful split between the Majority Socialists and the Independents led by Haase and Kautsky, she joined the Independents. She cooperated with Robert Dissmann, leader of the powerful metal workers' union and an influential member of the Independent Party. With him she led the revolutionary movement in Frankfort in November, 1918, and soon afterward became editor of the Independents' newspaper in Frankfort.

The split, although caused by the war, outlasted it, and after the Kapp putsch and the failure of the Majority Socialists to prevent the revolt of the army, the Independents gained rapidly at the expense of the right-wing Social Democrats. Toni Sender was elected member of the Reichstag, the youngest member of the House. A new chapter in her life began. She devoted most of her time to questions of tariff policy and foreign affairs while continuing her work in the metal workers' union, with its million members the biggest single union in the world. The Independent Party in its turn was split over the twenty-one conditions of the Communist International, one part joining the Communist Party, the rest forced to merge with the Majority Socialists. Toni Sender manifestly regretted this fusion. However, there was hardly an alternative left after the disruption of the great Independent Party.

Perhaps the most surprising part of Mrs. Sender's story is her attitude toward the Socialist tactic during the Ruhr struggle and her estimate of the inflation's significance. The so-called "passive resistance" was pure mockery, and the workers



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bore the entire burden of the conflict between Germany and France. Not only "some persons," as Mrs. Sender puts it, but almost the whole of big business profited from the inflation. As a matter of fact, inflation was the most important source of capital accumulation during these years and a main cause of the lasting lack of equilibrium in the economic structure of Germany.

After the Reichstag fire of February, 1933, Toni Sender, threatened by the Nazis like thousands of her party friends, fled to Czechoslovakia and then to Belgium. After a lecture tour in the United States, she decided to start life anew in this country, to "become a citizen of a free and democratic country."

There is little in this book that is new. However, the author's story throws interesting sidelights on some important events in a fascinating, although depressing, period in history.

ADOLF STURMTHAL

MUSIC

FROM the Mozart correspondence we learned, last week, that his greatest works were enthusiastically received by the musical public of his time; but we learn also that he could not convert this public's appreciation of his music into the money that would have kept him from dying wretchedly at thirty-five. The musician of this period held a post in the court or household of a king or prelate or noble; or he earned gifts of money by playing his works at such a court or household and presenting copies to such a person; or he gave concerts and had his music engraved for subscribers; or he wrote works that were ordered by a theater manager or a private patron of music. All of these things Mozart did, and all without financial success.

Haydn spent thirty years in the Esterhazy household, where he found financial security, appreciation of his talent, and favorable conditions for its development; Mozart was less fortunate. Concerning his first employer, the Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo of Salzburg, Leopold Mozart writes in 1777 to Padre Martini that "for the last five years my son has been serving our Prince for a miserable pittance," and that this Prince "was not ashamed to declare that my son knew nothing and that he ought to betake himself to some conservatorio of music at Naples and study music. And why? Simply in order to make it quite clear that a young man in a subordinate position should not be so foolish as to feel convinced that he deserved better pay and more recognition." It was this that compelled Mozart, at twenty-one, to seek employment in Munich, Augsburg, Mannheim, and Paris; his failure to find it compelled him to return to the Archbishop, until further mistreatment ended in the final break in 1781. And concerning Mozart's only other post, that of chamber composer to the Emperor, which he held from 1787 to his death in 1791, Miss Anderson's valuable notes inform us that he received 800 gulden a year, as against the 2,000 paid to his predecessor Gluck and the almost twice 800 paid to his successor Kozeluch.

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From another of Miss Anderson's notes we learn that Mozart received only fifty ducats for "The Abduction from the Seraglio" instead of the usual hundred; and we saw last week that Schott published an unauthorized clavier arrangement before Mozart could publish his own—which deprived him of this part of the financial benefit from the success of the opera. In Mannheim, where he had played for the Elector, his present "was just as I expected. No money, but a fine gold watch." In Paris he gave twenty-four lessons to the daughter of the Duc de Guines and was offered payment for only twelve. In 1789 he writes his wife from Leipzig: "From the point of view of applause and glory this concert was absolutely magnificent, but the profits were wretchedly meager"; from Berlin: "The Queen wants to hear me play on Tuesday, but I shan't make much money." In 1790 his need of cash is such that "I have now been obliged to give away my quartets (those very difficult works) [K. 575, 589, 590] for a mere song." And in the hope that the festivities in connection with the coronation of Leopold II will enable him to earn some of the money he so desperately needs, he makes his last journey to Frankfort, where, he writes to his wife, "I am both known and respected" and "already I am being invited everywhere," but has to report in the end that his concert "was a splendid success from the point of view of honor and glory, but a failure as far as money was concerned. Unfortunately some Prince was giving a big déjeuner and the Hessian troops were holding a grand maneuver. But in any case some obstacle has arisen on every day during my stay here."

Composers of today who find it advantageous to argue that artists have always been in advance of their time, find it advantageous a moment later to argue that a composer to write well must write a great deal, and that if the twentieth-century composer does not produce as good music as the eighteenth it is because he hasn't the benefit of the eighteenth century's system of patronage, which provided the occasions and rewards for the exercise of talent that is necessary for its development and fruition. One moment, then, Mozart wrote such great music that his own age would have none of it; the next moment he achieved this greatness through being one of a centuryful of busily and profitably and successfully employed composers. As a matter of fact it is not Mozart that our composers have in mind the second moment; it is Haydn. But a hundred other musicians exercised their talents in noble households and did not produce music of the stature of Haydn's; and Mozart produced the greatest music of all without the favorable conditions that Haydn had at Esterhaz. Moreover, the disappearance of the eighteenth-century system of patronage did not mean the end of employment for the composer—for the mediocrity, that is, as well as for the genius; but it was not such employment that led Schubert to exercise his talent and produce the greatest music after Beethoven's. And it is not for lack of occasions to exercise their talents—occasions provided by Guggenheim fellowships, by commissions of orchestras and other such organizations, by prize competitions, and recently by government employment—that our composers are not producing music comparable with the great music of the past; it is for lack of what it takes in musical and personal resources to produce such music.

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The Shape of Things

WILL IT AGAIN BECOME "BLOODY HARLAN"? As we go to press, Governor Chandler of Kentucky, though he called himself a friend of labor when he ran for office, has ordered out the militia to safeguard the open shop in Harlan County. Six of the county's forty-two soft-coal mines have been opened on a non-union basis, and an automobile caravan of 4,000 union pickets has been broken up by the troops. Their commanding officer has sent in a call for reinforcements. Several thousand more pickets are expected, and William Turnblazer, U. M. W. A. district president, has met the Governor's challenge with the statement, "You can't dig coal with bayonets." Union leaders are doing their best to avoid bloodshed, but Harlan County is quick on the trigger. The last time an attempt was made to buttress Harlan's open shop with bullets—the Battle of Evarts in 1931—one union miner was slain, but so were three company gunmen. A new outbreak of class warfare in the Kentucky mine country, with its lawless frontier spirit, should not distract attention from the great victory won by John L. Lewis. Thanks to the intervention of the President, the U. M. W. A. has obtained "union-shop" contracts with operators accounting for 80 per cent of the production in the Appalachian area. Certain powerful utility interests and their friends in the A. F. of L. had hoped, by embroiling Lewis in his own territory, to weaken the C. I. O. and thereby also the mass support of the New Deal. But the new union-shop contracts will render Lewis impregnable to flank attacks by the A. F. of L.'s Progressive Miners' Union, and that—whether Messrs. Green, Woll, and Frey like it or not—is good news for the whole labor movement.

*

THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT ADMIRAL LEAHY will be appointed Governor of Puerto Rico to succeed General Winship has been received by friends of the island territory with mixed emotions. Governor Winship's retirement is good news. No man was ever less fitted by temperament and training for the task of governing a proud people of different background and culture. Admiral Leahy has a distinguished record as a naval

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officer, and his appointment at this time is a recognition of the island's growing importance as an air and naval base. But the Governor of Puerto Rico has little or nothing to do with defense policy. He must deal almost exclusively with civilian problems, such as unemployment, relief, and political unrest, which lie entirely outside the experience of a naval officer. Aside from these considerations, the job calls for someone possessing an appreciation and understanding of Spanish culture. It is unfortunate that the President did not see that the new Governor of Puerto Rico should be a civilian, preferably a Puerto Rican.

*

CONSUMERS HAD THEIR INNINGS LAST WEEK at the hearings of the Temporary National Economic Committee. Several women presented evidence to show the bewildering difficulties faced by the average housewife seeking to spend her money wisely. One witness exhibited twenty-one different containers of tomato juice, of varying sizes and prices, all purchased in one grocery store. Another produced an advertisement of a woman's dress which cited its smartness but neglected to give any information about its wearing qualities. The manufacturer of a tooth paste, the only one accepted by the American Dental Association, testified that an advertising agency had quoted $100,000 as the price of a preliminary survey to find out whether his product could be sold on a national basis. He declared that no distributor would carry his product until he had created a national demand through the payment of such a tribute. The everyday problems of the average consumer may seem somewhat removed from the larger question of the effect of the concentration of wealth in our economic system, but they have certainly been accentuated by the growth of large corporations marketing products which subordinate quality to advertising appeal—to say nothing of the fact that advertising has become a virtual monopoly in the hands of great corporations.

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MAURY MAVERICK'S ELECTION AS MAYOR OF San Antonio is more than a personal triumph. It marks the success of a four-year struggle by one of the most cruelly exploited sections of the American working class—the pecan workers of San Antonio. Defying police raids, beatings, and threats of deportation, these workers managed, first, to establish a local of the Workers' Alliance, then to form a Pecan Workers' Local of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America, finally to win recognition of that union as their sole collective-bargaining agency. The election of their friend and champion, Maury Maverick, means that the pecan workers by their ballots have ousted a "reform" mayor who tried his best to break their strike. It also means that domination of San Antonio by a corrupt machine whose power was based on past ability to "deliver" Negro and Mexican votes and to obtain funds from vice and gambling elements has been ended, for a time at least. We hope that his success will ultimately bring Maverick back to Congress, but not until he has cleaned up San Antonio and reestablished civil liberties on a firm basis.

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PALESTINE HAS BEEN QUIETER RECENTLY but is waiting uneasily to hear its fate, which is being decided in London. When the joint conference between the British government and Jewish and Arab representatives collapsed without result at the beginning of this year, it was understood that the government would impose its own solution. The time which has since elapsed without any action is an indication of the difficulties involved in drafting a compromise sufficiently acceptable to both sides to make it workable. Forecasts of the British scheme suggest that it will favor the Arabs, though by no means meeting all their demands. It is believed that Jewish immigration will be restricted to 75,000 over a five-year period. This would bring the Jewish population up to one-third of the Palestine total, and it would be maintained if possible at this proportion. The Jews would therefore be doomed to become a permanent minority, although an attempt would be made to provide them with permanent constitutional safeguards. Eventual complete independence of the Palestinian State is contemplated, but only after it has been proved that Jews and Arabs can live peaceably together. Although the Arabs have been pressing for immediate independence, it is hoped that under pressure from the neighboring Arab kings they will consent to the scheme. The Jews, seeing the Balfour Declaration, in effect, repudiated and Zionism permanently stunted, will almost certainly prove less amenable. Forecasts of the British solution are arousing great indignation in Jewish communities throughout the world. In Palestine there is talk of a general strike and a boycott of imported goods, which would have a serious effect on revenue.

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THE FOUR SCANDINAVIAN POWERS HAVE closely examined the teeth of the non-aggression gift-horse kindly offered to them by Hitler and politely disclaimed any interest. Meeting in Stockholm, the Foreign Ministers of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland reaffirmed their traditional neutrality and insisted that in the event of war they would do everything possible not to become involved. Although they did not say so openly, it is evident that they considered non-aggression pacts on the Berlin model incompatible with real neutrality. There is no doubt they are perfectly right. The terms of Hitler's offer have not been published, but it is reported they included an undertaking that if either party were involved in war the other would not afford

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any economic aid to its opponents. Since the Scandinavians are not threatened by any power, unless it be Germany, this is a fairly platonic engagement so far as Hitler is concerned. On the other hand, if Germany went to war, Scandinavian shipments of food and raw materials to its opponents would be stopped. Close neighbors as they are to Germany, the Scandinavian countries are aware that they must pursue a cautious policy. They could not, even combined, hope to defeat an outright attack by Germany. Their aim, therefore, is to give no hostages to fortune, make no commitments which would give the least excuse for interference. Meanwhile, with the exception of Denmark, whose position is one of peculiar difficulty, they are building up their defenses in the hope of discouraging aggression by showing that it would, at least, be a formidable and expensive adventure.

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THE MARQUEE OUTSIDE MADISON SQUARE Garden read: "Moral Rearmament Tonite. Girls Softball Wednesday." Inside 12,000 people, most of them prosperous, middle-aged, and troubled, were having a relatively quiet time under Dr. Frank Buchman's guidance. The meeting marked the end of Moral Rearmament Week. MRA is the Oxford movement streamlined, and the Garden meeting was sponsored by Joe Di Maggio, Henry Ford, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, and the Reverend William F. Sunday. Honesty, unselfishness, purity were the key words; when the meeting lagged everyone sang a song emphasizing that 'if you care enough and share enough, everyone will have enough." The mechanics of sharing were never divulged and similarly vague was "God's plan for industry." But it was made clear that if people spent more time quietly getting celestial instruction, there would be plenty to go around. To us the press accounts of the affair were distinctly unsatisfactory, since they ignored the most amusing numbers on the program. A cowboy speaker implored Dr. Buchman to "rope 'em and brand 'em for God." James Eastman, a West Coast business man, revealed that his employees now gather in his office before work to "get God's directions for the day"; he added that he has no labor trouble. A Clydeside dockyard worker asserted that "MRA means a tidy dockyard and a tidy world." Bunny Austin, the tennis star, compared MRA with boxing because "you give more than you get." Another speaker slyly remarked that one man went home from a Buchman meeting so changed that his dog bit him. Tod Sloan, speaking from London, was introduced as "an ex-Communist now morally rearmed." Richards Vidmer, the sports writer, sent a message declaring that "MRA is magnetic and magnificent. It must be unanimous and universal." The Oxford movement is still dominantly upper class: Junior League girls solving their problem of leisure time and business men who like MRA infinitely more than NRA.

Check to the Axis?

NOT all the boastful speeches of fascist spokesmen nor all the heavy sarcasm of fascist editorial writers can disguise the fact that the axis has received a check. It may prove only a temporary one, but for the moment the watchword of the dictators is caution. Incomplete as the anti-aggression front still is, it has at least increased the risks of new fascist adventures. The area within which the axis can maneuver and feel tolerably certain it will not provoke general war is now circumscribed. Unsated the dictators still are, but the evidence suggests they have not yet become either so reckless or so desperate that they are prepared to force a showdown.

With the price of laurels rising, Hitler and Mussolini have had to console themselves with such kudos as they can gather by turning the axis into a military alliance. But as we suggested last week, this does not denote any impressive change in the situation, since for some time past Italy has been little more than the tail to the German kite. As propaganda, however, the alliance aids the general campaign of intimidation, an important part in which is being played by the ostentatious comings and goings across the Brenner of German generals and Nazi bigwigs.

One of the problems of the fascist powers is to improve the morale of the home front. Both Germans and Italians have proved allergic to "glorious victories," and when their leaders make threats they are apt to be more alarmed than the enemy. The latest propaganda technique, therefore, is to mute expansionist notes and insist that the homeland is being encircled by the rapacious "demo-plutocracies." This line, it is said, is especially effective in Germany, which suffers from an ancient phobia in regard to encirclement. In his speech at Turin on Sunday Mussolini used a variant. There were no problems in Europe, he said, which were acute enough to justify a war, but the sincere desire of the totalitarian states for peace had not met with a correspondingly sincere response from the democracies. That was proved by the fact that they had already started "what might be called a white war, that is to say, a war on economic grounds." Here we see an attempt to arouse the Italians against Britain and France by making these countries responsible for economic hardships the true causes of which are armaments and autarchy.

Meanwhile the anti-aggression front is making some progress, though at times it seems exasperatingly slow. After the journey of Potemkin, Soviet Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs, from Turkey north to Warsaw, there was a distinct improvement in relations between Russia and its neighbors immediately to the west. Faced by very concrete perils on its other border, Poland seems inclined to forget its long-standing fear and hatred of the Soviets.

Plans for an increase in trade between the two countries are going into effect, and Warsaw has been gratified by the appointment after a two-year interval of a new Soviet Ambassador to Poland.

In general there seems to be a decline in that ideological hostility to Moscow which Nazi diplomacy so long and so successfully exploited. In Britain there is evidence of such overwhelming popular support for a full alliance with Russia that even Mr. Chamberlain is finding it hard to resist. Negotiations, however, are at the moment in suspense because Russia has rejected British proposals which would have committed it to aid Britain and France if they became involved in hostilities as the result of the guaranties they have given to Poland and Rumania. The Soviet objection to this plan is that it makes no provision for assistance to Russia if it is attacked, and therefore ignores the principles of reciprocity and equality of obligation. The alternative policy was recently stated with commendable clarity by *Izvestia*. "If France and Great Britain," it stated, "really want to create a barrier against aggression in Europe, a united front of mutual assistance should be created, primarily of the four principal powers in Europe—Britain, France, the U. S. S. R., and Poland—or at least of three powers—Britain, France, and the U. S. S. R.—and these three powers, bound by a pact of mutual assistance on the principle of reciprocity, should guarantee the other states of Eastern and Central Europe which are threatened by aggression."

It will take strong pressure to convert Mr. Chamberlain to this proposition. But the public knows, if he does not, that a combination of pawns cannot do more than check the dictators. To checkmate them, it is essential to bring in the Red Queen.

Tax Revision

THE struggle which has developed in Washington over the question of immediate tax revision presents the odd spectacle of the Treasury and the reactionaries lined up in favor of unbalancing the budget, against the President and liberal elements of both parties, who are on the side of financial orthodoxy. The contention of the former is that a reduction of taxes on business would hasten recovery and thus ultimately increase the federal revenues. It is asserted that reemployment and business expansion cannot take place as long as business is shackled by the present heavy burden of taxation, but that once the taxes are lightened capital will flow into private investment, dissipating our economic worries.

All this, of course, is sheer nonsense. One of the chief objects of attack—the undistributed-profits tax—was drastically reduced last year without the slightest effect on capital investment. The high levy on large incomes, which the Treasury would reduce, serves as an inducement to corporations to reinvest their earnings in plant expansion rather than allow them to be taken by the government. The capital-gains tax, in its present form, hits speculation but has little to do with legitimate investment.

It is true that the capital market is stagnant and has been for some years. But it is stagnant not because potential investors fear to make money lest they have to pay part of it out in taxes, but because they fear that they will not make money at all. New enterprises are not being started in any volume for the simple reason that existing enterprises are having a hard time selling their products. No investor wishes to keep his capital idle, and we can be sure of an abundance of new investment as soon as it becomes clear that consumer purchasing power has recovered from its present submerged status.

This brings us to the kernel of the tax problem. About half of our present federal revenues and a considerably larger proportion of state and local revenues are obtained by levies on everyday necessities. Since the bulk of these necessities are bought by the 87 per cent of the population whose incomes are less than $2,500 a year, and since this group spends nearly every cent it receives, it is evident that such taxes are wholly at the expense of buying power. These are the taxes which are really guilty of holding back business recovery. The persons who are affected by the higher ranges of the graduated income tax, the undistributed-profits levy, and the other taxes which business is seeking to have reduced do not usually spend their entire incomes. If the sums which they are withholding could be tapped by a higher income tax, and the money thus obtained used for the reduction or elimination of customs duties, sales taxes, and the various stamp levies, an important step would be taken in the direction of business recovery.

Two concessions have already been made to business. The House Ways and Means Committee has agreed to suspend the scheduled increase in the pay-roll tax levied for old-age insurance and to permit states to reduce their unemployment tax. The first of these was wholly justified since the present tax is high enough to maintain old-age payments for some years to come. The reduction in the tax for unemployment insurance, on the other hand, may boomerang in the event of another serious depression.

The President has indicated that he is willing to go still farther in the direction of business appeasement and repeal the undistributed-profits tax if a substitute can be found to prevent the wealthy from hoarding their money in the form of undistributed profits. This seems a safe offer since no other adequate method for striking at this evil has as yet been suggested. But the President must realize that recovery cannot be achieved by standing still. We must have tax revision, but it should be in just the opposite direction from that urged by business leaders.

Jews and Refugees

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

LAST July the Evian conference set up an intergovernmental committee to tackle the refugee question on a scale to match the magnitude of the horror itself. The committee is still in existence; it has done some work and issued a report or two; but as far as refugees are concerned—what, actually, has happened?

What has happened is that in this past year the numbers of refugees and would-be refugees has multiplied. The fall of Czechoslovakia and the November pogrom buried the intergovernmental machinery devised to care for refugees under an avalanche of new suffering. It is still functioning but so feebly, so slowly, so cautiously that its proposals fall on the ear with the unconvincing sound of a lead nickel on a counter. The British government's offer of the interior of British Guiana for settlement by Jewish refugees may have been made in simple good faith or it may have been intended to balance the restrictions on Jewish immigration contained in the new plan for Palestine. But in either case Guiana offers no immediate relief. It is not at all certain that white settlers can live there, and even if they can, Mr. Chamberlain has made it clear that the responsibility for colonizing the territory "must rest primarily with the Intergovernmental Committee and with the private sources the government expects to finance it." This means, in plain language, that if Guiana proves to be fit for settlement, and if the Jews will put up the money as they have for Palestine, refugees will be allowed to go and live there.

The truth is that the Jews are carrying the main burden of the refugee problem. The American Committee for Christian German Refugees and the Catholic Refugees Committee are doing effective work, but for the most part the Jews in America—and probably in Britain and France and the smaller democracies as well—have shouldered the job of salvaging as much as they can of the human wreckage of Central and Eastern Europe. What they are able to accomplish is relatively little, because the task is far beyond the most ample private resources. But the effort they are making is a stupendous one—a credit to the Jewish people and a shame to the rest of us.

In this one year the United Jewish Appeal has set itself a goal of $20,000,000 in the United States. Jewish groups are beating the bushes in every sizable community to bring out the last available dollar. The men and women running this great campaign have not allowed the magnitude of the job to inhibit their efforts. A man in Detroit said to me the other day: "Sometimes it looks hopeless. Even now we can do little enough; and if the millions of Jews in Poland and Hungary and Rumania are driven out in these next months, what will happen to them? But we can't stop to think about that now. We have to do what we can for the millions already on our hands."

This is a gallant attitude and one cannot argue with it. But one can and must argue with the assumption that the problem is, in reality, a Jewish one. First, one can demand that the Intergovernmental Committee get busy. Are the Jews and other oppressed minorities of Europe to wait till the brush is cleared in the uplands of Guiana before they can escape the tortures of ghetto and prison camp? Governments can move fast when they want to. An agreement between the democratic powers, great and small, to accept in numbers proportionate to their resources *all* the refugees from Central Europe and then to work out a plan of gradual redistribution and settlement, would prove that the capacity for statesmanship and decency still exists. The present procrastination of the non-fascist powers is only a little less inexcusable than the overt acts of oppression committed by Hitler.

Somehow, the idea has taken root that because a majority of non-political refugees are Jewish, the burden of their care should fall on the Jews. This monstrous idea contradicts every humane impulse and should be rooted out as a menace to the ideals of democracy that most of us—despite Father Coughlin and Senator Reynolds—still cling to. If not a single Gentile were to be counted among the persecuted millions in Europe, the responsibility for their relief would still rest upon all Americans.

It is a truism to say that the United States is a refugee nation, but it must be repeated every time this question comes up. Who of us today would be in this country—relatively safe—if the United States had not opened its doors to the refugees from Europe's earlier tyrannies? I wouldn't be here. My father's father fled from Prussia with the rest of the voluntary exiles of '48. And the United States welcomed him without question, although he came without money or friends—without even an affidavit!—as it welcomed the thousands who came at the same time and in the years that followed. Was the country poorer for that influx of energy and rebellious spirit and love of democracy?

I am not suggesting any such simple, early American solution of the present refugee problem. I am urging a revival of the spirit that made the right of asylum a genuine part of our legacy of democratic ideas. I am insisting that a wise and generous solution of the problem is essential if democracy itself is to survive. The job belongs to the non-fascist governments, in the end. But today and tomorrow and until we can galvanize those governments into action, the job belongs to all the people—not to the Jews alone. It is a gauntlet thrown at our feet by the fascist dictators. If we refuse to pick it up or pretend we don't see it, we shall have agreed in advance to the annihilation of every decent and humane value in life and have given Hitler his greatest bloodless victory. Democracy cannot afford that surrender.

Behind British Conscription

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, May 2

CONSCRIPTION, except under the duress of actual war, is a big departure from cherished British traditions. It is an issue over which controversy is nationwide and feelings are passionate. Yet the government's decision to institute compulsory military training—beginning with the 1919 class—was announced with almost brutal haste and with virtually no preliminary attempt to conciliate, or even inform, the opposition leaders. Inevitably, in the circumstances, cynical explanations are given for the Prime Minister's abrupt reversal of a policy repeatedly and recently affirmed. He felt, it is suggested, that conscription could not be long delayed, and that if its enactment did not precede Hitler's speech to the Reichstag it might be regarded by the Führer as a bellicose answer to his declarations, thereby prejudicing the chances of a renewed exercise of "appeasement." An alternative theory is that Mr. Chamberlain deliberately sought to raise dust in the domestic political arena, calculating shrewdly that he would put the Labor Party in the wrong and divert attention from the mysterious failure of the protracted Anglo-Russian negotiations to fructify as yet in any sort of solid alliance against aggression.

On this occasion, I suspect, the cynics are imputing motives unduly Machiavellian. That the method whereby conscription was introduced lacked tact is undeniable, but there is a queer streak of insensitiveness to others' feelings in the Prime Minister's psychology. The facts seem to be that pressure from France in favor of "an earnest of British sincerity" was powerfully reinforced by something like a mutiny on the part of the Committee of Imperial Defense, whose members—generals, admirals, and air marshals—were on the point of resigning in protest against the lack of trained reserves and the absence of any convincing answer to the taunt that Britain was ready to fight to the last drop of French blood. Rattled by the defense professionals and conscious that they had promised France an expeditionary field force of nineteen divisions which could by no means be dispatched, the Cabinet resolved to jettison past assurances and throw overboard along with them the voluntary system of recruitment. That, I think, is the whole story, so far as the government's actual determination of policy is concerned. Parliament's approval is a foregone conclusion; the opposition will be content with sufficient antagonism in debate to "put itself right" on the record.

Nevertheless, the division of opinion in the country is real; disunity is not lightly to be healed. In offering a purely negative opposition to conscription the Labor Party has made a mistake in tactics which will cost it dear; the wiser policy would have been to offer cooperation on terms. The case which its spokesmen make against compulsion represents the views of a substantial minority of the electorate. Briefly summarized, that case is as follows: Conscription is a breach of a pledge given unequivocally by Lord Baldwin and indorsed by Mr. Chamberlain. To recruit a conscript army is contrary to the spirit of British democracy—especially in the absence of any parallel measures to conscript wealth. There is no proof that the voluntary system had failed to produce an ample flow of recruits. Our weakness lay not in shortage of volunteers but in lack of military equipment. Britain's fitting contribution to a European war should take the form not of a mass army on the 1914 scale but of naval and air forces supplemented by a relatively small, highly mechanized, and expert army of a few divisions. Above all, it is essential to oppose conscription enacted by a government whose attitude toward fascism is equivocal, whose foreign policy is a blundering compromise between appeasement and resistance, and whose class bias might lead it to use the new "militia" against labor in industrial disputes.

Thus presented, the case against conscription has obvious weaknesses of which the opposition leaders are well aware. That the government was pledged not to introduce compulsion in peace time is undeniable; but present conditions are so nearly those of war, and the objections to a general election at this juncture are so weighty, that the Prime Minister was on strong ground when he asked Parliament to release him from a pledge no longer apposite to present needs. The argument that conscription is essentially undemocratic hardly squares with the fact that it is accepted in democratic France, Holland, and Switzerland as an essential element in citizenship. In present circumstances, when victory gained in war by the Berlin-Rome axis would mean the end of trade unionism—and much else of civil liberty—in Britain, the talk of ultimate strike-breaking dangers is somewhat far-fetched. Moreover, from the standpoint of strategy, it is difficult to assert positively that Britain might not have to reinforce France with several army corps, and still more difficult to be satisfied that voluntary recruitment was sufficient to meet that possible eventuality. Not only does the regular army—tied seriously by security commitments in Palestine and India—lack trained reserves on which to draw for casualty replacements; but the training of the territorial army—two evenings' drill a week and an annual fortnight in camp—is such that even the existing establishment of that force (to say nothing of its projected duplicate battalions now under recruitment) could not be trained up to expeditionary-force standards for at least two years unless it were permanently embodied.

But to call up the territorial army in peace time for continuous service would not merely have been a breach of the terms on which its members had enlisted; it would have resulted in considerable interference with industry and trade through the indiscriminate withdrawal of key men from their civil occupations. Admittedly no effort has been made to test the response to a call for voluntary recruits for the regular army on a short-term basis of, say, twelve months with the colors and three years in the reserve. This might have been an alternative preferable to conscription; but on the whole the majority of the country approves of the government's decision. There is grumbling in the industrial north, where the tendency is observable to blame "London" for having got the country into a "jam." Elsewhere the general attitude is one of resignation.

The real question of moment is not whether the institution of compulsory military service—coupled with an act which empowers the military authorities to proceed, without fuss, to partial or complete mobilization—was a breach of faith or a political error, but whether the government even now "means business" in its professed determination to stand firmly against further acts of aggression. It is not so much the consideration that, even after six months' service, the 200,000 conscripts of the 1919 class will not be a very impressive addition to Britain's land forces. Conscription can, and probably will, be extended to the 1918 and 1917 classes in due course, as more equipment, training facilities, and accommodation become available. Doubts which arise as to the government's real intentions—or, perhaps one should say, hopes—are occasioned by the muddle which still persists in both domestic and foreign policy.

At home the official slogan continues apparently to be "Business more or less as usual." Out of a seven-billion-dollar budget—allowing for the added cost of conscription—over two billion dollars will probably be borrowed. The resulting inflation, since the bulk of the loan expenditure will have to be financed by "short" Treasury bills, is bound to lead rapidly to (1) shortage of materials, plant, and labor unless it is accompanied by both a planned expansion of output and restrictions on non-essential consumption; (2) serious disturbance of our foreign balance of payments unless exports are speedily stimulated and "marginal" imports curtailed. Unhappily, there is no sign that Chancellor Simon is in the least conscious of these problems. The new Ministry of Supply, under a Minister whose record inspires little confidence, will be, initially at all events, a petty adjunct to the War Office, without any of the powers needed to increase and coordinate industrial production. The new taxes on tobacco and sugar, with increased license duties on automobiles, will do little to restrict luxury consumption or divert employment of plant to "near-war" purposes; and it does not seem to have occurred to the government that non-essential imports may have to be reduced. In official circles the ostrich-like attitude still prevails of hoping that British trade, organized—or rather not organized—on laissez faire, individualist lines, can fight totalitarian competition in Europe with the aid of a few million dollars of credit guaranties underwritten by the Treasury. Illusions in Whitehall die hard.

But lack of "economic mobilization" at home—there is little progress to record, either, in the organization of civilian defense—is not the most disquieting feature in the situation. Foreign policy is unintelligible. Weeks ago the U. S. S. R. was approached with an inquiry whether Poland and Rumania could rely on Russian aid in the event of a German attack. In other words, would the U. S. S. R. back the Anglo-French guaranty? Moscow's reply was that the U. S. S. R. was ready to conclude a 100 per cent mutual-assistance pact with Britain—extending the French-Soviet pact already in existence—and, that done, to join with France and Britain in promising "maximum assistance" not merely to Poland and Rumania but to any nation in the west or east of Europe which adhered to the mutual-assistance scheme and was the victim of aggression. Russian insistence on the triple alliance as a preliminary to backing Anglo-French guaranties was motivated by fears that Britain and France might find excuses for backing out of a war in which Germany's attack was directed exclusively eastward. The fears may be justified or baseless; the offer made by the U. S. S. R. was definite and reasonable and represented the only means of making sense out of guaranties to Poland and Rumania. Indeed, the only chance of averting European war is to make it plain beyond peradventure that Germany, if it begins hostilities, will have to fight on two fronts at once. Yet, as I write, the Russian offer is still not accepted by London. All that the Foreign Secretary has done is to assure Mr. Litvinov that the U. S. S. R. would not be expected to aid Poland or the other potential victims unless and until British forces had come into action against Germany in fulfilment of guaranties.

If I could clarify British policy for readers of *The Nation* I should be sincerely happy. It is painful to depict one's country as a "wanderer in the middle mist," and one must not underrate the administrative problems confronting the government in a phase of transition from capitalist individualism relying on international peace to a planned economy semi-mobilized for an all too probable war. Slowly and hesitantly Britain will put itself on a "near-war" footing and will create a formidable fighting force if time allows. But the real aim of policy should be to deter axis aggression, not merely to overcome it eventually amid the ruins of Europe. That might still be achieved if the Russian offer of a comprehensive alliance were immediately accepted. Otherwise I fear that the peace front will remain a shaky edifice, offering temptations to German aggression in whatever quarter seems immediately least capable of resistance. The vaunted British guaranty is as perilous for Britain, without the fullest Russian cooperation, as it is precarious for the guaranteed.

From Scripps to Howard

BY ROBERT BENDINER AND JAMES WECHSLER

II. Columns Right!

WHEN Roy Howard steered his papers out of their traditional left-of-center channel he was not content to limit his attentions to the editorial columns. The forces that moved Howard to address himself to that upper-crust 5 per cent of the population that Old Man Scripps had warned against could hardly be expected to spend themselves in those dreary wastes—and they didn't. Scripps-Howard funnies, sports, and helpful hints in the kitchen retain their virginity, but not much else has escaped the advances of the editorial censor.

Howard denies passionately that he lays a heavy hand on his papers, but his indignation does as much violence to the facts as it does honor to his sensitivity. Particularly long-suffering are the political columnists. Broun, Pegler, Johnson, Bromley, Clapper—all have found themselves squeezed out from time to time because of the sacred cows that have been allowed to multiply so prolifically in the Howard barns. An examination of a few of the more glaring instances is instructive more for what it reveals of the trend in policy on the chain than for the simple demonstration that even here a *verboten* list exists. By their taboos ye shall know them.

While they would be the last to yammer about it, Westbrook Pegler and Hugh Johnson—in their columns crack yammerers about everything under heaven—suffer repeated censorship at the hands of the Howard general staff. It may be difficult to imagine what harm a rightward-drifting management could find in the outpourings of Pegler, but Westbrook is a wild boy with a penchant for playing blind man's buff with a shillelagh in his hands. Somebody is always getting hurt, and when the wrong skull is cracked, Pegler doesn't get away with it. When he launched his career as a columnist by indorsing a band of California lynchers, his right of way was hardly more than questioned, and he has done some of the finest red-baiting ever seen in these parts with never a Howard censor to stay his hand. But not long after the Spanish war broke out it occurred to Pegler that the Catholic church in Spain must have had an unsavory past to have turned so many of its sons against it. "If I were a Spaniard who had seen Franco's missionary work among the children," he wrote, "I might see him in hell but never in church," and added words of praise for the Loyalists. But that column never appeared in the New York *World-Telegram*, the unit of the chain most completely under Howard's thumb. Neither was it run in his Cleveland *Press*, which at first explained that "due to transmission delay there will be no column today." Not long after, the editor of the *Press* admitted in his own letter pages that the column was omitted because it was "unnecessarily offensive." When Pegler jumped all over Kansas City's Boss Pendergast, and added a few extra kicks because the Boss had once allowed himself to be decorated by Mussolini, the Buffalo *Times*, then a Scripps-Howard paper, removed the reference completely rather than offend Buffalo Italians. In fact George Lyon, who edited the *Times*, made it the first duty of the day to go over Pegler with a currycomb and remove the riskier barbs.

Hugh Johnson, a slasher in his own right, has had to put up with less than Pegler, but "Ironpants" has had his difficulties, and in his case also the items selected for censorship are enlightening. Of the two outstanding pieces of Johnson that the *World-Telegram* found unfit to print, one was a blast against the Dominican tyrant Trujillo for the cold-blooded massacre of 10,000 Haitians, the other was a tribute to the patriotism of John L. Lewis.

Heywood Broun, who once looked upon the *World-Telegram* as the natural heir to the ghost of liberalism yielded up by the New York *World*, has lived to wear for Roy Howard a halter more chafing than any the Pulitzer brothers tried to force on him. Not only does he put up with the regular quota of political editing, but, like Pegler and Johnson, he knows what it is to have his column jerked, either from the start or between editions. A typical Broun offense occurred during the Pacific Coast shipping strike in 1934, when he ventured to remark that "lawless employers should be restrained, and if they don't like it here I see no possible objection to sending them back where they came from." The line

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ran in the first edition of the Scripps-Howard San Francisco *News* of July 17, 1934, but a flood of telephoned protests from advertisers brought about its speedy elimination from subsequent editions. To the credit of the *News*, however, it should be said that only that paper quoted Hugh Johnson's public attack on "unreasonable" shipping interests during the strike.

But for editing with a vengeance consider the *World-Telegram's* handling of Raymond Clapper in connection with Roosevelt's government-reorganization plan. On April 1, 1938, at least two versions of Clapper's column appeared in the Scripps-Howard press—one in the Washington *Daily News*, and the other in the New York *World-Telegram*. The following section ran in its entirety in the *News;* the italic parts, set off in brackets, were omitted in the *World-Telegram:*

> . . . Newspaper correspondents here are quite generally of the opinion that Roosevelt is edgy and jumpy and is showing the effects of irritation.
>
> [*He would be a superman if he did not. Nobody human could take the beating Roosevelt has been taking lately and not show the bruises.*] The business situation alone is enough to cause him wakeful nights, with the stock market down in the hole almost as far as it was in 1932, with the railroads showing an operating deficit for the first time since the early 1920's, and with all of the New Deal's measures seemingly helpless to bring improvement. The Congress is proceeding to ease up on objectionable taxes, and though there has been a cessation of New Deal legislative proposals, public anxiety has not been eased.
>
> On top of this is the heavy [*political*] bombardment of Roosevelt in connection with the reorganization bill [*which has been magnified into a monumental issue out of proportion to the contents of the measure. Representative Mapes of Michigan said on the House floor that this bill affects every man, woman, and child. Actually it will affect fewer people than almost any other piece of New Deal legislation. It won't even result in sashing the government pay roll. . . .*].
>
> Suddenly Roosevelt finds the reorganization bill is made the vehicle for an attack as bitter as the Supreme Court fight. These attacks [*over a bill some of whose essentials have been advocated by Republican Administrations*] unquestionably have preyed on Roosevelt and have left him with a feeling of futility, a sense of being persecuted, and of being damned if he does and damned if he doesn't.
>
> [*We saw all of this happen to Hoover. It is happening to Roosevelt. We sometimes can be cruel to our Presidents and then when they are seen to wince we begin to gloat and say, "Huh, he can't take it."*]

Clapper, who thus found himself expressing virtually two different points of view on the reorganization bill, devoted the whole of his next day's column to clearing up the issue, under the head: "Why All the Shouting?" The piece appeared in the *News*, but there was no Clapper column at all that day in the *World-Telegram*.

The blue pencil is only the common rifle in the armory of a censorious publisher. There are cruder weapons, and there are those more subtle. In the first category are the scissors and paste used on Rollin Kirby, top cartoonist in the chain and regarded by many as tops for the country. Kirby long had gagged at orders to spend his talents on anti-New Deal sniping and petty red-baiting campaigns, but what made him kick over the traces was Executive Editor Lee B. Wood's order to a staff cartoonist to cut out Infant 1938 in Kirby's New Year cartoon and to substitute a sleeker type, on the ground that, with political intent, the babe had been given too scrawny a figure. Kirby insisted that the laws of proportion as well as his dignity as an artist had been violated and took a six months' leave. Howard succeeded in coaxing him back for a time, but on April 1 of this year, after other distressing experiences, Kirby packed his pencils and departed for good. Then there is the slyer type of censorship that consists in bombarding a writer with carping criticism and assiduously passing along to him every squawk that comes in from a disgruntled editor or agitated reader, however obviously a crank.

Such practices inevitably have had a dispiriting effect on the Scripps-Howard writing corps, and the reporters, feature-writers, artists, and editors who have left the chain in the past five years would make the most glittering newspaper staff in America. Of all the papers in the chain the *World-Telegram* has suffered probably the greatest degree of demoralization. Howard likes to have his men give him advice and insists on their calling him Roy into the bargain; but he has never allowed himself to be convinced that the *World-Telegram* could not be run from Park Avenue simply by bawling high-handed, and frequently conflicting, orders to Wood over the telephone every twenty minutes. In the past few years the *Telegram* has lost such top-notchers as Joe Mitchell (who, reticent though he is, once remarked, "It's becoming increasingly difficult for anyone with honor to work for the *World-Telegram*"), Forrest Davis, Lou Wedemar, Joe Lilly, Wes Price, A. J. Liebling, Ed Johnson, Leon Svirsky, Geraldine Sartain, and Rollin Kirby, and it is highly probable that Heywood Broun will go when his contract expires next December. Washington has seen the departure of Lowell Mellett, who found himself in constant disagreement with the boss over political policy, Max Stern, Robert Horton, and Herbert Little. All four now hold posts in the government, as does Frederick Charles, who abandoned the Buffalo *Times*. George West found editorial writing for the San Francisco *News* too much when an editorial arrived from Washington, presumably written by the once liberal George Parker, indorsing Philip Bancroft, California's union-hater number one, for the United States Senate. And so it has gone—not just normal personnel turnover, but the loss of many of the most liberal—and brilliant—newspapermen in the chain. Not all of these left purely for reasons of policy, but it is noteworthy that Scripps-Howard has lost its attraction for precisely the kind of personnel that built up its reputation.

There are still good men left on the Scripps-Howard papers, and the fire has not gone out entirely. But it is burning low. It is hard for a handful of men to keep up the crusading Scripps tradition against the hostility of a management with other things on its mind. The chain once justified low salaries on the ground that the bright cub could confidently expect to run a Scripps paper of his own in the not too distant future — valid enough in the old days —but young men no longer look forward to any future in the Scripps-Howard organization. So disastrous have been the experiences of a few good *World-Telegram* men assigned to executive posts in smaller cities that such calls are now regarded as a calamity.

E. W. Scripps

This closing of the frontier for the crusading youngbloods is the inevitable result of the change that has come over the chain. It is first and foremost a business. "We come here simply as news merchants," Roy Howard told the Denver Chamber of Commerce. "We are here to sell advertising and sell it at a rate profitable to those who buy it. But first we must produce a newspaper with news appeal that will result in a circulation." The properties of the crusading champion of the 95 per cent have come under the control of chamber-of-commerce mentalities uninhibited by even a shred of liberal background or conviction: men like W. W. Hawkins, who tried to sell Howard a Stop-Roosevelt program as early as 1936 and was greatly disturbed that Howard thought it inadvisable to come out openly for Landon nationally and for Bleakley in New York; men like Fred Ferguson, who operates the N. E. A. as a flourishing branch business of the chain; and men like Merlin H. Aylesworth, publisher of the *World-Telegram.* Before he took up publishing for Roy Howard, "Deac" Aylesworth's only experience in "giving light" was in his capacity as head of the National Electric Light Association, a bald propaganda agency for the public utilities which disbanded after a blistering exposé at the hands of the Federal Trade Commission. Aylesworth is sometimes regarded as a key figure in the chain, but his importance is more symbolic than practical. He was appointed to get advertising and has almost nothing to do with policy. Nevertheless, the thought of making an Aylesworth even nominally the publisher of the chain's leading paper would have burst a Scripps blood vessel.

An even more infelicitous appointment was that of Ralph Hendershot to the financial editorship of the *World-Telegram.* The selection was made at the suggestion of Rudolph Guenther, a partner in one of the two biggest financial-advertising firms in Wall Street. In October, 1935, Hendershot came what certainly would have been a cropper anywhere else in the course of the trial of William H. Rabell, former investigator for the SEC. Rabell was being tried for accepting a bribe from J. Edward Jones, an oil promoter who had been under investigation by the SEC and who asserted that he had given the bribe. Hendershot entered the picture when it was revealed that while editor of the *World-Telegram's* financial columns he had received checks from Jones amounting to $1,542. Jones testified that the money was paid to Hendershot for his advice and counsel in connection with the organization of the National Petroleum Council, a creation of Jones's intended to line up independent oil producers in a fight on the federal petroleum code. He told the court that the payments were listed in his books as "fees" but admitted that one of them was actually designated as for "advertising." Lee Wood, contending on the stand that the payments in no way influenced Hendershot's financial page, testified, according to *Editor and Publisher,* that he had "found no mention in the *World-Telegram* of the thing in which Mr. Jones was interested." But in fact during the period covered by these payments at least eight articles appeared in the *Telegram's* financial columns on the subject, including several which dealt with Jones himself and one that featured his picture. Putting even the best light on this whole transaction, it might be suggested that a labor editor who accepted $1,500 from, say, Harry Bridges for helping him promote a little organization on the side would hardly survive the exposure—even if he didn't just happen to have run articles on Bridges during the time he drew the fee. Hendershot, however, continues to keep *World-Telegram* readers posted on affairs financial.

The holy quest for advertising, Roy Howard's personal predilections, the natural sympathies of a big newspaper business for other big business institutions—in all these is to be found in part the explanation of the drift from Scripps to Howard. But there is one other factor, not fundamental perhaps, but certainly contributory, namely, the American Newspaper Guild. In its infancy Roy Howard greeted the Guild unit on the *World-Telegram* as a "healthy" sign. After all, trade unionism was neither a new nor a revolutionary thing in 1934, and the Scripps-Howard papers had long championed the rights of labor to organize. Nevertheless, he was worried, and apparently he hoped that by patting the boys on the head and making concessions on wages and hours he could satisfy the group without actually coming to terms with the Guild as such. This is not quite as evil as it sounds, because the question was undoubtedly complicated by the tradition of paternalism in the chain. It was simply Howard's mistake to imagine, piously enough no doubt, that the tradition could linger on indefinitely without the slightest foundation and in direct opposition to a rising tradition of labor consciousness. As Forrest Davis reports, he "personalized the Guild issue. It really got under his skin. These were not mechanical workers but his own professional flesh and blood who . . . were turning to outsiders like William Green." Whatever the wellsprings of the Howard attitude, its effects were not different from those of the anti-union position of other employers. He has never pushed matters far enough to provoke a strike, although the *Telegram* unit got as far as a strike vote, but he has battled hard to avoid recognizing the Guild and has employed all the more subtle techniques. As Howard fought, he became increasingly bitter. His hackneyed defense of the "free press" against the onslaughts of the Guild are hardly to be distinguished from Frank Gannett's, and it is unlikely that he loses memory of his first-hand struggle with industrial trade unionism when he formulates editorial policy on the C. I. O. He is, at the very least, an interested party.

Superficially, it would seem that the changes that have come over the Scripps-Howard organization have done the business no good. In eight months no fewer than four papers have been wiped out. In July, 1938, the Buffalo *Times* went on the block. In the following month the Toledo *News-Bee* and the Akron *Times-Press* disappeared. The *Oklahoma News* breathed its last on February 24, 1939. Earlier casualties were the Baltimore *Post* in 1934 and the Youngstown *Telegram* in 1936, and at least four other units of the chain—the San Diego *Sun*, the Birmingham *Post*, the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, and the Fort Worth *Press*—are bringing less and less financial joy to their owners.

Nevertheless, it can be categorically stated that the chain as a whole is in no sense suffering a financial decline. The newspaper business throughout the country is hardly enjoying a period of prosperity, and Howard and Company have been hit no harder than their competitors. At least part of the reason for the extinction of these properties goes deeper than the temporary loss of profits.

In at least two instances recent Scripps-Howard fatalities can be directly linked with policy. The Akron *Times-Press*, under the editorship of Walter Morrow, was a hard-hitting liberal newspaper. Morrow was the champion of a swift-rising union movement in Akron and an ardent defender of the New Deal, and he had succeeded in pulling the circulation up from a depression low of 34,100 to something like 50,000. Suddenly, in the early stages of a seething mayoralty campaign in which labor had nominated its own candidate on the Democratic ticket, Morrow was removed and "promoted" to a new post in Denver. The paper wavered until the last Sunday before the election, when it published an editorial declining to indorse either the labor candidate or his Republican opponent. Akron labor, dumfounded, abandoned the *Times-Press* for having "sold out to the industry"; the paper, suffering a marked loss in prestige, proceeded to drop circulation again. Within a year the whole property was sold to the Akron *Beacon-Journal*. Similarly the Toledo *News-Bee*, one of the first of the Scripps papers and known for years as a "labor" paper, in 1938 launched a running battle against the C. I. O. By March of this year its circulation had fallen off to a point so far below that of its chief competitor that it was beyond recovery, and in August it went out along with the Akron *Times-Press*.

What stands out in the death of these papers is not the fact that they were losing money for the owners, but that they were permitted to lose money by flagrantly alienating their labor and liberal readers and were then extinguished. The process is significant as a likely clue to the future of the chain. Papers in general are either "mass" or "class"; and the distinction is not one for idle "ideologists" to ponder. It is fundamental in the distribution of advertising. "Mass" papers with huge circulations, like the New York *News*, can afford to admit that they are "mass" papers; others find it the most drastic kind of handicap, because the cream of advertising goes to the "class" papers, while the others depend on bargain-basement sales, credit clothing stores, and cheap-jewelry emporiums. In their earliest days the Scripps journals joyfully branded themselves the "workingman's papers." Where that mark can be erased by patient and dogged demonstrations of respectability, well and good; but where the brand is too deep and the competition too unmistakably "class," extinction is the order of the day. Scripps-Howard wants not greater but

Roy Howard

richer circulation. In some cities the Scripps-Howard paper is still the most liberal and the most decent paper in town, but the tide is running the other way. If Rome wasn't built in a day, neither did it degenerate overnight. The important thing is not the remnants of liberalism in the Scripps-Howard papers, sizable as they may be, but the fact that they *are* remnants.

[Part I of this article appeared last week.]

Living Philosophies

XV. REASON AND EXPERIENCE*

BY JULES ROMAINS

ANY individual with a really active and vital sense of the function of the mind will find himself in considerable difficulty, even painfully confused, when asked to explain the principal problems man faces and to state, as nearly as possible, what he thinks of the general nature of things.

Only those who rigidly adhere to inherited beliefs or those who after a period of investigation have arrested the development of their minds by reducing their beliefs to a fixed system will remain unconfused by such a question. As far as I am concerned, I have always tried to avoid these easy attitudes, not because of any natural restlessness or taste for change, but because of the significance I attribute to the mind. For me the function of the mind consists in evolving an always more satisfactory and feasible awareness of reality. There is always some aspect of reality for the mind to uncover, some aspect it has not discerned before, or has not rightly appraised. On the other hand, reality itself is changing more or less quickly. When the mind, therefore, is impeded by a system or credo, it is really reduced to losing contact with reality. I might add, in all fairness, that in the normal course of life systematic doctrines, through the influence they exercise, have the power to *modify* reality. It is consequently not absurd for a thinker, though he does not even *in petto* attribute a definite value to his system, to attempt to enforce it to the extent to which he expects it to alter reality. This belief, it is true, is only justifiable in the case of the thinker who deals in human values. The pure metaphysician who expects his system to alter the cosmos might be accused of simple lunacy.

SCIENCE AND THE PSYCHIC

I am not a skeptic, even though I do not believe the mind capable of arriving at the absolute and inevitable truth of any subject, even though I believe that, after having approximated a truth, the mind may temporarily deviate from it. I believe that in the course of history, provided civilization is not interrupted by catastrophe, truth will be approached more and more closely. This in itself is a kind of optimism. I believe also that the mind's main difficulty does not lie so much in arriving at conclusions true for one particular order of experience. The difficulty lies in discovering a means of coordinating conclusions reached while working on different kinds of reality or while reaching out in various directions the nature of which changes with each particular epoch.

For example, it is very difficult to reconcile the admittedly precise ideas of modern science in the realm of physical phenomena with the perhaps equally valuable ideas reached in those epochs when man was concerned with spiritual or psychic phenomena—do not think that modern science, so often denounced as materialistic, is threatened by a revolution that will destroy its tested results. The only results which may be threatened are those based on overgeneralized, premature, or uncertain hypotheses. However, science may one day find itself confronted by results so coherent and conclusive, achieved through methods still roughly described as "psychic," that it will be impossible for it to regard these results, as it now does, as null and void. Many people believe that then all will be clear sailing, so-called "positive" science needing only to be confined to its actual domain, and all other knowledge, now regarded as pure superstition or relegated to the "unknown" or disdainfully ignored as metaphysical, left to develop outside its boundaries. But things will not be quite so simple. Once the most important results of psychic experimentation are proved—if they need be—and officially recognized as "truths," positive science will be challenged *in its own province*. It will then become necessary for human consciousness, which up to this point has chosen to be unaware of the approaching conflict through fear of the responsibilities involved, to resort to arbitration. That would be a grave crisis, as grave as the crisis caused by the application of scientific discoveries to the industrial technique. It may change the life of humanity itself.

I believe this crisis to be possible, probable, even imminent. That is because I am, on the one hand, *a rationalist*, in the sense that I have entire confidence in the results of reasoning that is correct and free of the a priori method; also in the sense that I attribute to reason the right to investigate critically all types of experience. But, on the other hand, I believe that experience always has the last word. (This principle—call it Baconian, if you will—is the one that guided me some years ago in my work on extra-retinal vision and my consequent struggle with official scientific authority.) I shall never admit that reason should refuse to consider a fact of experience merely because it is improbable and contrary to the postulates of science to date. All the worse for science to date. Taking into account the new fact, it must simply begin anew its exposition of the nature of things. For example: perhaps some day two or three experiments conducted under absolutely rigorous critical control will demonstrate that certain persons in a particular psychic state are able to foresee and describe a future event in a way that excludes all possibility of explanation through coincidence, logical foresight, the realization of some unconscious desire, or suggestion. When this happens, I hold that human reason will have to discard very nearly all its current ideas about time, space, causality, the determinism or indeterminism of phenomena, human free-will, the nature of the soul and the cosmos, and so on. Briefly, this would be the greatest revolution conceivable. A lesser revolution but none the less a serious one would occur in our ideas and sentiments if life after death, of whatever form and duration, could be proved a fact by scientific investigation instead of being relegated, as it is today, to arbitrary faith.

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* Translated by Christopher Lazare.

In some respects I am even a *surrationalist,* in the sense that I readily attribute to the soul, in certain individual and privileged cases, the power of discovering reality by direct inspiration. I believe that such inspirations have occurred often enough in the history of the human soul. But—and I emphasize this because it is the source of much confusion—to me the rule seems to be that these profoundly credible illuminations occur time and again amid a multitude of states of consciousness which may resemble them but which are merely dreams or illusions. The role of reason, in this case, is not to influence the soul to reject all these states without distinction, but to help it to recognize those illuminations that are genuine.

I have used the word soul several times. In truth I accord the spiritual and psychic an eminent place in the universe. I am not at all inclined to believe that consciousness and the intellect are superimposed and episodic phenomena in their relationship to the forces and mechanisms of the material world. I do not conceive as yet, and perhaps I never shall, what type of relationship unites matter and spirit in the cosmos. Nor do I know whether the spiritual is coextensive with the realm of material phenomena, or whether, on the other hand, it occupies a privileged zone. Traditional metaphysics would say that the question lacks meaning, that the spiritual principle has no connection with space. I am not quite so sure. I do not believe that space is by nature any more foreign to the structure of spiritual reality than is time. That is what permits me to attach special importance to the notion of the "psychic continuum." Let me explain what I mean. I do not deny the existence of those concrete, well-defined forms which we may call individual souls. But I am inclined to think they are linked and supported by a vast, diffused spirituality whose limits perhaps coincide with those of the cosmos itself, and to which space, with certain of its restrictions and privileges, is probably not indifferent.

HUMANITY—AN ADVENTURE OF GROUPS

I believe particularly that the facts of *proximity* may hold as much significance for individual "souls" or "psychic entities" as they do for physical bodies. Or even perhaps that proximity between one and another element of the cosmos might precipitate a relationship psychic in nature, or enhance such a relationship if it already exists. "Proximity augments," as I once wrote; "it feeds on reality." The words were meant to convey some idea of the fundamental rapport between what appears to us as matter and what appears to us as spirit.

From such a point of view *groups* take on a notable significance. In my opinion, the general nature of reality might very profitably be examined in the light of this idea of the group. We might seek to discover, for example, what there is about elementary things of all sorts that causes us to believe they are possessed of a certain unity when interrelated, and form something greater than themselves. We should realize that the question is very complex and obscure. We might, for example, establish an infinity of intermediary cases between two extremes. One of these extremes might be an arbitrary collection of objects grouped together only by some convention, objects that may not even at all times share a physical proximity or some common relationship. The other might be some such organism as the human body. We should be extremely confused by those intermediary cases where we could not tell whether we were still dealing with a disparate collection of objects or beings or were being confronted by the beginnings of an organic unity. We should also find that it is not as simple as it seems to determine which is and which is not an *organic bond.*

But it is in the human sphere that the problem takes on breadth and vital interest. The reader may know that I have devoted a great deal of attention to human groups. When "unanimism" is discussed, it ordinarily designates a specialized study, largely a literary one, of the life of human groups and the relationship between the individual and these groups.

I believe, in fact, that the adventure of humanity is essentially an adventure of groups. It is also an adventure of individuals in conflict with groups or with each other. This conflict is maintained under conditions which bring into constant play the aptitude for forming multiple ties, truly biological associations, as well as the aptitude for warding off the forces of "dispossession," both spiritual and physical, which groups or collectivities of various kinds may exercise over the individual.

Reduced to its simplest form this statement contains very little originality. The life of society at whatever level has always been considered important as a key to the explanation of human action. Experience, however, has proved that this bare statement takes on a special power of illumination when one endows the idea of the group with its full richness of content, its efficacy, one might almost say its virulence. Especially when one need not be afraid to look for the organic bond elsewhere than in mere metaphors and abstractions.

It will be noted that this quest profits by one very remarkable circumstance. Man forms part of the groups, the organizations, the associations which he seeks to understand. The situation is analogous to the one in which he finds himself when he attempts to probe human consciousness. As he himself is "human consciousness," the facts he investigates occur within him, form a part of himself. He manages to grasp many of them, and to grasp them—without detriment to other methods—in a firm and essential way by the direct means of introspection, that is to say, by consciousness carried to a high degree of acuteness and subtlety. There is a direct connection of the same kind between man and the groups or communities of which he is part. This connection cannot be questioned even by the most positivist, the most critical minds. They, for instance, admit that as part of society we can, more readily than if we were not part of it, take account of the internal mechanisms of that society and understand the *raison d'être* of the varied behavior of social man. True, this internal awareness does not reveal everything. But I for one go farther. I hold, on the basis of an experience of a particular nature, that we are able, with the aid of certain refinements of attention, to grasp the inter-human organic bond in its most intrinsic and invisible form, its most fugitive nascent stages.

Now it becomes a question of reaching a psychic reality which is not external to us but which envelops us. I am far from believing—even if I have appeared to say so at certain times—that this enveloping psychic reality does not exceed the bounds of human groups. But human groups elaborate and condense it in a fashion, raise it to a higher degree, just as the human consciousness condenses and raises to a higher plane some psychic reality which exceeds the limitations of personal identity.

DICTATORSHIP AND THE UNANIMOUS LIFE

I have been reproached for having "deified" the group. And it is true I have pronounced words on the subject dangerous to the extent that they might provoke a confusion between the real and the desirable. As a matter of fact, I have always insisted that the power of the group over the individual is justified only to the extent to which it finds expression in and by the spontaneity of the individual. I have condemned the restrictions imposed upon the individual from without by society and its institutions. As forcibly as I could I have emphasized the contrast between "society," conceived as a system of restraints and conventions, and "the unanimous life," conceived as the free expression of human groups and implying the voluntary surrender of the individual to their influence and attractions. I have indicated the danger inherent in the very idea of the state, with all its germs of juridical formalism and oppression. I have even declared that a certain infusion of "anarchy" is indispensable to avert the demoniacal mechanization of society and to salvage "the unanimous life." On the other hand, I have always maintained the extreme importance—for good or evil—of the leader.

The political and social events of the last twenty years have but confirmed these opinions. It has been said, ironically—and hardly to make me feel happy—that the founders of totalitarian governments are to some extent my disciples. My reply was that these governments are merely a burlesque of unanimism, and that they err, and err gravely, in two important respects. First, they proceed by coercion and are as far as possible from fostering the free expression of the masses. Second, they have a shockingly oversimplified idea of unanimity. They interpret it as an inexorable uniformity of thought, an inflexible and sterile union. Unanimism postulates the richest possible variety of individual states of consciousness, in a harmony made valuable by its richness and density. This harmony is necessary before any glimpse can be given of the birth of those states of consciousness that transcend the individual spirit.

My chief objections to the Soviet commune are based on the same reasons. I regret that the constraint, the juridical abstractions, the oppressive mechanism of institutions, the state, should so greatly dominate social spontaneity, collective pleasure, diversity of life experience.

I am not blind to the fact that a totalitarian government, such as a dictatorship, may obtain concrete results more quickly and radically than another. But this short cut is made possible only by violence and destruction, by sacrificing worthy individuals and entire classes, by the imposition upon an entire generation of a restrained and constricted life, the rewards of which are the hypothetical happiness of future generations. It is good for each generation to show concern and love for the future. But I am completely opposed to the idea of one generation sacrificing itself to those following it. History has always shown that to be a fool's bargain. There is no reason why such sacrifices might not be repeated indefinitely to the end of time, always for the benefit of some future generation. The present has its rights and duties to itself. The wisest, or the least foolish, eras have been those which thought of themselves first. At the same time, they have worked better for the future than the others, not in bequeathing it systems to be revised, feuds to be settled, ruins to be reconstructed, but in leaving behind a certain apprenticeship to happiness. Let us add that the accomplishments of coercion rarely endure. That succeeding generation whose happiness, by sacrificing your own, you think you have established, is usually in the greatest haste to undo your work.

The fault I now find in ideas I formerly held, a fault I have corrected, is in not having sufficiently emphasized the role of reason in individual or collective life. Without a vigilant and unimpeded exercise of the reason no lasting progress can be established for humanity, and all evils become possible. Reason functions only on the plane of individual consciousness, or among individual consciousnesses which reject all collective emotion, all coercion by the group. It follows that I believe in the permanent value of democratic principles and fundamental democratic institutions: a government created by assemblies duly elected and self-checked, and thus by opinions formed as liberally as possible with absolute respect for the rights of the individual. Democratic governments are certainly the only ones which offer unanimous and spiritual life its freest scope, thanks to which the unanimism of action now developing in the masses can be preserved from barbarous deviations and slowly become impregnated with reason.

I do not believe the future of humanity is hopeless, despite the great perils which beset it under our very eyes. But salvation will not come automatically. Even if time is merely an illusion, events still occur as though history were a series of crossroads, and as though at each crossroad the forceful exertion of will of a man or of several men—or, it may be, the lack of will and abandonment to blind chance—gave events a direction which formerly was merely one possibility among many but which subsequently became irrevocable. I therefore firmly believe in men of will as factors in history, and I attach great importance to whether or not they be men of good-will.

I have no fear of mechanization. It is sufficient to know how to take advantage of it.

I believe, despite unfavorable present indications, that humanity is tending toward the suppression of war; toward the intellectual and economic emancipation, by democratic means, of the masses; toward the diminishing, if not the abolition, of class distinctions and political frontiers; toward the cure of the psychosis of nationalism; toward an international police and a federal government of the world. It depends upon us to make this take place as soon as possible, and to prevent great, almost irreparable, misfortunes from occurring in the interim.

Everybody's Business

Profits Without Confidence

NEWSPAPER readers who confine themselves to the main news pages may very easily harbor the belief that the great mass of corporate industry is heading for bankruptcy. Day after day, reports of speeches, interviews with business pundits, and editorials inform them that our economy is languishing because profit prospects are too poor to encourage new investment. They read of careworn executives, harried by government officials, vainly endeavoring to pay huge taxes from huger losses. Only the red-ink industry, they may well conclude, is in a flourishing condition.

By turning to the financial pages the reader can find a useful corrective to this unhappy picture. True, these pages are not devoid of gloom, but they also contain evidence that many of our big corporations are not purely philanthropic bodies. In the May Bulletin of the National City Bank there is a summary of the financial results for the first quarter of the current year of 305 leading industrial corporations. Combined net profits, less deficits, were $206 million—more than double the amount earned by the same companies in the first quarter of 1938. This represents an annual return of 7.7 per cent on the net worth of these corporations, compared with one of 3.4 per cent in the corresponding quarter of 1938. Of course, profits for a single quarter are no indication of the results for a complete year, but the figures suggest that American industry can do pretty well for itself even in a period when business is far from booming.

It was able, in fact, in the first three months of this year, to do a great deal better than labor. The following table tells an interesting story:

FEDERAL RESERVE INDEXES *(First quarter)*

	1938	*1939*
Industrial production	79.3	99.0
Factory employment	88.6	91.3
Factory pay rolls	76.3	85.0

We see, then, that a rise of 25 per cent in industrial production was sufficient to produce a rise of more than 100 per cent in the profits of the group of companies mentioned above. But the corresponding rise in employment was almost negligible, while pay rolls were only up about 11 per cent. This suggests that employers were able to handle most of the increased production by giving fuller employment to the workers actually on the rolls. It is also an indication of the tremendous increase in production which will be necessary to absorb all the unemployed.

In most modern industries profits are incomparably more elastic than production. Thus in the first quarter of this year General Motors sales were 46.8 per cent higher than in 1938, but profits were more than 600 per cent higher. What made this tremendous improvement possible? The most important factor, undoubtedly, was sheer volume. In a mass-production industry overhead charges are a large element in costs but one which does not vary greatly as output rises. Thus once production achieves the break-even point, every additional unit turned out carries a smaller proportion of fixed costs and contributes a larger proportion of profit. In the past six months there have been additional factors favorably affecting General Motors and other automobile manufacturers. There have, for instance, been reductions in the price of several materials, notably steel sheets. Possibly of even greater importance is a fall in labor costs brought about not by a decline in wage-rates but by an increase in labor efficiency. According to Leigh S. Plummer, writing in the *Wall Street Journal* of March 27, "In November and December, after the change-over of 1939 models, when production and value of output were near the January-February, 1937, level, the labor-cost index was running around 107, or well under the January-February, 1937, level, despite the fact that wages were some 15 per cent higher." It is worth noting that, in spite of the reductions on many models last fall, automobile prices are still about 8 per cent higher than at the beginning of 1937.

What is true of the automobile industry holds for manufacturing as a whole. An index constructed by the National Industrial Conference Board shows that the output per man-hour of factory workers was some 15 per cent higher in March than a year before and 26 per cent higher than in 1929. This fall in labor costs has not been accompanied by a commensurate fall in wholesale prices. The Federal Reserve Index number for "other commodities," which covers the chief groups of manufactured articles, was 91.6 for 1929. For 1937 it was 85.3; for March, 1938, 82.6; and for March, 1939, 80.4.

Let us now attempt to draw some conclusions from the mass of statistics through which we have been wading. We see that industry is at present operating on a fairly profitable basis, thanks to a rise in production accompanied by a fall in costs due to technological improvements and greater labor efficiency. Prices have declined, but not to the same extent as costs; so that profit margins have widened. It would seem, then, that the immediate outlook for profits is not such as to cause alarm. But, we are told, further recovery depends on a greater volume of new investment, and that is being thwarted by fears of government policies. I should like to suggest that industry would readily forget such fears if orders increased to an extent that strained capacity. What will produce such new orders?

The most important remedy, I believe, lies in the hands of industry itself. The reduction of costs it has achieved in the past two years leaves it with a margin which could be used to lower prices and so give the consumer some of the benefits of technological progress. This would be a positive step toward stimulating demand, increasing production, and reducing unemployment. Very possibly profits would also benefit, since bigger volume would make possible a further decline in unit costs. Such a price policy, it seems to me, would do more than any possible government action to restore confidence and encourage new investment.

In a recent editorial the *Wall Street Journal* accused the cotton-growing interests of sacrificing market to price. The criticism was, no doubt, merited, but it is one which might be leveled still more legitimately at many branches of manufacture. Perhaps when it has finished castigating the planters, the *Wall Street Journal* will find a use for its birch nearer home.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

INTRODUCING JUSTICE BLACK at the *Columbia Law Review's* "off the record" dinner, the chairman asked him to explain "where Justice McReynolds has been all these years." Black, ignoring the invitation, said he would discuss "art and the weather." He did. Less judicious was Mayor LaGuardia at a Harvard affair. He talked on "How to Become a Judge," emphasizing the commercial techniques.

ALTHOUGH IT was in type and ready for publication, a critical blast against corporation accounting methods was suddenly lifted from the June issue of *Fortune*. The author was Kenneth MacNeal, whose outspoken book, "Truth in Accounting," has just been issued by the University of Pennsylvania Press. His *Fortune* article, covering the Coster case and general accounting evils, was carefully checked by the editors and put in type. Pressure was brought by an outstanding firm of accountants to have the article killed, and on April 28 the editors considered dropping the piece but decided to stick to their guns. That week-end Publisher Henry Luce and Treasurer Charles Stillman conferred with the accounting firm's agents. On May 1 they ordered the story killed and the June issue revamped.

PRO-CHINESE CIRCLES in this country are alarmed by the wide sale of "Chinese silk" here, sponsored by Chinese business men. While they have no evidence that the silk doesn't come from China, they do know there is very little Chinese silk available; and in any case they are certain it will cripple the boycott movement by making it impossible to spot a violation of the boycott. Great concern over the development has been expressed by government officials in China.

MOVIE DEPARTMENT: The British Board of Censors won't pass "I Was a Captive in Nazi Germany" and "Professor Mamlock"; in general all anti-Nazi films are being discouraged. . . . William Randolph Hearst's two San Francisco papers, the *Call-Bulletin* and the *Examiner*, won't accept advertising for Russian films.

FLORIDA'S GOVERNOR CONE made the headlines last year with his bitter opposition to federal anti-lynching legislation; he insisted that the states could handle the problem. Recently a Negro cab driver at Daytona Beach accidentally ran over a boy. He was arrested, but while being taken to jail was snatched from the sheriff by the boy's brothers and riddled with bullets. To a Workers' Defense League official who wrote him in protest, Governor Cone replied: "It was not a lynching but a murder, and is in the hands of the officers of the law."

ALTHOUGH THE German government disavows any link with American Nazis, the German consul general's office in New York can give you Fritz Kuhn's telephone number without looking it up. Try it.

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

San Francisco, May 9

"IT LOOKS as if it had risen complete just as it is, right out of the ocean, a long-lost Atlantis appearing to delight the eye by its beauty and perfection"—that was the comment of a friend of mine after a first sight of the Golden Gate Exposition by day and by night. It is beautiful enough to make even a hardened exposition-goer rhapsodize, and since Treasure Island did rise out of the sea in the course of the two years of its creation, the words that I have quoted are not without justification. I do not know of any other world's fair that had such a truly remarkable setting and was at the same time so accessible to visitors. Treasure Island is alongside the great new Bay Bridge, which leads from San Francisco to Oakland, so that access to it by automobile is simple and speedy. Ferryboats cross the water to it from both sides, charging a ten-cent fare, and land their passengers directly at the great gateway, from which there is a magnificent panorama of both the Bay and the Golden Gate Bridge and of the city of San Francisco itself.

The Fair is of course relatively small and compact. It does not appear as strikingly "modern" as Mr. Whalen's creation. It probably would commend itself little to Frank Lloyd Wright except as a tasteful continuation of an architectual past. It has not the bizarreness of the New York fair, nor does it give such an impression of strength and power. To me the New York exposition typifies in part the brute force which today dominates the world and in part the vast, crude power which is modern industry. In its exquisite setting in the almost unsurpassed harbor of a city singularly devoid of heavy industry, the Golden Gate Fair bespeaks the unity and harmony of the Pacific Coast. You feel at once that it looks across the water in the direction in which fly the great Hawaiian and China Clippers that take off from Treasure Island, emerging from permanent hangars and the "Port of Trade Winds" which is to be theirs for the years to come, and leaving or arriving with the regularity of streamlined trains departing for Chicago. It has something of the Orient, something of the preciousness of Oriental art. It is a gem set in a gorgeousness that can be best felt when the sun goes down in the Pacific beyond the Golden Gate.

I went to the Fair one evening with a good deal of trepidation. I feared that in the lighting there might have been a yielding to the temptation to overdo the coloring, to draw upon the whole spectrum. I had even heard that some of the effects were not in the best of taste, but of that I could discover nothing. Since I have not seen the New York lighting effects, I cannot compare them, but I am sure they cannot surpass those here. To see the Court of Flowers and the Court of the Seven Seas at night, to mention two, is to gain exquisite impressions not of something flamboyant and exotic but of the timeless and restful beauty to be found in Pacifica. This effect is heightened by the conventionalized style of the Japanese, East Indian, and Johore buildings. Yet it must not be thought that the Fair is devoid of all evidence of the newer trends of architecture. Not at all. The United States Government Building, with its brilliant and powerful and moving murals, is most original, and the striking Argentine Building, which houses the best-arranged and most informative exhibit I have ever seen in reasonable compass, the San Francisco Host Building, and many others give the modern touch without the slightest suggestion of eccentricity. As for the other murals, the statuary, and the other decorations, it can only be said again that here is perfect taste as well as perfect harmony; I doubt if in New York there can be anything finer than the treasures in the Fine Arts Building, especially in the field of early Italian art. To find here Botticelli's Birth of Venus and Raphael's Madonna della Sedia, and some equally striking works of other masters, is startling indeed. One wonders how the Italian galleries were induced to risk these treasures on so long a trip.

I come back to one field in which the World of Tomorrow is hopelessly beaten. Nothing that New York can do will equal the beauty or the extent of the flowers that greet the visitor at every turn. California is outdoing itself. Such rhododendrons, such azaleas, such irises as I have seen must be beheld to be believed. When to this is added the California sky, the rarity of the atmosphere, and the sparkling waters of the bay, you have a combination no Eastern setting could possibly approach. So I say, come to San Francisco and see for yourselves. See a city which is conscious of and proud of its past. It does not kotow to the East and does not have to do so. It has much to offer and it offers it in the grand manner. The only drawback is that the weather has not been as propitious as it should be. Of course it never rains, but the evenings are so cold that one needs a stout overcoat. The one thing that San Francisco cannot regulate is the fog that drifts in and keeps it cool here when other places are sweltering.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Waldo Frank's Dream

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH. By Waldo Frank. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

FRANK'S new novel is his most objective, mature, and interesting one so far. To be sure, it displays, though to a reduced degree, his chief defects as a novelist. For one thing it redirects our attention to the truth that while Frank oftentimes is a gifted, vigorous, and immensely thoughtful writer, to all appearances he is not a natural one in the sense that D. H. Lawrence was and Sherwood Anderson and even William Carlos Williams are. The natural's ebullience, sense of wonder, and sheer delight in the pursuit of his calling color and brighten few of the pages of "The Bridegroom Cometh." A feeling of effort or of strain weighs on many of them. And the volume more than occasionally exasperates, for the reason that its main subject, the psycho-sexual development of a heroic but neurotic American girl, frequently is handled without finesse. Frank may not be considered consistently endowed with taste. Again, and what is more unfortunate, a human touch often is absent from his representations of the jazz age through which he moves his heroine. The feeling imparted by them still is somewhat harsh, infrequently compassionate: in the very face of the circumstance that miserable human and social disorders have existed in periods previous to the war and in post-war decades and doubtless will exist in epochs successive to our own. More than once through the veil of the pictures of this pitiful *fin de siècle* we still discern a grouchy, unsympathetically judicial stare.

At the same time, the book draws our attention with a new firmness to Frank's indubitable superiorities. The vision it communicates not only is more regularly comprehensive of realities than the vision of his earlier novels. It is inward, comprehensive of the roots and forces of real things and of spiritual values: more so than is that of the very charming work whose territory "The Bridegroom Cometh" sometimes invades—Dos Passos's "U. S. A."—and thus is significant of an ever-deepening penetration. And the incisiveness of the psychological observation, merged with the narrative and rounding the figures of the heroine and the contrasting personages—and *they* are more convincing than those of the earlier novels—indicates the growth of the author's keen analytical faculty. The book's assemblage and fairly satisfactory fusion of wide, variegated, and dramatic contacts with life also reveal the freer activity of his imagination and the increase of his substantial technique. Above all, "The Bridegroom Cometh" vividly redirects our attention to the magnificent dream to which Frank indubitably is host, which seems to be working in him and to be the volume's intended content, as it was that of its predecessors. This circumstance is the chief of those which, despite the journalistic quality of some of "The Bridegroom's" realism, make it important.

It has been in the world for many more than a hundred years, this lordly dream. Freshly symbolized in the figure of Euphorion in the second part of Goethe's "Faust," it became the master-idea of Heine and the Young Germans of the 1830's and reappeared majestically in Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean." It is the dream of a Third Realm successive to the pagan and the Christian centuries (Hitler in fact purloined its name for the benefit of his monstrous caliphate): a Kingdom established by the reconciliation of spirit and body, holiness and beauty, Christianity and Hellenism; reincarnating God on earth and in the moment and Jesus in a just, fraternal social order. The mysterious "whole" so frequently on Frank's lips undoubtedly is this synthesis. What distinguishes his attitude toward this idea from that of its nineteenth-century dreamers, as it distinguished the attitude of Stefan George before him, seems to be a desire to embody it fully in his work and thus show Mother Nature "what she has not as yet, but what she can achieve." The entire series of novels of which "The Bridegroom Cometh" is the third constituent—the others are "The Dark Mother" and "The Death and Life of David Markand"—to all appearances represents Frank's still somewhat groping but intensely energetic effort to project the Adamic pair of the New Realm.

David Markand evidently is the masculine component of the new couple, as Mary Donald, the heroine of "The Bridegroom," is patently the feminine. Like David in the novel bearing his name—though a little more truly—Mary moves toward a new broad sense of being. Her nature is deeply religious and understanding; but her early conflict with the ignorant Protestantism of her milieu, doubled by a fixation on her weak father, renders her neurotic. (Frank doubtlessly shares Nietzsche's idea that sickness oftentimes is the nurse of greater health.) Originally anaesthetic of men and pseudo-lesbian, Mary develops and gains the integrity of her body through a succession of disgusts. Her marriage of pity dissolves. She faces the world on her own feet, as a worker. Her final disgust is with her "Communist" friends, significantly over their political duplicity and ugly negation of the sanctity of marriage. And it is highly significant that at the moment the impulses of her body and spirit integrate themselves in reference to David, who very subtly emerges in the splendid and moving final pages, she perceives her Bridegroom in the texture of the universe and exclaims, "You only know the truth to be feared . . . like God the Father. . . . That Truth has a Son . . . not to be feared. It opens one's eyes . . . so gently, David."

PAUL ROSENFELD

The Return of Thomas Rymer

THE CHANGING WORLD IN PLAYS AND THEATER. By Anita Block. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

MISS BLOCK'S book consists of a theory and its application. The theory, however, is mainly a question of terminology. There is first of all "theater-consciousness" and "play-consciousness." Theater-consciousness is "the condition of being entranced by the glamor and by the often spurious trappings of the theater," whereas play-consciousness "is the condition of being critically alive, in the theater, to the play as literature." Miss Block declares that the chief purpose of her book is "to develop play-consciousness among theatergoers," for the great theatergoing public "suffers from excessive theater-consciousness."

Now this complaint is as new as the death of Queen Anne. Thomas Rymer wrote in 1693:

> The worst on it is that most People are wholly led by these two senses /our sight and our ears/, and follow them upon content, without ever troubling their Noddle farther. How many Plays owe all their success to a rare Show? . . . It matters not whether there be any Plot, any Characters, any Sense, or a wise Word from one end to the other provided in our Play we have the Senate of Rome, the Venetian Senate in their Pontificalibus or a Blackamoor Ruffian or Tom Dove or other Four-legg'd Hero of the Bear-Garden.

Nevertheless, play-conscious audiences, Miss Block informs us, "are still distressingly small," and this is very bad because they are needed to sustain a "vital theater." A vital theater is one which deals "with matters that are essential to life in any given epoch." Well, and what is essential to life in our time? We are not told. O'Neill's last work, however, is excluded from the vital drama, not because it is a weak play, but because it contains a "frank expression of his faith in Catholicism." As probably quite a lot of our contemporaries regard Catholicism as essential to life, this strikes me as a bit narrow-minded. One would have preferred a more catholic point of view.

Who, then, is to decide what these essentials are? Reading her book we gather that it is Miss Block. Consequently all boils down to this: a play is great when it is vital, and it is vital when it advocates Miss Block's convictions. Now this sort of thing can be quite interesting if it is done in a personal manner, but set forth with the pretense of universal validity it is somewhat tedious.

And so we come to "the crux of all art," as Miss Block calls it. "The artist," she declares, "must care infinitely more for what he has to say than for the medium through which he says it." The modern dramatists are great "because they consistently consider their convictions more important than their plays, and their plays more important than productions in the theater." This of course is the old doctrine of the stage as a means of moral instruction. It has been proved innumerable times in books and exploded as often on the stage. Rymer put it like this:

> In the days of Aristophanes, it was on all hands agreed that the best Poet was he who had done the most to make men vertuous and serviceable to the Publick. . . . Because as the Schools are for teaching Children, the Stage should be for men of riper years and Judgment.

The argument over this dogma is as old as the hills which carried the Greek audiences. It was not agreed on *all* hands. I definitely refuse to take part in it. Or should we really fight the same old battle over and over again, like ghosts in a Highland feud, the only diversion being now and then a change of terminology? Should we really rake up Flecknoe and Dryden and Hédelin and Castelvetro and all the rest of them? But perhaps Miss Block will be content with Clemens Alexandrinus, father of the church, born about 150 A.D. I quote after Collier:

> If 'tis said these Diversions are taken only to unbend the Mind, and refresh Nature a little. To this I answer that the spaces between Business should not be fill'd up with such Rubbish. A wise man has a Guard upon his Recreations and always prefers the Profitable to the Pleasant.

Unfortunately during the last 1,739 years the tired business man has untiringly persisted in having his fun. Let us hope that now Miss Block will change all this.

As we cannot agree on the theory it is useless to register disagreement with its application, which takes up the greatest part of the book. Many of the pre- and post-war dramatists are examined; excerpts of plays are provided and usually accompanied with an appreciation, which, however, is more rhetorical than critical. The selection is rather arbitrary. Among the elect is W. Somerset Maugham, who in the prefaces to his plays has maintained that the contention that a play should be judged apart from its performance is nonsense, and that it is the end of the play if the playwright cares more for truth than for dramatic effect. Just to indicate to what extremity the contrary tenets lead I may mention that our author commends "Gods of Lightning" and condemns "Winterset."

The trouble with Miss Block is that she does not like the theater. She applies to it words like "spurious," "ephemeral," "paltry," and "futile"; even the ominous "theater-of-the-armchair" puts in an appearance. Her book is written with zeal, but it is the zeal of every house except the playhouse.

Altogether, Joseph Wood Krutch's summing up of Thomas Rymer will fit Miss Block too: "It is sufficient to say that, granting him his premises, he was logical enough, and that if consistency to principles which would have ruined the stage is enough to entitle a man to the title of a 'good critic,' then Rymer was one."

ROBERT VAMBERY

Santayana

GEORGE SANTAYANA. By George W. Howgate. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.50.

THIS book does not provide the occasion to reassess the specifically "philosophical" accomplishment of George Santayana. It is itself frankly an attempt at estimating his place in the culture of our generation; it treats him rather in the tradition of Matthew Arnold than—as he might like to regard himself—in the line of Aristotle, Plato, and Spinoza. Mr. Howgate is obviously a literary scholar rather than a philosopher, and he studies Santayana primarily as a writer at once intellectual and imaginative, among whose themes have been moral philosophy, metaphysics, and literary criticism. Mr. Howgate says justly that Santayana has made a unique contribution to our culture, that his writings—poetry, soliloquies, novels, and treatises—illuminate one another. He says they flow from a "central and consistent view of life, and a love of the beautiful wherever found." It would require a more thoroughgoing examination of his philosophy than is here given to demonstrate the complete consistency of Santayana, and indeed such an inquiry, as recent studies have shown, might reveal certain glaring inconsistencies; the Platonist and the materialist, the Hellenic moralist and the Buddhist ascetic, the Life of Reason and the Spiritual Life, have got in each other's way in Santayana's later works, and there have been technical but important confusions: for example, a division of loyalties between Greek and British philosophy in the first volume of "The Life of Reason."

Mr. Howgate does not claim to be an expert in these matters. Since these things must be dealt with if Santayana is to be adequately estimated, Mr. Howgate's book cannot remain the last word. It is, however, an excellent contribution, completely scholarly and, within its intellectual limits, enlightened. Its bibliography alone—and perhaps chiefly—will make it invaluable to any student of Santayana. For the general reader it brings together the perfectly simple, straightforward biographical data which have been overlaid with adoring or malicious rumor. It must be admitted that these facts are here told with nothing like the art—or artfulness—with which Santayana tells them in two brilliant autobiographical essays.

The picture that emerges from Mr. Howgate's pages is not very different from that already familiar from other sources or implicit in Santayana's own works. The child born in Spain, brought in early childhood to the United States, educated at the conventional (and excellent) Boston Latin School; the youth, aesthetic, aloof, slightly *fin de siècle* at Harvard; the European student-traveler, the eloquent and solitary teacher for a quarter-century at Harvard, the retired and retiring soliloquist in England, Italy, and France, the leisurely writer in a self-created limbo in Rome: all these are here. Things new—at least to this reader—are some early boyhood poems, not very good, written at the Boston Latin School. There are the names and contents of the courses Santayana gave at Harvard, though the author fails to communicate Santayana's quality as a teacher, his relations with the generality of students and with the more gifted ones, his qualified friendships with James, Royce, and Palmer. Santayana was for more than twenty-five years a great personal tradition at Harvard; one wishes Mr. Howgate had shown how and why. There are any number of Santayana's former students about who could have told him enough details to fill out the picture and give it color and meaning. As for the summary statements about Santayana's books, they are relevant and responsible enough but they lack something, and that something can only be described as philosophy. It is not that Mr. Howgate is unaware of the issues involved. As far as he goes he does not go wrong. On the purely literary side he is excellent. He has contributed as good a study as exists of the technique and temper of Santayana's poetry and of the nature of his prose. Nor is he all admiration; he makes clear, for instance, why "Lucifier" is not a good play. He is particularly discriminating on the aesthetic character, not merely the aesthetic surface, of Santayana's thinking from the early "Sense of Beauty" to the late "Realm of Essence." But he is far less illuminating on the philosophical conflict implicit in all of Santayana, the oscillation in him between rational humanism and escape to Platonism. Santayana himself claims that there is a unity in all his thought, but others think otherwise. There are grounds for suspicion of an unachieved harmony in this most melodious of modern philosophers. It would require no less learning but more insight to traverse the grounds of those suspicions.

Excellent running summary of Santayana's works though this book is, it must be said in all conscience that any reader could learn more about Santayana's temper and thinking from any one of his works themselves, from "Dialogues in Limbo," for example, or from "Reason in Society."

Mr. Howgate has done a conscientious work of critical literary summary, but Santayana for all his literary art is a philosopher, and it would require a philosopher to do justice to him and to discern, perhaps, where he has done something less than justice to himself, where his glorification of the free spirit has been tarnished by his own toryism, where his patrician taste has been narrowed by his own unacknowledged gentilities, where he is the victim himself of provincialisms, political and social, which he has carried with him into the "infinite realm of essence." IRWIN EDMAN

A Case Study in Reform

THE BRANDEIS WAY. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. Princeton University Press. $3.

LIFE INSURANCE: INVESTING IN DISASTER. By Mort and E. A. Gilbert. Modern Age Books. 75 cents.

IF THAT offensive young dandy, James Hazen Hyde, had comported himself more conventionally when he inherited the majority stock interest in the Equitable, Louis D. Brandeis might never have thought of savings-bank life insurance and Charles Evans Hughes might still be a wealthy corporation lawyer with a decided talent for leading men's Bible classes. Had Mr. Hyde used the money of his policy-holders to take a flier in railroads, trust companies, or banks, his fellow-directors would have found no fault with him. But when "he put an expensive gardener on the Equitable pay roll, honored the French ambassador with an elaborate dinner, gave a masque ball and a French play—all at the Equitable's expense," there was a scandal. In February, 1905, officials of the company opened war on him; in April the New England Policy-Holders Protective Committee was formed with Mr. Brandeis as counsel; in June the New York *World* launched a series of editorials that forced an unwilling governor to recommend a legislative investigation; in September, with Charles Evans Hughes as counsel, the Armstrong committee began its hearings. The revelations made insurance the nation's chief topic of conversation, and when the clamor finally died down, Mr. Hughes was governor—and the insurance companies, though with a little less dirt behind their ears, were doing business as usual.

The one lasting, if somewhat tangential, product of the famous Armstrong investigation, aside from the elimination of some of the lesser and cruder forms of larceny in the business, was the establishment of savings-bank life insurance in Massachusetts. This was Mr. Brandeis's achievement. Professor Mason's "The Brandeis Way" tells how it was done and tells it as "A Case Study in the Workings of Democracy." As descried through a forest of verbiage and unnecessary sermonizing the factors that made Mr. Brandeis's success possible were three. The public was so shocked by what it had learned from the insurance inquiry that legisla-

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

tors were not as complaisant as usual under the ministrations of the insurance lobbies, almost as powerful then as now. Mr. Brandeis was not only a militant reformer; he was extraordinarily persuasive and persistent. Finally, he was agitating for a reform of demonstrable benefit to ordinary business men as employers. The *Insurance Press* denounced his plan to sell insurance over the counter of savings banks as "positively grotesque in its absurdity." But the tireless Mr. Brandeis soon convinced many outstanding Massachusetts industrialists of the desirability of this cheaper substitute for the costly industrial insurance their employees were buying.

Mr. Brandeis's successful battle deserves analysis; if done skilfully it might tell us a good deal about the anatomy of reform movements and what makes them tick. Professor Mason has made a start on the task, but unfortunately this book does not attain the same level as his "Brandeis, Lawyer and Judge in the Modern State." When Mr. Brandeis began his campaign for savings-bank life insurance, in a famous article for Norman Hapgood's *Collier's*, he wasted no time on generalities. "The average expectancy of life in the United States of a man twenty-one years old," Mr. Brandeis began, "is, according to Meech's Table of Mortality, 40.25 years." Professor Mason spends most of his first eighty-two pages assuring the reader that Mr. Brandeis is opposed to both communism and fascism. Apparently in the fear that a Princeton trustee may be hiding under the bed, Professor Mason is so anxious not to be thought a radical that he indulges in a long aside condemning the New Deal along with "the classless society" and *Volksgemeinshaft* as undemocratic and revolutionary. This variant of Mark Sullivanism is as out of place in a book on Brandeis as the author's inappropriate praise of the Granger movement: "These men were conservatives, not Socialists, native Americans, not foreign born."

Aside from Professor Mason's tendency to put his foot in it with alarming frequency, what the book most lacks is a sense of perspective. Some of the Parson Weemsish homilies might have been spared for a little more information on what happened after Mr. Brandeis speared the dragon. His account can profitably be supplemented by the sections on the 1905 insurance investigation in Gustavus Myers's "History of the Great American Fortunes," by the testimony taken before the monopoly inquiry, and by Mort and E. A. Gilbert's clear-eyed and provocative "Life Insurance: Investing in Disaster." The monopoly-inquiry testimony reveals that the chief evils uncovered in 1905 not only flourish still but have grown to many times their former size. The Gilberts, amid much information of great value to policy-holders and students of insurance, disclose that after thirty years only 4 per cent of the total life-insurance business in Massachusetts is written by the savings banks; only one other state, New York, has so far adopted savings-bank life insurance. The companies were unable to block Brandeis in the Massachusetts legislature in 1907, but their influence has impeded and sabotaged the growth of savings-bank life insurance ever since. Mr. Brandeis's gallant fight still stirs our admiration, but could his efforts have proved other than puny against the glacial push of the vast financial power concentrated in our insurance companies? Professor Mason's "case study" remains incomplete without the question and its answer—if it needs an answer.

I. F. STONE

Voyage of the Idle Hour

SEVEN SEAS ON A SHOESTRING. By Dwight Long. Harper and Brothers. $3.

ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1938, from my mooring at City Island, I caught a glimpse of some uncommonly rugged masts and rigging as they glided past my cabin ports. Their sturdiness sent me on deck, as I knew very well they bespoke no ordinary yacht. They belonged to a white ketch which was coming to anchor a short distance away, and in amazement I read, Idle Hour, Seattle, on her broad transom. What voyages that conjured up, and what tales the skipper would have to tell! I was filled with a new and deeper appreciation of the ruggedness of the rig.

That was Sunday afternoon. On Wednesday the first hurricane since 1850 hit this coast; and while the Idle Hour's owner, the author of "Seven Seas on a Shoestring," was ashore preparing for a radio broadcast, to acquire funds for his own and her needs, the ketch picked up her anchor and sailed, unmanned, out of the harbor. Four years and a day from her departure from Seattle, after crossing the Pacific, the Indian, and the Atlantic Ocean, she was wrecked in Long Island Sound.

Dwight Long, her master, is only in his twenties, but in this book he demonstrates capacities that would do credit to many an older man. First and foremost, he has a sense for the sea that puts him in that rare class of navigators of today that includes Villiers, Gerbault, Robinson, and Barbour. He does not minimize or exaggerate the perils which beset the thirty-two-foot sailing craft, but always meets them with the resourcefulness that the sea demands. A fourteen-hundred-mile run under jury rig after the loss of a mainmast is described with great simplicity, yet compares well with some of the older sea voyages that have become classical. Narrow escapes from shipwreck on the reefs of the southern Pacific and on uncharted courses inside the Great Barrier Reef are excellently told. Incidents in Java and Singapore, piracy in the Red Sea, war in the Mediterranean, follow one another without a lag in the interest of the tale, as the Idle Hour beats her way westward. As Long was no rich boy with abundant resources to finance his venture, he needed cooperation and help at his many ports of call, and the amount given him was a tribute to his personality.

Now that the navigator has turned to authorship—this is his first book—he shows himself an excellent writer, both in the selection of material and in the unaffected manner of its telling. His comments on the various modes of human life he encountered are poignant and refreshing. I should like to recommend this tale to all adventurous youths looking for new worlds to conquer, but I am fearful of a traffic jam in the Panama Canal, not to mention the limited capacity of the harbor at Tahiti.

The Idle Hour is now being repaired by the Cruising Club of America, and Long plans to complete the last leg of his world cruise in the near future. We may therefore hope for another volume when that leg of the trip is over, if not sooner—there must certainly be more in the log of the last four years that would commend itself to the reading public.

HUGH H. DARBY

ART

At the Fair

THE New York World's Fair is the largest in history and, architecturally, it fails to come off. The size is there, the resources are there, the individual splendid achievements are there—dumped into a pile. In the loss of so much effort there is something appalling. Seeking the "world of tomorrow," the Fair's board of design snagged on the tough problems of today. The chief problem, stated in the broadest terms, was the problem of the use of power. The designers had at their command the wealth of the world's greatest empires. These empires were of the two kinds that rule us: one going under names such as General Motors, Ford, or, picking at random, the petroleum industry; the other Britain, Italy, or Russia.

They came in like thunder. But most providentially, to our amazement and delight, the Fair has its still small voice. And so, postponing such problems as the unhappy site and the difficulty of securing "the world of tomorrow through the architects of yesterday," let us go straight to the one point where the Fair is not itself, and where it is therefore direct, festive, skilful, and kind to the heart. The reference is to the little pavilion that Sven Markelius designed in behalf of the people of Sweden. This, along with John Weber's Swiss house, is a David among the dispiriting giants. Soundly conceived and beautifully built, the Swedish product is a masterpiece.

You do not, of course, come upon anything modest at the Fair without passing the big things first. And it is highly instructive to study what has been done by the big foreign "powers." Sculpture is their first weapon. The dictatorships place theirs the highest, and Russia wins. Her proletarian youth in his stainless-steel jeans, bestriding a red shaft taller than anything except the trylon, raises his red star above the whole world. Such tactics are effective. Roma, next highest, is not. She would serve as a beautiful take-off of a seated Britannia—her position next to the British pavilion suggests the intention—if the Italian monument upon which she sits, and the cascade which so oddly springs from beneath her seat, were really glorious. A problem was involved in the use of power!

Next to sculpture, the powers resort to sheer mass. The designs vary greatly, but the constant factor is the attempt at impressiveness through size. Again Russia wins. The workmen on the grounds give her building open admiration. It is a great horseshoe, thrown as a ringer around the proletarian's shaft. It is curiously and back-handedly impressive. When those great offset walls are under floodlight and you read the inscriptions under the plaques of Lenin and Stalin about socialism being established, you get an involuntary thrill. If Russia's role is to stand firm against the whole world, then she has successfully played it. From such a standpoint, the crude points in the design are a matter entirely subordinate.

Sweden has her sculpture too, but she has no monument. For that matter, her sculpture has no proper dignity either. There is no rider on her horse, no chariot behind him. He is really just a wooden hobbyhorse, standing fat and silly on the ground, in a coat of paint under a canopy roof. He is an enlargement of the little carved horses that the tourists love. Since there is no monument behind him, the horse has nothing to do but stand coolly in the shade and make people smile. The canopy is described by the guide as an imitation airplane wing, which is true except that the structure is just *not* one of those airplane or yacht imitations. It has the same general proportions as a wing, an equally delicate curve, the same light grace and airy ease, and the same technical perfection. To the rear of this shelter or roof there is a wooden fence or screen, of which more later. Behind it there are no square miles. You come into a garden with a pool, surrounded on three sides by sheltered areas like the front, and on the fourth by a medium-sized display room and a child's-size garden restaurant.

It is difficult not to expand upon this court and its delights. Every way you turn there is something pleasant. There is the sound and hearty blond tone of the whole, as healthy as the charming girls in attendance, and a refreshing contrast to the plagued Fair "spectrum" in pastel. The blondness springs out of such elements as light varnished surfaces in wood, delicate chrome bars supporting floodlights perched like birds, the large milk-white lighting globes hung close together on their slender stems, the tricky little crystal-glass fountain—and, of course, the surfaces painted for contrast in a good bright Swedish blue. The gaiety conceals the fact that the pair of rooms and the court furnish a whole compendium of what is finest in up-to-date design. There is not an element that is not related directly to use, or that does not meanwhile contribute to delight. No material is violated in its nature, but there are no heavy-handed manifestos.

Not even the sanity and directness of the Swedish methods of design are, however, the most important part of the small exhibition. For, unlike the Fair as a whole, which talked us all to death about a "theme," Sweden has one. And although nothing could be cleverer than the way she presents it, the content is more than clever.

It is announced by a sort of photo-mural frieze along the wooden screen in front, of which I have spoken. You see a series of men who look like stadtholders, and then a woman with a baby, and a happy young couple. Above them "Sweden Speaks" and what she talks about and makes these men responsible for is something like this: that liberty and cooperation among all groups are required to build a democratic Sweden; that there is a problem of sustained forest yield as a guaranty of the future; that plenty of power must be developed to remove the drudgery; that every baby should have a chance at the best in life; that hygienic homes should be within the reach of all; and that the Swedes—this is the young couple—seek plenty of time for play and self-improvement.

There is more of the same sort; but I have no need to bore you, or to expound the superlative technique of display through which, by means of the fewest and simplest devices, a full exposition and expansion of this theme is set forth, inside, along one wall of the court. You do not quickly forget the sheet of steel belting that travels in a wave, but you are scarcely aware that a dozen other devices have been used to make you aware of the importance to the Swedes of their high-quality steel.

For what is most heartening and impressive in the end is the way in which a neighboring people have invited you into their house, showing you what they treasure and for what they strive. In place of the pompous statues and the stupid British crowns, a people lets you see its "present achievements and future aspirations." No "decorative" display elsewhere, however skilful, can compete with the skill of this designer's hands who is telling you through his work what is in his heart. Moreover, every step seems to be calculated, by instinct and habit, to culminate in someone's happiness.

How weary a story are all these empty testimonials to grandiloquent "civilization"! How meaningless the "monumentality" of these grand buildings which, no matter how effectively, do nothing but brag! The gay little Swedish pavilion *is* civilization! DOUGLAS HASKELL

FILMS

IN "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (Warner Brothers) the screen wins new vitality. Following closely the recent work of the Federal Bureau of Investigation which led to the conviction and imprisonment of three men and a woman, the picture gives much more than a spy hunt, though it uses all the familiar effects of a fast-moving detective story. It tries to show what Nazism really means in terms of world politics and succeeds best where it exposes the gigantic machinery with which the Nazis hope to conquer not only all "German" countries but the "whole world"—as their slogans, songs, and writings openly confess. The subversive agitation of the German-American Bund, our Nazi Party, its dependence on Berlin, its functioning under the command and with the terroristic help of the Gestapo are superbly demonstrated. The parade in a Bund camp where German-American children are physically trained and mentally crippled by the ideology "might is right," is unforgettable.

The picture is, as a whole, strikingly up to date in its theoretical sequences, where argument follows argument in an excellently managed March of Time manner. Its melodramatic parts I found less impressive. Its characters remain types. The effect of Nazi propaganda upon them is shown, but the question why three Americans who read the newspapers and listen to the radio commentators become Nazis is not convincingly answered. The social reasons for such paradoxical behavior are only slightly indicated, if at all. A contradiction remains between the normal private life of these three people and their absurd and inhuman actions. This unsolved riddle makes scenes which are true in themselves less believable and brings them sometimes down to the level of crude propaganda. Very little is gained and much is lost by the speeches about the insane and nightmarish character of the Nazi world. The normality of the average Nazi fellow is the problem; his hysterical power-glory complex is easily understood and dismissed by a democratic audience. In this connection also a more careful use of terror

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scenes would be advisable. Here we have one of those cases in which less is more. The normal, well-intentioned moviegoer still takes Nazi realities for melodrama. My neighbor murmured twice or three times, "I don't believe it." This "I don't believe it" put the Nazis in Germany into power and made the flight to Munich easier for Mr. Chamberlain.

Taken as pure cinema, "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" is first-class. Anatol Litvak, maker of a film of such different values as "Mayerling," directs a multitude of varied scenes with a frightening knowledge of the milieu, blending documentary information and common story so perfectly that almost a new style results, a kind of movie journalism. Edward G. Robinson as chief investigator, Paul Lukas as Dr. Kassel, Bund leader and chief spy, and Francis Lederer as a vainglorious scoundrel—for once, thank God, in a character part and not as Prince Charming—are outstanding among a great number of excellently cast players.

"Confessions of a Nazi Spy" is important for its theme, its style, and the advance it represents. It is hampered partly by oversimplified propaganda, partly by a too close adherence to the material of a specific case—though this fault has its virtues too. We still have far to go before we arrive at the political picture which will be a piece of pure movie art, but let us rejoice that the start has been made.

"Man of Conquest" (Republic) is an example of the historical theme treated in operatic fashion. The life story of Sam Houston and the birth of the state of Texas is told with obvious patriotic bias. Inserted anachronisms in speeches about freedom and democracy are rather painful.

The latest issue of the March of Time, "Dixie-U. S. A." is a disappointment. Because it remains on the surface and avoids the sharpness of the social conflict inherent in the subject, its effect is sedative when it should be stimulating.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

IF WE want a just and satisfying performance of Beethoven's First Symphony there is Weingartner's in the recent Columbia set; if we want such a performance with, in addition, the unique and exciting qualities of tone, texture, and phrasing that are Toscanini's, there is now the one that he has recorded with the B. B. C. Symphony. It occupies seven sides, to which Victor, with complete lack of sense of fitness, has added the three sides of his performance of Brahms's Tragic Overture to make a five-record set ($10).

The beautiful voice and phrasing of the Metropolitan's new German baritone, Herbert Janssen, are heard on a Victor record ($2) in Schubert's "Serenade" and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." They were heard recently in Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung," which Melchior now sings with less beauty of voice but with more variety and subtlety of inflection and with a dramatic climax; and on the reverse side of this record ($1.50) he sings Lembcke's less consequential "Mailied." The pieces by Rameau on two records ($1.50 each) are charming and well played by the flute-harp-'cello combination of Barrère-Salzedo-Britt, but the other two instruments are often heard through a haze of carelessly recorded harp. Menotti's fluent and engaging little Overture to "Amelia Goes to the Ball" is brilliantly played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy on one side of a single ($2); on the other side is the hugely symphonic Cakewalk from Harl McDonald's Third Symphony.

For the rest there are works that one might care to hear once but not repeatedly. On a single ($2) is Handel's Sonata No. 6 for oboe—well played by Mitchell Miller, with an unbelievably subdued accompaniment by Yella Pessl—which offers little but the external style of Handel. Schumann's Sonata Opus 105 for violin and piano, excellently played by Busch and Serkin in a two-record set ($4.50), is briefer than Opus 121, but as feeble and, despite its brevity, as diffuse. And in the volume of French piano music (five ten-inch records, $5.50) the only composer who claims and holds attention is Chabrier—not so much with the "Bourrée fantasque" as with the fascinating "Idylle" from the "Dix pièces pittoresques," for which Balanchine composed his equally fascinating *pas de deux* in "Cotillon"; and even this piece Emma Boynet spoils for me by her nervous, mannered performance.

From Columbia we get a new recording ($1.50) of the Overture to Beethoven's "Fidelio" made by Weingartner with the London Philharmonic—one that has structural clarity and power to compensate for the greater warmth of sound in the older Bruno Walter version. On the other hand, in the old Koussevitzky set of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony one hears at once the superiority of the Boston Symphony over the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra with which Howard Barlow has recorded the work for Columbia (three records, $5); one hears also the superiority of Koussevitzky's performance—particularly of the finale; and these points of superiority are not outweighed by the coarse recording in the new set.

In a two-record set ($3.25) is Dvorak's Sonatina Opus 100, melodious in his American style (Kreisler's "Indian Lament" is an arrangement of the second movement), but a work of minor stature. It is excellently performed by Ossy Renardy. Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 2 (three records, $5) is, for my ears, a characteristic mixture of the pretty-pretty, the pianistically showy, and the pretentious, on which is wasted superb playing by Egon Petri with the London Philharmonic under Leslie Heward. And fine playing by the Pasquier Trio is wasted on Jean Françaix's Trio (two records, $3.25).

Though the first playing of some of these Columbia records with a steel needle was unsatisfactory, the second gave clear reproduction—which indicates an improvement in the surfaces. There was no such improvement, however, in the records of the Columbia History of Music, which I will review next week.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

It's Worse to See It

Dear Sirs: While traveling recently in the Near East I became acquainted with a Syrian teacher whose conversation threw a vivid light on the farce of the "mandate" idea. She herself was an ardent Syrian patriot and shared very intensely the feeling of most of the Syrians that the French are bringing their people and country to ruin. The French have debased the currency till it is almost worthless, are increasing repressive measures—thought, speech, and publications are under the ban—and are spending money only for their own military advantage. Certainly, there is no logical reason for Frenchmen to govern Syrians, who are as capable along those lines and as advanced in civilization, as we know the term, as the French are showing themselves to be. I gathered that all those known to be in opposition to French policy will shortly be subject to unpleasant espionage, if nothing worse. It is a terrible blasting of all the hope and enthusiasm of these young American-educated Syrians to find themselves in such a trap. They and their advanced ideas on education and politics are not wanted in Syria.

American papers have carried very little about the Jews in Rhodes—so many horrors everywhere, why mention any more? When we were there, Italian soldiers and uniforms were all over the place—our hotel dining-room was packed every night with officers in every kind of regalia. We saw endless marching, air formations, many of those little Italian submarines or whatever they are. It seems that the population, being Greek, is none too loyal and the former governor was a bit lax; so he has been removed and a "regular" fellow put in his place with a true Hitler outlook. He is confiscating the property of Jews and within a certain period will clear the place of all such. I was never so glad to get out of a place, beautiful as it is.

Forty Jews left on our boat—many of them in our second cabin—very dignified, well dressed, and not of any marked Jewish appearance. It is the well-to-do ones who are being sent out first, as they have money and property to leave behind. They are allowed to take out only 500 lire ($25); everything else is left for the glory of the Gentile race. Two of them could speak English and were taking a couple of relatives back to the United States with them, while others were heading for the Belgian Congo! A Greek boat had arranged to take off 500 the following week, destination more or less uncertain. It is one thing to read about it—another thing to see it—and where in heaven's name can they go on the spur of the moment? T. H.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 1

"Guarded" About Starvation

Dear Sirs: I can agree with your prophecy of March 25 that failure to adjust sugar quotas, the wage-hour law, and other laws and regulations that threaten Puerto Rican economics will result in widespread starvation. On the other hand I think there is little danger of bloodshed or violence. Puerto Ricans are an orderly and law-abiding people and are pretty well satisfied to have law and order restored after an interlude during which a group of terrorists got somewhat out of hand.

It is true that the Hitler press is making use of inspired comment on Puerto Rican affairs that has either been adulterated by badly informed American writers or by the propagandists themselves. The Hitler group needs very few facts upon which to base wild charges. Your comment, as a matter of fact, should be adequate for a propaganda twist or two. We have to be very guarded in our statements these days to avoid giving aid and comfort to the totalitarian advocates.

AGUSTIN RIVERO CHAVES,
Assistant Commissioner of Commerce

San Juan, P. R., April 26

Who Pays the Bills?

Dear Sirs: The public debt of the United States government is $44,000,000,000. It is all the result of wars and the depression resulting from the World War.

The total expenditures of the United States government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, were $7,151,000,000. Of this amount, $3,084,000,000 was for federal relief under WPA, PWA, CCC, and AAA. Elimination of these relief items makes the ordinary government budget $4,067,000,000.

Sixty-one per cent of the ordinary budget was on account of war: national defense, $980,000,000; veterans' aid, $572,000,000; interest on the public debt, $926,000,000. The army and navy took 24 per cent of the ordinary budget; the Veterans' Administration 14 per cent; war-debt interest 22.8 per cent.

Reducing these figures to understandable terms for the average taxpayer: war is responsible for 61 cents out of every dollar you pay for the regular functions of your government. Twenty-four cents out of every federal tax-dollar goes to pay for "the next war."

The State Department, which is really the "peace" department of our government, does its work on a meager budget of $15,000,000, or one-fifth the cost of a single battleship.

The total pension bill of the United States on account of all wars from 1790 to 1938 was $23,061,056,663.77. The pension bill for the Civil War was $7,973,404,309.50, and for the War with Spain $1,286,877,997.54.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, the bill for pensions and other veteran compensation was $402,768,695.97, paid to 836,953 living veterans and dependents of deceased veterans of all past wars.

The human and financial costs of war do not stop with the signing of a peace treaty. From 1920 to 1938 there were 1,863,289 United States veterans admitted to government hospitalization at a cost of $621,290,417.68. During 1938 there were 182,946 veterans admitted to hospitals, one every three minutes, at a cost of $49,076,115.42 That year 57.5 per cent of all patients in government hospitals were classed as "neuropsychiatric."

Adding up the figures for war costs in the official reports of the Treasury Department and the Veterans' Administration, we find that war has cost the United States since 1917 the staggering total of $93,992,050,997.

This includes $49,569,145,519, the direct cost of the World War to the United States up to 1938; $10,257,847,723 in uncollected European war debts; $20,383,247,187 in depression relief due to the war; and $12,741,063,518 for the army and navy from 1922 to 1939.

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Dear Sirs: There are many progressive organizations in New York City engaged in money-raising and educational work for various causes. All too frequently it has been the experience of people working in or for these organizations that meetings, benefits, and other affairs, appealing for support to the same group of sympathizers, have been held on the same date, with the result that one or both of the affairs have been financially unsuccessful.

In order to avoid conflicts of this kind, Adelaide Schulkind of the League for Mutual Aid, Room 2002, 104 Fifth Avenue, has kindly offered to have her office serve as a clearing-house for dates. She will keep a calendar in her office, recording the meetings, benefits, and other affairs planned by any group or committee wishing to take advantage of the service. Any group planning a meeting for a certain date can telephone Miss Schulkind (GRamercy 7-6234) to learn if any other affair is being held on that date. There will be no charge.

We hope that any organization which thinks it worth while to cooperate in this scheme will communicate with Miss Schulkind.

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New York, April 23

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New York, April 25

CONTRIBUTORS

AYLMER VALLANCE is a London journalist.

JULES ROMAINS is the author of the novel series "Men of Good Will," the seventh volume of which, "Death of a World," was published last fall. As international president of the P. E. N. he addressed the World Congress of Writers held recently at the New York World's Fair. Simon and Schuster will publish the collected "Living Philosophies" of this series.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "By Way of Art."

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

*

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN EUROPE? THAT IS the question that is asked a million times a day not only by the people who will have to die first when the fatal turn is taken, and by the happier inhabitants of other continents who feel that a European catastrophe will not leave their lives unchanged, but by the "informed" statesmen, diplomats, journalists. They ask each other, and for answer they shrug their shoulders. To be sure there are guesses. The pessimists, who hear the bombs already exploding, believe that Hitler must fight now, that he cannot much longer keep the German nation in a state of tension and mobilization, that his enemies become stronger every day. The adherents of the delay theory show more imagination. They point to the fear of the consequences of war felt by the ruling classes; to the fact that the anti-war feeling of the people can be used to add prestige to even the most ferocious believer in war, should he keep the peace; they point to the many minor controversial issues from Danzig to Djibouti the diplomatic settlement of which would still allow the politicians to perform in the limelight before the curtain while the militarists behind set the stage for the real performance later on. The optimists, on the other hand, argue that modern war, in which the property to be protected and to be won would be destroyed by airplanes, would not make sense even to the most cold-hearted imperialist. But all these theorists agree on one point: that two war fronts are becoming clearer every day—the axis and the new triple alliance. Whether or not the pacts under discussion are signed and agreed upon to the last comma does not matter much any more. The realities push ahead. The armies have taken positions. Europe is once again on the verge of committing suicide. Fear and inhibitions may still hold the leaders back. That would mean a new phase of conferences, this time with armies ready on both sides.

*

TWO DECREES ISSUED BY GENERAL FRANCO just before his victory parade did more than the steady rain to dampen his long-awaited victory demonstration. The first established food rationing throughout the whole of Spain, while the second subjected all males between

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the ages of eighteen and fifty to obligatory labor service during the reconstruction period. Broadcasting on the eve of the celebration, Franco admitted the economic difficulties facing his government, but sought to offset the handicaps suffered as a result of his axis ties by a bid for economic support from the democracies. In this plan he appears to have the full support of his axis allies. Helmuth Wohlthat, Göring's right-hand man, has conveniently postponed his scheduled trip to Spain to negotiate a trade treaty until Paul von Zeeland, former Premier of Belgium, can visit Franco to discuss a projected $100,000,000 Dutch-Belgian-French loan which is to be offered on condition that Spain remain neutral in the next war. Since a loan to Franco is in effect a subsidy for Hitler and Mussolini, there is likely to be little objection to the plan in Berlin or Rome. The question of military aid in the next war need not be decided now, at least not in public.

*

JAPAN SUFFERED ITS FIRST REAL CHECK AT the hands of the Western powers when a landing party from British, French, and American naval vessels stopped a small detachment of Japanese which had entered the foreign settlement at Amoy, South China. The incident was immediately followed by a spectacular military display by the same powers in the International Settlement and the French Concession at Shanghai. Both Britain and the United States have bluntly rejected Japan's demand for greater representation on the Shanghai Municipal Council, the governing body of the International Settlement. But to avoid giving Japan a pretext for intervention, Settlement police rounded up all persons suspected of participating in terroristic activities either for or against the Japanese. They also canceled the registration of four Chinese-language newspapers noted for their pro-Chinese sympathies, but it is asserted that the ban is a temporary one. The strong stand taken by the Western powers in opposition to the Japanese demands has had the effect of driving the yen to an unprecedented low of 89 cents in terms of the Chinese dollar. This not only has greatly handicapped Japan's efforts to substitute its currency for the Chinese dollar in the occupied areas but is making more difficult the purchase abroad of needed war supplies. The growing stringency in Japan's foreign-exchange situation is attested by the recent order for a census of all privately owned gold. Any intensification of economic pressure, either in the form of boycott or embargo, might now prove decisive in checking Japanese terrorism in China.

*

HEARINGS ON THE WAGNER PUBLIC-HEALTH bill are beginning this week in Washington. The American Medical Association gave them advance publicity in its convention at St. Louis last week when it announced twenty-two reasons why the bill should not be passed and urged all members of the association to fight it. The A. M. A. put on record once more its thesis that the state of public health in the United States is all that it should be; it dismissed the data collected by the WPA which shows that some 40,000,000 people are unable to afford adequate medical care, substituting the ridiculous figure of 40,000. It also defeated a move to admit a woman physician as a member of the association's governing council and a resolution to admit Negroes as members. These actions are all of a piece and confirm the A. M. A.'s standing as one of the most reactionary ostriches in the country. The association will undoubtedly present the most formidable opposition of any group to the Wagner bill; it has the funds and the determination. For that reason it is very important that the whole sordid record of the A. M. A. should be thoroughly aired. It must not be permitted to pose as a disinterested witness.

*

JEROME FRANK'S SELECTION AS CHAIRMAN of the Securities and Exchange Commission and the confirmation of Leon Henderson's appointment to the vacancy created when Justice Douglas went to the Supreme Court should be good news to all liberals. More men of the Frank-Henderson type are needed on a commission launched under the direction of the market speculator, Joseph P. Kennedy. Mr. Frank is brilliant, able, and intensely earnest in his belief that the profit system can be made to work under controls devised to protect the public from capitalistic exploitation. His administration of the commission will be followed with intense interest by economists as well as by Wall Street and the investing public.

*

THE FEDERAL ARTS PROJECTS HAVE BECOME the focal point for the continuing attack on the standards and methods of relief symbolized by WPA. The reason is easy to discover. Nobody loves the artist. Ridiculing him or condescending to him is an old American pastime. Let any politician point to an artist drawing government money with which to draw pictures and the stage is set for loud laughs—it is even funnier than the one about WPA workers leaning on shovels; by implication the whole conception of WPA is discredited. One of the most persistent proposals of the reformers is to turn the administration of relief back to local agencies. This would mean a deathblow to the arts projects, because they would be the first sacrifice of local administrators and because such projects, unless organized on a nation-wide basis under expert supervision, would quickly degenerate. It is important to mobilize support for the arts projects, which, if the politicians only knew it, have created great values even in simple material terms—quite aside from their achievements in making use of our cultural resources, including talented workers in many fields, which far outweigh the residue of mistakes and waste to be found in any such undertaking. The arts projects deserve to be defended. A conference for that purpose is to be held at the New School for Social Research in New York City on June 3; 210 members of the Harvard faculty have signed a "Petition of American Teachers in Defense of the Federal Arts Projects"; letters to Congress would not be amiss.

*

WITH THE SUICIDE OF ERNST TOLLER, ONE of the most militant of the German exiles in America, a ghastly fate overtook another victim. There is rejoicing in Nazi Berlin. Whatever the immediate reasons for his act, which stands in contradiction to the fighting spirit that survived years in prison, the deeper tragedy is all too obvious. One has only to consider the inner strain under which the political exile, looking at reality, must live. In the last years Ernst Toller took an untiring part in the struggle of the Spanish people and was deeply depressed by the democracies' betrayal of their republic. It was for him the third great defeat of the idealism and enthusiasm which drove him as a young soldier into the German revolution and, after he had served a long prison term for it, into the fight against Nazism. Ernst Toller endured more than many even attempt to face.

Dies in a New Role

THE NATION published an editorial in its issue of December 24 called Wall Street's Fascist Wing, in which it commented on the increasing attention being paid to our budding fascists by respectable big-business elements. It pointed to the professional patriots and Bund members on the guest list of the luncheon given for Martin Dies by the New York State Economic Council, headed by the Franco sympathizer and spokesman, Merwin K. Hart. *The Nation* also cited the anti-Semitic and incendiary address made by Major General George Van Horn Moseley before similar business elements a few days later at the sixty-sixth annual meeting of the New York Board of Trade. In January the Institute for Propaganda Analysis published a bulletin revealing that a certain George Deatherage, guest and speaker at the international anti-Semitic conference held under Nazi auspices at Erfurt, Germany, last year, was organizing a confederation of American fascist groups and had asked Mosely to lead it. This is the "plot" which the Dies committee "brought to light" last week and on which witnesses are being heard as we go to press.

Under ordinary circumstances it would occasion no surprise that a committee set up to investigate "un-American" activities should probe into a fascist network. "Un-American" is a much abused word, but there is no doubt that it applies to the Nazi doctrine that all men are not born free and equal, and that the consent of the governed is of no consequence to those who do the governing. But the amazement and suspicion that have greeted the Dies committee "revelations" eloquently attest its past activities. Its chief work has been to knife the New Deal in the 1938 elections, notably in Michigan, and to assail most of our outstanding progressive institutions and leaders as "reds," including many who happen to be anti-Communist themselves. The Dies committee, in other words, has itself been the chief manipulator of a familiar fascist technique. It had an investigator probing Nazi activities, but it consented to hear him only after some nasty rumors began to seep into the press. The investigator presented a series of exhibits for publication in the record of the hearings. The exhibits have not been printed. We can hardly be blamed if we look this anti-fascist gift-horse in the mouth.

If Congressman Dies really wants to investigate fascist and anti-Semitic movements, more power to him. But it would be naive to think that the ranting anti-New Deal Texan is suddenly overcome with a desire to defend democracy. It is well to remember that fascism is highly unpopular in the United States, and that even the fascists must at times speak the language of anti-fascism. Dies has been under pressure from the Administration. He is in such bad odor that the doors of the most reactionary producers in the movie industry were slammed on him when he recently visited Hollywood. His new "research director," J. B. Matthews, as an ex-radical is more expert than the intellectually bankrupt professional patriots. Dies is trying hard to convince the not very tough-minded Jerry Voorhis, the one liberal on the new Dies committee, that he is really against fascism as well as communism. Perhaps some of those behind Dies would like to demonstrate that there is no need for the La Follette committee, which is still waiting for an appropriation. Perhaps an inquiry into anti-Semitic crackpot organizations would serve to divert public attention from more serious menaces, such as the Associated Farmers on the Pacific Coast. If Representative Dies really wants to investigate Moseley, he may have easy access to the General. In Part 3 of the La Follette committee hearings, he will find the testimony of L. A. Stringham, eastern representative of the National Metal Trades Association, a notorious labor-spy and strike-breaking agency. He will find that Stringham named Rhea W. Whitley as one of the Federal Bureau of Investigation agents who cooperated with the National Metal Trades. He will also find a letter from Whitley to Stringham thanking the latter for his "cooperation." Now Mr. Whitley has succeeded the odoriferous Edward F. Sullivan as chief investigator of the Dies committee. And Mr. Whitley's old friend, Stringham, may be able to give him further cooperation. In Part 4 of the La Follette hearings, page 1386, Dies will find Stringham's desk-pad list of numbers frequently called, including the chief clients of his "labor" service. One of the notations is "Moseley—Great Northern Hotel. . . . Circle 7-1900." This hint may be helpful to Representative Dies.

No Peace for Palestine

THE latest British White Paper on Palestine confirms, in cold print, the sacrifice to imperial interest of a solemn obligation. The project of converting the ancient Jewish homeland into a state where two peoples—the existing Arab population and the returning Jews—should live on a basis of absolute equality called for great statesmanship and an unselfish purpose. The mandate over Palestine, in the view of civilized humanity, was to be an "effort to right the wrong of centuries." Lord Balfour and other British statesmen, recognizing the trend of public opinion in Britain and the world, delivered virtuous pronouncements about this unique opportunity to transcend narrow imperialist interests.

But the clique in Britain which determines imperial policy could not rise above selfish considerations. Hardly had the Balfour Declaration been issued, and the imperial benefits reaped, when the process of deflation was begun. Relegated to the Colonial Office, Palestine became just another colony for exploitation. Not men of ideals but autocratic colonial officials from India and Africa were sent to administer it. The Balfour Declaration to them was just another of the many promises to native chiefs, made to be broken; the mandate was a clever ruse for denying self-government to the natives; the National Home was an excuse for perpetuating lucrative sinecures. Very little of the $275,000,000 collected in revenue went to improving the country. Not a single one of the promised schemes of development to increase its economic capacity for absorption materialized. The miserable Arab peasantry was left to rot in its poverty and filth; a deaf ear was turned to appeals for progressive labor legislation, which would have done much to eliminate interracial strife.

The minutes of the Permanent Mandates Commission are filled with reminders that the mandate was never faithfully executed. As early as 1924 the High Commissioner for Palestine had to acknowledge "that it had not been possible to do very much work" to execute the obligation of facilitating close settlement. "Generally speaking, the settlement of Jews on the land was the result of action taken by the Jews themselves and not the result of action of the government." When reminded that the question was "not what the Jews were doing, but what the government was doing," the High Commissioner had no adequate reply.

No more than the proverbial leopard could British imperialism change its spots. Instead of trying to bring the two peoples together, the government followed the hoary policy of divide and rule. Torrents of blood have flowed in Palestine since Britain assumed the mandate; much of the violence can be traced directly to British mismanagement and negligence and to the famous "Miracles" Department in the Colonial Office. Riots costing hundreds of human lives took place in 1920, 1921, 1929, 1933, 1935, and now again in 1939. Nor were the intervening years free from bloodshed. When the Director of Education was asked by a Royal Commission whether the government schools were "doing all they could to bring about . . . better understanding" between Jews and Arabs, he had to reply, "Perhaps not; perhaps more might be done." The Director of Education knew very well that, far from bringing the two peoples together, his schools were widening the gulf between them.

This twenty-year record of sabotage and betrayal is now topped by a "Black" Paper which sets aside, with no more regard for the sanctity of international obligations than is shown by Hitler or Mussolini, the Balfour Declaration and the mandate. Long forced by world opinion to be content with sabotaging the mandate, the Colonial Office now feels itself strong enough to tear it up. It aims to capture two Arab birds with one shot at the Zionists. Freezing the Jews into a minority will give Britain a permanent position in Palestine, the Clapham Junction of the empire; an Arab-controlled Palestine will enable Britain to unify the Near East into a bulwark of empire and to tie the Arabs to the imperial chariot. The promise of 75,000 Jewish immigrants during the next five years—if economic conditions permit!—is no more than a sop to the world's conscience.

It is evident that Britain is not in the least concerned with the plight of Palestine's residents, Jewish or Arab. The fundamental difference between the partition plan and the present complete repudiation of the Balfour Declaration must be explained in terms of imperial strategy. Britain has made a determined bid for the support of the Arab and Mohammedan world in the coming war. It knows that the Jews in any case cannot support the axis. These tactics may serve Britain's immediate interests. But they have set back the possibility of peace in the Holy Land for many years. The Jews have already outlined a long-range program of passive resistance which, if carried into effect, will greatly intensify existing friction and hatred. The Black Paper represents a logical extension of Chamberlain's appeasement policies to the Palestinian crisis. But Munich has not brought and could not bring peace to Europe. Nor can capitulation to Arab demands provide a basis for settlement in the Near East. Such a basis can only be provided by a program which guarantees the basic rights of both Arabs and Jews.

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"Red Totalitarianism"

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IT'S HARD, these days, to distinguish words from acts and ideas from political maneuvers. This difficulty can be carried to extremes of suspicion and subtle exegesis, as our contributor George Kaufman hinted in his recent dissertation on the Presidential "Good Morning." But I hope I am not succumbing to an attack of morbid distrust when I question the purposes of the manifesto issued the other day by a group headed by John Dewey and published on page 626 of this issue of *The Nation*. It is an eloquent statement. It says that intellectual freedom is good, that totalitarian repression is bad, and it calls for the formation of a Committee for Cultural Freedom in America. On the surface this looks like an innocent "Good Morning" from a group of honest intellectuals.

I believe the group to be honest but not innocent. I have no doubt that they really want to defend intellectual freedom, but I think they also intended to drop a bomb into the ranks of the liberal and left groups in the United States. Several other committees, already in existence, are also dedicated to the cause of a free culture. The only distinction, and therefore the only important feature of the present manifesto, is its emphasis on Russian totalitarianism. And this emphasis reveals the special purpose of the new committee, which is obviously to separate the sheep from the goats; to show up those who, in the words of the statement itself, "exalt one brand of intellectual servitude over another" and "make fine distinctions between various methods of humiliating the human spirit and outlawing intellectual integrity"; and to create a clear division on the left by relegating members of the Communist Party and the vague ranks of its sympathizers to outer totalitarian darkness.

Now that is an arguable position, but it lies in the field of political strategy and should be debated in those terms. We need, if we are to achieve the clarification the Deweyites persumably seek, some such direct statement as Sidney Hook made in his article on The Anatomy of the Popular Front in the current *Partisan Review*. After developing his point that "the socialist solution . . . is the only solution possible for all producers and consumers," Mr. Hook says that this requires "opposition to every step towards fascism . . . and the clearest differentiation from Stalinism together with its fronts, stooges, and innocents." That puts the proposition plainly. I should have more liking for the Dewey group, for whom Mr. Hook is the active spokesman, if they were willing to make their appeal openly on this ground and fight it out there.

This is a real issue, and I am not going to charge red-baiting to those who feel as Mr. Hook does. The Communist Party is a nuisance or a menace to all its opponents. Whatever its line may be, its tactics are invariably provocative and often destructive. Not only do Communists try to inject partisan ideas into the program of most organizations in which they are active; not only do they fight ruthlessly and tenaciously to make those ideas prevail; they also have been guilty, in many known instances, of using against their enemies methods of attack that were both unscrupulous and callous. Their verbal technique is evident in the pages of the party press; vituperation and downright slander have been weapons frequently employed, whether against the "social fascists" of yesteryear or the "Trotskyists" of today. The result has been to create a fund of bitterness on the left which can be drawn upon whenever a convenient occasion arises.

It can be drawn upon, but it should not be. To advocate a policy of "clearest differentiation" on the left is a counsel of disruption. With all their faults the Communists perform necessary functions in the confused struggle of our time. They have helped to build up and to run a string of organizations—known as "fronts" by their opponents—which clearly serve the cause not of "totalitarian doctrine" but of a more workable democracy. And the value of those organizations lies largely in the energy and discipline and zeal of their Communist elements.

Some of their more bitter opponents scoff at the new democratic faith, as well as the democratic works, of these erstwhile revolutionists. Suspicion is natural and may be well founded. I have not the space here to debate the question. But I am inclined to believe that the Communists have developed a sort of double mental bookkeeping by means of which they are able to account jointly for their love of Stalin and their adherence to the New Deal. At any rate, the effect of their conversion, sincere or strategical, is to postpone serious revolutionary objectives to some post-next-war millennium and to leave them free meanwhile for democratic endeavor in this world. A sour note in the new harmony is the reluctance of some of the objects of their allegiance to accept them as followers, but they persevere none the less. In fact, in the name of the fight against fascism, they have committed themselves to an almost uncritical acceptance of the status quo; and their most radical recent pronouncement was in favor of a third term for President Roosevelt. In all seriousness, the Communists in their present phase seem to me to share the larger hopes and fears that animate most other people who stand to the left of center, including many of the founders of the Committee for Cultural Freedom. Add to this the fact that they oppose with obvious sincerity all forms of racial discrimination, and the total score is one that forces me to question the whole premise on which the Dewey statement is based.

Instead of signing any such document, I should like to plead for an era of good-will and decency. The task of recreating unity and hope and strengthening the organs of democracy is not to be accomplished by insisting upon differences and crystallizing them in manifestos and committees. While moral rearmament engrosses the right, a little factional disarmament might well be tried on the left. There is virtue in merely refusing to shoot.

From Pump-Priming to Pumping

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, May 22

WHETHER the New Deal will go down in history as Roosevelt's revolution or merely as a milestone on the rocky road to someone else's revolution will depend in large measure on the success or failure of the educational project started last week by the Temporary National Economic Committee. Composed of Administration officials and Senators (in that order of importance), the committee has undertaken the difficult task of teaching the nation the lessons to be learned from the boom-depression-partial-recovery cycle of the last twenty years. The answers are well known to the more alert economists and to a few liberal politicians. But most business leaders have resolutely closed their minds to the conclusions inevitably suggested by a study of the facts. To convince the public, that is, the voters, that two and two make four in economics as well as in pure mathematics is the job undertaken by the committee.

Dr. Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard got the TNEC off to an auspicious start. In a brilliant synthesis of the country's recent economic history, present condition, and future expectation, he clearly pointed out the direction to be followed if disaster is to be avoided. But because his testimony, delivered with impersonal assurance from under a green eyeshade, was devoid of controversial clichés, it received little consideration in the daily press. In most newspapers it was buried under President Roosevelt's matter-of-fact letter asking the committee to look for ways of bringing idle men and idle capital together, but Hansen's testimony was much more important than the letter. It stated with brilliant lucidity the conclusions to which most liberals, in and out of the Administration, have come.

Hansen said, in effect: "Pump-priming is all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. Having primed the pump and started a reasonably steady flow of goods and services, government must take a hand at the pump handle. Large-scale government spending must become a permanent, not just a transitional, policy."

He built his conclusion on the generally accepted hypothesis that there can be no prosperity for a capitalistic economy unless savings can find outlets in a constantly expanding productive plant. With population no longer growing at the old rate, with the physical frontiers gone, and with no new industries comparable to the automobile industry in the offing, these outlets are contracting. This creates unemployment in the capital-goods industries and slows up the entire economic machine. The resulting distress is "an economic phenomenon which cannot be explained in terms of the ordinary business-cycle analysis." Rather it is "a chronic maladjustment" which private initiative by itself cannot cure. The government must come to the rescue.

It must: (1) encourage and if necessary finance development of new products and industries; (2) finance purchase of new equipment by the railroads on a self-liquidating basis; (3) reduce the interest rate on FHA guaranteed housing loans; and (4) reform the tax structure to tap savings rather than reduce purchasing power. In other ways, too, private investment must be supplemented by public investment "on a considerable scale." Hansen suggested construction of hospitals, highways, sewer systems, rural-electrification networks, express highways, bridges, and various other projects, self-liquidating or not. As for the federal budget, he blamed "an obsolete system of public accounting" for the current alarm about its unbalance. The budget should not be considered out of balance, he said, if income from taxes is sufficient to pay the carrying charges on the public debt.

Hansen's statements of economic fact were fully supported by the testimony of Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors, Edward Stettinius of United States Steel, Owen D. Young of General Electric, and Frederick B. Rentschler of United Aircraft. These men proudly announced that their companies were self-financing and probably would continue to be. There would be no room for new capital in their concerns. But their thinking obviously was "dominated by frozen patterns of the past, into which people try to mold the facts of the present." In an interview outside the hearing room, which took headline precedence over his testimony, Sloan went through the usual rigmarole about lack of business confidence

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because of the undistributed-profits tax and the unbalanced budget.

To expose the fallacies of Sloan's thinking and demonstrate the validity of Hansen's was precisely the objective of William Douglas, Jerome Frank, Leon Henderson, Isador Lubin, and the other New Dealers who planned the investigation of savings and invesment by the TNEC. The hearings can help, but they can't do it by themselves. President Roosevelt so far has not gone to bat publicly for permanent government spending. He has been content to rest the case for New Deal outlays on a plea of emergency. Once the emergency was passed and the national income raised to a satisfactory level, private initiative would carry on unassisted. He has never admitted the possibility that this might not happen. Eventually he or someone else will have to look that possibility in the eye and accept government responsibility for investment and employment as a political issue.

It will not be an easily popularized issue. While Hansen carefully avoided political terminology, the political implications of his testimony were inescapable. His recommendations would carry the United States into a sort of state capitalism, which, if democracy retained its vigor, would become a variety of state socialism. With these tags attached to the spending policy, it might not find a ready market with the voters unless they have moved over to the left since the last election. There is a growing belief in Congress that they have. Spending, by whatever name, is rapidly gaining favor despite the yowls from the leaders of the economy bloc.

Already revival of spending sentiment has added $383,000,000 to the Agricultural Appropriation bill and $50,000,000 to the non-military section of the Army Appropriation bill. It now appears probable that another big public-works appropriation will be made before Congress adjourns. The only question is whether the Administration will apologize for these unbudgeted outlays in the name of sweet emergency or frankly adopt the Hansen ideology and thus take the logical next step toward a new New Deal.

The Vulnerable Baltic

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

IN OBSERVING the attempt to build a stop-Hitler wall in Eastern Europe, we have focused nearly all our attention on Poland, Rumania, and Turkey. Yet it would be a serious mistake to assume that once the safety of the Poles and Rumanians is guaranteed against Nazi aggression, the peace of Europe is assured. It is about a thousand miles from the Polish-Latvian border to the northern tip of Finland. Unless Latvia, Estonia, and Finland receive similar guaranties from the "peace front," a vulnerable area will be left in the eastern anti-axis wall. Hitler could breach that wall at his leisure. Indeed, the failure of Britain and France to guarantee the independence of the Baltic nations would in itself be a virtual invitation to the Nazis to strike in that quarter.

When the Germans occupied Memel last March, they took a long stride northeastward in the direction of the Gulf of Finland—and Leningrad. For now only a corridor about a dozen miles wide separates the frontier of Greater Germany from the border of Latvia. It is a narrow salient that could easily be pinched off at the Reich's convenience. Thus German occupation of Memel is a step along the ancient path of conquest followed by the Teutonic Knights—now a Nazi path of empire. It adds enormously to the strategic importance of Latvia and Estonia.

For reasons of their own the British have not made any move to strengthen the Latvian-Estonian area in the eastern wall. Instead, they have concentrated their efforts on winning the adherence of the Soviet Union to their "peace front." But the Soviets, realizing the implications of neglecting the Baltic states, have refused to enter a pact that does not take the Lithuanians, Letts, Estonians, and Finns into the security system. In this attitude Moscow has been entirely logical. In fact, any other policy would be extremely dangerous. For without the inclusion of these Baltic states in the anti-aggression pacts, the stop-Hitler movement in the east is incomplete.

But quite aside from their strategic value Latvia and Estonia are worth saving in their own right. They are sturdy little republics which have gone along quietly with their efforts to carry out land reform and raise the standard of living. Born in the war-time chaos of 1918, both countries began their national existence under severe handicaps. Long after fighting on the western front had ceased, Latvia and Estonia were harried by German freebooting armies. Moreover, having been for more than two centuries under Russian rule, the people had had little opportunity to acquire administrative experience. Czarist officials and German landowners alike had striven to keep them in a state close to serfdom. The post-war governments, therefore, started from scratch.

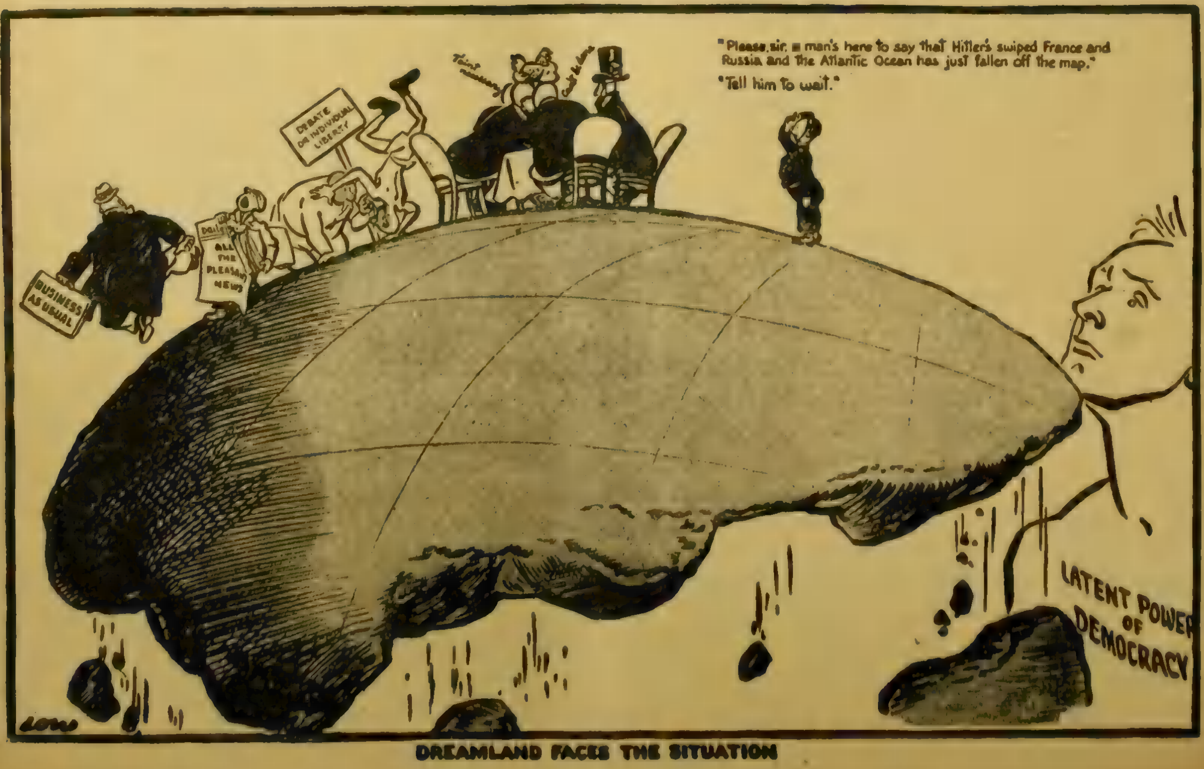
One of the first problems tackled by both Letts and Estonians was the agrarian question. During the period of Czarist rule the so-called Baltic barons, descendants of the German merchants and soldiers who followed the Teutonic Knights, controlled the business, industry, and agriculture of these provinces. They were the *Herrenvolk*—a ruling class who looked down on the non-Teutonic part of the population. Worse yet, the Baltic barons owned so much of the land that Lettish and Estonian farmers faced a future of continued exploitation at the hands of this small feudal minority. In Estonia six hundred families of the German nobility owned about half the entire area of the country. In Latvia much the same conditions prevailed. To meet this situation both countries passed agrarian-reform laws that broke up the large estates and made possible the acquisition of land by Lettish and Estonian farmers. In Latvia the redistribution of land left the Germans 60,000 hectares of the 2,700,000 they had previously owned. This legislation, long overdue, naturally met with bitter resistance.

Even before Hitler came to power in the Reich, his agents and his propaganda had reached the German minorities in Latvia and Estonia. Nazi slogans, Nazi ambitions, and Nazi ideology early made an impression upon the Germans in both countries. When the Nazis in the Reich shouted that "blood knows no national frontiers," the cry was eagerly taken up by local Nazi Führers and followers in the Baltic countries. The proud and once-powerful Baltic barons saw in Hitler's brownshirt imperialism an opportunity to regain their former lands and to become again the ruling minority. These Germanic groups became the *Vorposten* of National Socialism in the northeastern sector of the *Drang nach Osten*.

In the Nazi hierarchy of Germany it was a Balt, Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, who became director of the Foreign Affairs Section of the National Socialist Party. Later he was to become the "prophet laureate" of the Reich. Born in what is now Estonia, a native of Czarist Russia, Rosenberg's orientation is eastward. He, perhaps more than any other Nazi, fathers the drive against the U. S. S. R.

Hitler is anxious to get control of these Baltic nations for both economic and military reasons. When the Nazis think of Latvia and Estonia they think primarily in terms of food and raw materials. The poultry, cattle, hogs, and vegetables of the little Baltic states could provide much food for hungry Germans in the Reich. Butter, not yet displaced by cannon, is plentiful in both countries. And the timber, flax, hides, and other raw materials could form important shipments for German industry. The Nazis would like to obtain these products and pay for them with manufactured goods. Under this plan Latvia and Estonia would become part of the Reich's vast *Grossraumwirtschaft;* they would be at once a raw-materials supply base and a market for German exports. Further, the exports from these Baltic nations could be bartered by the Reich to other countries for copper, cotton, manganese, rubber, nickel, and other products that Germany must have in order to lead in the armament race.

For military reasons the two countries play important roles in the high strategy of Nazi *Weltpolitik*. Once under German control, they would provide a base of


"Please, sir, a man's here to say that Hitler's swiped France and Russia and the Atlantic Ocean has just fallen off the map."
"Tell him to wait."
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operations against the Soviet Union. Hitler would have advanced aviation bases in Estonia less than one hundred miles from Leningrad. If, in addition, he could win Finland to his support, he could control the Gulf of Finland and bottle up the Russian naval forces there. Indeed, with Latvia and Estonia under his thumb, Hitler could well call the Baltic a German lake. He would be in a position to drive a hard bargain with the Soviet Union.

To further his campaign in this region, Hitler has made use of such German propaganda organizations as the Bund Deutscher Osten and the Volksbund für das Deutschtum im Auslande. He has brought the radio into full play, broadcasting his propaganda to the German minorities in both nations. It is an easy matter for Nazi agents to reach the Germans in these countries, because they are largely concentrated in the cities. Their high cultural level, solidarity, and determination give them power out of all proportion to their numbers.

But most important of all, the German minorities in Latvia and Estonia provide Hitler with an excuse to intervene in those countries whenever it suits his purpose to do so. When he wants to march his troops into those Baltic lands, he has merely to repeat the performance that he staged last year in Czechoslovakia. He can charge the Letts and Estonians with the same "atrocities" that were perpetrated by the Czechs against helpless Germans and that are now being "inflicted" by the Poles upon the German minority in Poland. Furthermore, Hitler always has the excuse ready to hand that he must "save" these border states from Bolshevism. Some observers in Tallinn and Riga suspect that when the time comes for a German advance against Latvia and Estonia, Hitler will either claim that these nations are conspiring with the Soviet Union or charge the Soviets with planning aggression against them, although the U. S. S. R. has non-aggression pacts with all the Baltic states.

As for the Letts and Estonians themselves, they want to be let alone to enjoy their hard-won independence. They recall all too well the attempt initiated in 1918 by Baron Dellingshausen, leader of the Baltic nobility, to make the Baltic provinces a duchy in union with Prussia. Letts and Estonians are hardy, stubborn fighters. Centuries of alien rule by Germans, Swedes, and Russians failed to break their will to be free peoples. Left to themselves, they would meet Nazi force with force. But the Franco-British policies with regard to Austria, Spain, and Czechoslovakia have made an impression on them. Anxiously they watch the devious diplomacy of the Western democracies and wonder whether "appeasement" may yet find victims on the shores of the Baltic.

The Truth About Taxes

BY SIMON O. LESSER

I

DOUBTS assail the most devout; you may have an active sympathy for the New Deal and still sometimes wonder if taxes aren't "too high." After reading hundreds of news stories about how burdensome taxes are to various firms in relation to sales, earnings, dividends, or pay rolls, you would have to be pretty hard-hearted not to feel some pity for our unfortunate corporate giants. Maybe they could and would pay higher wages if taxes weren't so high. Maybe they could and would lower prices. Maybe high taxes are an important reason why business is so bad. Many Americans now believe that. Many Americans also believe that money paid for taxes is diverted from the general economy, and that things would be all right if we could just balance the budget.

By and large the things we get from government are intangibles, often of no apparent personal value. If we live in the city, we may not see how it helps us for the government to distribute millions to the farmers. The value of many public services—the provision of water, sewage disposal, traffic regulation, and the like—is of course recognized, but we pay for these with very real, hard-earned dollars, and naturally we sometimes wonder if we are getting our money's worth. The doubt has been systematically fostered. Reactionary business men and publishers tell us constantly that taxes are too high and a basic cause of poor business. And taxes are high, they add, because of the extravagance and inefficiency of the government.

It's high time we saw through this one-sided version of taxation. Either we must attack some of the underlying conditions that make government cost so much or we must become reconciled to paying for the things furnished by the government, as we are to paying for everything else.

II

Since the World War governmental expenditures and taxes have increased enormously. In 1913 the aggregate tax bill of the country—federal, state, and local—was $2,259,000,000. In 1930 it was $10,300,000,000; in 1938, $13,700,000,000. On a per capita basis, taxes rose from $23 in 1913 to $84 in 1930 and $105 in 1938; and that is not the whole story, for per capita expenditures in 1938 rose higher still. Even when considered as a percentage of a mounting national income, taxes have sharply increased. In 1913 taxes absorbed 7 per cent of the national income; in 1930, 14 per cent; in 1937, 17.7 per cent; and in 1938, when national income declined, 22 per cent.

But the additional billions collected weren't thrown away. They were used. We spent $1,500,000,000 more for education in 1930 than we did in 1913; this one item accounts for 21.1 per cent of the total increase in governmental expenditures during the period. In 1913 there were only 1,100,000 students enrolled in public secondary schools. In 1930 there were four times as many. College attendance increased at an almost equal rate. As a nation we committed ourselves to giving most of our children a high-school education and to sending many of them on to college. Naturally our expenses rose.

In the same period the automobile skyrocketed governmental expenditures. There were only 1,250,000 horseless carriages in America in 1913. By 1930 there were 26,500,000—and the government had to supply roads for this horde of autos. In 1913 we spent only $181,000,000 for rural highways; in 1930 we spent $1,500,000,000. The difference represents 17.5 per cent of the increase in the cost of government. Additional hundreds of millions had to be spent on city streets and on traffic control.

The oil industry has been more bitter than any other in its complaints about taxes. At every opportunity General Motors' Mr. Sloan sounds off about them, too; and Mr. Ford is the prototype of the rugged individualist who doesn't need the government and wants no part of it. But would the automobile and oil industries, which were such important factors in the economic efflorescence of the twenties, have achieved anything like their present development if roads had remained a private enterprise, operated on the toll-gate principle, or if the government had refused to hard-surface the dirt roads of the country? These industries were actually subsidized by the government; the automobile is one of the principal reasons why taxes are so high. It may be objected that gasoline taxes and automobile-license fees have covered the cost of roads, but in fact they have done so only during the past few years.

The essential point, however, in any consideration of expenditures for education and roads is that these expenditures were the direct result of our own demands. We wanted paved roads on which we could do sixty miles an hour; we wanted better educational facilities for our children; and we got them. The government simply acted as our agent. We are to blame for the expenditure, if anyone is. But is anyone to be blamed? Most of us will agree that it is good that we are able to give more of our children more education. And—although this is more dubious—I think we shall have to concede that the automobile has added something to the pleasure of life. If the results are good, then the public expenditures which have made them possible have their value, too.

III

No matter what sort of breakdown is employed in analyzing governmental expenditures, their connection with the general economy becomes apparent. For example, approximately half of all public expenditures are for salaries and wages. The trend here, between 1913 and 1930, was definitely up. But the trend was up in private industry, too. Wages paid by the government were simply keeping pace.

In the same way the upward trend of business prices has materially affected the cost of government. About 20 per cent of the government's expenditures—so criticized by reactionary business—are for the products of business. In the seventeen years between 1913 and 1930 state and local governments issued $14,200,000,000 worth of bonds for financing construction projects. Clarence Heer estimates that if 1913 construction costs had remained in effect, the projects would have cost only $7,400,000,000. The difference—$6,800,000,000—really represents the result of price and wage inflation. According to Heer, "The aggregate burden of taxation in 1930 was about 83 per cent greater than it would have been had 1913 price and wage scales remained in effect."

Once we realize that inconspicuous and gradual changes can affect the cost of government in this way, we need not be too surprised at the bill for the period 1929-33, when there was almost complete collapse of our economy. With the national income 50 per cent less, with 13,000,000 workers out of a job, and with financial values and institutions collapsing, the people naturally turned to the government for succor. There arose precisely the same kind of pressure which had caused the government to spend more for education and roads, except that it was more general, intense, and articulate. If you are a farmer or were unemployed in 1933, it won't be necessary to remind you of the direct connection between New Deal spending and your own demands. If you are a big industrialist, you may have to be reminded; and you may hate the New Deal all the more intensely because of your confession of helplessness back in '33, "just as a proud woman," as Emil Ludwig puts it, "never quite forgets her resentment against the man to whom she yielded in a moment of weakness."

Many of us with good memories err in another way: we perceive the desirability of only those governmental expenditures which directly benefit us. A fair presentation of the facts would probably overcome this myopia, but the facts are kept from us and the needs of various groups minimized or disregarded. In consequence we attribute the heavy spending of the Roosevelt Administration not to the extraordinary need but to unprecedented

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extravagance. Or we turn things around and blame the New Deal for the very conditions which compelled the New Deal to spend. Unemployment, for example, is held to be the *result* of government spending and consequent "loss of confidence," instead of recognized as a symptom of some fundamental sickness in our economy. The expenditures made necessary by underlying maladjustments demanding correction are attacked as the cause of those maladjustments.

One more group of federal expenditures which clearly result from the disordered state of the world must be mentioned—those for war. In 1913 the United States spent $425,000,000 on past, present, and future wars. In 1930 it spent $2,221,000,000. The difference represents 27.7 per cent of the increase in the cost of government between 1913 and 1930. As a cause of high taxes war outranks even education or roads. Over 25 cents out of every tax dollar collected in 1930—federal, state, and local—went for war. On a percentage basis, war has cost slightly less in recent years—but only because recovery expenditures outweigh it. In dollars and cents, expenditures for war have reached new peacetime highs.

IV

Taxes, we see, are primarily results not causes. But the level of taxes and to an even greater extent the kind of taxes levied have their repercussions on the entire economy. The achievement of a sound tax program is an urgent problem, which will not be solved so long as we insist on regarding taxes as the source of all evil. Better business, lower prices, and increased employment are not dependent on lower government expenditures, but will bring them about. Government expenditures will automatically decrease when industry achieves fuller productivity and development. It isn't true that things will be all right with the world once we balance the budget; it's the other way around. Once things are all right with the world, we shall—quite easily—balance the budget. Recognition of this fact will protect us from most of the nonsense that we hear about taxation. But a few current notions demand a brief examination.

Many people fear that money paid out in taxes is diverted from the general economy—that if the national income is $60,000,000,000 and taxes are $12,000,000,000, only $48,000,000,000 remains to buy the products of private industry. We already possess the figures that should exorcise this anxiety. The government itself is the best customer of private industry, spending roughly a fifth of its income to buy goods. A still larger proportion—approximately half—goes for wages and salaries; and government employees use their money, just as others do, to pay the landlord and to buy food, furniture, clothing, and automobiles. If any money paid out by the government is diverted from the economy, it is, ironically, the interest paid on government bonds to the capitalists who are doing most of the complaining. Many of the institutions and individuals that own government bonds do not spend or invest all their income, and some of the dollars they receive are retired instead of being put to work. Fortunately, less than 9 per cent of all governmental expenditures are for interest on the public debt. The remaining expenditures nourish the economy instead of weakening it.

But the government, we are told, is wasteful, extravagant, and corrupt; we don't get our money's worth for the things we buy through it. Perhaps not, but where do we get our money's worth? We know that waste, extravagance, and corruption exist in business, too, and that we pay for them in the form of higher prices for goods and losses on investments. We know, as a result of Brookings Institution studies, that even in its best year, 1929, our economy operated at only 81 per cent of potential efficiency. Despite its wide acceptance, there is no evidence for the assumption that business is more efficient than government.

There is immense waste, to be sure, in the overlapping of local government units. Approximately 175,000 governmental agencies in this country have the authority to levy taxes. The December, 1937, *Fortune* suggested a fundamentally sound solution of this problem. "The simple answer is centralization of taxes. For instance, each state could collect all property taxes within its borders, so that the property would be taxed just once at a uniform rate and a uniform valuation. Little government units within units, barnacles that they are, could be abolished. States could be sensibly split into cities (for urban districts) and counties (for rural districts)."

Obviously, no matter what their level, taxes always seem too high. Even if a chart in the paper shows clearly that food prices have decreased 20 per cent in a few months' time, you will never get a housewife to admit that groceries are really cheap. Taxes are still easier to grumble about, because you don't carry anything home when you pay your bill. Of course taxes can be in fact too high. We mustn't spend all our money for roads and schools or even for wars and depressions. Taxes are absorbing an ever larger proportion of the national income. Even if that income is higher this year, taxes will take about 20 per cent of it. Clearly there is a limit somewhere. But when we view the matter in international perspective, that limit does not appear to have been reached. In Germany, England, and France far more than 20 per cent of the national income goes for taxes. According to *Fortune*, "The citizen of no nation winds up with so much untaxed income as does the average American."

That does not prove, however, that our taxes are too low or lessen the desirability of reducing governmental expenditures resulting from wars, depressions, and overlapping local agencies. Unless we are successful in our attack upon these evils, or are misled into depriving ourselves of useful governmental services, we must face the fact that taxes will have to be not lower but higher (in terms of dollars, not necessarily in relation to national income). "We have not had a balanced budget in this country in twenty years," John T. Flynn points out. "From 1915 to 1921 the federal-government budget was unbalanced because of the war. Since 1931 it has been unbalanced because of the depression. In the years between 1922 and 1930 the combined budgets of the state and local governments were unbalanced." These perennially unbalanced budgets aren't quite so bad as they at first seem. Since 1915 we have spent billions on semi-permanent assets, such as schools, roads, and bridges. There is no reason why we should not go into debt to some extent to pay for these, just as a corporation does to improve its plant. Furthermore, there are times when unbalanced budgets are economically indicated: those of the last eight years have helped arrest the deflation which brought them into being.

However, a budget unbalanced for twenty years which include the greatest period of prosperity this country has ever known should give us pause. Between 1913 and 1938 the government debt increased from $5,000,000,000 to $56,000,000,000. Over such a stretch of time we should have come nearer than we did to striking a balance. We have found that we couldn't have spent a great deal less. But we could have resorted to stiffer taxation, particularly during the prosperous twenties when it would not have been burdensome. Why weren't taxes higher in the twenties? So far as federal taxes are concerned, those statesmen who proclaimed Andrew Mellon the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton had a great deal to do with the matter. But we let them dominate our government. And we must accept responsibility for the erroneously low level of taxes which prevailed.

We must also see that we do not make the same mistake again. We must permit the government to tax us more heavily—even insist on its doing so—during the next period of real prosperity. Fortunately, we can do this in a relatively painless way. When business improves, the present levies will produce far more revenue. All we have to do is to permit them to remain in effect, instead of demanding that they be reduced once the mystic point is reached where we've "balanced the budget." Not only are high taxes easier to pay in prosperous times, but they help to brake the kind of runaway boom that usually ends with a hard bump. By paying your relatively large tax bill with a smile in good times, you may save many a headache—and many a dollar—later on.

We Catholics Have a Duty

BY RUTH E. O'KEEFE

CAN a Catholic be a good citizen of a democracy? The question seems absurd when we remember the many Catholics who have given devoted service to this country. Nevertheless, it is being asked today, not by the Ku Klux Klan, but by us Catholics. A new situation is presented to us by the attempt of our clergy to direct our political activities. What are we to do when our bishop tells us to vote one way and our conscience leads us in the opposite direction?

The conflict between conscience and clerical dictation was strikingly apparent when Cardinal O'Connell set out to defeat ratification of the Child Labor Amendment in Massachusetts. A letter from the Cardinal condemning the amendment was read in nearly all the churches of the archdiocese. Catholic legislators who had been for the amendment changed their position overnight. It was the first open display in this country of the power of the clergy and the docility of the laity. Non-Catholics who were aware of what had happened were startled and dismayed. The effect on the Catholic community was curious. The members of the clerically controlled, centrally directed lay organizations marched in an unbroken phalanx to the support of the clerical position. They seemed to take pride in a church powerful enough to make a state legislature turn somersaults. But there were others, with perhaps a better knowledge of the political history of the church in other lands, who were alarmed.

Clerically organized pressure groups have had increasing success in interfering with the rights of free speech and assembly. These same pressure groups have been used to promote the international policies of the Vatican. This is a matter of record and does not need detailed restatement here. The question is, what are Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic, to do about it?

Non-Catholics can do only harm by exaggerating or misunderstanding the situation. In general it may be said that attacks by outsiders tend to strengthen Catholic solidarity. But the non-Catholic official can at least refuse to yield to the threat of the "solid Catholic vote." The solid Catholic vote does not exist. The illusion of unity is created by the lay organizations. These are vocal and, it is true, completely docile. A Catholic who did not care for regimentation would not be happy as a member, indeed, would not be welcome. But the lay organizations do not represent the Catholic people. For every Catholic in the Knights of Columbus or the League of Catholic Women or any similar group there are at least ten outside. And hundreds of thousands of these Catholics outside the organization resent clerical dictation. You can hear them on the church steps any Sunday after Mass. They can be found in any gathering of workers or professional people. They can be found in surprising numbers among the apparently docile women. Legislators who have the courage to resist clerical dictation are reelected even in overwhelmingly Catholic districts. The clergy cannot deliver the Catholic vote today. We would beg the non-Catholic official to continue to listen with his present admirable tolerance to any arguments for political action which the Catholic clergy may advance. They have the same right to express themselves as other citizens. But we would also entreat him to resist pressure as such and to believe that his resistance will find wide support among his Catholic constituents.

That still leaves the major battle to us Catholics. While the main body of the laity is unorganized as yet, the organizations are growing fast, and Catholic Action aims to include us all. Catholic Action explicitly disclaims any political objective. But few can believe that if there arose some situation like that created by the civil war in Spain, Catholic Action groups, as well as the present organizations, would not be mobilized for political pressure. We must decide now, before it is too late, whether the demand for political unanimity on questions on which the clergy take a definite stand is something which must be accepted by all loyal Catholics or something which we may and should resist.

The problem is complicated. We are grateful to a church which has safeguarded our heritage of faith and which, long ago, laid the foundation of all democracies by its declaration that all men are equal in the sight of God. We could not be induced to attack this mother of European civilization. But if the clergy themselves, in going outside their legitimate sphere, are unconsciously the destroyers of the moral power of the church and hence her greatest enemies, then to resist their excessive demands is most truly to defend the church. The most important thing we as Catholics can do, then, is to become clear ourselves as to the proper limits of clerical authority.

Some Catholic spokesmen declare that a Catholic must follow his bishop whenever the bishop chooses to assume the role of leader. For example, the *Providence Visitor*, in its issue of February 2, says: "When you separate a Catholic from his bishop you separate him from his church. There is no such thing as an individual Catholic." If this statement were true the fears of the most extreme opponents of Al Smith would be justified. Fortunately for us all, this is only the irresponsible utterance of an anonymous editor of a Catholic journal. Repetition by other irresponsible people does not make it true. The authorities in the American Catholic church speak quite differently. For a definition of the limits of clerical authority we can turn to a great American, the late Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. In answer to the question, "If the Pope were to command Catholics in purely civil matters to be disloyal to their country would they be bound to obey him?" the Cardinal wrote:

> The Pope will take no such action we know, even though it is part of the Catholic faith that he is infallible in the exercise of his teaching authority; but were he to do so he would stand self-condemned, the transgressor of the law he himself promulgates. He would be offending not only against civil society but against God, and violating an authority as truly from God as his own. Any Catholic who clearly recognized this would be bound not to obey the Pope; or rather his conscience would bind him absolutely to disobey, because with Catholics conscience is the supreme law, which under no circumstances can we lawfully disobey.

On this statement it is possible to build our position. If the Pope cannot command us in civil matters, it is clear that no bishop or priest with only a derivative authority has the right so to command us. As Catholics we are obliged to fulfil our duties as citizens according to the dictates of our conscience and must be guilty of no disloyalty even if the whole hierarchy should unite to force disloyalty upon us. Furthermore, we must recognize that the greatest disloyalty of which we could be guilty would be to help, actively or passively, to build a Catholic bloc. Quebec with its censorship and padlock laws teaches us how destructive to democratic institutions a powerful, clerically directed bloc can be.

The church makes no claim to infallibility outside the strict limits of faith and morals, and even a slight acquaintance with our past would teach us that in its ordinary political relations the Catholic church is and has been a human institution with the faults to which temporal governments are subject. It is true that we can take pride in the pure and selfless lives of the majority of our popes. No kingly dynasty can match their record. But we should know and accept the fact that the best popes were not always good statesmen and that the worst popes put material or family interests before justice.

Quite as much as we revere the great pontiffs in the long succession to Peter, we should revere, as does the church itself, the notable Catholics who opposed the popes when their political pretensions were excessive or partisan. St. Bernard rebuked the luxury of the papal court and questioned the wisdom of its temporal policies. When Innocent IV declared a crusade against the Hohenstaufen emperor Frederick II in the thirteenth century, Louis of France, the king-saint, withheld his approval and made every effort to mediate between pope and emperor. Franciscans and Dominicans went far and wide armed with special indulgences to recruit fighting men for this war against the emperor in his possessions of Aragon and Sicily. Such abuse of the spiritual power alienated lay opinion throughout the world but especially in England and Germany. It is interesting to remember this in the light of Spain, so recently torn by a civil war in which Franco's bombs had the papal blessing.

The Hohenstaufens lost in the end, but so did the papacy. The conflict led to its subjection to French policy and the long exile in Avignon. There is much in that Babylonian captivity which seems to parallel the present situation of the Pope in Rome. Then a line of French popes living in a small papal possession in France worked for French policies rather than for justice. Now Italian popes, under the apparent domination of a strong Italy, seem, if reluctantly, to serve Italian interests. The popes were delivered from Avignon by St. Catherine of Sienna. Any Catholic who believes that his religion requires political subservience would do well to read her letters.

In other centuries there were periods of some length when the policies of the Vatican were dictated by the family interests of the popes. This was especially true at the time of the Renaissance, during the pontificates of Sixtus IV, Alexander VI, and Julius II, who were more interested in securing place and power for their relations than in promoting Christian justice and concord. Throughout this period the true voice of the church seemed to issue from the protesting Catholic people rather than from the Vatican.

But it is not necessary to pick unworthy wearers of the triple crown to point the obvious moral. The best and purest made their costly mistakes in world policy, and the devout and loyal opposed them. Indeed, the record leads us to believe that we serve our church best when we serve our country with the free decisions of our individual judgment.

As I talk to people here and there in this country I become aware of a rising tide of dissatisfaction among the Catholic laity. There are many causes for that dissatisfaction, some personal, some local; but everywhere I hear protests against clerical dictation in civil matters. We have no outlet for this dissatisfaction in any opportunity to discuss our difficulties with the clergy. As individuals we may bring our problems to the confessional, but you do not talk back to a priest there or anywhere. All this repressed unrest must break the dikes sooner or later. When it does, perhaps we shall have a lay organization of a new character, so truly devoted to the spiritual heritage of Catholicism that it will save the American Catholic church from the dangerous political activity of its clergy.

In the meantime all of us Catholics have a duty binding in conscience. That duty is to follow our individual convictions and allow no one to lead us into the deathtrap of the Catholic bloc.

Pocket Guide

IS GRADE A MILK RICHER?

BEFORE you pay the extra three or four cents a quart for Grade A milk, have a talk with your local health officer. Most of us think that Grade A milk is richer than Grade B, but in very few communities is that the case. Only here and there some local authority insists on extra butter fat in Grade A milk. In New York City both Grade A and Grade B must have at least 3 per cent of butter fat.

There is often a little more safety in Grade A milk. In New York City certified milk, after pasteurization, must not contain more than 10,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter, Grade A milk not more than 30,000, and Grade B milk not more than 50,000. For the average person that difference amounts to practically nothing. Except for babies and invalids you can forget it. The extra paper cap on the Grade A bottle keeps the lip of the bottle clean but is hardly worth the difference in price. The best economy may even be to buy skim milk. The *Consumers' Guide* (published by Consumers' Council of the AAA) says that skim milk has everything that whole milk has except fat. One quart of fluid skim milk, says the *Guide*, plus one and one-half ounces of butter, will give you all the food value of whole milk.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE U. S. A.

It may be good enough for the U. S. A. but it isn't for Canada. What? Why, the label on the can. American canners often have to print two sets of labels because the label that passes at home isn't accepted in Canada. In Canada the label must tell all; in the United States it need tell mighty little. Canada has strict labeling laws. Canned fruits, vegetables, honey, maple syrup, eggs, fresh fruits, and fresh vegetables have to be marked for quality. When people in this country ask for such labels on cans of fruit and vegetables for our own market, the canners get the Save-the-Constitution jitters. Anyway, they say, with their hands on their public-loving hearts, it won't work. Nobody will buy the cheaper grades. But the same manufacturers find it works perfectly in Canada.

FOR WOMEN ONLY

All right, all right, all you men, I'll say a few words to women about their faces. Though goodness knows why I should. I began telling the truth about face creams and cosmetics in 1926, and what good did it do? Other people have been telling it, too. The state of Maine has done a good job giving the facts. But do women believe us? No. We prove to them that a three-dollar cream costs ten cents, including the jar, and that a two-dollar powder costs five cents including the box, and then they go right on using the three-dollar jar and the two-dollar box.

For the fringe of women who believe us but don't know what to do about it, here are some practical dollar-saving suggestions. For cleaning your face: use soap and water. If your skin is very dry, lanolin is better than cold cream, and also better than olive oil. For enlarged pores and blackheads: wash your face at night, apply oxide of zinc cream, and leave it on overnight. For a face mask: apply white of egg.

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just as it comes out of the shell. Don't use cream beforehand, for that will destroy the effect. Leave the egg-white on for twenty minutes. When you take it off, your face will be red for an hour or so and may smart a bit; the purpose of the mask is to bring the blood to the surface of the skin. One egg will give you three or four treatments. For a shampoo: use soap and rinse well. Dry by rubbing. Rubbing and brushing your hair will do more for it than all the salves and tonics in the world. If your hair is dry, apply a little vaseline at the roots. For rough elbows or knees: get a five-cent bag of common salt at the grocer's. Rub it into the rough spots when the skin is wet. It works much more quickly than cream and makes the skin feel lovely.

The *Consumers' Guide* of the AAA tells this one: "A large manufacturer of breakfast foods put on a test sales campaign a short while ago. He offered consumers identical packages of his product at two prices—a single package at 10 cents, two packages for 23 cents. When he counted up sales at the end of the campaign, this is what he found: 33 per cent more packages of the breakfast food were sold at the two-for-23-cents price than at the 10-cents-each price."

Printer's Ink announces a brand-new noise for our streets, a De Soto "talking car." It is a "specially engineered job which goes through a complete demonstration of its own volition. It switches headlights on and off, opens and shuts the luggage locker, stops and starts the engine, and plays the radio . . . and of course blows its own horn both literally and figuratively. A sales talk is synchronized to the moving demonstrations, played on a record under the hood and broadcast through three loud speakers." It will be demonstrated on busy streets.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST question mark is the fate of John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath," recently purchased by Daryl Zanuck. Despite "inspired" denials, reports persist that Zanuck bought the film rights at the suggestion of Chase National Bank interests in order to keep the book off the screen. The Chase Bank has close ties with key figures in the reactionary Associated Farmers.

TO PROMOTE his newly formed "American Vindicators," Senator Reynolds of North Carolina has launched a magazine setting forth the organization's policies. It is called *The American Vindicator*, and recently it blared: "We invite you to join us, regardless of race, creed, or politics. Let the Protestant people stand as one great army against the attacks made upon our democracy and Christianity."

WHEN THE British government wants to broadcast a statement, the British Broadcasting Corporation is compelled to interrupt scheduled programs. A fortnight ago it refused to do so. B. B. C. got instructions to clear the air at 9 p.m. Shortly before that time the statement arrived by messenger, but after it had been carefully studied, it was firmly rejected. It was headed: "Disposal of Civil Corpses in War."

MISSING FROM the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition is an exhibit contracted for and planned by the Birth Control Federation. Although the federation had already spent $1,000 preparing its exhibit, exposition officials suddenly withdrew the space, returned the rental fee, and offered no explanation.

FROM *RADIO GUIDE:* "'Kaltenborn Edits the News' (Pure Oil) will be heard Sunday and Tuesday nights."

WRITING IN *The Nation* last December, the Reverend William C. Kernan traced many of Father Coughlin's anti-Semitic statements to the Nazi news agency World Service. Now J. H. Plenn, in a new book called "Mexico Marches," traces back the same material still farther and shows that both World Service and Father Coughlin borrowed from an article which appeared much earlier in the Ford-owned *Dearborn Independent.*

THE NEW HISTORY: Robert A. Millikan, winner of the Nobel Prize for physics, told Los Angeles business men recently that "no serious or prolonged unemployment occurred until the enterprisers who normally create jobs began to be suppressed, legislated against, and scared by unwise financial and political policies."

IN AN elevator at 15 Exchange Place, in the heart of Wall Street, two financial bigwigs were discussing their summer plans. One was vague; the other announced confidently: "I'm sending my wife to Russia, and I'll follow her soon. It's the only safe place now."

WITHOUT ANY fanfare British scientists are getting ready for war. Sir Walter Moberley, chairman of the Advisory Council of the Ministry of Labor, has outlined plans for mobilizing technicians, engineers, architects, and others; they will all be drafted for "scientific" war service.

TYPOGRAPHICAL TRAGEDY, reported by *Editor and Publisher:* The Omaha *Benson Times* apologized for describing the Ever Christian Endeavor Society as a "love organization" instead of a live organization.

ON APRIL 17 the Chicago *Tribune* stated that "only the alien-minded" and those "who desire to use the welfare of the United States for purposes opposed to its own welfare" indorsed F. D. R.'s message to Hitler. Eleven days later the Gallup poll showed that 60 per cent of the country indorsed it.

IT'S SAID in London that Chamberlain is afraid that a full British alliance with Russia will provoke Mussolini into joining the axis.

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item received in May goes to Edward Curry of Morgantown, West Virginia, for the story about George Deatherage and Senator Reynolds published three weeks ago.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Montreal, May 19

THE King and Queen have come and gone. Until their train passed by, great crowds stood even at the suburban stations hoping for a glimpse of this most winning of royal couples. The great square in front of the Windsor Hotel last evening was jammed with people when George and Elizabeth appeared upon the balcony to bow their thanks once more and to be heartened by the rousing cheers of the crowd. This overwhelmingly French city, like Quebec, paid a tribute to the King and Queen which cannot be minimized. It is true that Canadians rarely have the opportunity to witness great spectacles or parades, and it is also true that at points along the long twenty-three-mile drive of the titular rulers of Great Britain there was little or no applause. That was doubtless in part due to the fact that the royal automobile appeared suddenly and passed quickly. The crowd in the grandstand in which I sat had hardly begun to cheer when the car had already gone by. There was much disappointment that there was no military escort and parade and that, because the cortege was well behind its schedule, there was possible only a fleeting glimpse of the sovereigns, the diffident, modest King and the charming Queen Elizabeth—the ladies all declared that she was far more attractive than her pictures had made her out to be.

After a day each in Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal, and after talking with quite a number of people, I am prepared to say that the Canadians' greetings to their distinguished visitors were primarily personal. King George and his consort have made a great appeal, and the circumstances in connection with their elevation to the throne have if anything reinforced this. Nowhere did I hear any reference to the Duke of Windsor, and when I asked how he and his duchess would be received if they should turn up in Canada, the answer was that Canadians are much less vulgarly curious (especially as to movie stars!) than we of the United States, and that probably the ex-King and his wife would attract very little attention. The reception given to King George in Ottawa will doubtless be influenced more by his official status than was the case in Montreal. Toronto, being much more British than Montreal, is likely to endeavor to outdo the metropolis in receiving the King. But the sincerity, the friendliness, the good-will, and, yes, the affection which the King and Queen will encounter everywhere cannot fail to impress the recipients and all observers. If the press has been a bit hysterical in its headlines, the prevailing tone of the demonstrations, as of the decorations of public and private buildings, has been quiet, dignified, and in the best of taste.

It does not follow, however, that all this is a great demonstration to the fascist powers that the component parts of the British Empire are standing shoulder to shoulder, and will Mr. Hitler please especially take notice. If the trip was primarily arranged for a political purpose, it will hardly at its end, I believe, be written down as a complete success. The warm greeting given Their Majesties does not mean that the French Canadians will abate one jot their anti-imperialism, or their positive opposition to conscription, or their repugnance to fighting overseas to help the United Kingdom if the incredible Mr. Chamberlain finally lands it in the hell of war. A debate on foreign policy has been going on in Parliament—even while the royal ship was on its slow voyage over. Of some eighteen or nineteen French members who have thus far participated in the discussion, only one, a member of the Cabinet, has failed to make it clear that he is utterly opposed to overseas crusades for the empire. They and their steadily growing constituencies are all isolationists and against any repetition of the military history of 1914-18. They will take part gladly in the unveiling of the national monument to the Canadian dead at Ottawa Sunday, but they say they are for no more foreign wars and they mean it, and so do many in the British section of this bilingual country.

Naturally I found men to say that if war came and London were bombed, there would again be a great patriotic outburst. Some believe that the pledges against conscription given by Mr. Manion, the Conservative leader, and the Liberal Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, will be got around by the simple device of forming a National government and claiming that it is not bound by the pledge given by the head of a defunct Liberal government. But others, and some whose opinions I especially value, assured me that there would be no conscription whatever, that the opposition of French Canada will not melt, not even in the face of war fires abroad, and that without French adherence conscription is impossible.

But today Canada is united in its welcome to the King and Queen; it is not insensible to the flattery of this being the very first trip a reigning British king and queen have ever taken to a British dominion. I believe there is only one real regret—that the little princesses aren't there, too.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

THE real story of Gandhi's latest victory in India and the events preceding it did not get past the British censorship. The story that did get through is epitomized in the headline of a London dispatch which appeared in the New York *Times* of March 12. "Intervention of the Viceroy," it read, "Brings Britain in on the Side of Those Defending the Rights of People." The true story, which calls for a different headline, is now available in a small volume by Haridas T. Muzumdar recently published.*

Here it is in brief: The Thakore of Rajkot, under pressure from the Congress Party, made an agreement, dated December 26, 1938, which provided for a general amnesty, withdrawal of repressive measures, and the creation of a committee of ten, jointly selected, to investigate the report upon a scheme of reforms giving "the widest possible powers" to the people. The agreement contained the assurance that the report of this committee would be "considered and given effect." Meanwhile, the Congress was to end agitation by its members.

At this point the British Resident in Rajkot, E. C. Gibson, entered the picture. Appendix F in Mr. Muzumdar's book consists of "Extracts from Notes of the Talks" at the British Residency on December 28. At that conference Mr. Gibson called down His Highness the Thakore for making any such agreement with the leaders of the Congress Party. "You know," said Mr. Gibson, "that the Government of India's wishes were that no outside interference should be allowed. By settling with him [Vallabhbhai Patel, of the Congress Party, whom Mr. Gibson described as "untrustworthy"] you have lost the sympathies of your brother princes and the government." It is not surprising that Mr. Gibson did not care to have an Indian prince set the alarming precedent of granting reforms at the instigation of the Congress Party. On January 21, 1939, the obedient Thakore issued a notification which in effect repudiated the terms of the agreement. Early in March, after fruitless attempts to work out a solution, the "frail" Gandhi, as the journalists like to call him, stopped eating. Four days later the press of the world announced that the Viceroy had intervened in the dispute, which was described as a dispute between Gandhi and the Thakore. On the fifth day Gandhi sipped a glass of orange juice, giving notice that the Government of India had yielded. The Viceroy had assured him that the reforms which the Thakore had repudiated at the instance of the British raj would be forthcoming. Of if you prefer the British version, he brought "Britain in on the Side of Those Defending Rights of People."

We are accustomed to think of Gandhi's non-violence as a mystical, Oriental, and unworldly technique. But the actual workings of non-violence in India are anything but mystical, and if anyone thinks that the All-India Congress is not politically shrewd let him examine the documents which are by far the most interesting items in this book. They include, along with the extracts of talks quoted above, copies of some intimate correspondence between the Thakore and Sir Patrick Cadell, his Prime Minister through the "good offices of the British Resident"—correspondence which neither party wrote for publication. How these damaging documents came into possession of the Congress Party is not revealed. That they were obtained and published in India, if not in the world press, fulfils even Western rules for shrewd politics and good journalism.

In general I wonder if the condescension of the "practical" politicians of the West, particularly on the left, for the "spiritual," meaning unpractical, methods of the East is not misplaced. Gandhi combines in his person the supremely honest man and the shrewd—and successful—politician. It is a combination of which the West was never more in need.

THE NATION published some time ago a letter from Arabia to an Arabian in this country describing the episode at Nürnberg when the Nazis invited 100 Arabs to be guests at the annual party conference and carried on propaganda among them in an attempt to win Arab support for Nazi designs in the Near East. One of the more piquant items was the report that the high Nazi officials told the Arabs that Hitler and his G-men, Göring and Goebbels, were really Moslems. But this is nothing new. I quote from Harold Nicolson's biography of Curzon, which is the third of his "Studies in Modern Diplomacy," recently reissued. The locale is Persia, during the war.

> Yet the local German agents, isolated and in hourly danger of their lives, never abandoned confidence. They armed Austrian and German prisoners who had escaped from the concentration camps at Tashkend; they provoked countless incidents in the hope that these incidents would force the Persian government to reprisals; they undermined our [British] influence and prestige by every means in their power, contending even that William II had been converted to the Moslem faith.

Incidentally these studies are salutary collateral reading for the devotees of daily newspapers. Large sections of the first volume, a biography of Mr. Nicolson's father, who labored in the vineyards of British diplomacy through a generation, read even in detail like earlier editions of the current book of European power politics. Consider, for instance, his long and finally successful attempt to reach an agreement with Russia, whom the British mistrusted, as one guard against the rising menace of Germany. Today the European text is highly colored by the new dyes of the October Revolution and the counter-revolution; the struggle of "fascism versus democracy," half-real, half-propaganda, looms so large in the new foreground that it tends to throw into shadow the old background where the ancient wars are still raging. At the moment the peoples of the so-called democracies in Europe are like prisoners who will fight to maintain the freedom of the prison yard against the threat of solitary confinement. The escape from the prison itself has been deferred. But the governments seem to know, if the masses don't, that it has only been deferred. They also seem to be aware that war might set in motion the long-postponed jail-break, and since the primary characteristic of any government is its desire to stay in power it should not be assumed too lightly that the spirit of Munich has been finally banished.

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* "Gandhi Triumphant! The Inside Story of the Historic Fast." New York: Universal Publishing Company. $1.

OSCAR AMERINGER, Socialist and aphorist from God's Country (Oklahoma), recently paid a visit to what he calls the "brain belt." Mr. Ameringer, who is himself as full of social projects as a WPA office, is disappointed in the New Deal. He says its activities so far have reminded him too much of putting dry socks on a drowning man.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Lady After Fox

HUNTSMAN, WHAT QUARRY? By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. $2.

THE title-poem of Miss Millay's latest collection tells of a hunter tracking down a fox, and of a lady who would detain him. Just as he is about to yield, he catches a glimpse of his quarry and is off. The creature that he follows, not to tame, as he tells the lady, but to slay, is remembered joy. This lyric is a kind of theme-song for the book. For the poet too is on the trail of a bright thing out of the past, and however tempted by the urgencies of the present moment, at the first flicker of the fox's tail rushes back in pursuit. In such pieces as the opening ballad, with its delicate lilt, the brief lyric The True Encounter, and the memorable sonnet defying death in the grand manner, "Thou famished grave, I will not fill thee yet," she runs her fox to earth. Those poems in which she treats contemporary themes or attempts to employ a less traditional form are mere dalliance till the creature again breaks covert. Not to strain the allegory too far, it may be said that one finds here a number of songs and sonnets in Miss Millay's familiar style, and that mingled with these are poems speaking of the shames and horrors of our time and some more personal pieces which strike modern discords, and that these are less successful.

In her early work Miss Millay salted the conventional language of lyric poetry with plain speech and spiced its sweetness with malice. Here she seems to be making too deliberate an effort to escape prettiness. The effect is sometimes strained and sometimes absurd. Inert Perfection, for example, which is described as an egg not to be hatched, carries an unpleasant suggestion of soft-boiled beauty. The lady who, beneath the moon of "almighty Sex," goes "forth at nightfall crying like a cat," sets a risible image prowling about the fair tower she has builded. Miss Millay does not manage the long free-verse line with the skill she employs in traditional forms, and it helps her no whit, in what might have been a moving attack upon the prudent, to echo Kenneth Fearing thus: "Making no contacts, dealing with life through agents, drinking one cocktail, betting two dollars, wearing raincoats in the rain." Curiously enough, when she turns to subjects of current interest, she is most conventional. Say That We Saw Spain Die, while appropriately and skilfully using the image of the bull fight, by the very limitations of that image seems to remove the struggle to another century. Czechoslovakia is peculiarly inadequate, with its Scriptural allusions to balm in Gilead, the defection of Peter, and the crown of thorns. It is characteristic that the section of the book containing these political poems should include five sonnets, From a Town in State of Siege, having to do with snatched love, defeated by the lover's death.

Miss Millay is famous for her lyricism, her happy epithets, the verse in which she rebels fiercely against death or cleverly anatomizes love. All these are present here. But there is also the long unwieldy line, the awkward image, the pathetic reliance upon the pathetic fallacy, the tedious harping on the same string. The lyrics in memory of Elinor Wylie are worthy neither of the poet to whom they are addressed nor of the poet uttering them. The tender little elegies that Edna Millay wrote at college on a dead schoolmate are sharper. Miss Millay is more than competent. The pity is that she is less than critical in using her great gifts.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Mahan to Hitler

MAHAN. By Captain W. D. Puleston, U. S. N. Yale University Press. $4.

"SEA-POWER, of course, has influenced the world in all ages. So also has oxygen. Yet just as oxygen, but for Priestley, might have remained until this day an indefinite and undetected factor, so might sea-power but for Mahan."

This judgment, written in the nineties by a Belgian reviewer and now quoted by Captain Puleston, hits the nail on the head. Before Alfred Thayer Mahan, naval historians had been "simple chroniclers of naval occurrences" and had "troubled themselves little about the connection between general history and their own particular topic." But to Mahan, then a good but rather ordinary officer on a small and worn-out warship, there "came from within the suggestion that the control of the sea was an historic factor which had never been systematically appreciated and expounded."

With most of the nations of the world lining up for another test of strength certain to strain and quite likely to smash the civilized life of most of them, if not of all, sea-power clearly affects everybody. Read Mahan's works and "Mein Kampf" together, with Captain Puleston's life of Mahan as a series of footnotes—there are many worse ways of finding out what is happening to us all. Captain Puleston has been director of the United States Naval Intelligence Service and has had access to the private documents of the Mahan family. His book is timely, free from mere uncritical eulogy, and full of sidelights on Mahan's work, the Anglo-German naval race, and American naval policy before 1914. Its list of Mahan's writings and its index are most useful.

But it has three faults. First, its style is flat. Secondly, it is not always critical enough, because Captain Puleston is himself too much like Mahan in general standpoint. For instance in 1899, at the Hague conference, the United States delegation first favored, then rejected, compulsory arbitration, and for this rejection Mahan was responsible. Mahan is the proto type of the military and naval experts who did so much to wreck the disarmament conference. Since their duty was simply to keep up their own country's armed strength—which meant being on guard against foreigners trying to do the same and against their own countrymen trying to divert taxation to civilian objectives—these naval and military experts were quick to point out dangers in every plan for internationally agreed arbitration, security, and disarmament. But they did not see the other side—that war is a far greater danger and that to whatever they are supposed to be defending compulsory arbitration and agreed disarmament are in the end essential, however difficult. These naval and military experts have had their way: they have helped to get collective security, disarmament, and arbitration rejected and have been brought up against the alternative—a treacherous grouping of powers in opposed camps, amassing weapons that may well destroy everything worth defending. It is partly owing to the professional one-sidedness of Mahan and his disciples that the great and necessary experiment of the League of Nations is dead and that many of us are probably facing cruel and futile fates. Of all this, Captain Puleston gives no hint.

His third fault is that he hardly discusses how Mahan's chief idea applies to the present and to the near future. He tells us that "not until political aggregations of men . . . cease to strive for power and their own advantage will Mahan's writings become obsolete," and that Mahan would have taken aviation seriously, thinking out what effect it would have not only on naval strategy but on the policies of the great powers. Yes, but why not follow this up? For instance, Mahan's ideas made the Kaiser drunk and led Germany to defeat—or rather, it was not Mahan but a falsely narrow conception of Mahanism, a crude vision of sea-power in terms of a big navy, regardless of geographical factors, that led Hohenzollern Germany astray. The same mistake led the British government to reach the height of the long-matured crisis over Czechoslovakia with a superb navy and an excellent force of bombers but with next to no defenses for London itself, although London is exceptionally vulnerable to attack from the air. Mahan himself was free from this error: when he saw and showed the immense, uncanny effect of sea-power on events, he did not mean by sea-power just navies. He "discussed the conditions affecting sea-power under six heads: (1) geographical position, (2) physical conformation, (3) extent of territory, (4) number of population, (5) character of the people, (6) character of the government." What is this but Hitlerism—power rather than just sea-power? In Hitler (this is one of the most important elements in "Mein Kampf") we are face to face with a man who has long and passionately studied the past mistakes of Germany, the causes of the defeat of 1917. He is resolved to avoid them, and this explains everything he does. And when he says that Germany's aim must be not any particular drive—to the west, to the east, or for colonies—but "a strengthening of Continental power," after which colonies too will come within reach, he is applying Mahan's conception of sea-power to something wider—to the full use of the most effective combination of all the means of power a particular country can muster. That is the fact we have to face. Even America has to find an answer to it. What a pity this life of Mahan, by a naval expert, does not go into this problem of Hitlerized Mahanism! JONATHAN GRIFFIN

The Destiny of Exile

ESCAPE TO LIFE. By Klaus and Erika Mann. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

IT IS a chatty and informal one, this book which the children of Thomas Mann, pursuing their illustrious father's calling, have written about the men and women who stood for German culture and have been forced to flee their country. Anecdotes about many of these conspicuous scholars, writers, musicians, and scientists—their number includes Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Stefan George, Einstein, Brüning, Freud, Lotte Lehmann, Elizabeth Bergner, Luise Rainer, Stefan and Arnold Zweig, Hindemith, Krenek, Remarque, and scores upon scores of others—and thumbnail sketches of their ideas and circumstances mainly compose the volume's substance. The authors' manner of exposition is very engaging. Their thought is bright and clear. And their entire performance is valuable not only for the reason that it enlarges our picture of the brave acts and characters of many wonderful persons, but also for the reason that it reminds us of the degree to which a certain false idea was instrumental in helping bring about the situation which has deprived the German people of the outstanding representatives of some of its highest values.

The authors bring this idea before us in the charming chapter they have devoted to their father. For it was once his and was expressed by him in "Reflections of an Unpolitical Mind," the volume written from 1914 to 1918 and incidentally inclusive of his sympathetic portrait of one of the main consequences and supreme props of the circumstances which have made war the national industry of Prussia—Frederick the Great. It is the idea that a lack of interest in politics not only is characteristic of Germans in contrast with Western democratic men but is an admirable trait and expressive of spiritual culture as contrasted with material civilization. It was shared by myriads of Germans: and in 1933 they were pretty thoroughly bedeviled by this attitude of political passivity. Now it is by no means a certainty that the abeyance of this unhappy idea would have insured German society against Hitler. Situations like the present one, in which the mental and spiritual growth of a people has been nipped, have occurred throughout history. Yet it is clear that an unwillingness to fight for human rights with political means invites disasters of the kind instanced by the present catastrophe. Mann himself, his children state, perceived its dangerousness before 1930. His brother, ever strongly attracted by French life and culture, had known it long. But it was impossible to change German habits overnight; and it is probably because the author of the "Reflections" has seen the consequences of its idea that he has recently been insisting with so much fire on the civic responsibilities of artists.

Meanwhile, "Escape to Life" arouses the question whether representatives of exiled German culture will be able to adjust themselves to their strange milieus sufficiently to discharge the duties the authors lay on them—of showing the world of what free civilized Germany is capable and spreading the truth about her. We cannot answer it; we merely can recall a thought of Gide's at the time Barrès was troubling France with his notion that to uproot men from their native soil was tantamount to sterilizing them. Gide did not agree;

and one day while reading an article on the methods of transplanting pine trees, he smiled at something his mind had just perceived. He had come upon a sentence which ran, "These trees are perfectly capable of being transplanted, provided only their heads are well formed." We, also, take much comfort from it. PAUL ROSENFELD

"We Wanted to Sing"

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

THE story of Czechoslovakia should never be written in cold blood. The history of the sturdy Czechs is too noble and their betrayal too base to deserve an analytical approach. That is why, writing in white heat with his emotions on fire, Maurice Hindus has turned out a fine and impassioned tribute to the beauty and glory that was once Czechoslovakia.

In "We Shall Live Again" Mr. Hindus is the same master of episodic reporting that he was in "Humanity Uprooted" and "Red Bread." Between June and September, 1938, he visited countless homes and institutions throughout Czechoslovakia, the most fruitful experiment of Versailles. If time had allowed, Czechoslovakia would have become the Sweden of Central Europe. If Mr. Chamberlain had seriously wished to keep "Bolshevism" out of Europe, he would never have sabotaged the most eminently bourgeois country on the face of the earth. In all things the Czechs were a middle-of-the-road people. They recoiled instinctively "from extravagance of any kind in drink, in food, in dress, in emotion, in politics, in intellectual speculation." The Slovaks were volatile and emotional, and the Ruthenians were rugged mountaineers, but except for Father Hlinka's misplaced antipathies the differences between these brother Slavs could have been worked out. Unfortunately, the Czechs were only human in a world of self-acclaimed super-men. They made their mistakes in handling minorities, trifling mistakes compared with the rest of Europe. "Czechoslovakia," Mr. Hindus reminisces, "was no Switzerland. But then Switzerland had had five centuries in which to achieve inner unity, and the Czechoslovak Republic had been functioning for only twenty years."

The real crime of the Czechs was that they stood on the right side of morality but on the wrong side of history. As the *Lidovy Moviny* moaned after Munich, in "the most heartbreaking words penned by any Czechs before or after": "We wanted to sing with the angels, now we must howl with the wolves." How stupid of them to have faith in themselves, in their magnificent army, in their choice of friends! The country was brought to trial without a hearing and executed by the great powers because it lay on the main highway of power politics, athwart the path of the Teutonic steam-roller.

Until the very last Mr. Hindus believed that the Czechs would fight, no matter what the odds. Never were a people more conscious of their cause. As Berchtesgaden faded into Godesberg, the common people were literally crying for war, for the sole honor that remained for them—to die in battle. But then came Munich. Mr. Hindus stayed on for two months after the final betrayal, long enough to see the bitter disillusion that swept over the country, but also long enough to realize that the Czechs "will live again," no matter how many foreign tyrants rule by the Moldau. JULIAN BACH, JR.

"Every time she eat anything sweet they ached her pretty near to death. She went to the dentist and said, 'Clean '[illegible] out, but put 'em aside somewhere and save 'em for me.' The dentist thought that was awful queer but he saved 'em for her, and she wrapped 'em up and took 'em home. She went in the kitchen, spread them teeth on a newspaper, and poured molasses all over 'em. She said to the teeth, 'Ache now, damn you, ache.'"
—*Woman mill worker.*

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Keeping Up with the Brookings

REORGANIZATION OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. WHAT DOES IT INVOLVE? By Lewis Meriam and Laurence F. Schmeckebier. The Brookings Institution. $2.

PROPOSALS to reorganize the federal administration have been approved by Congress, and President Roosevelt has coordinated more than twenty lending, public-works, and "federal-security" agencies into three groups. Three other independent lending agencies go to the Department of Agriculture. The Budget Bureau, the National Resources Committee, and Central Statistical services will be directly under the White House. Congress has refused to do anything about the Comptroller General or to substitute a single official for the present Civil Service Commission, and a number of important federal agencies are removed from Presidential authority to coordinate and combine subject to Congressional disapproval.

These are the worth-while but meager results of the fight that began a year and a half ago. The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse. Even this alarms the Brookings Institution. In the Middle Ages pilgrims journeyed to Compostela by taking two steps forward and one to the rear. The Brookings Institution, whose Institute for Government Research has published many studies showing how "to put the public administration upon a more efficient basis," has approached federal reorganization in the same way. Fifteen years ago W. F. Willoughby, then director of the institute, in a volume entitled "The Reorganization of the Administrative Branch of the National Government," argued the need for thoroughgoing changes and made a great many specific proposals in respect of regrouping and coordinating functions. In 1937, elaborate memoranda prepared by the Brookings Institution for Senator Byrd's committee argued vehemently against the leading proposals of President Roosevelt's Committee on Administrative Management but also held that "certain consolidations are needed," that "the number of independent establishments should be reduced," and that new departments

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of transportation and of public welfare might be desirable. Now, with assistance from their Brookings colleagues, Messrs. Meriam and Schmeckebier see little necessity of reorganization until after further study and consideration. They do not challenge the contention "that the Congress is in fact though not in law incapable of reorganizing the government." They oppose the granting of the necessary power to the Executive —a power which Presidents Wilson and Hoover had with certain limitations and which President Roosevelt possessed with no limitations at all during his first two years in office.

If the President had the power to reorganize by executive order, Congress could object by passing a bill. But, Messrs. Meriam and Schmeckebier point out, the President could veto such a bill, and if he "and his followers in Congress could marshal one vote over a third of the members present and voting in either one of the two houses," the President's will would prevail against a majority of the members of Congress. They give illustrations of "the possible uses that the President *might* make of power to curtail functions." He "would have authority to curtail or abolish" grants-in-aid for highways and vocational education. Veterans' benefits "likewise would be subject to curtailment or abolition by executive order." The President "could abolish the function of the Interstate Commerce Commission dealing with railroad rates." Thus the Brookings Institution echoes Mr. Gannett and Father Coughlin. But the authors make a constructive proposal: "Since American experience does not suggest that all merits are vested either in the President or in Congress, but rather that each has both merits and defects, the safest immediate procedure appears to be to observe the division of powers and not delegate unrestricted power to the President to curtail by executive order functions and activities now regulated by law." Instead, the staff of the Budget Bureau should be increased so that it can report to the President on structural modifications which he can recommend to Congress. Similarly, the staffs of certain Congressional committees should be enlarged so that information on administrative activities will be more readily available at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. As a result it will "be possible within a relatively short time, through ordinary processes of legislation, to bring about such change in structural organization as may be found desirable." This is really a proposal for no reorganization at all. The authors dismiss the alternative which Congress adopted—executive proposals subject to a veto by concurrent resolution—as being of doubtful constitutionality. So it is. But the point is unimportant in respect of the recent proposals, since Congress is giving formal approval by a joint resolution.

Messrs. Meriam and Schmeckebier fail to perceive that if Congress and the country wish to hold the President responsible for management, they must permit him a larger measure of freedom in determining the structure through which his managerial powers shall operate. Both France and Great Britain put upon their executives what, in comparison with the American system, is extraordinary responsibility for determining the kind of administrative machine they wish to direct. Thus, Poincaré could decide to have thirteen members in his 1926 Cabinet. Tardieu wanted thirty members. Mr. Chamberlain can create a ministry on air-raid precautions by charging his Lord Privy Seal with special tasks. In the United

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States, Congress—and the present writers—fear the results of giving responsibility to the President. Despite the fact that three Presidents have had the power to coordinate and consolidate and did not misuse it, one must guard against a President losing his mind and abolishing "the function of the Interstate Commerce Commission dealing with railroad rates."

Representative government cannot be strengthened by insisting on eighteenth-century checks when the tasks of government differ not only in degree but in kind from the tasks of the eighteenth century. Liberty is preserved not by seeing things under the bed, or by withholding necessary power, or by dividing it into small fragments. Power must be granted and then measures must be taken to watch and tame it: through legislative control of the purse, through making Congress the grand inquest of the nation rather than a medley of pettifogging interests, and through a free press. Some day—may it not be too late!—Congress will realize that by holding on to the shadow it has been ignoring the substance.

LINDSAY ROGERS

Evolution in Medicine

AMERICAN MEDICINE MOBILIZES. By James Rorty. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF MEDICAL SERVICES, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO CONDITIONS IN CALIFORNIA. By Paul A. Dodd and E. F. Penrose. Washington, D. C.: Graphic Arts Press. $3.75.

THE health of the American people is a national asset and can therefore at no time become the property of any one class or group, no matter how paternalistic or benign. Medical men have long sought to restrict the field of health entirely to themselves. In other words, they have decided that the consumer—the patient—shall have nothing to say as to the kind of goods that is delivered to him. Medical fiat, however, has not been able to suppress the public's interest in the nature and quality of the health service supplied. These two books are written around inquiries into different aspects of the medical problem. Mr. Rorty deals with the functioning of the medical group as a unit, and in particular with the organization known as the American Medical Association. The authors of the second book are economists, and they survey medical services with the same care and insight that they would use in investigating any other type of service or commodity. The two books therefore complement each other and should be in the hands of all those interested in the betterment of medical care and in the passage of Senator Wagner's health bill. The second book is likely to be of more use in providing factual data; but it contains so much material and so many tables that the layman may prefer to turn to Mr. Rorty's readable account.

Mr. Rorty starts his book with a description of the National Health Conference convened in Washington on July 8, 1938. It was easy to write about that conference, because it was making history, and the position taken by the A. M. A., as expressed by Drs. West and Fishbein, against Dr. Cabot was of the type that lends itself to journalism. It is indeed unfortunate that the attitude of two paid officials

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of an organization should thus be able to give the impression that all doctors are against the betterment of national health—which, of course, is not the case. Notwithstanding this personal opposition, the conference accomplished much and laid the groundwork for the present proposed health law.

By far the most interesting chapters are those dealing with the organization of the A. M. A. and its journal. Mr. Rorty points out Dr. Fishbein's virtual dictatorship over 119,000 medical men in the United States through his control of the lucrative *Journal* of the A. M. A., which in 1937 grossed $1,654,203.74. That, as Mr. Rorty notes, is well worth fighting for; but it is not the health of the American nation. He exposes the methods used by certain medical societies in defending their prerogatives, for example, the boycott of Borden products that led the Milbank Fund to cease its investigation into medical costs. He describes the rise of group practice and group hospitalization, and gives an account of the government's excellent and widespread attack on the problem of syphilis.

Messrs. Dodd and Penrose have made a thoroughgoing study of the availability and distribution of medical care in the state of California. I cannot begin to suggest the amount of evidence packed into these pages, but there are certain highlights that demand mention. One of the phrases often used by Dr. Fishbein has been the necessity for keeping, at all costs, the "doctor-patient relation." A recently published study, based on 300 families in a large city, has shown that such a relationship no longer exists. While this may not be true for rural areas, it does apply to our urban population. The reason for the disappearance of the family physician, and with him the "doctor-patient relation," is not far to seek. In a comparison of the incomes of general practitioners and specialists, 50 per cent of the general practitioners made about $2,500 a year, while 50 per cent of the specialists made $3,500. That $1,000 differential in favor of the specialties is all too obvious to young medical graduates about to enter practice.

In a summary at the end of the book the authors state that "families with low and moderate incomes actually pay relatively more (the latter twice as much) as do those with high incomes. . . . The general health facilities of California are unevenly distributed. . . . Thus the population's ability to gain access to the services of a medical practitioner appears to be greatest in the larger cities and smallest in rural territory. . . . The need for medical care at any given time is most prevalent among members in families of low incomes, and least so among those in families with high incomes. . . . Rural areas contain only a small proportion of those ill who are receiving adequate treatment. . . . The pre-natal services of public-health authorities are too closely restricted to 'indigent' mothers, and little provision is made for those who are not 'indigents' but who are unable to meet the high costs of private care." They end with this rather dismal picture: "If these are the facts regarding the needs, what of the receipt of service? Are these needs being met by existing facilities? Is it true that there is no problem today, since all who cannot pay for proper care receive it free of charge? The facts indicate that there is much to be desired, for many thousands who need attention are forced to go unaided. Over four out of every ten persons needing medical care do not

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Many *Nation* readers will remember the first announcement in these pages of the formation of Consumers Union a little more than three years ago.

Because this month is the third anniversary of the first issue of *Consumers Union Reports*, because the third annual CU membership meeting is about to be held and the third annual edition of CU's *Buying Guide* is on the press, we take this occasion to report on CU's progress.

★

When its first advertisement appeared in these pages, CU had but 148 members, a staff of 10 people working for a uniform wage of $10 a week, and no funds beyond the fees and small contributions of these 148 members.

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Its monthly *Reports* are used in hundreds of consumer education courses in high schools and colleges throughout the country; they are in the periodical racks of hundreds of libraries. Through these agencies and through its members, the influence of Consumers Union in protecting health and pocketbook has been felt in hundreds of thousands of American homes.

To the great number of *Nation* readers whose support has helped to make this record possible, CU acknowledges its debt.

★

On June 1 in New York City's Town Hall, CU will hold its third annual membership meeting. Reports on CU's progress will be given, plans for the future discussed. Donald Ogden Stewart, humorist, will talk on "Advertising"; Dr. William M. Malisoff on "Science and the Consumer."

All CU members are urged to attend the meeting. Those joining CU at any time before the meeting are also welcome.

The membership fee is $3 (for the full edition of CU *Reports*) or $1 (for the abridged edition). Beyond admitting you to the meeting, membership will bring you twelve monthly issues of *Consumers Union Reports* and a copy of the 1939 *Buying Guide*. Just write us, telling us you want to join, and enclose the $3 or $1 fee—or bring it with you to the meeting.

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have access to it. Furthermore, low incomes are predominant among families reporting the absence of adequate medical treatment."

The brilliant advertising publicist that generally speaks for the A. M. A. frequently states that there is no lack of medical care. But because of the very nature of his work a doctor is unable to pass an opinion on the demands outside his office. Doctors will rail at these two economists for intruding into their private domain; but the history of medicine shows that betterment has not originated entirely from within the ranks. It was Edwin Chadwick, lawyer and actuary, who in 1838 awoke the English public to the necessity of the first national health laws; and many more instances of the kind can be cited. It is inevitable that changes in medical organization, and especially in public health, should originate outside of the profession; for the doctor himself is so busy improving and applying his skill and knowledge that it is impossible for him to appreciate, other than in a dim way, the medical needs of a population that never reaches his office. It is lamentable that an organization headed by a non-practicing doctor should put men who have given of their very best in such a false position.

Advances in medical knowledge through the efforts of doctors, physicists, chemists, and biologists have frequently been misinterpreted by skilful publicity as advances in the availability of medical services. The technology of medicine is far ahead of its application.

There will be much conservative attack on the new health proposals, but the evidence for them is at hand regardless of what political-minded medicos or disgruntled ex-public-health officials have to say against them. The economic necessity for these changes is adequately presented in one of these books; the reason for the opposition of the American Medical Association is clearly defined in the other.

HUGH H. DARBY

RECORDS

THE success of a project like the Columbia History of Music depends on proper choice of musical illustrations and detailed correlation of this music with the text it illustrates; and in these respects the sloppily voluble Percy Scholes has done as bad a job with the fifth and concluding volume (eight ten-inch records with seventy-two-page booklet, $10), as with some of the earlier volumes. Thus, Scholes being English, the later romanticism is illustrated by Elgar, Bax, and Vaughan Williams, in addition to Strauss, Mahler, and, strangely, Falla—the more strangely since we read of Falla's "dryness," by which is meant an "avoidance of any nineteenth-century luscious romantic feeling"; and Scholes being Scholes, Strauss is represented only by the Intermezzo from "Le bourgeois gentilhomme," with nothing said about the later romanticism which it does not illustrate. And there is no exact location on records of details mentioned in the text. But the volume does offer recordings of two songs from Schönberg's "Das Buch der hängenden Gärten," two pieces from Bartok's "Mikrokosmos," a movement from Haba's Duo for two violins in the sixth-tone system, and one or two other such items.

On two little records ($1 each) Columbia offers Asiatic Russian folksongs sung by Lydia Chaliapine, which I have enjoyed more than the German folksongs arranged by Brahms, most of them heavily sentimental, that are recorded by Ernst Wolff in a two-record set ($3.25). The most attractive songs of this group are to be had superbly sung by Elena Gerhardt on Victor 7795.

The three familiar Haydn clavier sonatas issued by Timely (three records, $5) are delightful in the way Haydn's music is; but I must regret that Timely did not choose from the unfamiliar ones that are so remarkable. I must regret also its choice of Jacob Feuerring, whose piano performances are energetic but not subtle and often not clear—unless the drowning of the right hand by the left is a fault of the recording. On a single ($1.50) record he plays three fine Scarlatti sonatas; on another a charming sonata by Galuppi.

The boogie-woogie style, as it is used continuously by the boogie-woogie pianists themselves, I find monotonous and boring. It may be that the style is too limited, or that the pianists are; at any rate it is when a pianist of varied resources has worked the boogie-woogie style into a performance as a resource added to the others he commands, that the result has been interesting and even exciting. A superb example is the opening solo by Bob Zurke of Bob Crosby's Orchestra, aided by Ray Bauduc's brilliant drumming, in "Song of the Wanderer" (Decca). Another example, this one with the light-fingered playfulness that is characteristic of his style, is Count Basie's opening solo in "Baby, Don't Tell on Me" (Vocalion), which is followed by a characteristically delicate and plaintive solo on muted trumpet by Buck Clayton. But Basie's outstanding solo is the one in "If I Could Be With You" (Vocalion), in which there is no boogie-woogie, no playfulness—only extraordinary delicacy and subtlety, which continue in Clayton's solo and in Helen Humes's singing, until they are interrupted, with incredible lack of understanding and taste, by the blare of the full band.

Billy Kyle's piano style is the feature of Mildred Bailey's "I Can Read Between the Lines" (Vocalion); and its influence can be heard in the playing of the others in "Love's a Necessary Thing" on the reverse side—a better song, which Mildred sings well. Then there are the fine solos on muted trumpet that Frankie Newton contributes to "The Blues My Baby Gave to Me" (Bluebird); the delightful singing by Ella Fitzgerald in the Chick Webb "Chew Your Bubble Gum" (Decca). And among Commodore reissues I have enjoyed Jimmy Noone's "A Monday Date," particularly for the playing of Noone on clarinet and Earl Hines on piano; and the Billy Banks Rhythmakers' "I'd Do Anything for You" and "Mean Old Bedbug Blues," with Henry Allen on trumpet, Pee-Wee Russell on saxophone, and Fats Waller at the piano.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Manifesto

Dear Sirs: The following statement of the Committee for Cultural Freedom is of such intrinsic importance that we should like to see it published in *The Nation.* SIDNEY HOOK

New York, May 22

The tide of totalitarianism is rising throughout the world. It is washing away cultural and creative freedom along with all other expressions of independent human reason. Never before in modern times has the integrity of the writer, the artist, the scientist, and the scholar been threatened so seriously. The existence of this danger and the urgent need for common defensive action inspire the undersigned in issuing this statement.

Under varying labels and colors but with an unvarying hatred for the free mind, the totalitarian idea is already enthroned in Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan, and Spain. There intellectual and creative independence is suppressed and punished as a form of treason. Art, science, and education have been forcibly turned into lackeys for a supreme state, a deified leader, and an official pseudo-philosophy.

The Nazis have proclaimed: "There can no longer be a single artist who creates otherwise than nationally and with a national purpose. Every artist who withdraws from this preoccupation must be hunted as an enemy of the nation until he gives up his intolerable resistance."

The words and acts of all other totalitarian regimes conform to this view. They apply it to the educator, the scientist, and the historian no less than to the artist. The results have been artistic sterility, an enslaved intellectual life, a tragic caricature of culture. Literally thousands of German, Italian, Russian, and other victims of cultural dictatorship have been silenced, imprisoned, tortured, or hounded into exile.

Triumphant in a large sector of the civilized world, the totalitarian idea is winning too dangerous an influence in many other countries. It threatens to overwhelm nations where the democratic way of life, with its cultural liberty, is still dominant. Even in the United States its beginnings are all too evident in the emergence of local political dictators, the violation of civil rights, the alarming spread of phobias, of hatred directed against racial, religious, and political minorities. Ominous shadows of war are gathering in our own land. Behind them lurk dangers not only to a free labor movement but to a free culture.

Through subsidized propaganda, through energetic agents, through political pressure, the totalitarian states succeed in infecting other countries with their false doctrines, in intimidating independent artists and scholars, and in spreading panic among the intellectuals. Already many of those who would be crippled or destroyed by totalitarianism are themselves yielding to panic. In fear or despair they hasten to exalt one brand of intellectual servitude over another; to make fine distinctions between various methods of humiliating the human spirit and outlawing intellectual integrity. Many of them have already declared a moratorium on reason and creative freedom. Instead of resisting and denouncing all attempts to strait-jacket the human mind, they glorify, under deceptive slogans and names, the color or the cut of one strait-jacket rather than another.

These are immediate and pervasive realities. Unless totalitarianism is combated wherever and in whatever form it manifests itself, it will spread in America. We, as writers, artists, and scholars, are deeply conscious of our responsibilities to our vocations. The circumstance that free culture, persecuted and proscribed in vast areas of Europe and Asia, seeks a refuge in America raises these responsibilities to the plane of pressing moral duty.

We therefore call for the formation of a Committee for Cultural Freedom, an organization independent of control, whether open or secret, by any political group, pledged to expose repression of intellectual freedom under whatever pretext, to defend individuals and groups victimized by totalitarian practices anywhere, to propagate courageously the ideal of untrammeled intellectual activity. This commits us as a group to no particular social philosophy—but only to one of the fundamental criteria for evaluating all social philosophies today: namely, whether it permits the thinker and the artist to function independently of political, religious, or racial dogmas. We have come together, and call upon others to join us, on the basis of the least common denominator of a civilized culture—the defense of creative and intellectual freedom.

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Wind-borne Rumor Denied

Dear Sirs: "In the Wind" in your issue of May 13 brings us the news that "a dispute is going on inside Consumers Union reminiscent of the Lawyers' Guild row; the Union's affiliation with the League for Peace and Democracy is one of the issues." The winds have carried many rumors about Consumers Union in the three years of its existence. I am happy to say that this is not true.

If you will remember that anyone can become a member of Consumers Union simply by subscribing to Consumers Union *Reports,* and that there are 80,000 members, you will realize that there must be differences of opinion within the membership. But these differences are of the kind that every publication with a clear editorial policy expects.

In so far as the League for Peace and Democracy is concerned, a long time back a meeting of our board voted unanimously to send delegates to the league. In the same way we have sent delegates to numerous organizations, congresses, and conferences. This has been directly in line with our clearly announced policy of cooperating with other organizations in the protection of the consumer's interests, which we believe includes the fight against fascism.

The action on the league has never once been questioned by any member of our Board of Directors. In recent weeks one very vocal member of the organization has raised the question of the league. He claims to represent others, but for some reason he has kept the names of the others a deep secret.

ARTHUR KALLET

New York, May 18

Alaska for the Refugees

Dear Sirs: The persecuted people of Europe are pleading for a life-line. Why not allow them to colonize in Alaska? Much is said about mass immigration upsetting our economic equilibrium, but if refugees established new towns in the wilderness they would offer no threat to unemployment. Moreover, thriving new colonies in Alaska would be of definite commercial and military advantage to the United States.

It will perhaps be objected that the newcomers, after a taste of the hardships of colonization, may want to leave and seek more congenial work in Chicago, New York, or Seattle. To meet that contingency the regulations governing their admission should require them to stay at least five years in the new community.

The government's recent colonizing project at Matanuska, Alaska, demonstrates the possibility of large-scale settlement in the territory. Properly developed, the country could support millions of refugees. Of course the immigrants would have to be financed. Funds would be needed, but they could be raised. At the outset we should be givers, but only at the outset.

ELMER GREENSFELDER

New York, May 17

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The Shape of Things

MOSCOW HOLDS THE CENTER OF THE STAGE this week as the Kremlin ponders the British bid to a three-power alliance against Nazi aggression. Although the British plan still falls short of the Soviet desire for a three- or four-power mutual-assistance pact, involving guaranties to the Baltic states as well as to Poland and Rumania, it more nearly meets the Russian demands than any of its predecessors have done. It carries for the first time a pledge of aid to the Soviet Union and provides for the protection of Lithuania. It does not include Latvia or Estonia. Nor does it cover the Far East as originally demanded by the Soviet Union. Details are lacking as to how binding the reciprocal obligations actually are. But London's invitation to Voroshilov, Soviet Commissar of Defense, to attend the forthcoming British army maneuvers indicates that Britain means business. There are reports that conversations among the military staffs of Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union may be held in the next few weeks.

*

A BINDING THREE-POWER PACT SHOULD insure peace in Europe for many months to come. Despite the annexation of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Memel, and Albania, the triumph of Franco in Spain, and the Italo-German military alliance, the axis powers are relatively weaker than they have been at any time in the past three years. British airplane production is approaching 1,000 a month. The French financial situation has been at least temporarily relieved as a result of the success of Daladier's domestic bond issue. The Soviet Union has just announced a new military budget 66 per cent higher than the record one of last year. The Polish parliament has approved a plan which puts all powers in the hands of a military dictator in the event of war. Evidence that Germany is feeling the strain of its frantic rearmament program is contained, moreover, in the semi-annual report of Berlin's Institute for Economic Inquiry. The labor shortage is pictured as being increasingly critical; transportation has bogged down, largely as a result of the tremendous amount of building supplies required for the construction of the new fortification systems; the

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raw-material situation is as desperate as ever. While the dictators undoubtedly still have a few trumps up their sleeves, control of the game seems rapidly to be passing out of their hands.

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THE MOUNTAIN OF PROPAGANDA FOR TAX revision which has dominated the scene in recent weeks has produced a mouse in the form of Administration agreement to a "compromise" tax program. Mr. Roosevelt is reported to have assented to the abolition of the undistributed-profits tax and to minor changes in the excess-profits levy in exchange for a definite understanding that there would be no reduction in revenues. The penalty section of the corporation tax is to be strengthened to prevent corporations from retaining profits for the sake of tax avoidance. Elimination of the principle of the undistributed-profits tax is an important strategic victory for the reactionary bloc, but it is all but meaningless in practice. The undistributed-profits tax was killed for all effective purposes at the last session of Congress; the remaining 2½ per cent was too small to be important. Even less important are the projected changes in the excess-profits levy. Recovery will neither be aided nor set back by any of the proposed revisions, as was attested by the complete indifference with which Wall Street greeted the news. The real victory rests with the President, who has successfully checkmated, for at least the present session of Congress, all efforts to wreck the New Deal recovery program. There is still need for fundamental tax revision to lift the burden from the masses, but that has been made more rather than less possible by the paper victory of reaction in the present instance.

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HOPES FOR REVISING THE NEUTRALITY ACT at this session of Congress were substantially revived over the week-end when Secretary Hull outlined a clear-cut Administration program on this difficult issue. The Pittman cash-and-carry plan, hitherto supposed to carry Administration backing, has been dropped in favor of a much simpler formula. This would amount to a virtual repeal of the arms embargo. All direct restrictions on the sale of arms and war materials would be dropped under the new plan as introduced by Representative Bloom, acting chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, but the existing limitations on financial dealings with belligerents would be retained, as would the regulations controlling the manufacture of munitions in this country. The President would be empowered to name combat zones in which American shipping could go only at its own risk, as well as to restrict the travel of Americans on vessels of belligerent registry. In contrast to the Pittman bill, there are no restrictions on the arming of American merchantmen. While by no means as satisfactory as the Thomas-Geyer amendment, the plan is infinitely preferable to retaining the present act.

WHEN THE NEW DEAL WAS FIGHTING FOR its life, before the last election, the Dies committee did all it could to smear the President and the Democratic Party. Now "Dies Uncovers Whisper Attack on Roosevelts." The hearings held last week by the committee have done nothing to allay our suspicion that Dies is merely indulging in a bit of innocuous "exposing" of fascist and anti-Semitic movements to cover his red-baiting tracks. The McWhirters and the Deatherages are worth watching but are of little immediate importance. The real danger lies in such men as Father Coughlin and in such movements as the Associated Farmers. To expose them requires courage, intelligence, and sincerity, and it is idle to expect these qualities from the Dies committee. The only hope of turning prophylactic publicity on the powerful interests behind Coughlin and the Associated Farmers lies in the La Follette committee; the reactionaries in Congress are therefore working hard to keep its request for another $100,000 bottled up in the Senate Audit and Control Committee. Already, as a result of the Dies excursion, it is being said behind the scenes in Washington that the La Follette committee is no longer needed. Does anyone seriously believe that Dies would probe into the National Association of Manufacturers? We urge every labor union in the country and every organization devoted to civil liberties to mobilize all the pressure they can, as soon as they can, to keep the La Follette committee from being snuffed out at this session.

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WE CAN THINK OF NO MORE SUBVERSIVE influence than Tom Girdler. He tried hard to teach his striking employees in South Chicago (ten killed by police) and in Massillon (three killed by deputies) that the constitutional guaranty of the right to assemble is a scrap of paper. Through the use of local authorities and a mercenary citizens' committee, Tom Girdler has demonstrated that a great capitalist may flout the law when he chooses. His lawyers have so dragged out the Labor Board proceedings against him that his 5,800 striking employees will probably have to wait another year or two before they can collect the $7,500,000 in back pay the board awarded them. On the eve of the second anniversary of the Memorial Day massacre, Girdler filed suit for $7,500,000 in triple damages under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law against the C. I. O. and 700 of its members. Girdler long sought to avoid compliance with the Wagner Act on the ground that he was not engaged in interstate commerce. Now he claims that his employees, by striking, were guilty of conspiring to restrain interstate commerce. Add the fact that labor thought the Clayton Act meant what it said when it exempted trade unions from suits under its provisions and one has a picture not calculated to increase respect for the law among American workers.

THE ARREST OF FRITZ KUHN, THE NAZI leader of the German-American Bund, on charges of common theft will surprise only the innocent. The philosophy that might makes right necessarily attracts a criminal element. The mistake of the Weimar Republic was to treat the gangsters as honest adversaries when they began to capture the electorate. We wish the D. A. and his staff every success. Meanwhile, we await the Nazi interpretation. The higher ups in Berlin must decide either to protect Kuhn or to let him down. In the first case it will be hinted that Kuhn spent the money rightly for secret political purposes which he naturally had to camouflage as private expenditures. In the second case the defense of Nazi morals will be even easier. They will find out that Kuhn's real name is Kohn and that he is and always was a bolshevik agent of World Jewry. If you think this fantastic, consider the *Völkischer Beobachter* of May 14. The headline, in red and underlined, runs: "U. S. A. Journalists Accuse Roosevelt as an Accomplice in a Political Murder." Subhead: "Sensational disclosure about the murder of Governor Long by Jew." The story is based on the Washington Merry-Go-Round of May 13, reporting the status of the investigation of the death of Huey Long. Of course Pearson and Allen neither said nor implied that the President of the United States had the slightest knowledge that Huey Long was to be shot. But Hitler's paper comments: "These accusations against Roosevelt from the pen of two renowned American journalists show only too clearly to the world how today in Washington, where Jewish influence prevails, policy and crime are combined." Roosevelt, curiously enough, was not referred to as Rosenfeld.

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ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE IS THE FIRST OF a series of articles intended to give a succession of candid-camera shots of the United States at a moment of restive uncertainty. Journalists with no political axes to grind have been invited to answer questions such as might be asked by an alert visitor to their respective sections of the country: What are business conditions? How is the section going politically? How do people feel about Roosevelt and the New Deal? Is there fear of war, and what is the prevailing opinion concerning the Administration's recent attempt to head off that catastrophe? Is the menace of fascism taken seriously? Are there signs of increasing anti-Semitism? And, finally, how about 1940? Naturally an article attempting to cover so much ground runs the risk of being on the superficial side; citizens of the same state as the writer's may strongly disagree. Nevertheless, we feel that these articles, coming from men trained in the art of gauging public opinion objectively, will be a valuable aid in clearing the air, and we believe that the controversy they evoke will add to their usefulness.

Dies and the Press

THERE are two ways to kill a story. The commonplace method is to bury it alive, either in the wastebasket or on the obituary page. The other is to put it on page one and kill it through misleading headlines, false emphases, and belated denials of extravagantly publicized "charges." In their coverage of the recent Dies committee sessions some of this country's most influential newspapers, whether deliberately or not, have used the second method. Of some fifteen leading papers examined, the most obvious distortions could be detected in the New York *Daily News,* which boasts the largest circulation in the country, and the New York *Times.* Ironically, the most intelligent and clearsighted reporting was furnished by Robert Humphreys, correspondent for Hearst's I.N.S.; Bruce Pinter of the *Herald Tribune* was a close second.

The story itself was simple, and most of the material was available months ago to any city editor who wanted it. The United States is dotted with scores of anti-Semitic, avowedly fascist groups. Most of them draw inspiration, if not weekly pay checks, from abroad. Their attack on democracy is made from behind a thin camouflage of "anti-communism," "anti-Jewry," and "Americanism." The legend of the "Jew Deal" has been tediously recited in every fascist journal and throw-away. The "Red-Jewish" plot to seize power is the American version of the Reichstag-fire lie. On the basis of this imaginary "conspiracy," the fascists hope to stampede the ignorant into "organized self-defense." What the Dies committee brought to the front page was the existence of the anti-Semitic fascist network and its bizarre propaganda. The disclosure was summarized in a headline in the Hearst *Journal-American:* "Anti-Semitic Plot Exposed by Dies." Contrast that headline with these: " 'Red Army Plot' to Take Over Nation Stirs U. S. Probers" (New York *Daily News*); " 'Red Army Plot' to Seize Government Is Bared" (New York *Post*); "Fantastic Plot to Seize Nation Bared by Dies" (Baltimore *Sun*); "General Moseley to Testify in M-Day Plot Probe" (Washington *News*); "Dies Hears of 'M-Day' Plot to Seize U. S." (St. Louis *Star-Times*). Each of these headlines, and the story below, stressed the imaginary "red" plot which General Moseley and his friends had invented. The headline in the New York Nazi paper—"Jewish Plot to Seize Nation?"—at least included a question mark.

The key figure in the "revelations" was an anonymous waiter in a Jewish club in New York who allegedly "overheard" club members planning future government moves. He gave these "tips" to Dudley P. Gilbert; invariably, Gilbert related, they proved accurate. This story was lavishly reported; the *Daily News* correspondents even included a "scoop," allegedly obtained from Dies committee members: "The proof of the waiter's foreknowledge was demonstrated by postmarks on the envelopes containing reports which Gilbert sent to Campbell indicating the value of the listening post in the Harmonie Club." Within seventy-two hours it was shown that either the *News's* informants or the correspondents themselves had lied. The postmarks actually revealed that the waiter's "tip" invariably came after the event. Thus the frail substance on which the fascist melodrama rested was destroyed. But that disclosure—belated as it was—never appeared in either the *Times* or the *Daily News*. The United Press carried the disclosure as a tail to a long dispatch; many subscribing papers never published it.

Even more universal was the willingness of reputable newspapers to echo fascist terminology. When George Deatherage testified, the *Times* ran this headline: "Anti-Red Reveals Link with Rome." For eight paragraphs the story solemnly reported Deatherage's determination to fight the "Communist International." In the ninth he was described as an avowed fascist. The psychological difference between the words "anti-red" and "fascist" is obvious. Would the *Times* headline-writer describe Earl Browder as an anti-fascist? The tendency to identify "Jews" as "reds" was best illustrated by this *News* headline: "Dies Probes Plot on Jews Laid to Anti-Red Crusade."

Among newspapermen it is axiomatic that a denial never catches up with a charge; but the axiom is rarely respected. Last year the Dies committee sprayed its shots on innocent New Dealers, and the press daily reported New Dealers "linked" with communism. This time the victim was John D. Hamilton. Hamilton, as every Washington correspondent knows, was instrumental in the rout of Gerald Winrod, the Kansas anti-Semite; he has been repeatedly attacked in the native fascist press. But Hamilton sent out a copy of the Republican National Committee list to a fascist, with a cordial form letter, and the wires burned with the news that Hamilton was "linked" with anti-Semitism. The Stern papers published a dispatch hinting darkly that Mr. Hamilton knew more than he had confessed about anti-Semitic activities. By the time Hamilton could explain that the list was public and would be sent to anyone, a good deal of damage had been done. In this, as in other instances, part of the blame rests on the clumsiness of the Dies committee. But intelligent reporting could have mitigated the injury.

As isolated instances, none of these examples would loom large. They are important as cumulative evidence of the timidity and, in some cases, the fascist undercurrent which is paralyzing a good many American newspapers. Fascism thrives on false symbols, half-truths, "color words." The press can refuse to disseminate the catchwords that carry the virus of fascism. So far it has generally failed to do so.

Japan Tempts Fate

AS THE months pass it becomes increasingly evident that the Japanese in China have bitten off more than they can chew. They control the chief cities and the greater part of the railways and other arteries of transportation. But the countryside is Chinese and the chief outlets for the occupied territory—Shanghai, Tientsin, Hongkong, and Amoy—are in the hands of the Western powers which tend to be sympathetic with the Chinese. To make matters worse, the Japanese have never been able to establish an effective rule in the occupied areas. Taxes are being collected for the Chinese government under the very nose of the invader. The puppet leaders have been notoriously unreliable. Though professing a desire for peace, they have frequently fomented discord because they know they would lose their jobs if peace came. Efforts to get an outstanding Chinese such as Wu Pei-fu to take the leadership of the puppet regime have failed, though rumor has it that Wang Ching-wei is about to accept a post under the Japanese.

The Japanese command first tried to clear out the guerrillas. But six highly organized, expensive drives against the Eighth Route Army base in Shansi ended in frustration or defeat. Attempts to clean up the smaller guerrilla bases in Hopei, Shantung, and Kiangsu likewise collapsed. The guerrillas simply retreated before the Japanese advance until they had trapped the invaders far from their base, then closed in and cut the lines of communication, forcing a retreat. The most recent Japanese offensive in North Hupeh appears to have met the same fate against Chiang Kai-shek's regulars. Two months of ideal spring weather, the traditional season for war in China, have passed, yet the Japanese have not been able to make any advance of consequence.

Frustrated in all efforts to deal with the guerrillas, the Japanese turned their attention to the foreign powers. But here they encountered much more stubborn resistance than would have seemed possible a few months ago. The landing of Japanese marines at Amoy was met by the landing of equally large detachments of British, French, and American bluejackets. Japanese demands on Tientsin and Shanghai were firmly rejected, and the International Settlement at Shanghai was put under temporary martial law. Unaccustomed to such measures from the Western powers, the Japanese hesitated. Dissension appears to have broken out between the more moderate elements in the high command and the hot heads who have increasingly dominated Japanese actions in recent years. Faced by the prospect of having their two-year adventure end in complete disaster if something is not soon done to break Chinese resistance, the hot heads have succeeded in having a blockade declared on all shipping off the China coast. This may lead to a critical situation if the foreign powers live up to their threat of sending naval convoys with their ships. Even more serious consequences will ensue if the Japanese press their demands for a share in the control of the British and French concessions at Tientsin and a larger share in that of the International Settlement at Shanghai. Any attempt to settle the issue by force would almost certainly be resisted by the powers. Since this is the case, the Japanese have apparently no choice but to back down. But with the success of their whole campaign in China at stake, it is not impossible that the extremist element will attempt a coup. For the Western powers to retreat before such a threat would mean not only the final desertion of China but the abandonment of all foreign rights and interests in the Far East.

Light on the Oil Trust

WE VENTURE to say that as much could be learned about monopoly, its methods, its disguises, its phoenix-like ability to rise from the ashes of dissolution decrees, from an obscure bill now before the Senate Committee on the Judiciary as from the volumes of testimony piling up in the hearings of the Temporary National Economic Committee. The bill to which we refer, S 2181, was introduced by Senators Borah and Gillette. Its significance is not readily apparent, and it is unlikely that newspapers dependent on oil-company advertising will devote much space to explaining it. A bill "to prohibit interstate common-carrier pipe lines from transporting commodities in which such carriers have any interest" may seem of technical and minor importance. But it happens to strike at the heart of the new oil "trust" which has been growing up in place of the old trust, smashed by court order in 1911. For control of the pipe lines, the arteries through which oil pours from the great producing fields to the seaboards, is today's equivalent of the elder Rockefeller's secret alliance with the railroads. The enormous profits of the pipe lines—they earn from 24 to 400 per cent annually on net investment—have supplanted the rebates by which the creator of the Standard Oil trust milked and undermined his independent competitors.

The Borah-Gillette bill was introduced because oil interests succeeded in forcing a similar clause out of the Wheeler-Truman bill. The smell of oil has always been strong in the lobbies of Washington, and the oil lobby has always succeeded in the past and may succeed again in protecting monopoly control of pipe lines from Congressional attack. The first commercial oil pipe line of any importance was built in 1878 by independent western Pennsylvania oil producers in an attempt to escape the grip of the combination between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Standard Oil Company, which was slowly forcing them out of business. Then as now control of transportation facilities meant control of the industry, and by 1883 Rockefeller succeeded in bringing this pipe line—the last hope the independents had to get their oil to market on fair terms—under his control. The pipe line assumed increasing importance in the minds of the oil monopolists as regulation of railroads made it more and more difficult to discriminate against the independent oil man. The anti-rebating provisions of the Elkins Act of 1903 and the 1911 decision by the Supreme Court upholding the trust-busting decree against the old Standard Oil Company stimulated the construction of pipe lines. Control of the pipe line was used to squeeze out the independent as control of railroads serving the anthracite coal country was used against the independent mine owner.

The Hepburn Act in 1906 was an attempt to break up the coal-railroad combination. The original bill forbade a "common carrier" to convey commodities produced by a company owned by the carrier. In that form it would have applied to pipe lines as well as railroads. The oil lobby succeeded in changing the words "common carrier" to "railroad" before the bill was passed. Today the twenty interlocking major oil companies own 97 per cent of the oil pipe lines and determine the terms and rates on which oil is to be shipped to market.

Two figures tell what effect this has had on the independent oil producer. Twenty-five years ago the major companies produced no more than 20 per cent of their own crude oil. Today they produce 60 per cent. The combination that grew great on the supply of kerosene for lighting has now grown beyond anything the trust-busters dreamed of on the demand for gasoline to run the automobile and the airplane. In place of the trust we have interlocking financial controls and community of interest among twenty great companies taking 95 per cent of the crude oil produced in this country. The economic power of this combine overawes the agencies of law enforcement. The anti-trust laws could be used against the pipe-line monopoly. So could the anti-rebating provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act. Neither have been so used.

This is by no means merely an oil problem. It is also a railroad problem. And it is a coal problem. It is estimated that oil pipe lines drain half a billion dollars' worth of gross revenue from the railroads, enough to take most of them out of the red. But the economic power of the oil combine is great enough to muzzle the men who are responsible for the welfare of a 25-billion-dollar investment in railroads. The oil combine can threaten to divert freight unless the railroads behave. The combine's financiers can exert even more direct pressure. The Mellon and du Pont interests are but two examples of family concerns powerful in oil and also powerful enough as industrial freight customers of the railroads to swing the big stick over them. Du Pont is

Phillips Petroleum. It is also General Motors. A similar situation exists in coal. Competing fuels have eaten up 50 per cent of the market for coal. Fuel oil is the chief competing fuel. Fuel oil constitutes 38 per cent of the oil industry's output but provides only 12½ per cent of its revenue. There is reasonable ground for suspicion that sale of fuel oil is being subsidized at the expense of the gasoline consumer. Millions of dollars invested in coal and several hundred thousand mine families are affected. Why doesn't the coal industry fight? But our first- and third-largest bituminous coal companies are controlled by Mellon, and Mellon is also Gulf Oil. The second-largest coal company, now in bankruptcy, is controlled by Rockefeller-dominated trustees, and Rockefeller is Standard Oil. Oil can actually be shipped more cheaply by rail than by pipe line, but the pipe line is necessary to maintenance of monopoly controls. The consumer foots the bill. Railroad workers and investors, mine workers and mine owners, also pay in lost wages and lost investment. Could there be a more dramatic example of the economic wastes and pervasive power that flow from uncontrolled monopoly?

Day Off

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

"What is the properest day to drink?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Every day in the week, I think.
Why should you name but one day?
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday—drink!"

TO ONE brought up on the liberal sentiment of that fine old song, life on a weekly journal has proved a disillusionment. For some obscure mathematical reason that no editor, however omniscient, has ever been able to dope out, there is *no* day in the week that is a proper time to drink, or to engage in any of the other more relaxing exercises. A coming holiday on a weekly magazine is a threat, something used to frighten young editorial workers into cruel and unusual efforts. And the thing itself is a headache accompanied by chills and a slight fever.

"Every day in the week, I think!" In our office a holiday cannot find a single appropriate day upon which to fall. Take Monday, for example. Press day is Tuesday. A holiday on Monday means that almost every event reported or commented on in that week's issue of *The Nation* happened the previous week, not including Saturday, which has been wiped out of the editorial calendar by the five-day week. One result is an issue that arrives on the newsstands relatively stale and tasteless; even journalistic omniscience cannot be kept hot and juicy for nearly a week. A worse result is the harassment of editors who are forced to crowd the work of preparing the issue into too few days, who watch the movements of men and affairs over the week-end with an anxiety that has nothing to do with the fate of humanity, and who arrive at the office to put the paper to bed on Tuesday morning in a condition that suggests the paper should put them to bed instead.

Take Tuesday. But don't *really* take Tuesday, because it is too much like taking one of the slower poisons. A Tuesday holiday means a Monday press day, with even less leeway for the inclusion of late happenings and hence an even more noticeably dated paper. When events are in the making on an ordinary press day, editors cover the gap before the appearance of the paper by various face-saving formulas: "As we write these lines . . ."; or "It seems likely, as we go to press. . . ." But no one has ever devised an alibi for the poor wretch who tackles a fast-changing situation six days before his words will appear. He can hardly say: "It seems probable, two days before Hitler's portentous address, which will occur four days before this issue appears on the newsstands. . . ." How do you put that in words to console the customer and invest the issue with the note of timely sagacity so important in a weekly journal of opinion?

Wednesday? Wednesday is the day editors think. Oh, yes, they do; except on weeks when a holiday interferes. In that case thinking is omitted, and other much more serious things happen. You have to begin shooting copy for the next issue to the typographers on Tuesday, almost before the last issue is on the press. You don't know what you want to print in the next issue, but the copy has to go over just the same. And on Thursday, when you do know what you want to print, it's too late because the copy is already set; anyhow the weekly conference to plan the editorials is on Thursday—except when a holiday occurs on Thursday, but that is another story—and after that the editors have to get busy writing on all those subjects they didn't have time to think about the day before—if they took their Wednesday holiday seriously, as a holiday should be taken. But Wednesday, though it kicks in both directions at once like a circus donkey, is by and large the properest day for a holiday.

Thursday, for example, is much worse. I know you'll want to hear about Thursday and Friday holidays because they do terrible things to the inner lives of editors and magazines. But not today, I'm afraid. Next Tuesday is a holiday. So, naturally, Friday is Monday, and Thursday is Friday, and today is Thursday. So today, if syllogisms still work in this uncertain world, is also Friday, and this reflective bit must be sent right over to the press. The rest of the story will have to wait, because the production schedule won't. I only wanted to point out in these few hasty pre-holiday words that a weekly journal is no place for roisterers who think that holidays should come every day in the week—or, for that matter, even on one day.

This Is America

I. THE MIDDLE WEST DRIFTS TO THE RIGHT

BY WILLIAM L. WHITE

JUST TIRED OF RELIEF

THE Middle West is drifting conservative. The gentle, steady movement started last summer and was chronicled in the fall elections. It has since continued at the same rate. It is not a rip-tide which cannot be checked, but I see nothing on the present horizon that will do so. Along with this trend, a warm personal affection for the President predominates, a belief in his sincerity and integrity, even though major parts of his program are questioned. If a Congressional election were held today, a slightly higher proportion of conservative Democrats and Republicans would be returned than were elected last fall, and yet the majority does not regret the votes it gave Roosevelt in 1936.

Those Middle Western Congressmen who voted to cut the relief appropriation undoubtedly represented a majority of their people. They are tired of the WPA, although this is more an emotional reaction than a reasoned conclusion that it is no longer needed. One astute observer reports that while the Middle West still wants "the aged, crippled, blind, and other disabled persons" aided, it is "tired of seeing the government support able-bodied men."

Practically every Midwestern governor had his budget badly mangled by the lower house of his legislature when these bodies met early this winter. The Representatives, fresh from the people, were more rabidly economy-minded than any since 1933. The state Senators, elected for longer terms, were more reasonable.

In the smaller towns public opinion is cool toward the activities of the Workers' Alliance. It is not excited by Dies committee charges that this organization is controlled by Communists. But, according to my informant, it is troubled by the fact that relief recipients are "becoming organized to obtain relief regardless of their ability to earn a living." The Middle West knows relief cannot yet be abolished, but it is resentful because this is true, and of its resentment is born the wishful belief that if relief were cut, many of its recipients would then "hump themselves and pick up enough odd jobs to pay them as much as the government now gives, and the taxpayers would get a break."

Yet relief is far from popular with its clients, most of whom "wish they had something else to do," and wax profane at the suggestion that WPA pays a security wage. They also complain that recent cuts in projects and relief rolls have not been followed by corresponding reductions in the number of salaried administrators. Workers on the manual-labor projects are "dead agin" the white-collar projects—resentful of those who have "soft jobs writing guidebooks or making model prairie schooners for museums."

These currents in public opinion are recognized by those who administer relief. At a recent state conference of social workers a majority agreed on three salient points. First, it saw that "public sentiment is changing from sympathy for the relief client to consideration for the border-line person trying to keep property and pay taxes." Secondly, it thought that "too many veteran reliefers have permanent certification on WPA." Lastly, it declared that "a new vehicle should be found to attack the unemployment situation," because "continuation of the present work and grant programs will set a fine stage for an American dictator when the set-ups bog down."

TRADE UNION, FARM, AND FACTORY

The Middle West is predominantly a small-town civilization, and in such communities labor falls into three groups. At the bottom is unskilled labor, which in the twenties dug ditches, mowed lawns, went to the harvest fields in season, and picked up a precarious odd-job living, with the help of a few baskets of groceries from the county in the winter. This class is now almost universally on relief. Just above them are the building-trades workers, of varying degrees of skill, about half of whom managed to stay off relief through most of the depression. During the twenties the building trades were fairly well organized by the American Federation of Labor's craft unions, but dues dropped abruptly during the black years. Now that building activity—largely as a result of PWA and Federal Home Loans—has revived, union members who continued to pay dues during the depression are refusing cards to those members who became delinquent but are now anxious to get off relief. Consequently there is much scabbing, and a good deal of muttering is heard among these former union members in favor of a C. I. O. union which, embracing both skilled and semi-skilled, would forgive and forget those back dues. While the building trades in general prefer PWA, which employs skilled labor, to WPA, which does not, they realize that WPA has kept an army of starving men from scrambling for what few building jobs there are, glutting the market and driving down wage scales, and they fear the results of deep cuts in relief rolls.

At the top of skilled labor in the average small town are the railroad brotherhoods. While they enjoy a princely wage scale in theory—in the twenties an engineer could count on a regular $75 a week—in practice work is allotted by the union on the basis of seniority, and many of the younger men got through the depression on relief. Among these there is definite undercover muttering for a C. I. O. union which would cut down the take of the prosperous old-timers and spread the work among all.

The drift toward conservatism is most pronounced among the traditionally Republican farmers, and is probably traceable to the Administration's various farm programs, which, as mutilated by the courts and the Congress, have failed to bolster farm prices. Wheat, corn, and hog prices are sagging badly. The most popular feature of the composite farm program is probably that part of the soil-conservation program which stakes out the farms for contour plowing and helps the farmers buy fertilizer to get their land back in shape. The only popular part of the crop-storage loan arrangement is the checks that are distributed, and these are frequently accepted with misgivings. One prominent farmer, a former member of the AAA committee in his state, takes his with the remark: "We will have to pay back this money, so in self-defense we'd better get what we can of it, even though we know the whole thing is wrong."

Feeling against the AAA is heightened by the fact that the cattlemen—aristocrats of agriculture who have always steadfastly refused any government control—have had a prosperous year. There are several reasons. It takes four years to finish a steer, and there is still a shortage dating from the slaughter of cattle in the drought years. The ingredients of a beefsteak are grass and grain: the AAA program has increased the amount of available pasture, and low grain prices reduce the cattleman's cost of fattening his steers. Permanently low pasture and corn prices would of course result in an increase of cattle and a drop in the price of beef. But temporarily, as of 1939, the cattleman is buying his ingredients on a depressed market and selling his finished product on a high one.

Business sentiment toward the Administration has not greatly changed in the Midwest, except that under the influence of the recession and the not too heartening outlook of the current spring, anti-Roosevelt feeling has made some headway among little business men, moving downward, as always, from the top. Most of them are uneasy about what the increased schedule of social-security taxes will do to this year's profits, and some of them feel that the tax is "taking more out of the community than it is putting back in." These predict that "things are going to be tough all during 1939 and won't get any better until 1940 brings a change."

WHO IS DIES?

Interest in the doings of the Dies committee is almost negligible. Its investigations are indorsed by a few die-hard reactionaries who feel that the existence of un-American activities "must be admitted, and the public might as well be told." They are condemned by what the West calls "folding-chair liberals," meaning small groups of intellectuals, often centering in college campuses, who have an active interest in such abstruse topics as consumer cooperatives, the Spanish Loyalists, and the doings of Mr. Dies. But the great masses of Midwesterners know little about Congressman Dies and care less: in the course of my researches I tried hard to unearth in the ranks of WPA some resentment against his committee's bias and was finally met with the blunt assertion that the average Midwestern relief recipient was concerned solely with his status on the rolls, "and cares no more about the Dies committee than a hog does about the Resurrection." On that firm note I leave it.

Anti-Semitism can likewise be dismissed. The only emotion Jews have ever aroused here is a faint curiosity, sometimes an even fainter hostility, caused by the fact that, in a pious churchgoing land, their religion denies the divinity of Christ. But they are no more considered a "problem," a "question," or a "menace" than are the Welsh. Currently, Middle Western Jews enjoy a slight aura of popularity reflected from their neighbors' intense dislike of Hitler.

The only event of immediate local interest in the Middle West is the disintegration of the Pendergast machine, which has dominated Kansas City for many decades and under whose rule Kansas City has been the toughest little town this side of Sodom. Pendergast's political power is explained by the fact that his candidates for city offices have been opposed by a lugubrious succession of stuffed-shirt Republican nincompoops—big taxpayers, faithful husbands and church deacons, no doubt, but offering the voters no vestige of a social program and promising only to reduce taxes for the big property-owners. In this they were comparable to the pre-LaGuardia opposition to Tammany in New York.

That is why the Pendergast machine to this day has never been beaten at the polls. Its downfall began several years ago when the New Deal Attorney General's office moved in on Kansas City and began indicting and convicting Pendergast henchmen for election frauds. Pendergast then demonstrated that he didn't really need to steal elections by winning the next one—all hands agree the count was honest—by a thundering majority. Yet the cost of defending his henchmen and paying their families pensions as they languished in jail was a heavy drain on the Pendergast war chest, and the final blows came this spring when Attorney General Murphy's office, tipped off by Missouri's Governor Stark, indicted Pendergast—and convicted him—for having failed to pay income tax on his share of the cut from several massive sums of political boodle.

Cynics infer—and I can't deny—that the New Deal's latest move in on Pendergast may have been nicely timed to show that Thomas E. Dewey has no monopoly on uncovering civic corruption. The Kansas City *Star* has also been vigorous in recent months, and its Washington reporter, Duke Shoop, has been effective and intelligent not only in telling the story but in piecing together the evidence. Of course the *Star* has always been against Pendergast, but until recently its opposition was an empty ritual performed just before election.

In general, I doubt that the Kansas City Republicans have learned the lesson which LaGuardia taught the bourbons of New York. This is that in any large American city the big property-owners must either support liberal candidates who will provide the people with good —and expensive—schools, hospitals, parks, clinics, subsidized low-cost housing, and a public-works program which will give useful jobs to the poor, or the people will turn to a corrupt political machine which will take at least as much money away from the property-owners in graft and shake-downs, thus distributing the wealth downward through unsavory and illegal channels. To the minds of Kansas City Republicans any distinction between a money-spending liberal and a corrupt political boodler is academic to the point of hair-splitting. This is why I think that, even with Tom Pendergast removed, his politically unbeaten machine will rise again, leaving its opponents with only their traditional monopoly on the local supply of righteous indignation.

WAR AND MR. ROOSEVELT

While the Middle West is following the Pendergast case, its universal topic of interest is foreign affairs, which, since Munich, surpass all domestic issues combined. The day is gone when that region can be regarded as a fat, sleepy, and insular land, immersed in its own problems and with no interest in events beyond the seas. Today any drugstore idler out here can draw, with soft lead pencil on the marble soda-fountain top, a recognizable sketch of the Polish Corridor. Last fall the people hung on the radio as Hitler yipped from the Berlin Sportpalast and as Kaltenborn suavely explained. Later they watched the newsreels of the German army goose-stepping through the streets of Prague. In contrast with the state of mental confusion in which the Middle West was floundering when it was elbowed into the last war, it has firmly crystallized convictions on the subject of the next one. In order of their intensity these are:

1. That we should stay out of it.
2. That because the Rome-Berlin axis is bent on world domination, it may be wise to give the so-called democratic powers economic aid on a cash-and-carry basis.
3. That the Roosevelt foreign policy—popular with all classes in the Middle West—will achieve these two objectives.
4. That increases in our navy and air forces are probably necessary.
5. That war will be bad for American business.
6. That our part in the last one was a mistake.
7. That any future zeal displayed by Chamberlain or Daladier for the preservation of what is left of democracy in Europe will be designed for overseas consumption.

In short, the Middle West, contemplating the next war, has a much deeper dislike of Hitler than it had of the Kaiser in 1917, and yet has no illusions, since Munich, about the motives of our former allies. Up until the Munich betrayal I think it would have been possible to sell the Middle West a European war for democracy. During the Munich crisis Middle Western colleges reported a complete let-down in studies. Most of the boys feared they would eventually have to go to war, and what was going on in the classroom seemed suddenly unimportant. Today that has changed. In marked contrast to 1917, many undergraduates are boldly proclaiming that they will go to Leavenworth as conscientious objectors rather than to any European war.

Likewise the farmers have thought it through. Even if England and France could muster credit to pay boom prices for food and munitions—which the Midwest doubts—farmers would be willing to forgo the profit if it meant involving us in a European war. I quote one: "I'd ruther see two-bit wheat again than have a boy of mine go to war."

The Middle West favors Roosevelt's foreign policy because it believes that it is designed to prevent any European war and that it has not committed us to military aid. But a recent Gallup poll shows that while the country as a whole approved by 60 per cent Roosevelt's message to the dictators, Midwestern opinion was more evenly divided, and the many dissenters who feel he is taking too active a part in European affairs contributed to the sharp drop in his popularity from March, when it stood at 58.2 per cent, to April, when it had sunk to 56.1 per cent.

But should a war break out in Europe prior to 1940, there would be a strong movement to draft Roosevelt for a third term, and in the Middle West he would be an unbeatable candidate. My informants on this point are all Republicans, and only one of them thinks the President's policy is designed to bring about this state of affairs. Yet if, by 1940, it turns out that the Roosevelt policy has so bungled matters as to bring us to the brink of war, the Middle West will be sore as a pup, it will elect a militantly isolationist Congress, and that will be the end of Roosevelt. However, if Europe is calm in

1940, the Middle West's strong feeling against a third term will come into play.

1940

Sentiment has not crystallized on candidates with one exception: even those Republicans who think Herbert Hoover could be nominated admit he could not carry a single Midwestern state. Old-line Democratic politicians, who on economic issues are as conservative as their Republican counterparts and who have frequently been ignored by Roosevelt, are unanimous for Garner. He is also the Republican choice for Democratic nominee. The New Deal office-holders favor Farley, largely because his is the first name that comes to mind. The non-office-holding New Deal liberals are completely in the dark.

On the Republican side, Tom Dewey's liberal 1938 campaign plus his histrionic talents have aroused the interested curiosity of the Middle West. Although this is tinged with some skepticism as to his ability and experience, Dewey still leads the Gallup poll here as elsewhere. Vandenberg also has his lukewarm admirers, and although no Republican name arouses much enthusiasm in this region, the party leaders believe that if they once more nominate a mildly progressive Republican of the general Landon stripe (Landon himself is considered out of it even in Kansas), this time they will carry the Middle West. Assuming that there is no war threat in Europe, and that the present mild drift to the right continues, I think they well may.

But that will not mean that storm troopers will be riding the Western prairies, with our liberties swallowed in black reaction. It will not even mean the repeal of any major New Deal reform. It will mean only that the Middle West, weary of eight years of lagging recovery, is ready to give ear to those glib critics who are sure that if they are allowed to revise taxation and free business from "restrictions," overnight the budget will be balanced and relief rolls emptied in a roaring recovery.

Of course this will not happen, and the way will be open for a more clearly thought out and tightly knit liberal program to be presented to the voters in 1944—provided that we don't let the mad hysteria of a war paralyze the thinking processes of our democracy. In that event anything can happen in the Middle West.

Giannini and the SEC

BY PETER H. NOYES

AMADEO PETER GIANNINI of San Francisco is one of the last surviving specimens of that special kind of high-powered financier who was a unique contribution of the roaring twenties to the history of American finance. The other super-salesmen of that era—the Charlie Mitchells, the Van Sweringens, the Cyrus Eatons—have either passed into limbo or had to adjust their activities to a vastly different scale. But Giannini has passed through depression, banking crisis, and New Deal reform without relinquishing control of the organization which dominates the banking resources of the West Coast.

A rendezvous with the accountants, however, has finally overtaken Giannini. For the past four months he has been fighting an assault by the Securities and Exchange Commission which, if successful, will doubtless imperil his position as chairman of the Transamerica Corporation and of the Bank of America, fourth-largest bank in this country and the fulcrum of his power.

Now a man of sixty-eight, A. P. Giannini began his business life as a commission merchant in California. In 1904 he founded the Bank of Italy in San Francisco, with deposits of $134,000, primarily to accommodate the Italian population of northern California. Giannini's special contribution to successful banking technique was to provide his institution with the halo of a "people's bank" by devising for it a policy of "equal consideration for the big fellow and the little fellow alike" and employing the same kind of mild anti-Wall Street talk which Henry Ford once used so effectively. The venture proved to be highly successful. By 1919 the Bank of Italy held deposits of $127,000,000; by the end of 1928 they had mounted to $700,000,000, and in token of this growth the name of Bank of Italy was shelved in favor of Bank of America. Today the Bank of America has deposits of $1,400,000,000 from approximately 2,200,000 depositors, and is the ninth largest banking institution in the world.

During this period Giannini likewise left small-time ideas behind him, embracing the grandiose schemes of the Coolidge bull-market days with gusto. He entered the holding-company field as early as 1919 with the formation of the Bancitaly Corporation and began the creation of a labyrinth of subsidiaries and sub-holding companies which eventually rivaled in complexity the products of the Van Sweringen brothers. In 1928 he consolidated the control of all these properties, including the Bank of America, in a super-holding company—the Transamerica Corporation—and entered their assets on the balance sheet of Transamerica at a figure some $800,-

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000,000 larger than their net asset value on their own books. Transamerica proved to be a model bull-market child; for 1928 and 1929 it reported net profits of $138,000,000, of which Giannini was personally entitled to a 5 per cent share "in lieu" of salary, although charges were subsequently made, and are now revived by the SEC, that these profits were grossly overstated.

In 1930 Giannini presumably withdrew from active business and retired to Europe, relinquishing the chairmanship of Transamerica to Elisha Walker, now a partner of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. But after the Walker management late in 1931 had attempted to cut off Giannini's pay by challenging the validity of the 1927-29 profits of Transamerica and its predecessors, A. P. returned vengefully from Europe and in a furious proxy fight succeeded in deposing the Walker crowd. Since then Giannini has ruled the roost in Transamerica Corporation. In addition to having working control of the Bank of America, which is basic to the entire enterprise, Transamerica controls other large banks on the West Coast, important Western real-estate, mining, oil, and farm properties, fire- and life-insurance companies, and the largest single block of stock in the National City Bank of New York. It also owns 89.65 per cent of the Banca d'America e d'Italia, which operates thirty-one branches in Italy—a link that lends credence to the widespread belief that Giannini has strong personal ties with Italian fascism. Giannini's rule over these enterprises, moreover, is a highly personal one, although by his own testimony he now owns directly only a minute fraction of the stock of either Transamerica or the Bank of America. Some of the SEC's charges against the Giannini empire are based, in essence, on a contention that Giannini at times disregarded the corporate boundaries separating the Bank of America from Transamerica and employed the resources of the bank to support the interests of the superimposed holding company.

As a national bank the Bank of America is subject to supervision by the Comptroller of the Currency. For an extended period before the explosion of last fall, it has been learned, the national-bank examiners' reports had been critical of certain of the accounting practices of the Bank of America. But no formal action was taken by the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, under J. F. T. O'Connor, to correct the criticized practices. Giannini's connections reached into broad areas. Because his political sophistication had been sufficiently developed to make him a supporter of the Roosevelt Administration, he had for some time occupied a front-rank position in the small but cherished group of big-business friends of the New Deal. His relations were particularly friendly with the conservative wing of the Administration.

But time and events can alter situations. The first clear indications that Giannini's previously unassailed position was weakening appeared last September. J. F. T. O'Connor's term of office had expired and he had not been reappointed. Soon after his departure a telegram from the Comptroller's office was presented to the bank's directors, calling their attention to certain alleged overstatements of the bank's assets and requesting that no further dividends be paid until these matters were rectified. These demands were not acceded to at the time, but the telegram was a tip-off that trouble lay ahead.

The real bombshell, however, was dropped by the SEC. In contrast to the limited powers of the Comptroller's office—which could only inquire confidentially into the soundness of the Bank of America's assets and endeavor to secure corrections where needed—the SEC presumably had authority to probe into the entire Giannini empire and, furthermore, to focus public attention on its findings. The SEC had been having a look at Giannini's companies for some time. After the momentous September telegram, it obtained access to the national-bank examiners' reports on the Bank of America. On November 25 it announced that it had started a proceeding to determine whether the stock of Transamerica Corporation should cease to be listed on the New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco stock exchanges because of "false and misleading statements of material facts" in the corporation's reports to the commission. The meat of the SEC's complaint was that Transamerica and its subsidiaries consistently manipulated their accounts so as to overstate their earnings and therefore misled investors who purchased or held Transamerica stock on the strength of its official reports.

Since the major part of Transamerica's earnings are derived from dividends on its Bank of America stock, overstatement of earnings by the bank and the payment of dividends on the strength of those overstatements would necessarily result in an important overstatement of Transamerica's earnings. For instance, the SEC contends that at the end of 1936 the Bank of America carried reserves of only $529,928 against loans and discounts of $539,899,100, which included losses and doubtful accounts of more than $8,000,000 as well as slow or inadequately secured accounts of more than $125,000,000. Failure to provide adequate reserves would constitute in effect, of course, an overstatement of the bank's net earnings. Because of these and similar practices, the SEC maintains that the bank's "undivided profits" of $22,503,612 at the end of 1936 were fictitious, that it overstated its profits in 1935 and 1936 by more than $13,000,000, and that it paid to Transamerica approximately $5,000,000 more in dividends during those two years than it actually earned.

Another of the SEC's charges is that the Giannini companies resorted to a peculiar sequence of devices "to evade the necessity of charging off certain assets of the bank in the face amount of $35,214,000 which the national-bank examiner in 1931 had classified as losses and doubtful assets of such an unsatisfactory character as to require their elimination from the bank's balance sheet." * The SEC contends further that in order to comply with this requirement a subsidiary of Transamerica contracted in 1931 and 1932 to purchase these assets from the Bank of America at their face value. But in subsequent years, according to the SEC's charges, the bank employed a number of devices to liquidate its $35,214,000 claim against the Transamerica group; for example, in 1935 and 1936 the bank wrote up certain of its security investments by about $14,000,000 and used this "profit" to reduce its claim against Transamerica. Again, having sold certain assets to Transamerica subsidiaries for $300,000 and the subsidiaries having subsequently collected $1,486,185 on these assets, the bank repurchased the same assets for $6,500,000, and the proceeds of this transaction were used to reduce further the bank's claim against Transamerica, according to the SEC's complaint.

The commission also makes numerous charges of overstatement of earnings and other misleading accounting practices by Transamerica itself, over and above the inflation of its earnings allegedly resulting from the bank's accounting practices. For example, the SEC contends that in the years 1934 to 1936 the Transamerica Corporation paid $2,750,000 to one of its subsidiaries for expenses incurred in "encouraging and stimulating the public to purchase Transamerica Corporation stock" in the open market. These payments, the SEC maintains, were not included in Transamerica's current expenses; if true this would result in an overstatement of its earnings by that amount.

Likewise under fire from the SEC are stock-market operations involving A. P. Giannini personally. The commission charges that he made use of his inside information on Transamerica's affairs to enable an outside company in which he was a large stockholder to make profits of $1,629,941 in 1936 from market operations in Transamerica stock. The commission further contends that under the Securities Exchange Act Transamerica is entitled to recover Giannini's share in those profits, a right which thus far has not been exercised by Transamerica's board of directors, of which Giannini is chairman.

On April 5 the SEC applied to the federal District Court in San Francisco for a permanent injunction restraining the Bank of America, A. P. Giannini, his son, L. M. Giannini, and others from making "untrue statements of material facts" in connection with the sale to the public of "Timetrust" certificates, which represent a method for instalment purchases of Bank of America common stock. The commission charged that Timetrust certificates with a face amount of $1,600,000 had been sold since last August and that they were described to the purchasers as similar to a savings-bank account. The next day the commission also asked the San Francisco court to restrain William J. Mahaney, a former SEC attorney, from continuing to supply the Bank of America with confidential information about the proceedings against Transamerica, information which he allegedly acquired during his service with the commission, and to enjoin the bank from continuing to employ him as an attorney. The SEC declared that the bank hired Mahaney on January 1 at a salary of $7,500 a year, in contrast to his salary of $4,000 a year with the commission. At the time of Mahaney's change of jobs, the SEC charges that he "falsified to the commission the identity of his employer and the nature of his employment."

The SEC made public its charges against Transamerica on November 25. Since that time Giannini has counterattacked on three fronts. The first campaign was one of behind-the-scenes negotiations designed to obtain an acceptable limitation of the SEC's investigation or even, in the opinion of some newspaper observers, to get it called off altogether. Despite the pressure, the SEC opened its hearings on January 16 as scheduled.

The second campaign was a long-drawn-out politico-legal battle which is still continuing. Giannini engaged Donald Richberg, former NRA counsel and administrator, as his chief counsel, and for associate counsel obtained the services of William Stanley, who was an appointee of former Attorney General Cummings in the Department of Justice and is now his law partner. Since the source of Giannini's power as well as of much of the SEC's evidence is the Bank of America, the legal efforts of the Giannini counsel have been devoted mainly to keeping the commission away from the sacred records of the bank. For this purpose Messrs. Richberg and Stanley sought an injunction, maintaining that the SEC had no right to investigate the affairs of a national bank, that it was attempting illegally to usurp the powers of the Comptroller of the Currency, and that the Secretary of the Treasury had violated the law in furnishing the SEC with national-bank examiners' reports. The injunction was promptly thrown out by the District Court in Washington, which was in turn upheld by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Barring an injunction by the Supreme Court, the SEC's course is clear.

In his third and most spectacular campaign Giannini has endeavored to picture the SEC's proceeding against Transamerica as a personal plot against himself. In developing this angle Giannini has had the assistance of his expensive counsel, who repeatedly contended during the hearings that the SEC's case was merely an "unwarranted and unjustified personal attack" on Giannini, and of a high-powered and high-paid publicity man, Edward

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* Statement by O. John Rogge, assistant general counsel of the SEC.

Bernays, who has tried in his numerous publicity handouts to develop the theme of the personal vendetta. But the actual naming of names in this persecution yarn has been left to A. P. Giannini himself, and even his remarks have been "off the record." He has spread his tale by word of mouth. On one occasion he told a group of newspapermen at the SEC hearing that the case against him had been plotted by a "pack of Jews" and that William O. Douglas, then chairman of the SEC, was a "liar" for asserting that there was a controversy between the Comptroller's office and the Bank of America.

In other conversations Giannini has elaborated the conspiracy to the proportions of melodrama. He has contended—"off the record" but before witnesses—that Elisha Walker in 1931 sought to have Transamerica and the Bank of America rescue the tottering Ivar Kreuger empire and Lee, Higginson and Company, but were thwarted by Giannini's return to power. Ever since then, he alleges, his enemies have plotted to recapture the Bank of America. The dramatis personae in the Giannini thriller, besides Walker, include Kuhn, Loeb and Company; Lazard Frères; Mrs. Herbert Lehman; the Fleishbacker interests of San Francisco, who are rivals of Giannini for the financial hegemony of that city; Eugene Meyer, former head of the Federal Reserve System; and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury. Morgenthau, in fact, is Giannini's special bête noir. In unsuccessful efforts to support the theory of a private vendetta Giannini has sent provocative telegrams to Morgenthau, has had his son publicly challenge Morgenthau "to lay all the cards on the table," and has asserted in the presence of numerous listeners that he would like to bring a $2,000,000 personal damage suit against Morgenthau and others if his lawyers would let him.

Some time ago, during an extended recess of the hearings, Giannini returned to San Francisco. On his arrival there he remarked sadly to reporters that he was "disillusioned" with the New Deal and was pained to discover that the SEC was interested in publicity rather than justice. The indications are that Mr. Giannini will experience considerably more pain and disillusionment before the Transamerica case becomes finished business, no matter what its eventual outcome may be.

Swastika Science

BY MORRIS GORAN

WHEN the Nazis came to power in Germany, Bernhard Rust, a prominent party member, was named Prussian Minister of Education and Culture. One of his first acts was the dismissal of Fritz Haber, described in Germany as late as 1930 as "Germany's greatest man." More than any other one thing, Haber's process for the fixation of nitrogen had enabled the Kaiser to hold out for the four years of the Great War. According to Rust, Haber, who was of Jewish descent, "resigned" from his posts of professor at the University of Berlin and director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Physical Chemistry and Electrochemistry because his assistants at the institute—Herbert Freundlich, now in the United States, and Michael Polanyi, now at the University of Manchester in England—had been asked by the government to retire. "Professor Haber declared that he would not tolerate any direction as to who his collaborators were to be," Herr Rust said at the time. "I could only reply that I, as Prussian Minister of Education, must see to it that the younger generation of Germans was drawn into collaboration. In the long run this is more important and beneficent than giving individual scientists the opportunity of making some discovery." The rumor still persists that Haber's death in January, 1934, in Switzerland, was a suicide.

The continued expulsion or "resignation" of scientists called for Nazi explanations, and these were soon forthcoming. Early in 1934, in the correspondence columns of the English scientific publication *Nature,* appeared a letter from Professor Johannes Stark of Germany, winner in 1919 of the Nobel prize for physics, written to correct certain "inaccurate assertions" made by the physiologist A. V. Hill, also a Nobel-prize winner, in a Huxley Memorial lecture. Instead of a thousand scientific workers having been dismissed, less than half that number, according to Stark, had "voluntarily" given up their posts. Instead of 100,000 people being in concentration camps, the number was less than 10,000. Measures against Jewish scientists were only for the purpose of curtailing their "unjustifiably great influence." Moreover, Jews who had served at the front were not affected. In reply, Hill, neither Jewish nor Socialist, discounted Stark's statement about war service as a falsehood and cited many kinds of so-called "resignation."

Meanwhile, in Germany the Nazis were distributing a pamphlet by Stark entitled "National Socialism and Science" in which he asserted that Jews, being self-centered and using facts only to serve their own ends, were incapable of making great discoveries in science. Jewish scientists in Germany, he said, had been strangling real science by their theorizing: namely, Klein and Hilbert in mathematics, Einstein and Sommerfeld in physics, and Haber in physical chemistry. Yet two months later Stark again wrote to *Nature* to correct what he called the misunderstanding in English scientific circles about the attitude of the Nazi government toward science. "Various Jewish scientists without being forced to do so," he wrote, "have given up their professorships and moved to other countries. This they have done, as some of them have declared openly, out of sympathy with their Jewish kinsfolk who were affected by the law. . . . One should not set them up outside Germany as martyrs. . . ."

Many other German scientists were not so apologetic as Stark. On the first anniversary of the death of Fritz Haber, the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Physical Chemistry, the German Chemical Society, and the German Society of Physics made plans to honor him. The Minister of Education forbade all officials and teachers in German universities to attend the memorial services, but on January 29, 1935, while the German press ignored the event, some 500 scientists gathered in Dahlem, a suburb of Berlin, to pay tribute to Haber. Professor Max Planck, opening his eulogy with the Nazi salute, said, "We reward loyalty with loyalty and pay our earnest tribute at this moment to the German scholar and German soldier, Fritz Haber."

The purge, however, went on. On August 13, 1935, Dr. Arnold Berliner, founder and for twenty-three years editor of *Die Naturwissenschaften,* was removed from his post because of his Jewish descent.

In order to strengthen its hold upon German science, the Nazi government, through the Reichsminister of Propaganda, next created a "Science Congress Center," the avowed purpose of which is to use scientific congresses, held in Germany or elsewhere, to influence public opinion in favor of the Third Reich. For conventions held in Germany the center acts as the official censor of the program and list of speakers. For scientific meetings held outside Germany it organizes German scientists in a united delegation under an appointed leader loyal to the National Socialist Party. Nevertheless, when the Kaiser Wilhelm Society for the Advancement of Science in January, 1936, celebrated the silver jubilee of its founding by the Kaiser, the work of the Science Congress Center was hardly noticeable. President Max Planck again praised Fritz Haber. Professor Otto Meyerhoff, director of the Institute for Medical Physiology and a Nobel-prize winner, who was demoted after the Nürnberg laws became more effective, and Professor Richard Goldschmidt, an eminent biologist and Nobel-prize winner, now at the University of California—both Jews—took part in the festivities.

Among other German scientists the Nazis were making more headway. At the dedication of the Philipp Lenard Institute at Heidelberg University in December, 1935, Dr. Wacker, representing the party and the government, said, "It is, then, very superficial to speak of science 'as such' as a common property of mankind, equally accessible to all peoples and classes and offering them all an equal field of work. The problems of science do not present themselves in the same way to all men. The Negro or the Jew will view the same world in a different way from the German investigator." Professor Philipp Lenard published two years ago the first volume of a work entitled, "Deutsche Physik," and dedicated it to Wilhelm Frick, Minister of the Interior, in these words: " 'German physics?' one asks. I might rather have said Aryan physics or physics of the Nordic species of man, the physics of those who have plumbed the depths of reality. . . . I shall be answered, 'Science is and remains international.' It is false. Science, like every other human product, is racial and conditioned by blood."

But German science was not yet fully regimented. In March, 1936, the *Völkischer Beobachter* published an article by a party member and student of physics, Willi Menzel, excoriating Einstein and all theoretical physicists as Jews or products of the Jewish spirit. The article caused six Nobel-prize winners in physics to engage in a public controversy on German physics versus Jewish physics. Defending Menzel's point of view were Professors Lenard and Stark. Opposed, making no mention of politics or Jewishness but merely defending theoretical physics, were Professors Max Planck, Max von Laue, Erwin Schrödinger, and Werner Heisenberg.

More than a year and a half after this controversy the Nazi Alfred Rosenberg declared that the National Socialist Party could not assume a dogmatic ideological attitude toward problems of cosmophysics, experimental chemistry, and prehistorical geography because these represent problems of the natural sciences, in which earnest and impartial investigation is free to every scientist. But two weeks after Rosenberg's pronouncement *Nature* was banned in Germany. The Ministry of Education issued an order saying: "In the scientific weekly journal *Nature* articles have been published containing unprecedented and base attacks upon German science and the National Socialist state. Therefore this journal must be excluded from general use in scientific libraries."

The Nazis, indeed, mean to purge or ban all scientific journals. In July, 1937, an article entitled White Jews in Learning appeared in the Nazi periodical *Das Schwarze Korps.* The author demanded the extermination of the Jewish spirit, typified by Professor Einstein, from German science. "It is characteristic," he said, "that in a time which brings fresh tasks to German medicine and which awaits decisive achievements in the fields of heredity, race hygiene, and public health our medical journals should in the space of six months publish, out of a total of 2,138 articles, 1,085 from foreign authors, including 116 from Russians of the U. S. S. R. These articles of foreign origin scarcely concern themselves with those problems which seem so urgent to us. Under cover of the term 'exchange of experience' there lurks that doctrine of the internationalism of science which the Jewish spirit has always propagated because it provides the basis for unlimited self-glorification."

Scientists in other parts of the world have attacked the Nazi race dogmas as based upon theories long discredited. They have protested even more strongly against the suppression of free inquiry and the nationalization of science. In December, 1937, the American Association for the Advancement of Science proclaimed that "science is wholly independent of national boundaries and races and creeds." It also reaffirmed its earlier condemnation of "persistent and threatening inroads upon intellectual freedom" as "a major crime against civilization itself." In 1937 the British Association for the Advancement of Science invited the Americans to draft a "Magna Charta, a Declaration of Independence," to proclaim that " 'national science' is a contradiction in terms."

More important than resolutions is the aid that has been furnished to refugee scientists. The Academic Assistance Council, composed of forty-two British scientists and men of affairs, has been active abroad. The American Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced German Scholars placed, with the aid of financial grants, thirty-five scholars on the faculties of American universities in 1934; more than 1,100 scholars had made application to the committee. By March, 1938, 1,684 professors had been dismissed by the Nazis, 896 of these for the crime of being Jewish, Catholic, or "politically unreliable." No reason was given for the dismissal of the others. Some left in protest.

Nazi Germany would like to have a few of these professors return—those, for instance, who could help in the rearmament and self-sufficiency programs. One German scientist who had found asylum in the United States was invited to return by Herr Rust in 1937. Rust promised him that his ancestry would be forgiven because he was needed in the rearmament program. The scientist declined the invitation and expressed the hope that Herr Rust would succeed in benefiting German universities as much in ten years as he had benefited American universities in one year.

Remember Chicago!

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

JOHN McCARTNEY, boilermaker and welder, woke up at nine on Sunday morning with the sun in his eyes. He noticed that his wife's place was empty and that he was very warm. The sun was hot in the room. He threw back the covers lazily. It was Sunday. It was Memorial Day. He took his time about getting dressed. Clean shirt, good trousers. They'd be going to see his mother and his wife's folks. The brass bed blazed in the sunshine; the cheap mirror over the dresser threw back his reflection with burnished clarity.

The kitchen, on the other side of the house, was dark and cool. Marian had heard him stirring and was getting his breakfast ready for him.

"Sure a nice day," he said, and they smiled at each other. He went on out to the back porch and spoke to his little girl, who was playing in the back yard. When Marian had put his breakfast on the table, they sat for a while reading the Sunday paper.

"I guess we ought to start pretty soon," she said. "Mother said she'd have an early dinner and then we can go to your folks'."

They started around eleven. They had to walk a few blocks to get the street car—both their families lived across town. Two-family houses stretched for blocks. Blank parlor windows stared from their porches, and the bright light showed up their peeling clapboards. A car went by occasionally, and a few kids were playing ball in the street, but the sounds were muted in the Sunday silence that seemed to contain the accumulated silence of a thousand other Sundays. The clanging of the street car as it slowed to pick them up was deafening.

For a long time they sat on the swaying straw seats and watched Chicago go by, monotonous, sprawling, flooded with sun. They got off in a street scarcely different from their own and disappeared into one of the two-family houses.

It was two-thirty when they arrived at John's mother's place. She was sitting on the porch and did not get up. She had not been well for a long time. John could see that she had been crying.

"What's the matter, Ma?" he asked.

She looked up at him anxiously. "It's that strike at the mill."

He nodded. And then, gently, "How are the boys?" His two brothers worked for Republic Steel at its plant half a mile away. Jim was married and lived a few

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[*] The material for this narrative is taken from Part 14 of the hearings of the La Follette committee appointed "to investigate violations of the right of free speech and assembly and interference with the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively." Names of individuals have been changed.

blocks down the street. Michael still lived at home.

Mrs. McCartney began to cry. "Jim's out," she said, "but Michael stayed in. I don't know why. It's not a question of money. I've heard so many stories about his being kept against his will."

They talked about the weather after that.

Some time later he said he thought he'd drop in at Jim's place and left the two women sitting on the porch. His child walked with him a little way down the street. Then he leaned down and kissed her lightly and she ran back, turning once to wave her hand.

Jim was not at home but his wife was. She told him Jim had gone to a union mass-meeting at Sam's Place, an old tavern that the union was using for strike headquarters. John tipped his hat and went on. Houses here were scattered; a little farther on they gave way to open prairie. He could already see the crowd at Sam's Place. At the far side of the prairie, smokestacks rose over the long block-like buildings of the Republic plant.

The mass-meeting was going on. He moved through the crowd inquiring for Jim. Jim would know about Mike. There were a lot of people there he knew. Their wives and children were there too. Most of them were dressed up, like himself. Several people told him they'd seen Jim a little while before but didn't know where he was now. He stopped a minute to listen. The speaker was reading a paper about peaceful picketing. Something the Mayor had said. Then he announced that a parade would form to march to the Republic plant and make a picket line in front of it.

The meeting broke up slowly in the sultry afternoon. The parade formed haphazardly, women and children and all. Two men with flags walked at the head of the line. There were a few placards raised on sticks. John didn't join the parade at first. He walked up and down the sidewalk of Green Bay Avenue, which ran alongside the prairie, looking for Jim in the crowd—there must be two thousand people. As he stood on the sidewalk craning his neck, a friend shouted to him. Perhaps it would be easier to find Jim if he mingled with the crowd. His friend introduced him to his mother and father as they walked along. A little farther on he fell out once more and walked along the crowd's edges looking for Jim. When he rejoined the parade he was nearer the front. He could see a line of police now, waiting in a sort of semicircle, far out in front of the plant. As the straggling parade moved closer, he could even see some figures moving around inside the plant fence. Perhaps one of them was Michael. He might get close enough to identify him and wave at him. He hurried along. He reached the head of the line and passed the flag-bearers. He stopped at the police line and spoke to an officer.

"I'd like to get a message into the plant," he said. "My brother's in there. My mother's sick, and I want to let him know. His name is Michael McCartney."

The officer shook his head, but John went on earnestly:

"Listen," he said. "Couldn't you send me in with a couple of officers? I've got to get hold of my brother."

Then John noticed that the officer wasn't paying any attention to him, that he was just shaking his head steadily and looking past him. In the same instant he heard another officer say to a marcher just behind him, "Stand back, you son-of-a-bitch, or I'll fill you full of lead!" John looked quickly at the officers to his right and left. He noticed for the first time that they had their guns out. He said afterward that they looked like football players waiting for the last signal to charge the line. He fell back involuntarily.

Then he heard the blast of a whistle and hell broke loose. Something struck him on the left side of his head and he went down with the blood gushing from his face.

The terror of his own blood flowing made him weak. It was running into his mouth, and he tried to stay in a crouching position to keep it from strangling him. As he tried to run back, crouching, he realized that his left eye could not see. Through his daze he heard shots and he saw people in front of him, running, going down. He wondered what was doing all that, what was mowing them down like that, like a scythe. He looked back and saw the officers firing into the crowd.

Somewhere along the way he threw himself into a ditch. The shooting was still going on. Maybe the bullets would miss him if he stayed in the ditch. As he lay there he heard a voice on his left, his blind, side. "Help me, buddy," it said, "I'm shot."

He couldn't help. He tried to explain to the voice that he couldn't help. Just then a green ball of fire fell to his right, a few inches from his face. It was spitting blue smoke that hurt his right eye and choked him. With a desperate effort he raised himself, stood up. A feeling of nausea ran over him. He could see nothing, but he stumbled on, sick at his stomach, groping, crying. At last someone grabbed him under the arms and his legs crumpled. He felt himself lifted and carried, placed in a car. There were others there. He could hear them moaning. He heard someone say, "To the nearest hospital," and the car moved, bumping, bumping.

But the car stopped. He felt men jumping on the running board. Policemen. He was dragged out, with the others, and pulled into another car. A police patrol. Why?

He seemed to be struggling through a thick dragging fog. He dreamed that dying men lay about him, moaning. Or was it real? He heard himself crying out. He dreamed the car stopped and started again, slowed down and crept on. Once the door opened and a voice cut sharply through his dream. "Shut up, you son-of-a-bitch. You got what was coming to you." He heard another voice saying stop at a doctor's because those men were still breathing. He heard the same voice, years later, saying, "Oh, they've stopped breathing." He went to sleep.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

When he woke again the car had stopped and he heard someone say, "We'll take this one on in. Take the others to the morgue—no use bothering with them." Then they took him by the arms and pulled him out of the car and up some steps. They crumpled him on a bench and left him. Some time, a long time, later they came and stripped his clothes from him and left him again, shivering and blind. At last they pulled him up once more, put him in a bed, washed the blood from his face, and wound a bandage around both his eyes.

Time passed. Food was set before him. He felt empty but he could not see to eat, and when someone tried to help him a voice roared out with curses, "Get back to bed, you ——." He asked for a glass of milk but none came. He asked for Marian but she did not come. At intervals he remembered that he was looking for Jim and Mike but he could not see. Pain ran over his head like a stinging liquid and consciousness left him. But it came back.

A doctor stood beside his bed, it must be a doctor, and uncovered his left eye. He felt a needle in his arm; then a sharp jab in his left eye and another. Stitches. Later the bandage was put back. Later still they uncovered his right eye. It was badly swollen but now he could see a little, enough to taste some food, and, suddenly, Marian came. Then she went away to get clean clothes.

When she was gone his tormentors returned. They gave him his bloody clothes in a sack and told him to go to the washroom and dress. He spoke of Marian and clean clothes. He told them he couldn't walk, but they dragged him to the washroom. Someone there helped him to dress himself in his clotted clothes. The smell made him sick. He was led to a bench and told to wait.

At last Marian came back. She helped him get into a cab to go to another hospital. Then he lost consciousness once more.

It was another Sunday, and John McCartney woke with the sun in his face. He lay without moving for a time. A bandage covered his left eye. Slowly he remembered that its socket was empty. Then he knew Marian was standing by the bed.

"How do you feel, Jack?" she said.

He turned his head painfully to the left so that he could see her. He spoke with difficulty.

"I didn't do anything," he said. "I didn't want any trouble."

"I know," said Marian. "Just rest, and I'll bring you some coffee."

"I wouldn't have gone if I'd thought there was going to be trouble. I just wanted to find Jim. Nobody wanted any trouble. Jack Williams had his mother and father there. And his kids. . . ." He turned his head on the pillow and cried weakly. Marian went to the window and pulled down the shade against the June sunlight.

Everybody's Business

The Conscientious Invester

THE question of the responsibility of the absentee owner for the uses to which his property is put and the way in which his income is earned is not new. It was raised in the days of the anti-slavery agitation; it was posed forcefully in the nineties by Bernard Shaw in "Widowers' Houses." In the present era of giant corporations the problem has become even more difficult. The capitalist, large or small, is perforce an absentee owner. He has little or no voice in the management of his property, and all too often he cannot even obtain adequate information about it. Hence the only form of control open to the conscientious investor is a negative one: he can avoid putting his money into those corporations of whose business or methods he disapproves.

That sounds simple enough, but when one gets down to actual cases all sorts of complications arise. For example, an ardent member of the W. C. T. U. would naturally refuse to invest in liquor stocks. Would she also have to cold-shoulder a glass-container concern on the ground that a part of its profits might be derived from the manufacture of whiskey bottles?

A correspondent has raised this problem in its most intractable form by asking for guidance on how *not* to invest in armament shares. She is a woman with strong moral scruples about receiving benefits from the production of the means of slaughter. "I would rather," she writes, "gain an income from brothels than from bombs, but I find it increasingly hard to discover investments in which there is no direct or indirect arms interest."

Her dilemma is easy enough to understand if one tries to answer the questions: What are armaments? What is an armament business? Under modern conditions the connotation of the term "war material" is being constantly enlarged, and as a result the boundary between the things of war and the things of peace is considerably blurred. Innumerable products essential to civil life can unchanged serve the needs of war. The barbed wire which keeps the farmer's cows from straying is no different from that in which his son may be caught and riddled with bullets. The tractor which speeds the plow may easily be adapted for hauling guns. Thus the conscientious investor must inquire not merely whether a corporation is at present solely engaged in peaceful production but also whether its business has a war potential.

The same difficulty arises in the case of companies producing raw materials or semi-finished products for the use of other companies. War is a greedy consumer of all metals, and when armies clash, mining and smelting concerns flourish. Yet since their normal business is peaceful, conscience, it might be argued, could be appeased by selling out when hostilities begin. But the Stock Exchange has a way of discounting increased profits in advance, and the investor who got rid of his (morally) doubtful stocks under these circumstances might easily find himself the unhappy possessor of ill-gotten capital gains.

The question, What is an armament company? is an even more difficult one to answer. Actually there are few simon-pure armament concerns in this country. The conscientious investor might very well keep away altogether from aviation stocks, although most of the companies manufacture commercial as well as military planes. But logically can one refuse to derive a profit from the manufacture of war planes while accepting dividends arising from the manufacture of the machine tools with which they are constructed? Is it enough to shun a corporation which builds battleships? Should we not also look askance at General Electric—the probable source of the machinery which makes a modern battleship a floating power-house? Broadly speaking, it is possible to say that all companies in the metal and machinery industries have a contingent equity in war goods, and that even in times of peace many of them derive some business from armaments.

Another difficulty in marking down armament firms is the tendency of giant corporations to spread horizontally. Where subsidiary activities are unimportant compared with the main business, stockholders—who, by and large, are not sufficiently curious—often remain unaware of their existence. How many investors in General Motors, for instance, know that they have acquired an indirect interest in North American Aviation? Again the business of Baldwin Locomotive may be thought to be solely what its name denotes; actually a subsidiary corporation makes armor plate for warships.

Undoubtedly executives of corporations such as those mentioned would insist that any armament business they did was incidental and would protest that they stood to gain far more from the continuance of peace than from the outbreak of war, however many orders war would bring in. There is no reason to question their sincerity, but that does not solve the problem of those investors who, in peace or war, wish to keep their hands clean of all profits derived from arms. Such investors, it is clear, must engage in very arduous research before seeking their brokers. And when they have done so they must impose a self-denying ordinance in regard to a vast range of industrial enterprises.

Perhaps it will be some consolation to my correspondent and others like her to know that if America ever takes part in another war the problem will almost certainly be solved for them. Profits will have to be cut out entirely, not merely on grounds of morality, but in order to obtain the kind of productive effort that modern warfare demands. The task of the government will be to divert the maximum of labor and productive machinery to meet the demands of the armed forces. If it follows the old technique of borrowing money and makes little effort to restrict consumption, private and public demand will compete for the available resources, prices will be inflated, and war production will be hindered. Consequently it will be necessary to reduce the consumption of everyone to a more or less subsistence basis. This would be accomplished by rationing, by prohibiting the manufacture of luxuries, and by confiscatory taxation. Modern warfare makes so large a draft on the national resources that it must inevitably be financed on a pay-as-you-go basis, and this means not merely the abolition of profits on armaments but, for the duration of the war, of profits on everything else.

Wall Street, which is still popularly supposed to be a nest of war-mongers, knows this very well. That is why it has become an isolationist stronghold.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

WHEN SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, well-known Laborite, was speaking in Parliament recently, Lady Astor entered and, without pausing to listen, shouted, "Nonsense." Cripps, without turning toward her, retorted, "I hear the voice of the honorable member from Berlin."

SHORTLY BEFORE he committed suicide, Ernst Toller was discussing world affairs with several acquaintances. One of them seemed especially gloomy, and Toller, trying to cheer him up, said, "One must study history, and think in terms of a century—not five years. Otherwise one might commit suicide."

THE MYSTERY of Lindbergh's European activity is far from solved; put this story down as another bit of testimony in an already bewildering affair. A key figure in commercial aviation here, one of the directors of American Airlines, told intimates that Lindbergh, whom he has known for a decade, had vehemently denied to him that he had ever discussed the Russian air force while he was in London. The aviation official said Lindbergh was still allergic to reporters and hence unwilling to make the denial public.

SEVERAL NAZI newspapers solemnly cited the goldfish-swallowing epidemic among American collegians as evidence of malnutrition here. . . . American Young Communists no longer call each other "comrade"; it's "brother" and "sister" now. . . . The British Broadcasting Corporation has been freely censoring news about cooperatives. . . . The Wisconsin University *Octopus* has published "Poor Julius's Almanack for 1939," a collection of unwise sayings by Republican Governor Heil.

ITALIAN FILM critics recently received this notice from the government: "It is absolutely untrue that we want the critique to be abolished. . . . We don't ask the critique to make a bad Italian film look good, but while the right praise must not be spared on good films, for the bad ones it will be necessary to avoid a true critique." As compensation the critics were encouraged to hit harder at the few American films still being exhibited in Italy.

A LONDON JOURNAL records this quotation from *Die Nationalkirche,* organ of the German Christian movement: "The Baden Ministry of Education has ordered the interpolation in the Gospel of St. John, 'Salvation is of the Jews,' to be struck from the Bible-readers. Prominent German scholars have established that this is not a word spoken by Jesus."

ALTHOUGH the Legion of Decency was allegedly formed to combat "immorality" in movies, its scope has steadily widened into political areas. While it didn't put "Juarez" on the index, it made this comment in its weekly bulletin: "Reviewers requested that attention be drawn to the fact that the motion picture 'Juarez' is not to be considered as uniformly reliable in its historical references."

*[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—*EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Palestine Needs a Gandhi

THE only encouraging news that has come out of Palestine since the British betrayal is a dispatch which reports a cessation—let us hope a permanent cessation—of the rioting, and the suggestion that hereafter the Jews will turn to passive resistance to attain their ends. Therein lies their one hope. If they resort to force they are bound to lose. The British army can shoot them down if they match arms against arms. But if they turn to the greatest weapon of all, non-resistance, they may find that they will produce results so far-reaching as to astound them and all who sympathize with them. Civil disobedience is their weapon. Beyond that they have nothing to use. They can make no appeal to the morality or to the conscience of Chamberlain, of his government, or of the men of means and influence in England who control that government, for morality and conscience are lacking in that group.

Let the Jews look at India. What more wonderful happening has there been in the year 1939 than Gandhi's humbling of the British government merely by his refusal to take food? The government of India has not forgotten the great things that were accomplished by the Mahatma by his previous civil disobedience, notably in the salt war. It must be recalled that his latest fast was not aimed at the British government directly but at Thakore Sahib, ruler of the minor state of Rajkot. He promised to "fast unto death" unless that ruler granted democratic reforms within his government. As the New York *Times* put it: "Immediately the vast country was in a ferment. The hurried intervention of the British Viceroy was needed to obtain the agreement that ended the dispute. Thus Gandhi won his immediate objective." Neither the government of India nor the great and powerful government of Great Britain could permit that little man to die. They knew that if he did all India would rise against them and resort to a civil disobedience which it would be beyond their power to control or to conquer. Gandhi is old, feeble, and tired, with amazingly little strength with which to cling to life, and yet he has it in his power to move millions of men as men have not been moved since the living days of Christ and Mohammed.

The Jews may take counsel from what happened when the French marched into the Ruhr. There is the strongest testimony that if the Germans had not been compelled for lack of money to surrender just when they did, within ten days the French would have had to march out of the Ruhr in utter and complete defeat. They had arrested thousands of men and sentenced them to long terms in prison on obviously trumped-up charges. Yet the French military grew weaker day by day. They found that their soldiers were breaking down under the terrible strain of the ostracism they were encountering. Neither men nor women would speak to them except when they were compelled to do so. They found that it was of no avail to knock these people down, to close their stores, to put on a curfew at night, even to drive them by wholesale out of their homes—2,000 out of 3,000 persons were expelled from Gerolstein, and still those remaining would not yield. You can imprison and expel some thousands, but you cannot put the whole population of a section of country into prisons or concentration camps.

In India during the Gandhi salt war soldiers and police found again and again that they could no longer use their *lathis* upon unresisting men and women. American correspondent after American correspondent has testified to this. The only trouble is to find enough heroes, men and women who will endure with uncomplaining fortitude the torture and suffering involved. Thousands upon thousands with brown skins have done it. Are they the superiors of whites in their moral and physical endurance? I do not know, but I do wish there could be the widest circulation of these facts in Palestine. Perhaps somebody will send a large edition of a little volume just published by Dr. Haridas T. Muzumdar (Universal Publishing Company, 20 Vesey Street, New York) to Jerusalem for distribution. It is called "Gandhi Triumphant!" and it gives the inside story of the fast which made history in India in four days.

In the *Neue Tageblatt* of Paris I am encouraged to find an appeal to Germans in Germany to fight Hitler by civil disobedience. Already there are 150,000 people in concentration camps, the *Tageblatt* reports, and the jails are overflowing with men whose sentences run to "millions of years." What would happen if a half-million Germans offered themselves unresistingly for arrest and imprisonment? I believe that Germany can only be purged of National Socialism from within. I do not believe that the loss of a foreign war will eradicate it. Hence I earnestly hope that we may see the policy of non-resistance once more invoked in Germany as it was in the Ruhr.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Politics and Fiction

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. DOS PASSOS'S new novel, "the first of a series of contemporary portraits," is, in form, a return from the experimental manner of "U. S. A." to a simple, straightforward chronicle. It has very much the form of those innumerable "young-men stories" that flourished in the twenties. But it has very much the content of those numerous studies of social awareness that have dominated the thirties.

The story is simple. It concerns Glenn Spotswood, a college professor's son who, partly through the people he meets, partly through the age he lives in, partly through the person he is, early becomes a champion of the working classes. Later he becomes a labor organizer for the Communist Party, goes to a coal-mining region, and has some difficult and dangerous encounters. Afterward, without losing his revolutionary convictions, Glenn becomes disillusioned with the party's directing minds, clashes with them, and is finally expelled as a party member. He goes to Spain to join the Loyalists. When he gets there, he finds the Communists in control of military activities; he himself comes under suspicion of being a Trotskyite and is arrested. While he is under arrest, a bombardment breaks out, and, under heavy fire, Glenn is allowed to carry water to men up the line. In doing so, he is killed.

Mr. Dos Passos's book is rich in observation; it contains vivid scenes; it provides an interesting hero. Among other things, Glenn's work as an organizer in the coal fields is one of the most convincing things of its kind I have read. But though one may grant the book many of the attributes and virtues of fiction, one cannot grant it the proper breadth of fiction, or allow that it proceeds out of a strictly fictional impulse. What Mr. Dos Passos has unfortunately ended up by writing is not so much a novel as a highly sectarian tract. He is not in sympathy with the Communist Party, and his book is plainly a means for him to express his feelings about the party's leadership, its methods, and the role he conceives it to have played in Spain. It is scarcely unfair to say that he wrote "Adventures of a Young Man" less to show something than to show something up. The result is whatever you like, but it is not good art.

The matter of bias is in itself, of course, not necessarily prejudicial to art. There are great controversial subjects, invoking human values and emotions, out of which great books have often come. One of them is the clash between the man of religious faith and the man of doubt. Another—to keep close to Mr. Dos Passos's theme—is the making of a radical, or the unmaking of one, in which the capitalist and socialist ways of life can be given an imaginative treatment transcending the writer's own point of view. These are large themes about which any novelist may be partisan, but can yet remain objective. But Mr. Dos Passos has centered his story in a purely factional dispute among radicals, a dispute which is being hotly waged in real life. It would require great genius to give this dispute more than a narrow and sectarian quality, just as it would require great genius to give the clash between a Baptist and a Methodist more than a narrow and sectarian quality.

But there are other dangers for a novel like "Adventures of a Young Man" besides its limited scope. One of them is that such books are produced out of heated emotions, are touched with bitterness and personal feeling, and—even when written by honest men like Dos Passos—cannot achieve what good fiction demands, a true disinterestedness. Another trouble with the book is that its crucial chapters rest on a factual rather than a fictional basis, yet create their effects as fiction and not as fact. My feeling is that since Mr. Dos Passos is writing about a real organization, and its conduct during a real war, he should attack it as an outright pamphleteer and not as a novelist; should make factual allegations rather than a fictional indictment. In treating of so intensely disputable a matter as the role of the Communists in the Spanish War, for the sake of historical truth one should name names and cite cases.

Speaking altogether as a critic, I am sorry that a writer who has achieved the breadth and power that Dos Passos did in "U. S. A." should narrow his canvas to a subject on which people will ill-naturedly take sides rather than impartially take thought. Beyond that, I am sorry, because it is a subject which, in old-time parlance, is "inartistic." We are living, of course, in a period when the artist is very much a political animal and when he believes it his duty to exert political pressure wherever he can. With the rightness or wrongness of this view, with the whole pressing problem of whether "life" today must take precedence of "art," I cannot here concern myself. But anyone at all critical-minded must be aware that a terrible and puritan self-righteousness has taken hold of literature and that many writers, out of their ideological fervor, have become ideological witch-burners. And anyone at all critical-minded must be equally aware that fiction, though it is an unsurpassed medium for exposing great social abuses, for contrasting right with wrong, is the worst possible medium for dramatizing sectarian politics. Mr. Dos Passos may feel that political writing is more important, just now, than fiction writing; but then he ought not to write politics in the guise of fiction.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Democracy and Socialism

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM. By Arthur Rosenberg. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

"AGE of Confusion" is how H. G. Wells captions our time. It is all the more important, therefore, for us to attempt to clarify our political concepts and the terms we use. According to Professor Rosenberg, in the past 140 years "the concept of democracy has changed fundamentally." This

I dispute. The term has simply been misused by various parties and statesmen to screen their aims.

Democracy *in abstracto,* that is, in political science, has never meant anything but a social structure and form of government in which the people rule themselves directly, as in the ancient city-states of Greece, or through elected representatives. That some persons call other things democracy changes neither this definition nor the facts from which it is derived. Just as it matters little that Mussolini and Hitler, availing themselves of the prestige the term still enjoys, frequently misname their ruthless tyranny "real democracy," so it does not affect the concept of democracy that, because of the overwhelming power of capitalism and the lack of critical thought in the majority of voters, the democratic machinery, except in some small countries like Norway and Denmark or in a leveled community like New Zealand, is still rather clattering and rattling than efficient.

In considering the relation of democracy to socialism, Professor Rosenberg does not make general ideas any clearer by thinking that he can best "trace the history of the democratic movement" by "examining at the same time . . . the attitude of Marxism to the single phases of democracy." From the Marxist point of view democracy may be "a movement borne by definite social forces and classes," but in the opinion of non-Marxists—and such creatures still exist among historians—the question Professor Rosenberg puts is not how Marxism determines democracy but exactly the opposite: what influence the democratic form of government has on socialism, that is, on the doctrine and movement aiming at an organization of the community in which there is public ownership of the means of production and distribution in the interest of the entire population. However, as is common knowledge, Marx did not invent socialism, nor is Marxism the last step in the development of socialism. Robert Owen and Saint Simon happened to live before Marx, Bernstein and De Man after him. Though in Professor Rosenberg's opinion "the revisionists were actually much better Marxists than their 'radical' opponents," yet it is certain that neither were really Marxists at all.

Professor Rosenberg's book has the *faute de la qualité* of its author. Just as one of his predecessors in his Berlin chair began his course by saying, "I am a Prussian Junker and shall lecture on German history accordingly," his own book reflects the views of a German Marxist. If we make allowance for this persuasion, it is as scholarly and unbiased as was his excellent "History of the German Republic." It would even be unfair not to recognize the truth of his avowal that Marx and Engels, founding the "first" International, accepted the plan of English workers and that both "overestimated the fighting power of the existing popular parties."

We may doubt, however, his conclusion that "the Second International, which had been the actual representative of liberal democracy on the Continent," failed because liberal democracy promised the nations peace and could not keep this promise. Professor Rosenberg himself admits that "in the age of imperialism liberal democracy was the only conceivable basis for liberal politics," and imperialism would be certainly *ab ovo* inconsistent with the promise of peace. The fact remains that the Second International, in spite of its useful educational work, could neither prevent the World War nor

Hungry Children *Drawing by Kathe Kollwitz*

Help Spain's Orphans

In Southern France thousands of innocent little Spanish children—victims of the war in Spain—are herded into concentration camps, where in the midst of filth and disease and no shelter, they are existing on bread and water.

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ERIC G. MUGGERIDGE,
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N

survive reaction and revive revolutionary democracy in Europe. It is regrettable, therefore, that the author would or could not devote more space and industry to the rise of bolshevism and fascism.

It would have been interesting, for example, to examine why a "successful Social Democracy was established" in Czechoslovakia and why "a profound division among the German workers" undermined the German Republic. From the Marxist point of view it is scarcely a satisfactory explanation that the Czechoslovak democracy "transplanted old-fashioned but still vital political ideas into the present."

In a short but comforting last chapter the author expounds the democratic and socialist positions of our time. This chapter was written before Munich, the preface for the American edition afterward. In the preface Professor Rosenberg attributes the failure of democracy throughout Europe to the failure of French democracy; in the last chapter, however, he maintains that only one specific form—liberal, bourgeois democracy—has finally collapsed. He concludes from historical experience that "the laboring masses will gradually be compelled to recognize that their own self-government is a necessary prerequisite in order to achieve a worthy level of existence." I would gladly share this conclusion, which, similarly to that of Thomas Mann, harbingers the revival of democracy. But as Professor Rosenberg adds, "unfortunately no other form of self-government" followed the decline of democracy after 1848 or 1871 on the European continent. Anyone not hampered by dogmatic considerations must discern the bare truth that behind the smoke screen of ideological conflicts two fronts are fighting for political power in Europe. In this struggle both democracy and socialism are going to be the losers, at least temporarily. Both will probably have to assume a new form to regain the confidence they have already lost. This is less agreeable than Professor Rosenberg's conclusion, but closer, I am afraid, to what we may infer from historical experience. RUSTEM VAMBERY

Before "Tobacco Road"

PURSLANE. By Bernice Kelly Harris. The University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

NEW ENGLAND week-end gardeners know purslane —commonly called "pusley"—as a pestiferous weed that is easy to uproot if you get it in time but if left to flourish is destructive to young carrots and beets and other timid if useful vegetables. But in the herbals, and in Mrs. Harris's country, which is North Carolina, it is described as a good salad herb with admirable therapeutic properties. Mrs. Harris chose to call her book after it because she was writing about simple, ordinary, good people, the poor-white farmers of the South before Mr. Caldwell discovered them to be so rakishly disorderly and no-account. Perhaps the South has changed in forty years—"Purslane" takes place around 1900; perhaps Mr. Caldwell did not see all the Southern poor farmers; perhaps Mrs. Harris is romancing. But her book has the ring of truth. Her people, despite the fact that the whole family works the cotton rows and lives without benefit of modern conveniences, are decent, clean, honorable, and as real as bread—or pusley. They also eat regularly, although their diet is mainly hog-meat and poultry, with ample side servings of greens in season, hot bread, and a variety of preserves and pie.

Curiously enough, it is Mrs. Harris's gift for verisimilitude which has prevented her from writing the really first-rate novel she might have written. She has represented life, and neglected art. Her novel is only a series of disconnected episodes—the baptizing, the coon hunt, an eclipse, hog-killing, a wedding, a laying-out. All are true and as far as they go affecting; but they are not built into a connected whole. There is no beginning, middle, and end; merely a day-by-day account of how things happen and what people do. But what people do, and particularly what they say, can be very touching: poor Calvin and Milly, suffering through the inarticulate agonies of first love; Miss Charity, dying of cancer and longing to sleep alone, but refusing to put her husband out of the bed they had always shared because he would be so lonely; Dele, sorting out garments after the death of her only son, mending the pocket of his long since outgrown sailor suit before she chose the clothes she wanted him buried in.

Not a novel at all, really. Just a neighborhood of very ordinary parents and children who work hard and complain about the weather and enjoy fried chicken and would like a little more money and are considerate of other folks most of the time. The sort of persons of whom, in the United States, there are upward of a hundred million. It is rather a pity that Mrs. Harris is not a better craftsman or that she has not a firmer sense of drama. She might have written a best-seller or a Great American Novel or both. As it is, she has written a heart-warming chronicle that many readers, provided they hear about it, are going to like very much.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Western

BITTER CREEK. By James Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE author of "Drums" has written another mighty fiction in this novel set against the background of the old West. It was still young in the seventies. Indians were still war-whooping through the Rocky Mountains, and in the ranch country at the foot of them lived ancient men whose ambitions and appetities and angers were those of youth. A man was a man there, or else a corpse. There was freedom, thought Ray Talcott, when he ran away from home at thirteen and limped doggedly West, sick from the wound his father had beaten into his leg and aghast at the perfidy of his mother, who had slipped away the night before with a traveling salesman.

His flight had a nightmare quality, for he met in it a variety of fantastic characters who were to appear and disappear continually throughout his later life, to menace and help him while he tried to shake free of the confusions of his unhappy childhood. The juicy Maribel, the sly Uncle Coon with his little, whiskered, foxy mouth, made the boy's world hideous when they learned that his father had set a price upon his head. Doctor Antelope, the purveyor of Genuine Navajo Oil, gave him refuge in his wagon for a time, but again he had to flee and again would have been captured by the relentless Uncle Coon had not Nolly, the half-wit farmer boy, defended him in the cave. Then he met the cowboy named Springtime, and his new life began. He grew up under Springtime's tutelage on the Circle N, among the galloping, sozzling, wenching "pardners" of the range. In the good seasons he led the normal life of the cow-poke, and in winter hunted with the Piegan Indians, whom he came to respect and love.

But his past pursued and confounded him still, for when Nancy, the simple Nolly's sister, arrived to make him vaguely conscious of love, he bitterly remembered his mother's faithlessness, and when next came Uncle Coon with Maribel—now Sheet Lightning Sue—the wheel of menace swung full circle again. The Indian war that followed and the abduction of Nancy forced him to acknowledge his love, but not for long; the cankering doubt left by his mother's example nearly led to a double tragedy.

Though the adventures of the boy are too often adventitious and the reunion of the major characters seems more contrived than fatal, James Boyd has written a moving tale. Chiefly he is adept at the portrayal of character and scene; the suspense which he creates so effectively in the first part of the book peters out when Ray reaches the ranch, but the excellent, leisurely development of his personality and the struggles of the pioneer ranchmen keep the story swinging. The Indian uprising, the machinations of the agents who would rob them of their allotted stock, the lusty debauchery of the cow towns, the hair-trigger friendships, are superbly conveyed and authentic to the life of the old Northwest. Through the reactions of men like Professor Crittenden, the bunkhouse cook, or Absolute Jones, the liquor-*cum*-Indian fighter, or the rebel bank clerk, Mr. Boyd can show this life better than most historians can with their catalogued details. Historians will read this fine, fluent book avidly, and the addicts of Western penny-dreadfuls, if it comes to their hands, will not be likely to put it down. HASSOLDT DAVIS

Robinson Jeffers

THE SELECTED POETRY OF ROBINSON JEFFERS. Random House. $3.50.

THE first reaction to this volume is one of astonishment at its mere size; it runs to 615 packed pages. And in his preface Jeffers says that this is only half of his published work. Most of his maturer work is here, however: Tamar, Roan Stallion, The Tower Beyond Tragedy, The Loving Shepherdess, Thurso's Landing, Give Your Heart to the Hawks, Descent to the Dead, At the Birth of an Age, in their entirety; passages from Cawdor and The Women at Point Sur; 100 short pieces, 4 of which are new. Dear Judas and Such Counsels You Gave to Me are omitted. But seen in collection, even these uniquely notable works bulk out of all proportion to the residual impression of them that memory has accumulated during the last fifteen years. After re-experiencing them in this book, that superficial first feeling of bulkiness is seen to have the deepest implications and provides as good a basis as any for making a short, useful statement about Jeffers's achievement as poet.

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In his foreword Jeffers tells of his recognition, in an experimental period before 1920, that "poetry must reclaim substance and sense . . . physical and psychological reality." His cause was common here with others in the so-called Anglo-American movement in poetry—Pound, Eliot, the anti-Georgians. Like them he sensed that "poetry would find its old freedom" through a renewed traffic with prose, in that shifting borderland where the two exchange vigors. Jeffers, however, rejected "modern" French and English poetry as "thoroughly defeatist" and "was led to write narrative poetry." His capitulation to the methods of prose appears now to have been too complete. *La poésie,* like *la vérité,* exists only *dans les nuances.* That unaccountable solace and ecstasy that are poetry's special bounty are nowhere in these 600-odd pages bestowed. There is an occasional intuition of such an approach—as always, when image intensifies in brilliance and definition—but it always misses, diluted into mere language, deflected into diagrammatic idea. His plays are no more theater-poetry than Hugo's; his narratives are poetically as diffuse as "The Lady of the Lake."

Having asserted Jeffers's lack of poetry in that pureness which the true poet reveals, it is immediately necessary to define another sense in which his writing attains to the condition of poetry. For it does; the experience of it is valid and undeniable. Whitman is a convenient comparison. What gives life to the work of such writers—and in practice it is useless to distinguish such *life* from poetry—is the vividness of the man's personality as put on the page. (Whitman does, of course, very signally achieve true, created image at times, as in Out of the Cradle.) Jeffers's poetic impact for his contemporaries comes from the intensity of his personal point of view. Nietzsche's phrase, "The poets lie too much," was a formative one for him he says. He has told his truth at all times; the short first-person lyrics are no different in this from the narratives. His truth is that particularly contemporary segment of truth that has lent importance to the work of Faulkner, O'Neill, and, among lesser talents, James Cain.

The only legitimate criticism of this kind of poetry lies in the plain fact that few if any writers have enough in their personalities to keep themselves or their readers going. Whitman is one of the few who was wide and deep enough, beneath the ballyhoo loving enough, to keep most of the actually prosy bulk of his work inspirited with poetry. But, "I am cold and undiscriminating," Jeffers says. Una Jeffers, his wife, "has been my nerves, eyes, sympathies." He sees life intensely, but through a pinhole: pin point of a hawk's eye, might be his own phrase. As a single image of horror, Tamar Cauldwell or Clytemnestra rivets and purges us with terror, if not with pity. The repetition of this same spectacle in poem after poem results in something as grotesque and boring as a sideshow of freaks. In a collection of these works, such as this book, Jeffers's crippling limitations are completely revealed.

Jeffers's position is not an easy one. He has found no truth more finally acceptable than Spengler's cyclical decline of cultures, and behind that the final exhaustion of the universe resulting from the second law of thermodynamics. Thus he has been unable to believe in the worth of anything with whole seriousness. From this deficiency, this lack of Yeats's "fighting-mad" violence, comes the sprawling enervation and the very small satisfaction to be had from his poetry. He has loved neither art nor life enough. But here criticism must halt. For in the deepest sense Jeffers obviates human values, and criticism has no others.

SHERMAN CONRAD

Still-Life

HARVEST. By Jean Giono. Translated by Henri Fluchère and Geoffrey Myers. The Viking Press. $2.50.

BESIDE the overwhelming simplicity of Jean Giono's tales of peasant life all similar novels that come from France are frankly negligible. In the high-perched village of Manosque in the French Basses-Alpes, Giono writes of the life which he sees about him and which he himself has led. He is one of those rare "naturals" like our own Steinbeck, to whom no effort is required to reproduce the direct accents of a primitive life. When his novels run to any length, the reader, surfeited with simplicity, is likely to lay them down unfinished. But when, as in the case of "Harvest," they do not exceed 200 pages, they are as refreshing as a Cézanne still-life after a gallery full of surrealism.

The natural decay and equally natural regeneration of Aubignane, as witnessed by its one surviving inhabitant, the inarticulate Panturle, form the story of "Harvest." Panturle is a party to that transformation of his village; in fact, he and Aubignane are one. It is only after he finds a woman, mysteriously guided toward him by the aged crone, Mamèche, who has set out to find him a mate, that he and the earth and his goat Caroline awaken and become productive again. If the blood of the fox he flays, Arsule's breasts, old Gaubert's anvil, the goat's dry teats, and Panturle's fall into the river are so many symbols, they all symbolize substantially the same thing: the need for fecundation and its fulfilment.

Giono's realism is unforced, even in a passage like the following:

> Mamèche also hunted in her own way. She went in for small game: sparrows tamed by the cold and all fluffed up like balls of wool. She did what people in those parts call "embalming grain." She boiled some old oats with some rue leaves and thorn-apple and then strewed the mixture in front of her door. The sparrows ate it and died on the spot. Before cooking them she removed their gizzards, cut them open with old scissors, and emptied out the grain onto a paper to use it again.

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There is here no attempt to shock the reader, but rather simply a desire to record the old woman's life in some detail, as she ekes out existence on the barren heights where Panturle brings her his goat to milk and an occasional rabbit he has caught. Besides such details there are luminous bits of *nature morte:*

> On the kitchen table were three fine onions completely peeled, which showed up in violet and white tints against the plate. There was a jug of water, a jug of clear water, and the pale, light sun was playing in it. The tiles had been washed. Near the sink, in a big crack which had split the stones and through which the earth could be seen, a green shoot of grass had grown, holding up its head full of seeds.

With "The Hill of Destiny," published here some years ago in an excellent translation by Jacques LeClerq, "Harvest" is Jean Giono's best work. Its rich imagery is feelingly translated, and the book is very attractively presented with the aid of wood-blocks taken from a French edition and skilfully fitted into a smaller page size. JUSTIN O'BRIEN

MUSIC

A JAZZ improvisation by Beiderbecke, like a symphony of Mozart, was intended only to be heard and enjoyed, not to be explained and argued about; and like the symphony it can exert all its power as music on someone who knows nothing beyond the actual phrases from Beiderbecke's cornet. But having experienced these phrases a person may be interested in knowing something about the art of which they are an example; and such a person will do well to read the two recent books on the subject by Wilder Hobson and Winthrop Sargeant.*

From Hobson he will learn at the very beginning that

> Most of the so-called "jazz" or "swing" heard on the radio is what the players themselves call "commercial" music, dance arrangements of popular tunes. . . . Some of this music, whatever its aesthetic value, is very ingenious and brilliantly played, and all of it is one way of making a living. . . . But this book is about something else again: a natural musical language which American musicians, Negroes and whites, have been speaking now for more than a quarter-century, which they play for their own pleasure. All the commercial forms borrow from it to some extent; it is sometimes mixed with the commercial; the same men often play both commercially and naturally. But the words "jazz" and "swing" are ambiguously applied to all the music, and a large part of the writing, comment, and publicity about "jazz" or "swing" has been about the commercial forms.

The playing of men like Stacy, Kyle, Clayton, to which I have directed attention in this column, is the natural product; the performances of a Goodman and of other much-publicized "swing" bands are mixtures of natural with commercial—and I should say little natural with a lot of commercial.

In subsequent chapters Hobson discusses the origins of the jazz language, its characteristics of tone, rhythm, melody, and harmony, its use by the jazz musicians. He does this with warmth and color—but also with essential penetration and sanity—that make the art and its practitioners come alive in a superb way. And as he goes along he refers to thirty records which get a concentrated chapter at the end.

The distinctive characteristic of the jazz language he finds in the tension- and momentum-producing suspended rhythms created by syncopations around the regular beats—syncopations themselves produced on the one hand by percussive accents of piano, drums, guitar, and on the other hand by the subtler melodic stresses of trumpet, trombone, clarinet, saxophone. And the player for whom this is a natural language is one who has a feeling for these suspended rhythms, in whose playing they are "a fluent principle"—and this not only when he is improvising but when he is playing from written notes, which are subjected to a subtle alteration analogous to the "translation" of written note values that a Beethoven sonata undergoes in performance "according to traditions for that particular kind of music and the instincts of the performer." Jazz, then, for Hobson, is the improvisatory invention which naturally lends itself to the nuances of rhythm that are too subtle for notation; but it is also music that is written with, and intended to be played or "translated" with, a feeling for these unscorable nuances.

To this I would add an important qualification: scored jazz does not equal, in quality of musical invention, jazz improvisation. As some people do with Bach, so Hobson fails with jazz to distinguish sufficiently between the mere use of the language and important use of it. When they hear the Bach formulas they are hearing Bach; when he hears the tension- and momentum-producing suspended rhythms he is hearing jazz. They are excited whether the formulas are used with inspiration or without; he is excited whether the suspended rhythms occur in an imaginative improvisation by Buck Clayton or in an externally brilliant performance of an intrinsically less valuable scored passage by the entire Basie orchestra, or whether they occur in a richly inventive Teddy Wilson solo of 1935 or in a sterile one of 1938. This is apparent in the selection of the thirty records, and should be kept in mind by anyone who uses the book as an introduction to the music and finds himself bored by some of the performances Hobson is enthusiastic about.

To Hobson's warmly affectionate understanding Sargeant's detached scholarship is a valuable complement. The musical language that Hobson describes colorfully Sargeant dissects painstakingly into details of usage in rhythm, scale, chord, which he sets down in musical notation; and corresponding to Hobson's description of suspended rhythms is the following passage in which Sargeant sums up the results of his analysis, beginning with the rhythmic principle of

> the interruption of an established regular alternation of strong and weak rhythmic pulses. The interruption is accomplished by the shifting of recognizable repeated melodic elements from strong to weak positions and vice versa. The elements so shifted in repetition may be dynamic accents, notes, groups of notes, phrases, rhythmic patterns, patterns of melodic movement, particular types of harmonic ornamentation; even tone-colors. The shiftings may be apparent in distorted phrases, in what is known as simple

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* "American Jazz Music." By Wilder Hobson. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

"Jazz: Hot and Hybrid." By Winthrop Sargeant. Arrow Editions. $5.

> anticipative or retardative syncopation, and in other sorts of melodic behavior. When the shifting occurs at regular intervals setting up repeated metrical cycles different from those of the established pulse, the result is polyrhythm.

And with the same method of analysis Sargeant establishes in greater and more precise detail than Hobson the origin and development of the music and its relations to other types of music.

The analytical chapters are hard reading; but others are made difficult by a lack of compact clarity in style and of clear outline in progression of thought. Sargeant may ask what the difference between ragtime and jazz is exactly, but he states the difference diffusely; and my attempts to derive completely ordered conceptions from the chapters called Terrain, and Classifications and Definitions brought me a headache and no completely ordered conceptions. But a chart of Jazz Origins and Influences is admirably clear and most valuable.

In a third book Benny Goodman* leaves jazz to be discussed by Irving Kolodin in two chapters that are not an adequate substitute for Hobson's book or Sargeant's. And from what Goodman chooses to tell about his life and career, and from the style of speech that has been devised for the telling—one that I have never heard him use in conversation—I would say the narrative was meant for other readers than those of this column. B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

"THE CITY," a documentary film on city planning, running only three-quarters of an hour, should not be missed by any visitor to New York's World's Fair. It is shown daily in the Little Theater of the Science and Education Building. The picture demonstrates very convincingly what you may have thought and wondered yourself: "Year by year our cities grow more complex and less fit for living. The age of rebuilding is here. We must remold our old cities and build new communities better suited to our needs. . . ."

The film starts with a beautiful sequence of the homogeneous life in an old New England village, where there was still a balance between the individual and the community. Then we are shown for contrast the terrible living conditions of the workers in the slums of a "modern" steel town. You will not easily forget the children before the shacks, breathing in dirt and poisoned air. With the trains laden with steel and tin we move to New York, into the absurdity of "the congestion and confusion of the modern city"; and we soon long, with its inhabitants, to escape to the country. Follow the adventures in "The Endless City," the highway on which there is little relaxation from the strain of stop-and-go traffic. The last sequence demonstrates what already could be if we were not spending money for rearmament: the "New City" that planning makes possible, in which the lost harmony of life is restored, or at least the physical conditions for a more healthy life are created. Not a visionary city of the future this, but an actual one, in which many dreams of the exhausted city dweller are already realized.

Both as picture and as social document "The City" is in parts superb. The shots of the steel town with many an epigrammatic detail, the sequence of the skyscrapers with the thousand voices dictating letters, the satirical portrayal of the congested highway go far beyond purely descriptive newsreel shots. They tell an exciting story in which are moments of great movie art. The picture has been produced by the American Institute of Planners, with a grant from the Carnegie Corporation. Every inch of it shows the excellent coordination (supervision by Oscar Serlin) of a gifted staff. It is photographed and directed by Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Dyke after the scenario of Henwar Rodakiewicz, for which Pare Lorentz of "The River" fame wrote the outline. The commentary by Lewis Mumford is spoken by Morris Carnovsky of the Group Theater. Special mention should be made of the music by Aaron Copland—its ironical illustration for the highway sequence is particularly appealing.

In spite of the general excellence of the whole, there are minor defects: street crossings, harmless if you obey the lights, are sometimes shown as inescapably dangerous; the parallel between a black steel mill and a smokeless factory leaves open many questions; and the psychological atmosphere of the "New City" did not seem very inviting to me. I would be afraid to drink my whiskey there, not to speak of other vices. After all, looking at healthy children is not enough. But it may have been impossible to avoid such effects because of the necessarily fragmentary character of the work, which was produced at a cost of only $50,000. One wishes that the same unit could produce a full-length documentary film with ten or a hundred times that amount of money at its disposal. I am sure such a picture would pay, even commercially.

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (M. G. M.): Never mind Mr. Woollcott, who calls this newest American-English picture the best ever done. I fell asleep and woke up only when the syrup became too thick. This despite a lavish production and excellent acting.

"The Oppenheim Family" (Amkino) is a Russian movie version of Lion Feuchtwanger's novel "The Oppermanns." It deserves the same praise that "Professor Mamlock" obtained. The same theme is handled with similar skill, though less dramatically. The fact remains that only the Soviet movie industry dares to touch the Jewish question.

"Union Pacific" (Paramount), directed by Cecil B. de Mille, employs every possible and impossible cliché so crudely that it makes one long to see "Stagecoach" again.

FRANZ HOELLERING

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* "The Kingdom of Swing." By Benny Goodman and Irving Kolodin. Stackpole Sons. $2.

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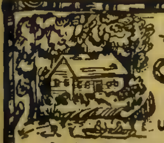

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Letters to the Editors

Slum Clearance in Kingsport

Dear Sirs: News of continued labor trouble in Kingsport, Tennessee, in your issue of April 1 reminds me that there is also some news about housing there.

Although my report of slums in Kingsport, the "yardstick" of private planning, was not received with favor by the local press, it seems that the authorities are now willing to admit the existence of enough slums to require a federal appropriation for clearance. They think $750,000 would be a nice amount for the USHA to provide.

Under another project the FHA has approved construction of eighty-eight new houses—to replace, as the Kingsport *Times* puts it, "homes or shacks" eliminated. They are also to have a new school on Long Island, thanks to Uncle Sam; and another federal project is the building of a stadium. A Kingsport banker has said, "I feel that we should get government money while we can."

Reversing some of the glowing descriptions of slumless Kingsport still broadcast by the boosters, J. Fred Johnson said publicly, according to a recent report, "These unsanitary shacks are a disgrace to any place. If you take the cows out of the stalls for any length of time, people move in." The representative of the USHA who visited Kingsport is said to have described the conditions as among the worst he had seen.

Of course part of the million or so dollars which it is hoped the government will spend in Kingsport must be paid to landowners, either for slum clearance or for new building. A thirty-seven-acre tract of land sold for the new stadium is part of a larger tract owned by the Kingsport Improvement Company; the selling price was $1,000 an acre but the tax assessment is said to be less than $100 an acre.

Certainly Kingsport needs housing, even worse than it needs stadiums; and nothing should be said to discourage the government from putting roofs over the heads of the people who are forced to live in cow stalls. But is it not possible for the FHA and the USHA to do the job without excessive reward to the private owners whose control of the city brought it to its present plight?

WILLSON WHITMAN

New York, May 15

Hear Raymond Gram Swing

Dear Sirs: Anent Mr. Swing's radio broadcasts, you may be amused to know that the announcer of the local station WACO recently announced him thus: "All right, all you jitterbugs, stand by to hear Raymond Gram swing!"

IDA A. ROSENBAUM

Waco, Tex., May 4

Defense of Humor

Dear Sirs: I rejoiced in Miss Margaret Marshall's courageous defense of humor in the March 25 (of all places) *Nation.* I wish she had developed it farther, for I scent something more sinister afoot in the progressive movement than the banning of WPA jokes by Mr. Ralph Whitehead's council of the American Federation of Actors (on which I serve as an absentee member). The political complications of the WPA are, after all, dark and devious, and consider Mr. Whitehead's spectacular rise from a moderately successful song-and-dance man (and light comedian!) to a flourishing labor politician. It's one thing to rise—another to remain "suspended in mid-air without any means of support," as my old mentor, Thurston the magician, used to say about his floating lady.

As one who has earned his living as a comedian of sorts, yet whose social conscience has been an alert and prickly thing since childhood, I am worried—sorely—at the dangerous threat offered to humor by the political attitudinizing toward it of the bluenoses of social reform. And it's my social, *not* economic, self that's doing the worrying at that—dialectical materialism notwithstanding! To sneer at humor as the foul miasma of capitalism, or "escapism," is more and more becoming the fashion in circles that pass themselves off as liberal—unless, of course, it serves a partisan purpose. Even those good souls —like Miss Marshall's gifted crackpot who vowed to write nothing funny or light-hearted or insignificant until the world rights itself—who exhaust themselves trying to undo, single-handed, all the horror on earth shy at humor as if it were the creation of Herr Hitler himself.

Of course the world is in an awful mess. But when, I ask you, wasn't it? At what moment of history wasn't man killing, plundering, torturing—and laughing? And how will the elimination of laughter—humor—improve things? If man had lacked the capacity to laugh—*to laugh at himself*—my guess is that the pages of history would be far bloodier and more horrible than they are. No, I am not a fascist.

FRED KEATING,
Past President of the American
Federation of Actors

North Hollywood, Cal., May 20

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The Shape of Things

*

THE SUPREME COURT'S REBUFF TO HAGUE'S one-man dictatorship in Jersey City is unquestionably the most significant civil-liberties decision in recent years. It lays down for the first time a complete interpretation of the Bill of Rights applicable to twentieth-century conditions. The restrictions which the Hague-controlled Jersey City Council and police force imposed on labor were those which many other company towns and anti-union municipalities have adopted in an effort to prevent the growth of honest unionism. All of these practices have been held to be unconstitutional. Interference with public meetings, with freedom of speech, or with the distribution of printed matter under the guise of controlling traffic or maintaining public order is definitely ruled to be illegal. Nor have the police the right of expelling or confining "undesirable" persons without arrest. Since Hague's activities have now been formally outlawed by the highest court in the land, we trust that federal and state authorities will see to it that fundamental constitutional rights are enforced in fact as well as in theory in Jersey City.

*

NOW THAT THE TOWNSEND PLAN HAS BEEN rejected by a three-to-one vote, Congress is expected to take up the Administration's program for liberalizing the Social Security Act. Full details of the plan as it emerges from committee have not yet been made public, but a number of very necessary amendments are known to be included. Provision is made for beginning the payment of old-age benefits on January 1, 1940, instead of on January 1, 1942, and the benefits are to be much more liberal than those scheduled in the original act. Payment is to be on the basis of average wage rather than accumulated contributions. Liberal allowances are to be added for elderly wives as well as for widows and orphans. These increased payments, together with the postponement of the scheduled rise in the pay-roll tax, will all but eliminate the problem of unwieldy reserves. No provision is to be made, however—unless it is inserted on the floor of the House—for the millions of domestic servants, farm laborers, and white-collar work-

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ers who are at present excluded from the protection of the act. In striking contrast to the relatively liberal proposals for amendment of the Social Security Act, a House appropriations subcommittee has drafted an ominous plan for scuttling the WPA which reactionaries hope to force through in the remaining weeks of Congress. The plan calls for the abolition of prevailing wages on WPA projects in favor of a "security wage" well below present standards. An effort will be made to eliminate the highly useful arts projects altogether and to curtail other white-collar relief operations. No surer formula for plunging the country back into depression has been devised.

* * *

IN ANNOUNCING A CUT IN ROUND-TRIP fares the Eastern railroads have reluctantly bowed to inexorable economic law. For years it has been apparent that the railways could not stand up against the competition of busses and private automobiles unless they put their rates on a comparable basis. In the depth of the depression Western and Southern roads successfully combated declining passenger traffic by drastic cuts in fares. But the large Eastern roads maintained the rate of 3.6 cents a mile until 1936, when the Interstate Commerce Commission forced them to accept a flat 2-cent rate in the coaches. The response of the public was beyond expectations. Railways which had been losing money for years on passenger traffic once more found themselves in the black. But the stuffed shirts at the head of the great Eastern systems argued that if money could be earned at 2 cents a mile, still greater profits could be made at 2½ cents. After forcing reluctant approval of the increase from the ICC, they were faced with an immediate sharp drop in revenues which, with general business conditions improving, could not be argued away. Even with the new round-trip cuts, Eastern passenger fares will be high as compared with those in other sections where traffic is not so heavy. But it is encouraging to see the dawn of intelligence in high places.

* * *

REPUBLICAN HISTORIANS WILL REPORT THAT the "dictatorship" of the C. I. O. in Pennsylvania ended on May 29, 1939. On that day the Republican-controlled legislature converted the state's "little Wagner Act" into an anti-labor criminal code; after which it skilfully extracted the teeth of the anti-injunction act. The new measures are expressed in language which every reactionary employer will treasure. Workers are forbidden to "coerce" other workers into unions; they are forbidden to "intimidate" employers into granting demands; they may be restrained from striking if a majority are not participating in the strike; they may not "coerce" an employer into compelling an employee to join a union—that's just what the act says. In addition, the legislature virtually eliminated the check-off and decreed that craft unions can choose their own bargaining agents even if a contract for the industry already exists. As a reward for these gestures, Pennsylvania hopes that industry will stop running away and that errant plants will come home; all anti-labor practices are forgiven. But Pennsylvania is not unique. Anti-labor bills have been introduced into twenty-two state legislatures this year. While many are still pending, in Wisconsin curbs on strikes and picketing have already been enacted. Minnesota's new law is less drastic, but the drift is clear. In South Dakota a bill to ban all picketing has fortunately been killed. Following the line of the national offensive against the Wagner Act, proponents of these state bill have proclaimed them attempts to "equalize one-sided labor laws." In reality, of course, the Wagner Act was designed to diminish the inequality of labor before the law. But legislative memories go back only to last November's elections.

* * *

IN SPITE OF SECRETARY HULL'S LAST-MINUTE suggestions, it seems possible that no action will be taken this summer to amend the Neutrality Act. A considered bill and a real debate would mean prolonging the session through midsummer, and very few of our lawmakers like that prospect. For both personal and political reasons they want to go home. The changes suggested by Secretary Hull were obviously designed as a least common denominator: they offer as many safeguards against military involvement as possible while providing a necessary measure of flexibility. We must state our disagreement with Mr. Villard's position on this point. We too find the Hull proposals unsatisfactory, but rather because they are weak than because they are dangerous. In default of such adequate provisions as are embodied in the Thomas amendment, we hope the Hull compromise will be adopted.

* * *

OUR NEW AMBASSADOR TO FASCIST SPAIN has found no trouble in living down his democratic connections. The post is a difficult one, and no doubt a polite curtsy was inevitable. But Mr. Weddell, in his first newspaper interview in Spain, greeted "the realities of this historic moment" and the victorious conclusion of General Franco's "Spanish crusade." Simultaneously it is reported that 688 anti-fascists have been executed since Madrid fell, and that 380 are being tried daily. The recognition of Franco's government may have been inevitable, and polite diplomatic relations are a necessity, but ostentatious approval of a ruthlessly imposed tyranny is neither according to "protocol" nor to democratic tradition. By way of contrast the appointment of Claude Bowers, our former ambassador to Spain, as ambassador to Chile is a pleasure to record. This is one of the most important diplomatic posts in South America, and no one could fill it better.

A SHIP BEARING 940 JEWISH REFUGEES SAILED into the harbor of Havana on May 27. Eighteen were admitted to Cuba; the rest were denied refuge because of a recent decree of the President. One of these hundreds without a country succeeded in committing suicide; another tried. For several days this ship, the St. Louis, steamed about, waiting to learn the fate of its tragic cargo. A conditional decision to allow the refugees to land temporarily was announced on June 6 by President Bru, and as we go to press, the St. Louis is heading back toward Cuba to deposit its passengers in a concentration camp on the Isle of Pines. In Vera Cruz a German exile aboard a ship in the harbor killed himself, using his skill as a chemist to concoct a poison. Meanwhile, in others of the seven seas other refugee ships are being turned away from the harbors of a so-called civilized world: the Orinoco with 200 exiles bound for Cuba turned back and dumped them at Cuxhaven; the cattle boat Liesel with 906 on board has been stopped off the coast of Palestine. There wandering ships, and particularly the two episodes in the harbors of the New World, should make every American capable of pity think twice before he raises his voice against the admission of Europe's exiles, for he is literally passing judgment in a matter of life and death.

*

THE NAZIS CAPTURED FIFTY-THREE SEATS IN the recent Hungarian elections; they had formerly held only six. But even this sensational increase does not accurately reflect the extent of German penetration in Hungary. At least one-third of the 180 deputies elected on the government ticket are also Nazis or near-Nazis—the German Bund leader of Hungary was a successful government-party candidate. The election was far from being free. Campaigning was practically forbidden. Moreover, the liberal electorate, such as it was, was drastically reduced, since Jews who could not prove that their families had resided in Hungary since 1867 were not allowed to vote. The ballot was secret, but great sections of the electorate, unconditioned to such a novelty or not trusting it, went on voting for the government as they have always been forced to do. The government slogan was nationalistic: "We want no protectorate"; the Nazis agitated, within limits, for land reform, the essential economic problem of a country in which 1,066 big proprietors still own 30 per cent of all cultivated lands. It looked like a real fight, but one must doubt the honesty of both slogans. The ruling feudal class will accept a more or less disguised protectorate if they are assured that their estates will remain intact. As for the Hungarian Nazis, Hitler may have ordered them to raise the land-reform issue in order to intimidate the nobility, but the Hungarian peasants, if the Nazis triumph, will soon find themselves working longer and harder for still less—for the benefit of Germany's war chest.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN HAS TRIED AT LENGTH to prove that the Devany "anti-ism" bill he signed this year bears no resemblance to the McNaboe bill he so eloquently vetoed in 1938. But the deadly parallels far overshadow the points of difference. It is true that the new bill emphasizes the possibility of judicial review when a state employee is dismissed for "advocating overthrow of the government by force." But the employee will be dismissed first and receive his day in court later; and the courts are likely to intervene only in the most clear-cut instances. The threat of dismissal will be used to nourish servility among teachers and other public servants. Enactment of the bill has encouraged the bigoted groups already so active in the state. Governor Lehman was right the first time.

*

EDUCATION IN AMERICA'S LARGEST CITY received a severe blow this past week when it was announced that about 1,000 regularly employed teachers will be dismissed as a result of retrenchment on the part of the Republican-controlled legislature and the city Board of Estimate. The cuts hit what are probably the most vital parts of New York's educational program. All kindergartens are to be closed down and the entire staff demobilized. Evening schools, community centers, and Americanization classes are also to be eliminated. Vocational training is to be curtailed. Retrenchment has been directed, ironically enough, at those very phases of New York's educational activities which were found to be dangerously inadequate in the recent report of the Regents' Inquiry into the Character and Cost of Public Education in the State of New York, part of which has just been released. This report stressed the need of better training for citizenship. Surely that need has been demonstrated by the present false economies.

Molotov's Terms

BY REJECTING the British proposal for a three-power defensive alliance in the form submitted, Premier Molotov dealt a heavy blow to Chamberlain's hopes of making the Soviet Union carry the chief responsibility for stopping Hitler but otherwise left the European situation much as it has been for the past six weeks. It is still obviously to the interest of both Britain and Russia to enter into a mutual-assistance pact as soon as possible. But since the brunt of any defense of Poland or Rumania would necessarily be borne by the Soviet Union, Molotov can scarcely be blamed for insisting that the joint guaranties be extended to include the Baltic states. The Nazi tactic has always been to strike at the weakest point, and at the moment the Baltic states are clearly the weakest links among the countries surrounding Germany. They would be no more able than was

Austria to resist German occupation; yet once Latvia and Estonia—with their substantial German population—were in Nazi hands, Chamberlain would have every inducement to reverse his policy again and encourage a German attack directly on the Soviet Union. The emphasis with which Moscow has opposed the projected fortification of the Aland Islands suggests that it also fears a German invasion through Finland.

Premier Molotov was explicit in stating the terms on which the Soviet Union would enter into a binding defensive alliance with the Western powers. These terms should not be difficult to meet if Chamberlain and Daladier are sincere in desiring to check Nazi aggression. The fact that none of the Baltic states have asked for guaranties might be useful as a pretext for a delay in meeting Molotov's terms, but it will be recalled that guaranties were extended to Rumania and Greece without their being requested. But reluctant as Chamberlain may be to meet the Soviets halfway, he can scarcely turn back now. The pledges made to Poland and Rumania are not only futile but highly dangerous without Soviet aid. Hitler is so definitely committed to a program of expansion that he can be counted on to make a new move the moment he thinks Germany has a chance of success. He might well feel confident of victory against Poland, France, and Great Britain. But if Russia were tied into the anti-Nazi defensive alliance, war would be unlikely. Hitler has never shown a disposition to take risks against superior odds.

The assumption that Britain and Russia will sooner or later find an acceptable formula for a mutual-assistance pact is probably more responsible than anything else for the recent lessening of European tension. Hitler's latest speech, although it contained a truculent warning against "encirclement," was moderate in view of the occasion on which it was delivered. Working under favorable conditions, Karl J. Burckhardt, League Commissioner for Danzig, has made progress in his conversations with Arthur Greiser, president of the Danzig senate, Marian Chodacki, Polish commissioner, and Albert Foerster, Nazi leader of Danzig, toward reducing the prospect of clashes in that city. Nazi leaders now say that there is no issue at Danzig pressing for immediate attention. Large numbers of the German inhabitants of the Polish Corridor have been influenced by recent developments to declare their unconditional allegiance to Poland.

Whether this period of relative quiet will be broken by a new crisis in August or September depends on many factors, including the developments in American foreign policy and the outcome of the Anglo-Soviet negotiations. But there is at least one sound reason for hoping that the crises of last September and March will not be repeated. The world now knows that Hitler can be stopped without war. And it knows the formula for achieving this. It has seen a convincing demonstration of the power of collective security, even when imperfectly applied. If it retains that lesson, the anxieties of the past year will not have been wholly in vain.

Alex Gumberg

ALEX GUMBERG, who died last week, was a unique personality. His life touched the lives of men and women who stood for different and often hostile points of view, who moved on widely separated social levels, of whom it might almost be said that their sole common denominator lay in Alex Gumberg's esteem. He managed somehow to bridge all existing cleavages and to do so, not by compromising or concealing his own views, but by shifting human values to a dimension of his own in which ordinary social and intellectual differences played no role. At his home bankers and labor leaders, Republicans and New Dealers fraternized in an atmosphere of humorous and humane tolerance. With a pleasure that seemed almost mischievous Alex Gumberg encouraged open showdowns between honest adversaries; he hated the evasion and surface politeness that comprise the ordinary social intercourse of such diverse groups as were drawn into his circle. He had one of the most sophisticated minds and one of the least calculating hearts that could be imagined. With a sharp understanding of the realities of public business, he combined an almost childlike faith in the men and women to whom he gave his friendship. He tolerated no doubts of the motives of such persons, and he gave a generous share of his energy and wisdom to the support of their fortunes and hopes.

His public interests ranged so widely that it is hard to point to one special focus of influence. But it should be said here, because the newspapers have made little mention of the fact, that Russia has had no friend in the United States so wise and tireless as Alex Gumberg. Apart from innumerable concrete services, he did more than any other American to prepare the way for the recognition of the Soviet government. And from the time, just after the revolution, when he helped distribute American food to starving Russians until the day he died, he kept his faith that the country of his birth would survive its years of suffering and conflict and play a heroic role in the life of nations. He believed, in particular, that a successful resistance to the present threat of fascist conquest would depend in large measure on Russian leadership and collaboration.

Alex Gumberg's death will be felt in Moscow as well as in Washington and New York. He will be deeply and particularly missed by *The Nation,* whose editors have been happy to count themselves among his friends and for many years have depended upon his shrewd and astringent advice and his knowledge of men and affairs.

Royalty Is Not Enough

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WE AMERICANS love visiting royalty. Our republican institutions offer little scope for the more glamorous forms of national exhibitionism, and we can make an expensive fuss over other countries' monarchs without incurring the obligations and penalties of supporting a royal house. We shall, no doubt, celebrate the brief visit of the British King and Queen to their lost colonies with a fervor equal to that of their most loyal subjects. Washington dignitaries will bow from the waist, if they get the chance, and Jack Garner will put on a white tie, the populace will cheer, and the press will overflow with editorials of welcome. And then it will be all over, and our guests will be gone with the tide.

But what will the royal couple make of their welcome? If they are not instructed in advance, they may easily misinterpret our hospitality. Do they know our capacity for mobbing movie stars and transatlantic fliers; our virtuosity with ticker tape and shredded telephone books? I hope they do. Otherwise they may be deceived in us as we are not deceived in them.

Because Americans, for all their whoop-la, are skeptics at heart. We know that the first visit in history by a British monarch to the North American continent has a purpose. And, in the United States at least, its success is not to be measured either by the volume of welcoming shouts or by the pomp and circumstance of the official entertainment. The King and Queen are in North America to sell the British cause in the probable coming war to a dubious or suspicious public. Great Britain needs Canadian loyalty. Even more, it needs the sympathy and guns of the United States. A showdown is in progress in which the existence of the British Empire is at stake. The royal couple may kiss quintuplets and shake hands with Indian chieftains, they may change their costumes three times a day and make dull little royal speeches, they may eat hot dogs with Mrs. Roosevelt and drink tea with Lady Lindsay, but the whole performance, like a business man's golf game, is part of the deal. When they go home, will they have North America in the bag? If so, the empire will be to a considerable degree the safer. If not—?

It was not a fair assignment. In the United States, particularly, the cards are stacked against our gracious and hard-working guests. American opinion is, to be sure, often swayed by emotion, and emotion is aroused in the democratic breast by the glamor of royalty. But just now we are in a mood to look gift sovereigns in the mouth. For behind the royal visitors we see the men who sent them on their errand—Chamberlain and his ministers. And behind the British government lies Munich. Ahead—but we can't see ahead. We only know, we Americans, that democracy in Europe has been tossed to Hitler and Mussolini by the major democratic nations. Even now, with French and British arms multiplying and a "peace front" simultaneously under construction, even now we doubt. Can the same men who surrendered Czechoslovakia and Spain—deliberately and intentionally, not by default—can they build a dependable front against further fascist raids? Only, we are sure, if they fear for their own borders and empire more than they fear for their continued existence as rulers and owners.

What the American people need is appeasement. If we are as important as we believe we are, we should be in line for something more substantial than the fleeting appearance of a King and Queen. What we want the British government seems ready enough to give to dictators upon demand. We want solid concessions. The first and most effective would be the resignation of Neville Chamberlain. The second would be a collective-security pact to include Russia and every other nation in Europe willing to give the necessary guaranties. The third would be an offer to consider all legitimate claims, territorial and economic, in exchange for general, complete demobilization, an end to the arms race, and gradual disarmament to proceed under international supervision. But we might settle for less. We might settle for the retirement of Chamberlain and his gang.

America likes England. We should feel nothing but horror if the British way of life, linked so inextricably with our own, were to be rubbed out under the mechanized ruthlessness of fascism. We doubt whether free institutions could long survive in our own hemisphere if they should be obliterated in Europe. Given half a chance we would offer both moral and material support to the opponents of Europe's tyrants. Our doubts and suspicions are reserved for Chamberlain, Simon, Hoare, and their backers. Their continuance in office does more to inhibit our impulse to help the "peace front" than the efforts of twenty isolationist Senators. We don't believe that they give a lead nickel for democracy. We know from experience that they would sell out any other country for a liar's promise of immunity for themselves. If, in the end, they are forced to fight, it will be because they refused to stand firm when a united front would have made a fight unnecessary. The groups in this country that most earnestly supported the idea of collective action have been put on the defensive by the Chamberlain government; only the unremitting horror of fascism keeps them in the ring at all.

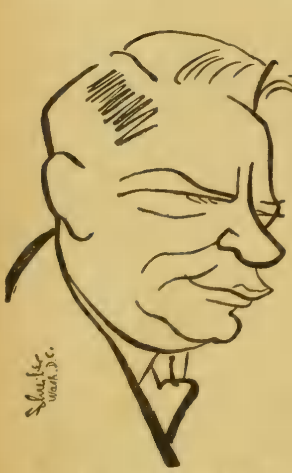
What England needs in America is a renewal of trust in the honor and decent intentions of the British government. The King and Queen cannot bring us that. We will cheer them and entertain them, but in our hearts we feel sorry for the poor souls. They were given an impossible assignment.

Moseley Loses His Horse

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, June 5

TO Major General George Van Horn Moseley, U. S. A., retired, "the handwriting on the wall is as clear as a bell." The Jews are a sort of schizophrenic cult—international bankers and overlords of the capitalistic system on Tuesdays, and Communist revolutionaries bent on blowing up the system on Fridays. What to do with them is as clear as the handwriting: they must be spied upon by the Army Intelligence Section (G-2), hauled before military courts set up in all the forty-eight states to supersede the existing local authorities, and finally driven into the Atlantic and the Pacific. Meanwhile, it is also clear that the Jews are trying to "bump off" Moseley and that danger lurks even in the water he drinks. Well-poisoners are everywhere, and the waterworks in all large cities, particularly Boston, must be placed under guard by vigilantes. Fritz Kuhn and his Bund are the real American patriots, supplying the necessary antidote on the right for the disease of communism on the left. "God Almighty, gentlemen! This is an emergency."



Representative Dies

To members of the Dies committee, after listening for two days to excerpts from the General's letters and then to his conflicting testimony, it was all as clear as the mud in the wall. Accustomed as they are to fantasy, this was too fantastic for them. They gave it up at the point where Rhea Whitley, the committee's former G-man counsel, disclosed that Moseley's associates planned to finance their counter-revolutionary campaign by sale of a patent medicine for syphilis to the United States army. Moseley, who draws $6,000 a year retirement pay but is "flat broke," was promised money for the "cause" if he could persuade the medical corps to put the stuff up in prophylaxis kits for the protection of the boys in khaki. In the role of medicine man he had prevailed upon army doctors, he said, to give his combined preventive and cure a trial.

On that note Moseley stepped happily out of the witness chair, apparently confident that he had made his case against communism and world Jewry (even though his prepared statement was struck from the record), established his freedom from religious prejudice by assuring the committee that some of his best friends were Jews, and demonstrated his humanity in a closing oration against the blight of syphilis. He also, it can be assumed, stepped out of the picture as the man on horseback.

They once laughed at Hitler, to be sure, but no nation with a strong feeling for the ludicrous ever followed a Moseley.

What remained important at the close of the committee's superficial and clumsy but nevertheless valuable investigation of the Moseley gang was not Moseley himself or the band of "patriots" immediately surrounding him but the shadowy figures on the periphery of their movement. Did General Malin Craig, chief of staff, and others of the army's high command actually give serious consideration to Moseley's charges? Was Father Coughlin, the whirling dervish from Detroit, ready to lend his considerable following and his money-raising talents to the projected anti-Semitic confederation? Had the Republican Party, in its eagerness to unite all dissident groups, however crackpot, flirted with the Moseley boys?

Obviously Dudley Pierrepont Gilbert, New York angel of the Moseleyites, George Deatherage, frankly fascist pooh-bah of the Knights of the White Camellia, James Campbell, army-reserve officer and coordinator of the Jew haters, and even Felix McWhirter, Indianapolis banker and official of the Indiana Republican Committee, did not in themselves constitute a serious menace to democracy or anything else. Brains and money beyond their very limited capacities are needed to build a formidable organization.

The committee, as usual, failed to answer the more important questions, but some of the answers are now known. I can say with certainty that General Craig and other responsible army leaders take Moseley seriously only as a menace to the prestige of the service. His letters to Craig warning of a "revolutionary emergency" drew coldly cryptic acknowledgment and nothing more. Even before Moseley's appearance at the Capitol, an emissary in the service was sent to him to suggest that he hold his irresponsible tongue in the interest of preserving the dignity of the army. When this failed, the War Department considered disciplinary measures but was dissuaded from acting by President Roosevelt himself. The attitude of the army toward the whole affair has been reassuring.

As for the Republicans, their record is less clear. A member of the headquarters staff made an appointment for John D. M. Hamilton to talk with Campbell though he knew that the subject was to be "subversive activities," which should have been a tip-off. However, in view of Hamilton's campaign against Gerald Winrod, there is no reason to doubt his denial of intention to give aid and comfort to the anti-Semites. As much cannot be said for McWhirter, who seems to have been hand in glove with Campbell, of Representative J. Parnell Thomas, New Jersey Republican, the only member of the Dies committee who tried to make things easy for Moseley, or of Representative Jacob Thorkelson, Montana Republican, who sat unashamed at Moseley's right hand and prompted him as he testified. The Republican leadership cannot, of course, be held responsible for the acts of all party members, but Campbell's announced purpose of working within the Republican Party and the ease with which he made a start in that direction through McWhirter are disturbing.

That leaves Coughlin. Through Patrick Scanlon, editor of the Brooklyn *Tablet,* Coughlin communicated on several occasions with Gilbert, original source of the "plot" reports. In the inter-Moseley-clique communications he was said to have promised to make use of some of the scurrilous material. Several of the Moseleyites exchanged literature with the priest. Campbell boasted of having seen the "evidence" on which one of Coughlin's speeches was based. Arrangements were once made for Coughlin and Moseley to speak from the same platform in New York, but for some unexplained reason they fell through. If Coughlin were to assume leadership of the shirtwaist boys, the result might be nothing to laugh off. As Lee Miller, Scripps-Howard editorial writer, has observed, the situation would have all the earmarks of an eyesore.

The House of Morgan

BY RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

I

J. P. MORGAN AND COMPANY has lost its brilliant plumage. No longer does it finance the governments of Europe, and no longer is it the dominant financial agency in the United States. The stocks of its holding companies and its railroad, foreign, and other publicly listed bonds have depreciated $850,000,000 below original value. Capital withdrawals and losses on loans and on securities have thinned by $65,000,000 its boom-time "net worth." Its golden record of lending on "character" has been tarnished by Charles E. Mitchell, the bankrupted Van Sweringens, and the jailed Richard Whitney. Its papal standing, its privacy, and its freedom from legislative challenge have been disturbed by the Great Deflation, the rout of the Republican Party, and the ensuing flurry of New Deal subpoena, lecture, and law. No longer is its application to the New York Stock Exchange approved "in extraordinary haste."* No longer does "a very close friend" move the Federal Reserve System. The House of Morgan, in brief, is suffering from the rebound of its World War and post-war policies.

Notwithstanding these woes, the bank remains a strong and solvent institution. Together its partners own $44,000,000 of banking and unrecorded millions of other assets. They continue to serve an enviable list of the nation's wealthiest corporations, even though their oldest clients, the railroads, are impoverished. The emphatic success of their Congressionally separated bond department, now called Morgan, Stanley and Company, should not be overlooked. But it cannot today be said, as John Moody wrote in 1911, that "directly or indirectly the House of Morgan and its close associates practically control the financial destinies of America."

Until 1932 J. P. Morgan and Company was probably the most influential of all the private institutions shaping the economy of the United States. It led and the other banks followed more often than it followed where the others led. The present article attempts to assay the relationship of Morgan alone to the crucial events of our time. It does not accept the easy assumption that Morgan's position today is explained by the general "decline" of Wall Street. Nor, on the other hand, does it argue that Morgan has been a great Mephistophelian force secretly compelling the flow of events, despite those modern demonologists who exaggerate the bank's power as much as its most discreet partner minimizes it. So stupendous is the wreckage left by the collapse of the Wilson-Hoover era that the attack and the disclaimer are equally understandable. But only simple minds dramatize the Morgan partners as cold, callous conspirators against the common people. Such they are not. They are engaging, sensitive men of the world, led on perhaps by their pride and ego to believe they are serving the national interest best when they are serving themselves best.

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* **Unless the source is otherwise specified, the quotations in this article have been taken from published sources, such as the records of federal investigations and contemporary historical volumes.**

Four generations made the Morgan fortune.

The founder was Joseph Morgan, a hotel-keeper who became a fire-insurance executive, invested in real estate, and died in 1847 leaving $102,330. His son, Junius Spencer Morgan, wholesaled drygoods in Boston, went to London, and by 1863 had converted the bank of George Peabody, a Yankee by origin, into J. S. Morgan and Company. Junius died in 1890 leaving $10,000,000. Thirty years earlier he had established his son, John Pierpont I, then twenty-one years old, as an independent banker in New York.

Out of panic, war, and stockjobbing Pierpont fashioned his successes. Fiercely loyal to the ruling class, he had an arrogance and sagacity which triumphed where deference would have been weakness and caution the mark of the inferior. His were the royal manners, his partners', the organizing brains. His international money power was his unique heritage, and his unbounded faith in American capitalism his indelible stamp on the era.

John Pierpont Morgan I died in Rome, at the age of seventy-six, on March 30, 1913. Scarcely had the burial rites ended when $180,000,000 of New Haven Railroad stock collapsed. The loss of the senior partner, the New Haven débâcle, and the depression of 1913-14 affected the bank's capital as well as its prestige. At the time of his death the 51 per cent interest of Pierpont Morgan I in his New York and Philadelphia banking houses was valued at $29,900,000. Twenty-one months later, on December 31, 1914, the interest of all eleven partners, including J. P. Morgan II, was valued, according to recently disclosed evidence, at only $30,600,000. The indicated drop of $28,000,000 was almost 50 per cent.

J. P. Morgan II was already forty-six when he inherited $53,600,000 of his father's $69,499,000 fortune, including command of J. P. Morgan and Company and its Philadelphia, Paris, and London branches, today known as Drexel and Company, Morgan et Cie, and Morgan, Grenfell and Company. But "Jack" Morgan has not a general's temperament; Henry P. Davison, a Morgan partner since 1909, became known as "the fighting edge" of the house. It was Davison who capitalized the opportunities offered by the outbreak of the World War, thereby reversing the bank's decline.

In the fall of 1914 the Allies began to buy food, raw materials, and munitions in the American market and "to compete against one another on a grand scale." From New York Davison cabled the London office that there was "a great deal of business going on all around us, much of which should be going through us." He proposed coordination of these purchases through the House of Morgan; his partners agreed that the plan "would serve an excellent purpose and be profitable to us," but Mr. Morgan felt that he personally "could not be put in the position of drumming"; so Davison himself jumped on a boat to England, where, aided by British bankers, he successfully "drummed" the plan to Lloyd George.

By obtaining the Allied purchasing agency J. P. Morgan and Company became the disburser in the United States of more than three billion dollars; by heading the banking and underwriting syndicates it controlled offerings of almost two billion dollars in Allied bonds and short-term debts; and finally in acting as the Allies' broker it sold in the markets here about one billion dollars of foreign-owned American securities. These tremendous operations massed in the House of Morgan a money power without parallel in world history.

Recent investigation makes clear one motive of these operations. To aid the Allied finances in September, 1916, Davison suggested that Morgan arrange "as confidentially as possible with important distributing houses, each to start a campaign of education throughout the country." In November J. P. Morgan personally cabled from London to Davison in New York that the British Chancellor was "greatly impressed with skill and usefulness of your propaganda." Meanwhile Davison told the Federal Reserve Board that "if we did not place these [new Morgan] loans we were taking the responsibility of cutting down the trade of the country, a very serious responsibility as we were now in a fair way of becoming masters of the world." William P. G. Harding, governor of the Reserve Board, told Davison that "there was some danger of a creditor becoming so much involved with one debtor that finally, no matter whether the creditor wanted to or not, he would have to go in deeper and deeper."

Governor Harding also wrote to Benjamin Strong, the head of the New York Reserve Bank, that "the carnival of death and destruction has gone far enough. It ought to be stopped. . . . The United States has it in its power to shorten or prolong the war by the attitude it assumes as banker." The Federal Reserve Board temporarily refused to sanction the financing, and Morgan was forced to mark time in its efforts to make us "masters of the world."

On December 31, 1914, two weeks before the Morgan house was made the British purchasing agent, the net worth of the partners' interest in their bank was $30,592,000. At the end of 1917 the net worth was $68,745,000, indicating a net profit to the twelve partners of $38,153,000. No longer was the House of Morgan in decline. The trend from the death of Pierpont Morgan I to the end of 1914 had been reversed. The subsequent two years had also converted the United States into a European arsenal and had loaded billions of dollars in American chips on the Allied side of the roulette wheel. For the first result the House of Morgan is not entitled to exclusive credit, but its role and responsibility as croupier are undisputed.

The Armistice found J. P. Morgan and Company the dominant private bank in the Americas and Europe, displacing the Rothschild family, whose Austrian branch was "almost ruined." With its New York, Paris, and London houses now commanding the money markets of the Western world, and with Partner Thomas W. Lamont in official attendance at Versailles, Morgan was in a unique position to influence the peace treaties and the reconstruction effort. To his credit Mr. Lamont opposed the extremists who wished to make of reparations a weapon for permanent vengeance. But he himself has written that "all factions agreed" that Germany "must pay" whatever sum she could pay "at her utmost capacity." Mr. Lamont also opposed General Smuts's justification of the inclusion of war-pension costs in the bill to be paid, but since the bill was to tax Germany's "utmost capacity" the allocation of reparations rather than their total was affected by this inclusion. Smuts, who signed the treaty for South Africa, was heartsick at the "rotten thing, of which we shall all be heartily ashamed in due course." In 1919 Smuts warned, "The treaty breathes a poisonous spirit of revenge which may yet scorch the fair face, not of a corner of Europe, but of Europe." The same year Mr. Lamont returned to the United States and with Mr. Morgan urged ratification. ". . . the treaty that was evolved imposes justly severe terms upon Germany," said Mr. Lamont. "Those terms should be put into effect at once." In 1921 he wrote, "And do not let us forget that it is the German people —not their rulers alone—who were responsible for the war."

"The thing to do is make such adjustments in reparations as will give the Germans hope," said J. P. Morgan privately in 1923. "If you say, pay me one-half of what you earn and you can have the other half, you leave hope." This was the spirit of the Dawes and Young plans, which Morgan financed in America by syndicating $208,000,000 of bonds at a net profit to itself of $1,500,000. The German Republic received only $865 cash for each $1,000 of its bonded debt, but was obligated to pay 5½ to 7 per cent annually on the par amount. Thus was begun the process of lending American money to enable Germany to pay reparations to the Allies, who reshipped part of the funds back here to pay off their war debts, a process most profitable to the bond sellers but extremely costly to the buyers.

"Mussolini is a very great man," said J. P. Morgan also in 1923, and thereafter Morgan syndicates poured $156,000,000 of American investors' money into Italy. Morgan syndicates also raised $284,000,000 for Japan from 1924 to 1931. The bank's net profit on the Italian bonds was $1,250,000; on the Japanese bonds $1,700,000. Some of these loans were for earthquake repair in Japan and sanitary improvements in Rome, but the other loans, which Morgan may sincerely have believed would help to stabilize Asia and Europe, aided regimes that were dedicated to Italian fascism and Japanese imperialism.

On the domestic front during the 1920's Morgan had marked success. William Durant, the architect of General Motors Corporation, was forced out of that profitable combine, which then fell under du Pont and Morgan control. Also about this time Morgan gathered in the financing of the Van Sweringen brothers, which the Chase National Bank had tried to get. The house subsequently led syndicates offering more than $500,000,000 in publicly listed Van Sweringen securities. Net profits to Morgan on this financing exceeded $11,000,000 before the brothers' pyramided promotions collapsed.

J. P. Morgan

Politically the house also had reason to be gratified during the 1920's. Partners Thomas Cochran and Dwight Morrow attended the Republican convention at Chicago which nominated Harding and Coolidge. Morrow, an Amherst classmate of Coolidge, helped finance the latter's political career. At Chicago Morrow's hotel room was "the center of intensive lobbying." On behalf of Coolidge's Presidential candidacy he "expounded, he argued, he cajoled." He did not relish Harding, but wrote to Mr. Lamont, "I feel there is nothing against him and that there is very much in his favor." Mr. Cochran "was always a very close personal friend" of Calvin Coolidge and "was advising him," in the words of George Whitney, "on his investments after he left the White House." The Harding and Coolidge administrations allowed the Federal Reserve Board in Washington to become subsidiary to the Reserve Bank of New York under the dominant personality of Governor Benjamin Strong. Strong was an Englewood neighbor of Morrow, Lamont, and Davison; Davison "chose" him for the Bankers Trust Company (starting as treasurer, Strong became vice-president and then president) and with Morgan "finally urged" him to take the Reserve post.

Strong induced the Federal Reserve System in 1924 to buy $500,000,000 of government bonds, thereby flooding the member banks with liquid funds that sent the interest rates on money to a lower point than in London and impelled the moving of balances from New York to London. This flow of money overseas was followed by England's return to the gold standard in the spring of 1925. A group of banks headed by Morgan split a $2,500,000 "standby commission" paid by the British government for a $100,000,000 credit in the United States. This credit, established to scare off speculators, was good for two years. It was never drawn upon. (A credit twice as large to the Bank of England was established by the Federal Reserve banks. They charged and received no commission.) Years later the Federal Reserve officials told the Senate in an obscure report that one reason for the 1924 inflation was "to encourage foreign borrowing in the American market." During this one year Morgan led syndicates which sold in this country $485,000,000 of foreign bonds, by far the largest annual peace-time total of Morgan foreign flotations. Net profits to the House on these bonds exceeded $2,900,000.

Another inflation was began by the Reserve system in 1927. Again one of the reasons, later confessed, was "to facilitate flotation of foreign bonds in the American market," although the main reason was "to preserve the gold standard." To persuade Washington, the central banks of England, France, and Germany sent their governors to the United States, where they called upon Strong and the Morgan partners, whose power, profits, and prestige were largely tied in with the integrity of huge loans to overseas borrowers. The central bankers "aimed to bolster a weakening Europe, believing that they could prevent the inevitable liquidation of the war." Open-market operations were resumed by the Federal Reserve in July, 1927; the discount rate was reduced, "first in Kansas City to give the impression that the occasion was domestic and the reason agricultural"; and $600,000,000 additional funds soon inundated the nation's banks, making possible a credit expansion of six billion. This "manipulation of credit by a half-dozen men in different parts of the world" contributed largely to the ensuing super-inflation.

The speculative fever had dangerously increased when the inflationary operations were terminated, and the Federal Reserve attempted to withdraw credit in 1928. Strong died on October 8, 1928. Before the year was out the Reserve Board members in Washington were uneasy. Attempts to check the inflation were bungled by the Coolidge-Mellon Administration, whose primary objective was a Presidential victory for the Republican Party in November, 1928. The boom propaganda that placed Hoover in office so deluded the speculators that the stock market began to run away despite tardy official warnings.

After carefully refraining from selling common stocks during most of the post-war period, the Morgan partners now proceeded to issue more than $200,000,000 of such stock and $150,000,000 in other securities in three huge new holding companies—United Corporation, Alleghany Corporation, and Standard Brands Company. The application of Alleghany Corporation for listing on the New York Stock Exchange was "considered and passed upon in extraordinary haste" even though it was "almost unprecedented from every point of view." The public was not told that E. H. H. Simmons, then Exchange president, Richard Whitney, then vice-president, and other influential Exchange governors shared in the Morgan stock syndicates.

Meanwhile a conflict raged in the Federal Reserve system over how to bridle the unprecedented speculation in stocks. The Morgan point of view was that the orthodox course of raising the discount rate should be applied. This position was well expressed in an article by Franz Schneider, Jr., in the July, 1929, issue of *Foreign Affairs.* Mr. Schneider was at this time the financial editor of the New York *Evening Sun.* Previously he had been financial editor of the *Evening Post,* when Mr. Lamont had owned it. Earlier in 1929 he had received various stocks from Morgan at a cost of $27,500 less than their opening market price. He was the only journalist so honored. Extracts from his article follow: "During the past winter one wing of the discount-rate protagonists was positive that rates should be jumped progressively and quickly to 8 per cent or higher, if necessary, in order to bring down the stock market and secure liquidation. The theory was that a sharp quick purge would kill off speculative spirit. . . ." Against this school of thought Schneider argued that "a more natural and reasonable method of managing the discount rates would be to move it up with reference to the demands for Federal Reserve credit" only when and if business, not the stock market, became more and more active. (This generally coincided with the Morgan point of view.) "The evidence is not conclusive" on "whether or not there is a dangerous absorption of credit in speculative loans. . . . Judging from the behavior of the stock market itself, one would conclude that the extent and seriousness of current speculation has been exaggerated by its critics." Now that Strong was dead and Dr. Adolph Miller, another man with a will of his own, was influencing the Federal Reserve Board in Washington, Mr. Schneider urged that the board "abandon its attempt to initiate and direct the policies of the [Reserve] system. . . . One cannot help wondering how far the authorities intend carrying this deflationary policy . . . [which] would restrict further *our granting of foreign credits . . .*" (my italics).

The Morgan partners had a good reason for being against a strong deflationary policy. They were minting new fortunes out of the rampant speculation, their holding-company stocks having exceptional leverage because of their great pyramiding. Six of the nine directors of the New York Reserve Bank participated in the Morgan stock syndicates. Years later, the bank's chairman and governor both stated that the discount rate should have

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been raised earlier than February, 1929, when they first recommended an increase, and should have been raised higher than their August, 1929, lift to 6 per cent.

J. P. Morgan and Company, like many banks, placed huge sums in the call-money market where the stock speculators fed. At the end of 1927 Morgan call loans were $54,000,000; at the end of 1928, $109,000,000; and at the end of 1929, after the October crash, $79,000,000. The speculative instincts of less conservative institutions could not be successfully harnessed when Wall Street's leading bank was helping to swell the billions already available in the call market.

Out of Alleghany Corporation alone the partners made almost $6,000,000. If they had sold their United Corporation holdings at the 1929 peak they would have realized a profit of more than $122,000,000. Their actual profit is not on the record, but in 1927, 1928, and 1929 the nineteen partners paid, by their own admission, total income taxes of $22,000,000, indicating that they had made $44,000,000 to $60,000,000 net.

Reinforced with these profits, the supremacy of the House of Morgan appeared unshakably secure. The partners could look back over the ten post-war years from the heights of 1929 and mark the monuments of their policy. First, a total of $5,000,000,000 in domestic and foreign security financing; second, a new $580,000,000 utility holding-company system; third, completion of the $3,000,000,000 Van Sweringen railroad pyramid; and fourth, directorships in corporations owning $18,000,000,000 of the national wealth.

Banker for the empires, kingdoms, and republics of the Eastern Hemisphere; patron of the Republican Party of the United States; mentor of the Federal Reserve System and the New York Stock Exchange; controller of railroad, utility, steel, and other combines; claimant to a priceless probity, the Morgan partnership bestrode the world like a colossus. Yet in the eight years after 1929 profound and irresistible forces moved against the gentlemen housed in the stone counting-room that weighs down the corner of Wall and Broad streets.

[This is the first of two articles on the House of Morgan. The second will appear next week.]

Stalemate in China

BY JOHN GUNTHER

IN JULY, 1937, the third and greatest Sino-Japanese War began. The Japanese struck when they did for several reasons. First, China was becoming stronger economically. The currency was stabilized, and a new central bank was operating; Dr. Kung was in Europe collecting loans, and Chinese industry was rising to compete with Japanese. Second, Chinese military strength and unity were increasing, after Sian and the United Front. The Japanese knew that it was now or never. Finally, the international situation was propitious, with Russia weak.

The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang knew that conflict was inevitable. Once the civil wars were over, once China became united, Japan was bound to strike. But they thought that they had one more year for preparation; they anticipated assault in 1938, not 1937. They thought that Japan—despite the Soviet purges—was still afraid of Russian intervention, and that the Japanese financial position would serve to defer war another year. They were wrong. But they were not caught napping. They fought back—at last.

The most striking thing about the war as a whole is that although Japan fought for one overwhelming purpose, to keep China from becoming strong, the war has united what is left of China into a more cohesive and effective fighting organism than it had been for generations. The Japanese have carved out much territory; what remains of China is more Chinese than it has ever been before. Japan, by waging war, produced just what it sought to prevent.

INCIDENTS AND CHRONOLOGY

The course of the war may be sketched in a paragraph or two. The precipitating incident took place at Lukouchiao, near the Marco Polo bridge ten miles from Peking, on the night of July 7. Japanese troops of the Tientsin garrison were holding night maneuvers, and one man—a private—disappeared. The Japanese decided to teach the bumptious Chinese a lesson. They attacked the Chinese to recover this missing man. Fighting started. Then the lost private reappeared. He had been in a brothel apparently. No matter. The incident was a good pretext; within twenty-four hours 35,000 Japanese troops poured through Tientsin toward Peking. Everything was ready. Whether this Marco Polo incident of 1937, like the Mukden incident of 1931, was made by local Japanese officers without knowledge of the Tokyo government is unknown. In any case the Tokyo government had no choice but to support what the army did.

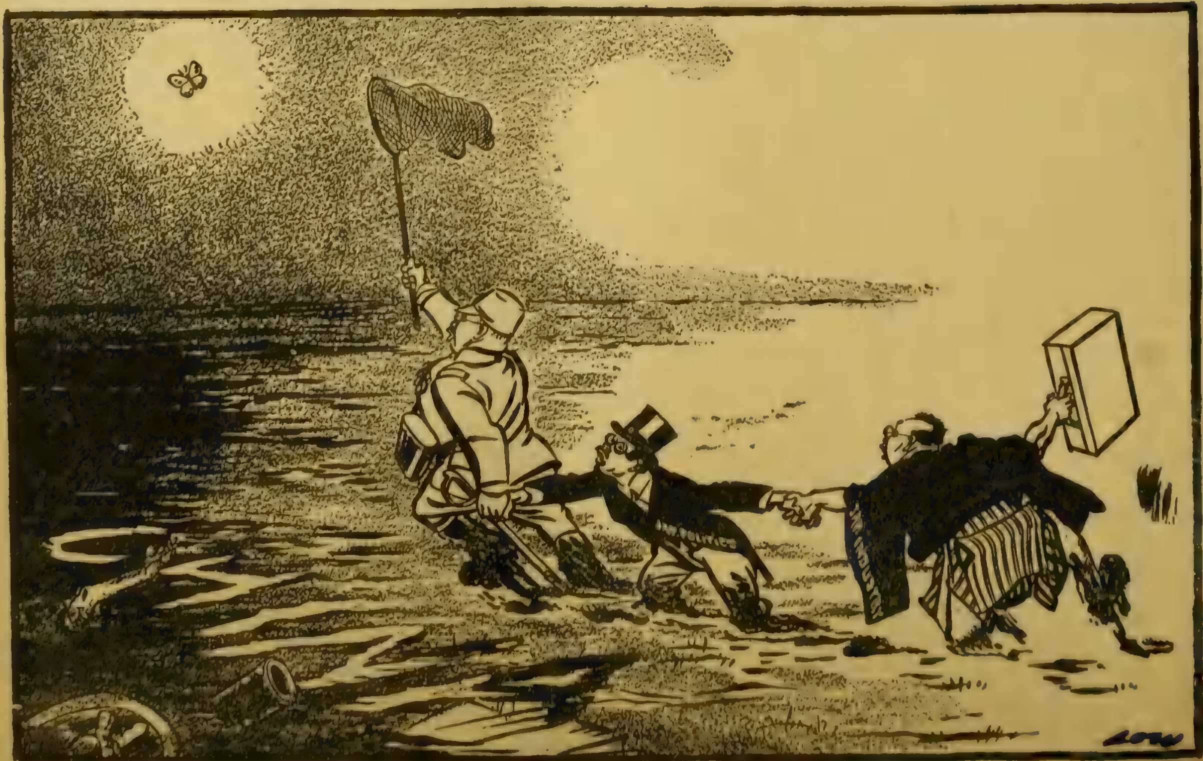
Chiang Kai-shek kept his head. He still did not want to fight if warfare could be avoided. But he could not hold his own people back. This was quite a different matter from Manchuria and Jehol; here China proper—almost its heart—was involved. At Kuling, on July 16, he made a speech quite unlike any other he had addressed to the Japanese or to his own people. He demanded the evacuation of Japanese troops from the Peking area. He told the nation that it must fight or perish if the Japanese did not withdraw. He did not propose to yield another inch. The Japanese replied by marching on Peking itself, which fell, without firing a shot, on July 29, 1937. Tientsin was taken the next day.

Then, just as in 1931-32, fighting recrudesced spontaneously in Shanghai. The Chinese were maddened by events in the north. Large numbers of Chinese troops drew into the suburban area beyond Shanghai, supposed to be demilitarized. A Japanese officer, in uniform, was discovered prowling near the Hungjao airdrome. This was a dangerous thing to do. He was challenged by a Chinese sentry; he shot the sentry, and then was shot himself. This was on August 9. Within two days a stream of Japanese troopships was converging on Shanghai.

In 1932 Chiang Kai-shek had stood aside while the Nineteenth Route Army fought. This time he did not do so. He poured the flower of his new army into the Shanghai area, and had there not been some bad staff work, his troops might have pushed the hard-pressed Japanese into the sea. The battle lasted till November 9. It was the biggest battle the world had seen since Verdun; Chinese casualties alone are calculated at not less than 450,000 in three months. Chinese resistance was stubborn; the Japanese attack was violent. The Chinese receded, gave up the Shanghai triangle in November, and lost Nanking, the national capital, on December 13. There is fierce dispute among military folk as to whether Chiang, at such gigantic cost, should have attempted to hold Nanking. His German military mission thought not. He decided to try to save Nanking, no matter how many men he would lose, because of its psychological importance.

Some military experts believe that the Japanese by taking Nanking "lost the war." They had the bear—or dragon—by the tail; they could not go back, once they were so far inland; Chiang enticed them deeper and still deeper into the interior, which cost them tremendously in men and yen. They had to proceed to an attempt to *conquer* China. Most good observers do not think that, originally, the Japanese planned to attack Central China at all. They wanted to nip off the Five Northern Provinces once and forever; they didn't want a major war if a minor one could as easily serve their purpose. So Chiang initiated a process of what might be called attrition in reverse; he fought, he receded a little, he stood, he receded again, always with the object of making any Japanese advance extremely expensive. There was one important Chinese forward movement, and victory, at Taierchuang in Shantung, in March, 1938.

The primary Japanese objective during the first half of 1938 was junction of their northern armies in the Hopei-Shantung area near the Yellow River with their central army in the Yangtze Valley, based on Nanking. This was achieved by a long battle at Hsuchow in May. The Japanese then gained control of the Lunghai railway, the



FURTHER AND DEEPER.

great west-east Chinese railway (built and formerly administered by Belgians, incidentally); they began to push southwestward in a great expanding arc. Hankow, where the Generalissimo moved after the fall of Nanking, fell in October, 1938. Chinese troops retreated west and took up new positions in Szechwan. The guerrillas, meanwhile, fought hard in the north and held most of Shansi. They developed the technique of getting the people to rise *behind* the Japanese front line.

But in October, 1938, the Chinese lost Canton. This was a crippling blow, more serious than the loss of Nanking and Hankow together. The great bulk of Chinese munitions had come from Hongkong via Canton to Hankow, although the Japanese incessantly bombed the railroad. With Canton gone this route was cut. The Japanese took Canton while Europe was recovering from the Munich crisis. The Chinese had not bothered to defend it seriously, never dreaming that Japan would invade China so far in the south and so close to Hongkong and Kowloon, British territory. But the Japanese decided after Munich that the British no longer had the will—or power—to protect what had hitherto been considered their vital interests in the Far East. Mr. Chamberlain sold out Czechoslovakia at Munich; he very gravely damaged China too.

THE CHINESE POSITION: SUPPLIES

Advantages to China in the 1939 deadlock are several. First, time is on the side of the Chinese, and time is a tremendous factor. The longer the war goes on the better it is for China, because the standard of living in Japan is depressed every month the war continues, while the Chinese can—and do—live on the country and fight naked. Second, the Chinese army, rebuilt after the Shanghai-Nanking débâcle in 1937, has improved immeasurably, though it could be still better. Third, defense is less expensive than attack. The Japanese must *win* in order to win; the Chinese can, more or less, stand pat. Fourth, guerrilla warfare, as we know, has played havoc with Japanese communications and morale.

Perhaps the greatest advantage to China is the inordinately difficult military-*cum*-administrative job facing the Japanese. The front runs 2,350 miles, and the Japanese are trying to hold eleven great provinces, covering at least 800,000 square miles and with a population of at least 200,000,000 people. China is like a blanket: the Japanese hold the seams, that is, the canals, the railways, the rivers, the great cities. But to hold the seams is not enough. Japan has almost 800,000 troops below the Wall, and hesitates to increase this vast army, the upkeep of which costs money. There is another 400,000 above the Wall, the Kwantung army of occupation in Manchoukuo and Mongolia, which costs money, too.

Disadvantages to China are several also. First, though the army has improved greatly, it is by no means a first-class fighting force. Chiang has about 1,500,000 men under arms, but only about one-third of them are capable of front-line work. The Chinese army is composed largely of provincial levies, which differ considerably in quality. Some Kwangsi troops have been superb; some others have not been superb. Recruits do not spring from a well-integrated system of national conscription, and they are thrown into the front with insufficient training. It is, moreover, exceptionally difficult to weld different provincial units into a compact, cohesive national force. After a battle divisions cannot be reformed of remnants of other divisions; troops from different areas may not speak the same dialect, may not even eat the same food. The greatest military problem in China is to melt and cast these varying strains into a single solid ingot. Another point is that the Chinese gravely lack aircraft and artillery.

Second, financial considerations. China has lost all its important seaports, most of its railways; it has lost its richest tax-collecting provinces and 90 per cent of the maritime customs. By arrangement with the British, the Japanese now collect Chinese customs in the ports they control; technically they do not seize the revenue but merely "block" it in earmarked accounts at the Yokohama Specie and other banks. But China loses this revenue, and Japan has the use of it. Almost 60 per cent of Chinese revenue came normally from the maritime customs. Finally, the Chinese export trade has severely suffered, and there is virtually no silver left. One talks glibly of the economic drain in Japan. The economic drain in China is probably almost as severe.

Third, the whole matter of supplies. The Canton-Hankow line had been the great trough for shipment of supplies. Now that Canton is lost, the Chinese have only three routes left: the old caravan route in the north, Sian-Lanchow-Urumchi, into the Soviet Union; the French narrow-gauge railway from Haiphong and Hanoi to Kunming (Yunnanfu), the capital of Yunnan; and the new road from Burma (British territory), on the other side of Yunnan, to Yunnanfu and Chungking.*

THE JAPANESE POSITION

The immediate Japanese aim in 1939 is twofold: first, to hold the front and consolidate it; second, to exploit the occupied areas so that China will in effect be made to pay for its own destruction. Behind these immediate aims are, of course, others: the Japanese want to prevent the unification of China, to attack British influence and prestige, and to get something *out* of the war, concrete benefits to parade before the people.

Point One. The Japanese hold the great north-south railway from Peking to Canton at each end and, at Hankow, in the middle. What they want is to gain complete control of this railway, so that their armies will have

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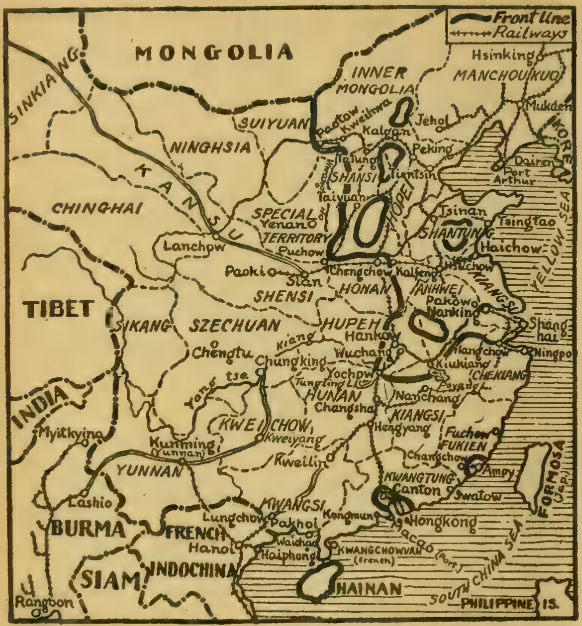
* These routes and the problem of Chinese finances were dealt with in greater detail in an article by Mr. Gunther that appeared in *The Nation* for August 13, 1938.


Front Line
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Port Arthur
NINGHSIA
SHANSI
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ANHWEI
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Chungking
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Canton
Swatow
Lashio
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BURMA
FRENCH INDOCHINA
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maneuverability, which the Chinese have not. They then hope to intrench immediately in front of this railway and make it their impregnable Chinese frontier, above the Yangtze at least. Then, behind these intrenchments, they plan to turn backward, fight the war over again—in reverse—from the railway to the sea, and thus liquidate passive resistance, individual terrorism, and the guerrillas. This campaign, it is hoped, will give them complete military security. It will take a long time, since the railway itself is by no means completely held. What will be left of China if this plan succeeds is almost railroadless hinterland. The Japanese do not envisage Chinese offensive power sufficient to throw them out. The Chinese, be it remembered, have very little aircraft and almost no artillery.

Point Two. Politically the Japanese are attempting to administer the conquered areas by puppet governments, while economically they exploit them by several agencies. The new "China Federal Reserve Bank" has been set up, with capital furnished 50 per cent by the Yokohama Specie Bank, though the Japanese barefacedly deny that they control it. It issues banknotes, paper yuan convertible into Japanese yen, with which it seeks to drive out Chinese dollars, which by fiat have been reduced 40 per cent in value. But the Chinese peasants will not sell their goods for yuan. What might be called a currency war is in progress—especially since Britain and the United States have each helped to prop up the legitimate Chinese dollar with loans of $25,000,000.

The Japanese—without much success—have tried to suck Chinese dollars, which are backed by silver, out of the peasantry. These they sell for foreign exchange, thus driving the Chinese currency down. So China has imposed a strict currency control, with British backing. This has infuriated the Japanese against the British, even though the British cooperate with Japan in the new customs regime. Britain, says Japan, is the chief factor maintaining Chinese strength: first, because of its support of Chinese currency; second, because of Hongkong—British territory—which is the Chinese capital so far as finance, supplies, trade are concerned, as well as a perfect home for Chinese officials, who go in and out with impunity.

Two huge mechanisms of industrial exploitation have been set up by Japan in conquered territory—the North China Development Company (capital 350,000,000 yen, half of which was contributed by the Japanese government), and the Central China Development Company (capital 110,000,000 yen). Both are under the supervision of the new "China Board" in Tokyo, which is controlled by the army and which has frozen out the Foreign Office from control of Chinese affairs. These companies will attempt to develop electric power in China, build up transport, collect crops, manufacture salt, explore mineral deposits, and otherwise assimilate the country. The idea is to transform China into a solid Japanese monopoly, with the Open Door shut and foreign business as far as possible excluded. Thus the Yangtze has remained closed and Canton has been cut off. The best Chinese weapon of resistance to this plan of economic conquest has been the "scorched earth" policy. Rather than turn over their industries to Japan, the retreating Chinese burn the factories if they cannot move them. The textile mills at Tsingtao were burned, with a loss of $100,000,000 (Chinese). Rather than let the Japanese feed on their crops, the Chinese burn the fields.

The greatest advantage of the Japanese is their command of the air, plus good artillery. The greatest danger to them is the overconfidence fostered by the capture of Canton. Before Canton they had little ambition to chase Chiang Kai-shek beyond Hankow. So long as they intrench along the northern railway and the Yangtze, they are in no military danger except from guerrillas. If they overextend themselves by attempting to penetrate Yunnan and Szechwan, they may meet disaster.

The material damage caused by the war is all but incalculable. About 70 per cent of Chinese industry has been destroyed or taken over by the Japanese; industrial damage in the Shanghai area alone is stated to be $600,000,000. Above and beyond this staggering dislocation is human suffering almost without parallel in recent history. I do not mean military casualties, which are considerable enough. I mean refugees. We have heard much about the several kinds of European refugees. In China, in the Shanghai-Nanking area alone, there are *sixteen million* refugees.

A final word on Western attitudes. Both Britain and the U. S. S. R. play roughly the same game, helping the Chinese—a little—against the Japanese, in order that Japan shall not become too strong. Some observers, however, feel that Britain may make an agreement with Japan

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whereby Japan will remain in control at least of North China in return for cessation of the war, which is seriously damaging British trade. If the war should last long enough, all foreign powers might derive profit from it: defeat of the Japanese would break the power of the military in Japan, and perhaps make China a progressive, stable, pacific state.

In December, 1938, the Japanese announced their peace terms, which included (1) Chinese recognition of Manchoukuo and adherence to the anti-Comintern pact, (2) Inner Mongolia to become a special "anti-Communist" area, (3) Japanese troops to be stationed in various parts of China, (4) opening of China—especially Inner Mongolia and the Five Northern Provinces—to Japanese development, (5) abolition of the Kuomintang. To this the Chinese made no answer; such "terms" were impossible to answer. In January, 1939, however, Madame Chiang announced China's minimum conditions—peace with honor, which must include the territorial integrity of China, administrative sovereignty, and "equal treatment."

The present position is a complete stalemate which may persist a long time. The Japanese are not strong enough to push the Chinese into Tibet; the Chinese are not strong enough to push the Japanese into the sea. The Japanese—if they maintain their present strength—may follow their invention of the concept of undeclared war by making an undeclared peace. They may choose to let the fighting fray out, hold what they have, and attempt to proceed with economic exploitation without calling off the war. But they must face the united and regenerated force of the Chinese nation. They are fighting a people that never has been permanently beaten.

Pocket Guide

MERCHANDISING experience has shown that except in theory Americans really don't care much about saving a nickel or a dime when they're shopping. Two things annoy buyers; two things make them organize and fight. One is poor quality, when they find out about it. The other is the belief that somebody is trying to put something over on them. To combat these things consumers' organizations all over the country are talking, writing, and working. Some of them are doing good work, some of them foolish work; the sincerity of some is questionable.

The good ones, and even the foolish ones, annoy advertisers and manufacturers, though the foolish ones are often putty in their hands. But so vigorous is the movement—so angry is the general public growing—that even the imitation consumer groups, and there are plenty of them, are doing some good. The reason is simple. If you send out a lot of printed matter and speakers to tell the consumer about quality, honest merchandising, taxes, and the like, you have got to deliver something to your readers and your audiences or they won't listen. So every dubious consumer outfit yells blue murder—about somebody else's product. Each hammers the other fellow's goods. The canned-goods consumer organizations are all for pure silk; the margarine and vegetable-oil people demand better butter; the automobile people want nearly everything better except automobiles; and many groups think only all-wool fabrics should be sold.

Fabrics got the first, and the worst, drubbing because fabric manufacturers are poor advertisers and few chain stores sell drygoods. None of these so-called consumer outfits have yet spoken up about pure cigarettes or labels for canned goods. But some day soon the cigarette people may get busy and insist that cans have labels that tell all; and the canned-goods people may demand purer cigarettes. In all this noise and recrimination, your job is to sit still and laugh. Out of their pounding of one another you may get something.

In an earlier piece I listed what I considered the ablest of the consumer organizations, and I have had a little to say about the work of the cooperatives. A book that covers the subject thoroughly is Dr. Horace Kallen's "The Decline and Rise of the Consumer" (D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.75).

But in spite of all the good work done for consumer protection by private organizations, it seems to me that the chief job has to be done by the government—national, state, or city. No private organization could do what is now being done by the New York Bureau of Weights and Measures. It is of vital importance that real consumer organizations keep in touch with these government agencies, back them up, and watch what happens to them under a change of administration.

The average person has little idea of what is being done by the three national-government agencies—the Food and Drug Administration, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Bureau of Standards. The Federal Trade Commission had little power until the Lea bill gave it censorship over advertising. In the time since this bill was passed, it has stopped an amazing amount of lying advertising. The Bureau of Standards has to analyze everything that the government buys. It would be a grand help to us in our own shopping if we could have the information it has dug up

The new Food, Drugs, and Cosmetics Act was passed not quite a year ago, and only part of it—that dealing with new or dangerous drugs and devices and poisonous cosmetics—went into effect at once. Yet in this period the dangerous obesity cures have disappeared from interstate commerce The mere passage of the act stopped the sale of some remedies containing dinitrophenol, a drug that had killed or blinded many women. But it did not altogether stop the interstate shipping of dangerous eyelash dyes, and the Food and Drug Administration had to seize Lash-Lure, the most notorious of them. It has seized seventy-nine shipments of poisonous cosmetics and started five criminal prosecutions, and has seized forty-two shipments of dangerous drugs and fifty-one shipments of dangerous devices. In all those cases legal action was taken, but thousands of other products were withdrawn from the market the moment the act was passed. In addition hearings have been held on food standards, coal-tar products, and so on—a good record for the first year.

At the end of the first year the rest of the statute becomes operative except the labeling provisions and those on coal-tar color processes. I'm sure we'll see some fireworks this coming year.

President Roosevelt was right when he said that the work of the government needs to be advertised to the people. But he said it to the wrong crowd when he suggested it to the advertising men. HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

WHILE FRENCH and Dutch banks have for some time been known to be "considering" a large loan to Franco, it is now learned that important British interests are quietly encouraging the move. During the war Franco refused to let British owners of Spanish properties—of the Rio Tinto mines, for example—extract their full dividends, although they supported his cause in England. Now they hope that in return for the projected loan he will permit "business as usual."

REPORTED ONLY in labor papers, a significant incident occurred during the Newspaper Guild strike against the Chattanooga *News.* Covering the strike himself, the paper's managing editor wrote a story asserting that the linotypers had to fight their way through Guild picket lines to go to work. The linotypers, reports Federated Press, refused to set the story. Finally the managing editor revised his copy.

A REVEALING exchange between George ("Knights of the White Camellia") Deatherage and Dies himself was charitably omitted from newspaper accounts of the recent Dies committee sessions. Dies was lecturing Deatherage on the need for tolerance of "racial" and "religious" groups. Deatherage bellowed, "I am bigoted enough to believe in white supremacy in the South." Dies, long a foe of anti-lynching legislation, uncomfortably granted that "exception."

THOUGH NOTORIOUS for his excessive drinking in pre-Hitler Germany, Dr. Robert Ley, leader of the Nazi Labor Front, delivered the keynote address at the recent Hygiene Congress. His tirade against smoking and drinking was widely reported. But eyewitnesses insist that Dr. Ley hasn't converted himself, and that during his address he was slightly under the influence. When Dr. Ley thundered that he had become a teetotaler at great personal sacrifice, he almost stopped the show.

WHEN THE International Business Machine exhibit opened at the World's Fair, it included a gallery of paintings by artists of seventy-nine countries. Each picture was numbered to correlate with a catalogue. Recently a visitor discovered that Number 62 was missing and checked with the catalogue. Number 62 was the Soviet contribution, painted by Ilio Ivanovich; it was called Girl with Sunflower and had been favorably noted by critics. Attendants were non-committal about the disappearance.

REPRESENTATIVE JACOB THORKELSON of Montana is being boomed for President by the Silver Shirts. Thorkelson, according to the *Congressional Record,* recently said in the House, "I am not a victim of split personality, and when I voice apprehension it is not because of personal beliefs or opinions but is instead based on our departure from a republican form of government and into conversion into a democracy or a socialistic state."

SPAIN FOR THE SPANIARDS: In Catalonia the German language may be used anywhere, but beginning in July Catalan is banned from signs, business posters, and other commercial activities.

THE N. A. M. is bombarding business men with pleas for funds for its propaganda war chest. . . . A chapter of Senator Reynolds's Vindicators has been launched in Los Angeles. . . . In London it is reported that German arms are still being shipped to China. . . . H. Ralph Burton, an investigator for the House committee probing the WPA, was formerly on Father Coughlin's staff. . . . James D. Mooney, General Motors vice-president, returned from Europe eulogizing Neville Chamberlain and General Franco. . . . The Nazis are publishing propaganda books in Braille.

STUDENTS AT Waseda University, Japan, recently cast ballots for their "favorite heroes." Of the four receiving the most votes, two were Japanese and two were Germans. One of the Germans was Adolf Hitler. The other was Germany's greatest humanist, Goethe.

A PET SHOP in midtown New York carries this advertisement: "Dog Owners: Young college men are now available who will call for and exercise your dog for a moderate fee."

RECENTLY CONSUMERS UNION took *Parents' Magazine* to task for advertising products which medical experts frown upon; it cited the *Journal of the American Medical Association* as its authority for questioning a nose-drop ad. Indignantly the Consumers' Bureau of *Parents' Magazine* protested that the Union hadn't named the author of the article, and emphasized that signed articles in the *Journal* don't necessarily represent A. M. A. opinion. To bulwark this point *Parents' Magazine* exhibited a letter from Dr. Morris Fishbein defending nose drops. Neither Dr. Fishbein nor the magazine had looked up the original *Journal* piece—which was not a signed article but an editorial expressing the A. M. A.'s opinion. Dr. Fishbein had refuted himself.

ONE-THOUSANDTH of a nation: *Town and Country* recently surveyed America's upper classes and recorded this description of the typical "rich" family: It has five members; they live in a town house of eighteen rooms and a country house of twenty-two rooms; they have eleven servants, own three cars and two horses, travel extensively, entertain 181 guests a month during the summer and 138 a month in the winter, and they buy 2,400 bottles of beverages a year.

THE NAZIS privately call Mussolini "district leader for Italy."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SO OUR brave Administration has at last decided to give us the benefit of its advice as to what Congress should do about the neutrality law. After keeping Congress in doubt since January 1, Secretary Hull has now come out in what amounts to support of the Pittman bill. He calls for the removal of the war-time embargo on arms and ammunition on the ground that they are now no more important than practically everything else utilized by a government in modern warfare, such as, no doubt, food, scrap iron, cotton, automobiles, and all the rest of the long list of auxiliary supplies. Thus he would have us revert to our old status before the passage of the neutrality law and let everybody come and buy whatever he pleases; but presumably the Administration will keep a weather eye open and make sure that only those nations which it thinks are in the right get weapons and shells and airplanes.

At least Secretary Hull did not go as far as Senator Thomas, who proposed that the President be given the power to name aggressor nations, with the approval of Congress, and to restrict trade with them. That, of course, would not mean neutrality but unneutrality. It would mean that whoever was President would have it in his power, if his party agreed with him and was in the majority in Congress, to say that this country or that was in the wrong and therefore could not buy munitions from us, but that we would sell them cheerfully to the countries we believed to be the aggrieved. Mr. Hull's own proposal is not much better considering the situation in Europe. Suppose war comes because of Danzig. Danzig is a German city, should never have been taken away from Germany, and must in the long run be given back. Shall we turn our backs on self-determination and sanction war over Danzig? If Mr. Hull's policy prevails, we shall be back precisely where we were in 1914-17: since Germany and Italy will not be able to buy munitions in the United States we shall be taking sides with one party to the war because the other has lost control of the seas. We shall again be getting rich as an adjunct of the British and French war machines, with the natural result of again being under terrific pressure to enter the war if things do not go well with the Allies.

It is my belief that Senator Borah is absolutely correct when he says that Mr. Hull's recommendation would make "an arsenal out of the United States" and not serve "the cause of peace or humanity in any way." I stand with Senator Vandenberg when he declares that there is "only one kind of neutrality—that contained in the old law. Any time you change the old law you change it for unneutral purposes, and I am not interested in unneutral purposes." And the four peace organizations which immediately opposed Secretary Hull's proposition rightly pointed out that it was "a serious reflection on the intelligence of the American people that they would rather risk peace than the profits of war."

I am hopeful that the Hull proposal will make no headway in what remains of this session of Congress. If it is to be discussed it will keep the Congress in session over the whole summer and may even result in a long-drawn-out filibuster. The law should stand as it is since the Congress cannot bring itself to be content with re-establishing the cash-and-carry provisions which lapsed by limitation on May 1. Members of the House committee which has been hearing witnesses on the neutrality law are so confused, and the arguments, they say, are so strong on both sides, that they do not know which way to turn. When Congress meets next January we shall have a much better idea of what is going to happen in Europe. If war should come in the meantime, the President could always call an extra session of Congress to deal with the emergency.

The main thing to remember is that the bulk of Americans today want this country to remain really neutral and not to become involved with one set of belligerents. They know that the neutrality bill was not a hasty thought but was voted by the Congress three years in succession, with an increasing majority for the bill each time. The majority of Americans are not yet misled by the propaganda that we must stand by the democracies to the extent of going to war for them. If the people have their sense of humor left, as I believe that they have, they will find it extremely difficult to get up any enthusiasm for sending American boys overseas to fight for such a sterling democracy as Poland, whose treatment of the Jews is almost as bad as Hitler's, or Russia, provided Russia really gets its pound of flesh and joins England and France. M. Molotov, the Commissar of Foreign Affairs, doubts that those countries are sincere in their desire to curb the aggressors. But if Russia should join the saviors of democracy and we should send our sons to aid, what a sight for the gods that would be—the flag of free America alongside those of the Russian and Polish dictators, the soldiers of all fighting gloriously for the right of self-government and the freedom of the individual!

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

A STORMY PASSAGE

BY ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

WHEN Lord Acton called attention to the importance of collecting the materials of history from contemporary documents, fear was expressed by some historians that their function would be submerged in future by the sheer mass of such accumulation. This was in the nineteenth century, when history was generally conceived in the limited sphere of politics, and the bulk of the material to which Lord Acton referred consisted of official documents, books, periodicals, and newspapers. Today when history includes, besides politics in the conventional sense, economics, sociology, art, literature, music, drama, and when its sources are increased by the temporal arts of the radio and the moving picture, the protestants of the last century might pronounce the task of the historian impossible. They would be reckoning, however, without their Beards. In the third volume* of their "Rise of American Civilization" these authors have made a masterly synthesis of American life and culture in the years 1927-38, omitting nothing though setting down some things with pardonable malice. A vivacious summary of the Golden Glow which faded suddenly in 1929 is followed by chapters on the depression, the New Deal, the vagaries of recent foreign policy, labor, entertainment, literature, art, science, social thought, concluding with a "reconsideration of democracy." It is a performance amazing in its comprehensiveness, its accuracy, its reasonable and impartial tone. It is as interesting as the last *Reader's Digest,* and as useful as "Who's Who" or "The World Almanac."

A casual inspection of the book might give the impression that it was a mere compilation. Indeed, its value as a work of reference is evident in its clear, succinct summaries of the foreign-loan situation in 1914-17, of the investigations conducted by the Federal Trade Commission or committees of Congress, of legislative actions, and court decisions. There is, however, a principle of integration under which the various topics are brought to achieve a common end. A theme is sounded in the second chapter by the resolution of the railroad brotherhoods: "There is a growing demand that the entire business and social structure be changed because of the general dissatisfaction with the present system." The same note is sounded near the close in a quotation from President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends, which declared indispensable, "willingness and determination to undertake important integral changes in the reorganization of social life, including the economic and the political orders, rather than the pursuance of a policy of drift." Implicit throughout the discussion is the question whether mankind is a maker or a victim of history, and while the authors give no categorical answer the tendency of their thought is clear. In the face of the staggering evidence of collapse in economy, of a maldistribution of income according to which "0.1 per cent of the families at the top received practically as much as 42 per cent of the families at the bottom of the scale," of a land misused, deforested, burned, blighted, eroded, its soil blown about as dust and its subsoil resources wasted, there is an affirmation of human will in the collective effort of government, in the recognition of science that "man is the measure of all things," in the renaissance of arts and literature, which forbids the pessimistic comparison of our situation to that of the Western Roman Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries.

The Beards find ample scope for the play of irony in their account of the fantastic operations of the economic overlords in the period of Golden Glow. The manipulation of the stock of the Kolster Radio Corporation or the Anaconda Copper Company is a beautiful illustration of the "unconscious and automatic" operation of the market. The testimony of Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank before the finance committee of the United States Senate with reference to the sale of foreign bonds needs no comment: "Many of us have found real inspiration in the fact that in the issuance of this large volume of foreign loans we were playing a part in the development of American trade and industry. That was our first motive always." The naivete of Morgan and Lee Higginson is in amusing contrast with the hard-boiled insolence of Albert H. Wiggin of the Chase National Bank. The authors have a happy faculty of selecting for the record the acts and sayings which the "Lords of Creation" and priests of "High Respectability" are most anxious to forget. Of President Hoover's efforts to meet the storm which burst over his head in 1929, however, they are respectful if not admiring. "Instead of greeting the visitation with the old cry 'God wills it,' or 'Nature decrees it,' Hoover invoked intelligence and took action in conquering the periodical black death which had so often disrupted industrial processes . . . he broke from precedents and made precedents in the discharge of his duties as Chief Executive of the United States."

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* "America in Midpassage." By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

For the Administration of President Roosevelt the Beards have genuine enthusiasm. For the first time in the history of the country the welfare, or at all events the subsistence, of the mass of the people was made a first charge on the functions of government. In the last chapter, Toward a Reconsideration of Democracy, the authors explain that the founders of the Republic considered government and economics as inseparably associated, and recognized that every form of government "is closely connected with the forms and distribution of wealth." They quote Daniel Webster on the political wisdom of founding government on property and then establishing such distribution of property "as to interest the great majority of society in the protection of the government." They regard Franklin D. Roosevelt as combining in his thought the two most powerful tendencies in American history—"the severe economic analysis of the Hamilton-Webster tradition, with the humanistic democracy of the parallel tradition." They praise his measures because they "looked in the direction of strengthening the economic foundations of democracy—salvaging agriculture, fortifying the bargaining power of industrial workers, minimum wages, social insurance, old-age pensions, employment for the idle, security of livelihood and home, protection against the hazards of economic defeat." And they approve his revival of the tradition of humanistic democracy in discussing by radio the problems of American life and stirring thought upon them throughout the country.

Only in respect to foreign policy do the authors find ground for severe criticism of the Administration. They insinuate that the Chicago speech on October 5, 1937, about quarantining the aggressors was a move to divert attention from Justice Black's very equivocal denial of membership in the Klan. They scoff at the "insatiate desire" of the Administration to give moral lectures to the "trouble-makers"—Japan, Italy, and Germany—"two of whom it had in fact aided in their war on Spain and the other in a war on China." The authors survey the schools of thought with reference to foreign policy with a strong preference for that which in the Neutrality Act devised a plan to keep the United States out of war. They condemn the imperial isolationists of the Theodore Roosevelt-Mahan school, who urge a big navy to protect national interests. They are equally opposed to "collective internationalism," which looks toward the "world image" sketched by Cobden and Bright and given precision by the League of Nations, and to "international communism," both being unreal products of indoor philosophers. They identify themselves rather with an American-civilization school which would concentrate on developing the unique position and advantages of the United States for the benefit of our own people. It would seem that the Beards overlook a fifth school which believes that we should extend to the victims of violence in the world such help as is possible short of engaging in war, which would inevitably mean the downfall of democracy. Obviously such a policy to be valid depends on a sentiment for peace among our own citizens strong enough to meet severe tests. Unfortunately, as appears in the chapter on Sources of Entertainment, the greatest entertainment in the world is war, and the militaristic elements in the government cannot escape condemnation for using moving pictures and the newsreel with representations of warfare to excite the warlike passion in their audiences. Nevertheless, this phenomenon emphasizes the fact that so long as there is war anywhere there will be the danger of our participation, if not for commercial then for psychological reasons. The "world imagists" come in for some of the authors' mordant irony, but their contention is true that our only certain escape from war is the banishment of war from the world.

The chaper on Labor in Evolving Economy is a concise history of the labor movement through the stormy period of rapidly increasing organization under the NRA, and the conflict between craft and industrial unionism. The authors uphold the Wagner Act as extending principles already incorporated in older legislation, and the proceedings of the National Labor Relations Board. Their account of labor on the land is not hopeful. The increase of tenancy from 25 per cent in 1880 to 42 per cent in 1935, until in some states only one-fifth of the equity in land is in the hands of operating farmers, threatens the very soil itself with ruin, when it is worked by transients who have no interest in its health. While there is little hope of immediate cooperation between urban and rural labor, yet the logic of the situation is beginning to have its effect. "As industry and agriculture contracted, as the web of a mutual fate drew tighter around urban and rural workers, thought followed, if haltingly and at a distance."

The chapters which follow are the most astonishing in the book for their knowledge of the aesthetic life of the country during the period, as seen in its entertainments—literature, painting, dancing, music. The Beards seem to have been alert to everything except sports. One misses the names of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Dizzy Dean from the list of our leaders of culture. The accuracy of their judgment of plays and books is notable, as, for example, in the rating of John Dos Passos and James T. Farrell as the most significant among writers of fiction. The authors properly commend the Roosevelt Administration for its support of art, music, and literature through the WPA. Once more the correctness of judgment in details lends convincing force to the generalizations. The excellence of the chapter on Frames of Social Thought is less surprising only because expected.

Altogether "America in Midpassage" takes a high place in the writing of contemporary history. Professor Beard has lately avowed himself a member of the school of historians which has abandoned the scientific pretensions of Ranke to reproduce the past *wie es eigentlich gewesen,* and accepts the view of Croce that our view of the past must necessarily be conditioned by the psychology of the present. If this attitude be sound, it follows that valid history must be written in the present, its correctness depending not on the long perspective of time but upon the intellectual perspective in which the writer sees his facts. In its possession of this quality the present volume will be held a masterpiece.

Orestes in England

THE FAMILY REUNION. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN "The Family Reunion," T. S. Eliot has attempted to use the Orestes story in modern terms and for his own special purpose. The subject of the play is the hero's gradual understanding of the sin and the guilt which have cursed his family and resulted in his own unspeakable awareness of evil. What happens, in the course of a family reunion, is that the hero learns or seems to learn the reason for the evil which afflicts him and what he must do about it. He must depart from his house, reject his position as head of the family, kill his mother (though indirectly), and pursue the specters who have been pursuing him just as the Erinyes hunted down Orestes. Where he is to go is unknown, but the direction is undoubtedly a Christian one without being named so, for the hero departs from his country house for the new life, saying:

> I have not had the precise directions.
> Where does one go from a world of insanity?
> Somewhere on the other side of despair.
> To the worship in the desert, the thirst and deprivation,
> A stony sanctuary and a primitive altar.

The play itself, it seems, has not "had the precise directions." The family guilt, which the hero must expiate, is the crime committed by his mother: she has abused and degraded his father and driven him from the house. It is the crime, perhaps, of the domination, for the sake of domination, of one person by another. The emphasis is on the intention of the will; adultery and murder are hinted at but never confirmed. Orestes, by contrast, was guilty in a more adequate way from a dramatic standpoint: he had killed his mother, and he is hunted by specters with an exact religious meaning, whatever their truth. The crime in "The Family Reunion" is on the contrary left faint and indecisive, though it is meant to justify the whole crisis of the play, the fact that supernatural beings are actually present. The same indefiniteness dims the whole progress of the play.

Probably there is an immense difficulty in the subject, a peculiar and special difficulty of the present time. In trying to dramatize the presence of the supernatural in natural life, in trying to display upon the stage a character's progressive awareness that he has to do with supernatural beings, not with the result of too much drinking, Eliot is faced with the problem of the disbelief inherent in any context of modern life. It is not in the least a question of what the modern audience will believe, for any audience will believe anything from Jules Verne to Walt Disney for the pure sake of seeing what happens to the protagonists. A modern audience will even believe in the supernatural if the protagonists are shown as acting and suffering in ways which are a plausible extension of the common denominator of human experience. But Eliot fails to find plausible extensions; he finds few extensions of any kind. The audience would be willing to assume the existence of what the hero sees, namely, the Furies standing in the window embrasure, if the hero's emotions during the play were with sufficient vividness related to and induced from what we all know of emotion, especially the emotion of nameless guilt. But the best that Eliot can do to get the experience of the supernatural upon the stage is such a speech as the announcement by the hero's chauffeur that he too has seen the Furies, or the hero's continual explanation that he cannot explain what he feels and no one else can see what he sees. The first-night audience in London which laughed at the wrong time was justified, although wisdom would perhaps have dictated tears; for modern characters, in the scene as given, do not see the supernatural without undergoing more radical changes—of heart, of mind, of interest—than do Eliot's characters.

Probably it was this difficulty of grounding the supernatural in modern life which made Eliot attempt to get in the dialogue so much of the idiom of modern speech. All the dialogue is supposedly versified, but it is very hard to accept much of it as verse at all, shocking as this may seem to one who recalls Eliot's previous poetry. What can one make of such a passage as this, which is a fair sample of all but two or three parts:

> Nevertheless, Amy, there's something in Violet's suggestion.
> Why not ring up Warburton and ask him to join us?
> He's an old friend of the family, it's perfectly natural
> That he should be asked. He looked after all the boys
> When they were children. I'll have a word with him.

The speech gains nothing from the division into lines and possesses little rhythm which is not that of prose. The emphasis of emotion, the heightening of an attitude or a tone, the exact suggestiveness, the double irony which can be attained by the use of a regular rhythm of verse are wholly absent. Modern speech has defeated the poet, just as modern belief or disbelief has defeated the dramatist.

One might suppose, since the locus of guilt is an upper-class English country house, that this play signifies a new period in Eliot's mind, a rejection of the royalism and conservatism which in 1929 were affirmed as the only secular complement of Anglo-Catholicism. And this rejection might seem related to the poet's sense of what the English ruling class has recently done, so that the inadequacy of the play would flow fundamentally from the poet's new and as yet inadequately considered revulsion and perplexity. Actually, however, the poet of "Ash Wednesday" also seemed to see "the worship in the desert" in the Church of England, and

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there has always been an obsessed horror of natural life and modern society in Eliot's poetry. We can say for certain, then, only that the failure of this play, in contrast with the success of "Ash Wednesday," issues from the fact that it is simpler to accomplish a Christian work of art in which the subject is personal emotion than one in which the subject has become family relationships and supernatural beings in a time and place in which neither Christianity nor any other belief or value can be assumed as genuine and unquestioned by the writer who wishes to show the relevance of his vision of life to other human lives. DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Franco's Friend

AMERICA—LOOK AT SPAIN. By Merwin K. Hart. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.50.

IF THIS book has any importance, it is in its revelations of the growth of American fascism and not in what it tells of the recent struggle in Spain. The author, for some years president of the New York State Economic Council, after a trip to rebel Spain in the fall of 1938 blossomed out into chairman of the American Union for Nationalist Spain and became Franco's most outspoken non-Catholic defender in the United States. Significantly, while Mr. Hart is full of praise for Franco's "reforms," he has no good word for the reforms of the New Deal. His domestic political line was bluntly phrased in the "Economic Council Letter" of April 3, 1939, which he signed. "New Dealism," he wrote, "is nothing but the American form of communism." Franco's friend is, naturally enough, well known for his opposition to the Child Labor Amendment and organized labor; he sees the German nation under Hitler "lifted from despair and revivified"; and he contemptuously describes the Spanish left as "hypnotized by ideas of the French and American revolutions."

The neo-fascist line now being rapidly developed by various American "patriotic" societies, Bundsters, Coughlinites, and Catholic-fascists—all ardently pro-Franco—holds this book together. Their trick of subtly insisting that the United States is not constitutionally a "democracy" but merely a "republic" is given here at length. (This same line is now being worked day and night by *Social Justice,* the *Tablet* of Brooklyn, the Bund publications, and others.) "Why, then, this sudden talk about democracy—this sudden injection of the word into every public utterance?" asks Mr. Hart. It is part of a Communist plot, he intimates, and sees something sinister in the fact that while Governor Lehman's inaugural addresses in 1933 and 1935 did not contain the word "democracy," his 1937 address contained it twice and his 1939 address twenty-five times. Mr. Hart also subscribes to the theory that while we have got along fairly well with democracy, there are some people in the world, including the Spanish, who are not suited to such radical ideas. This is doubtless the same argument that will be handed to us if, after the Franco victory, the South American countries go totalitarian also.

Mr. Hart has unearthed another dastardly bit of Communist skulduggery in the various United States laws limiting the sale of firearms. These laws are intended, he solemnly

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assures us, to leave the householder without a fowling piece when the reds come down on him. Mr. Hart clearly makes his point by asking: "In view of the fact that active communism in the United States dates from the end of the World War and that many of these anti-gun laws have been passed since that time, is it entirely unlikely that the passage of these laws is due to Communist influence?"

Mr. Hart's Spanish "facts" are not Franco's facts—they are the patented inventions of Franco's American Catholic apologists. In Franco's Spain, strangely enough, they tell a truer tale, and it is one of the minor misfortunes of the war that Mr. Hart, Ellery Sedgwick, and the rest of the *turistas* did not linger long enough in Franco's paradise of "law and order" to read a few Franco books and newspapers. Had Mr. Hart done this, he would not now so glibly deny the massacre at Badajoz. He would not assert so positively that the Spanish Phalanx is not a fascist organization if he knew that the Falangists boasted of their fascist principles. (Or would he?) By their own proud admission, Mr. Hart's Falangist boys—whom he fondly conceives to be Boy Scouts with a dash of crusading mysticism—were the toughest crew of street-brawling *pistoleros* that ever set out to save a country for their own particular brand of "Western civilization."

The quality of Mr. Hart's information on Spain is disclosed in his discussion of the twenty-six-point Falangist program, which, as he admits, is to be the basis of the Franco state. He writes that the program was published early in 1938 and that Dr. Negrín's Thirteen Points were issued in answer. The truth is that the Falangist program—containing one more point than it has today—was issued before the war. Moreover, it was offered to the Spanish people in free election on February 16, 1936, and failed to receive sufficient support to win one seat out of the 473 in the Cortes. It was rejected even by the Spanish right and could have been imposed on the Spanish people only by force of arms and non-intervention.

The appendix contains a rather clumsy forgery purported to be the detailed plans for the Communist uprising which, according to the new mythology, Franco forestalled. The weakness of this document is best shown by the fact that it has had little or no circulation in Spain, where its errors would be quickly spotted by the man in the street.

Mr. Hart presents in "Confidential Report No. 22" a list of the proposed "National Soviet." Included together in this fictitious revolutionary Cabinet are men from both the Largo Caballero and the Prieto branch of the Socialist Party—men whose deep political enmity kept them from collaborating before the war and, unfortunately, even throughout the war. This fact alone could condemn Mr. Hart's documents as not only forgeries but stupid forgeries.

This book is published by one of New York's leading Catholic publishers. It is worth a final paragraph to point out that although the greater part of American Catholic officialdom, with the notable exception of Cardinal Mundelein, was propagandizing desperately for Franco—and this includes most of the Catholic press and schools—these efforts failed to produce a single book or pamphlet in defense of their position distinguished for anything beyond a hysterical conception of history and a startling disregard for demonstrable fact. The desperate eagerness of Catholic spokesmen in the United States to misrepresent the truth about the war in Spain will inevitably cause an unpleasant reaction, even among their own people, when the truth about the last few years in Spain is told—and it will be told if Franco and his allies, foreign and domestic, do not rapidly take us over.

H. RUTLEDGE SOUTHWORTH

A New Frontier

OUR PROMISED LAND. By Richard Neuberger. The Macmillan Company. $3.

IN "Our Promised Land" Richard Neuberger, good reporter that he is, presents the Columbia River basin to his readers as the promising land it really is. Here is a new frontier beckoning to the conquered and overcrowded frontiers of the East, to the drought-stricken, dust-beaten farmers of the Middle West.

Neuberger presents also, to those who want to grasp it, a daring and radical but constructive answer to the nation's problems. Here is a land abounding in natural resources and offering new homes, new farms, new lives. Here is unlimited, cheap hydroelectric power, fortunately publicly owned, for factories and industries. Here, the author convinces you, Roosevelt has begun to build the great, free, and independent empire which Jefferson visualized in 1813.

Mr. Neuberger paints an enlightening picture of the benefits flowing from the giant Grand Coulee Dam and the smaller Bonneville Dam. Westerners, who know only too well the value of water conservation, may find the discussion elementary, but Easterners, prone to oppose similar projects, can discover in it, if they will, a hint for their own salvation.

Accompanying the analysis of the natural resources of the region is a sparkling, behind-the-scenes story of the politics of this great empire. Lieutenant Governor Victor Meyers has been portrayed in the kept press as a buffoon, but the people of Washington vote for him because he is liberal. Governor Martin of Oregon was played up in the newspapers as a hero, but the people of Oregon cast him aside because he served the corporate interests.

The treatment of the Montana political situation is fairly accurate, although Senator Wheeler's affinity for the Anaconda Copper Mining Company is much more real, much less an idea existing in the minds of liberal voters, than Neuberger tends to show. His study of McNary is good, and this reviewer particularly appreciated the sympathetic consideration accorded the late Congressman Marion Zioncheck, a martyr to the controlled press of the country. The reviewer also appreciates the treatment accorded himself, though naturally he resents a few thrusts and hopes the author will eventually change his mind.

"Our Promised Land" offers the readers two splendid portraits of the West's embattled labor leaders, Dave Beck and Harry Bridges. Beck is portrayed as the reactionary he is, the ally of business, the organizer of the despicable "goon squads," like his superior, Bill Green, making every concession to big business necessary to defeat progressive and liberal unionism. Bridges, on the other hand, although a leader is the servant of his union, democratically submitting problems to the rank and file, winning better conditions and wages for his men, putting an end to the exploitation and injustices rife in the shipping industry. One of the finest reports of the struggle going on in the lumber industry for labor supremacy is recorded in the chapter Labor Titans at the Barricades.

Probably the most significant chapter in the entire book is that dealing with the efforts of the Mormon Church to take its members off WPA and relief rolls and put them to work producing the things which they themselves consume. Here is incontrovertible proof for Upton Sinclair that his Epic program could have succeeded. Here, in the opinion of the reviewer, is the solution at which America must soon arrive—the government of the United States employing men at prevailing wages, producing the things they consume—with which must come the necessary expropriation of natural resources, idle factories, mines, and mills.

The whole book is a fine contribution to contemporary political history. And whether knowingly or unwittingly, the author leaves no doubt that the great majority of the people in Our Promised Land are for Franklin D. Roosevelt, and for a third term at that.

JERRY O'CONNELL

Sic Semper Saroyan

PEACE IT'S WONDERFUL AND TWENTY-SIX OTHER STORIES. By William Saroyan. Modern Age Books. 50 cents.

IN ONE of these stories a Russian singer maintains that Saroyan does not fully understand the significance of what he himself writes. Well, says Saroyan, we're both brothers, producing music or words easily, effortlessly: "Very often I do not know what I write, what I say. I simply write, something perhaps more significant than I know, which falls in place by itself, rather strangely." Rather frequently too, he might have added, because he has become almost legendary as the tosser-off of a story a day or a play a week, and all of them splendid. If you don't believe it, ask him. "Most people meeting me, talking with me, do not get the impression that I am a great writer, and often do not believe me when I tell them so. Very often, even after I have told them six or seven times. . . ."

Maybe some people would only say things like this trying to be funny, but not William Saroyan. Well, you might say, why not punch him in the nose and be done with it? But if you read his stories (maybe you'd rather call them sketches, essays, vignettes, or reminiscences), especially this last collection, you might end up saying, maybe this guy isn't a stuck-up prig the way I thought from the way he boosts himself; maybe he's just like a child with an amazing gift for putting down what he sees and hears around him, and when he gets through he thinks, "Gee, that's good—did I do that?" Anyway, you'll think, he has a lot of vitality and natural ease and naivete, and he certainly likes a lot of different kinds of people, insurance salesmen and strikers and racetrack parasites and young would-be writers and Chinese waiters and Armenian farmers; and whether you like to admit it or not they're really alive, and when you finish the piece if you're mad it's because he got you interested in the people and then nothing happened, not because you object to his style. Maybe even for a few days you'll go around

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talking that glib, deceptively simple way the talk seems to flow out of Saroyan, never stiff with the consciousness of writing but just as if he were sitting talking at you (don't think you'd get a chance to say much). Just look what he's done to the style of this review. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Shorter Notices

HAWK AMONG THE SPARROWS. By Desmond Hawkins. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is a slender tale of a small group of people living together in an ordinary middle-class household in a provincial English town. The story itself is so slight, the plot so attenuated, that the novel is merely a distended short story. The situations, the characters, and their motivations are the clichés of mid-Victorian fiction. Desmond Hawkins writes in a style that is carefully wrought and pellucid, but he has divorced himself from reality, and both his characters and his situations lack substance. One's interest is held only by the lambent prose with which the somewhat monotonously melodramatic plot is unfolded. But the fine writing does not compensate for the meretricious story or for characters that are moved like puppets.

THE RISING. By Myrtle Johnston. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50.

"The Rising" well bears out the promise Miss Johnston gave with "Hanging Johnny," which was written when she was still in her teens. It is the story of the Irish "rising" in 1867 and of Wolfe Darragh, who had fled as a boy to America, fought in the Civil War, and returned, at the instance of the Fenian Brotherhood, to train and lead the men of Ballygowlan into the new rebellion. He had been assured that America would furnish arms and that all Ireland would be ready to use them against the English and the tyrannical landlords, but neither was true. What he found was a ragged handful of men equipped with pikes, willing to fight for the fight's sake without comprehending Ireland's need. Informers were thick among them, and Wolfe's love for Cathy might have been the undoing of them all had the rebellion not been precipitated. The craft of this novel is expertly managed; the gradual concrescence of its many moods and the rapid acceleration of its pace, from a beginning as static as Saint Columkille's prophecy to the desperate bloody end, are unequaled in recent Irish prose.

MUSIC

SARGEANT'S "Jazz: Hot and Hybrid" ends with a chapter called Jazz in Its Proper Place, on the limitations that make jazz an improbable source of concert music. In this chapter the scholar makes some sober and correct observations, the philosopher some extravagant, pretentious, rather silly, and incorrect ones. But that is what the subject seems to do to people. Sargeant himself remarks that it would not be necessary to put jazz in its place if there were not the exaggerated claims of its "hysterical devotees," which put sensible people on the defensive"; and though he finds good jazz "an interesting and highly stimulating type of music," he is irritated by the "ridiculous superlatives . . . applied to the improvisatory blaring and thumping of night-club and honky-tonk musicians."

A new high in this frenzied word-slinging for effect—without regard even for consistency between effect in one sentence and effect in the next—was reached in the program-notes of the *New Masses* concert "From Spirituals to Swing"; and at this concert the boogie-woogie pianist Meade "Lux" Lewis was introduced as "a great composer." But the term "great" applied to a composer means what it does when applied to a dramatist like Shakespeare. It describes first of all a range of experience and emotion such as is communicated in a play of Shakespeare's or in things like the slow movements of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Sonata Opus 111. And it describes also the extent of Shakespeare's or of Beethoven's command of the resources of his medium by virtue of his talent and training. It cannot, therefore, be applied to the jazz musician, who, as Sargeant observes, has only the limited resources of a " 'natural musician' with a feeling for certain Negroid rhythmic and melodic styles"—resources adequate for his limited emotional range. This is true of the jazz musicians whose use of these resources is most imaginatively and ever freshly inventive; and it is more emphatically true of the tirelessly and tiresomely reiterative boogie-woogie pianists and unsophisticated blues and spiritual singers who were presented in absurdly exalted terms at the concert.[*]

But at a *New Masses* concert a boogie-woogie pianist who washes cars or a blues singer who is a farmhand is "a great composer"; and in the same way jazz, which we read in the first paragraph of the program-notes has been neglected by serious music-lovers and "has had to find its followers among uncritical groups," in the sixth paragraph "expresses America so clearly that its recognition here has come from the masses, particularly youth" (who are presumably "the jitterbug millions, lurching along on their new Children's Crusade" in the next paragraph). But this fails to distinguish (1) the music of the car washer and farmhand, which, as the notes put it a few pages later, "is so good that only the Negro people can be expected to buy it"; (2) the more richly inventive improvisations of the more sophisticated jazz musicians, which are appreciated by the small number of discriminating listeners; and (3) the blaring of the Goodman, Dorsey, Basie, and other large "swing" bands, which is what appeals to the large numbers

---

[*] To an audience whose idea of Negro music was presumed to be derived from the aural and visual exhibitionism of certain orchestras in deference to white ideas of Negro music, this concert undertook to present the authentic product; and what it presented was on the one hand the unsophisticated musicians, and on the other hand the Basie Orchestra. No attempt was made to show what ingredients the orchestra retained from the idiom of the others, mixed with what it had absorbed from Broadway; the audience was informed that what these musicians had in common was their "obvious sincerity," and that the Basie Orchestra would show that swing did not mean the noise and exhibitionism approved of by the jitterbugs—and then the Basie Orchestra all but blew the roof off Carnegie Hall with aurally and visually exhibitionistic playing that received the exhibitionistic approval of the jitterbugs in the audience.

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of youth—masses of them, if you like, but not "the masses" in the sense this term has in the program-notes of a *New Masses* concert.

And now a company named Blue Note announces that its records "are designed to serve the uncompromising expressions of hot jazz, or swing, in general. Any particular style of playing which represents an authentic way of musical feeling is genuine expression. By virtue of its significance in place, time, and circumstance, it possesses its own tradition, artistic standards, and audience that keeps it alive. Hot jazz, therefore, is expression and communication, a musical and social manifestation, and Blue Note records are concerned with identifying its impulse. . . . Toward this end a deliberate cultivation is being made of those relaxed and informal movements when the performing artist is freely and meaningfully improvising . . ."—this, first, to the end that "those masters of the 'boogie-woogie' style, Meade 'Lux' Lewis and Albert Ammons," might achieve "such direct honesty, freedom, and relaxation" in recorded performance as ordinary studio conditions had hitherto made impossible, and that Lewis in particular might "indicate for the first time perhaps the unexampled scope of [his] musical genius." Actually, Ammons produces for Blue Note the same reiteration of boogie-woogie figures as for Vocalion a few weeks earlier; but Lewis is persuaded by the occasion to attempt profundity with nothing more than a pretentious rumble here and straining thrust there which in the end add up to zero.

As for the conditions of relaxation and informality which one is to suppose are Blue Note's gift to jazz musicians, they are important of course, and musicians should have them. But I was present once at a Columbia recording session when a superb group of players led by Red Norvo were pestered all afternoon by some executive and yet managed not only to make some good records but to end up with the outstanding "Blues in E flat." And on the other hand two more Blue Note records "were made at a 4:30 a.m. session under unusually informal conditions" by a group that included excellent players like Frankie Newton, J. C. Higginbotham, and Teddie Bunn—men who "are not only profoundly aware of but have actual roots in the grand tradition of *expressive* blues performance"; and what all this pretentious solemnity accomplished at these deliberately cultivated moments of informality was to make the playing self-conscious and lacking in spontaneity, while poor voicing and balance make it heavy and plodding. In spite of these handicaps, and in spite of Ammons, who obtrudes himself in the background when he isn't messing up the foreground, Newton plays well; but to hear what he is capable of on trumpet you must listen to "The Blues My Baby Gave to Me" on Bluebird; just as to hear what Bunn can do on guitar you must listen to the superb Johnny Dodds "Wild Man Blues" on Decca.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Fair's Achievement

Dear Sirs: I have just read your paragraph about the Fair (in your issue of May 13), and I couldn't get to my typewriter fast enough.

For me the Fair has been a positive emotion, a pride and an excitement and an inspiration. Hitler has united his people on destruction and negation. And, I thought, where is the prophet to unite this nation of Americans on achievement and accomplishment?

Viewing with alarm applied to concrete incubi where there is a remedy is one thing, but this business of tearing and destroying everything that is American, that is us—and this means our industrial achievements as well as our cultural ones—can only serve to disunite us and destroy our self-respect and our pride. After all, we are constantly saying that democracy is better than totalitarianism, and at the same time constantly harping on our share-croppers and lynchings and strikes, and our heavy yoke of oppression. Why, in the name of God, when something is put forth that portrays the very best of our democracy, should your magazine come forth with petty sneers and supercilious snobbishness?

I would suggest that you take 75 cents out of your budget immediately and go over and see the General Motors exhibit—and the Ford exhibit, and the hundreds of other exhibits, and ask yourself whether it is better to organize such a Fair or to build bigger cannon.

Radicals constantly say that if we would only improve the material welfare of humanity, its soul would become better. Well, we have the highest standard of living of the whole world, and it's up to us to show that this breeds happiness and self-respect and pride and joy.

Perfection doesn't exist. But when you look at the General Motors futurama and see what magnificent imagination, ingenuity, dreams went into this, and think of the vast masses with their small hypocrisies and fears, their littlenesses and stupidities, their jealousies and cruelties, it is a miracle that man accomplishes and achieves what he does. And I stand in all humility and wonder before cost accountants and business machines.

I only hope that some prophet will arise who will take from the Fair its real theme that is there for the taking —the uniting of the United States in a positive attitude toward itself, a joy of achievement. This is not said in smugness or complacency. I will always be in the fight of the weak against the strong, on the side of justice and freedom. But if I am going to fight for democracy, I want to have something in it to be proud of. I am proud of the Fair. HELEN GRACE CARLISLE

Stamford, Conn., May 11

The World of Mr. Whalen

Dear Sirs: In your issue of May 13 you say that you will some day do something about the World's Fair. When and if you do, you will find much that is amusing. It would bring a chuckle, for instance, to find out who issued the order that all policemen and Boy Scouts on the fair grounds must salute Mr. Whalen.

But for the sake of two or three thousand employees, may I urge that you do not seek merely the amusing side of what is virtually a concentration camp? You will do well to ask why, in view of state labor laws, women employees are ordered to work six days a week plus unpaid overtime. You will do well to ask if Mr. Whalen is willing to prove the sincerity of his World of Tomorrow by permitting unionization in his "non-profit" corporation. You will do well to investigate orders to employees "not to talk."

A CITIZEN OF THE
WORLD OF TOMORROW

New York, May 18

[We feel neither sneering nor snobbish toward the World's Fair, and the remarks to which Miss Carlisle takes such ardent exception were intended as mildly satirical humor. Bit by bit we intend to do justice to the Fair and deal with the aspects of it—good and bad—that particularly interest us. Soon we shall print a review of the art exhibits; later on we shall try to follow the suggestions in the second of the two letters above, which, incidentally, was written on World's Fair official stationery and dated from the fair grounds.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Best Sort of Catholicism

Dear Sirs: Ruth O'Keefe's article, We Catholics Have a Duty, in the May 27 issue of *The Nation,* is a fine, courageous statement and an expression of the best sort of Catholicism.

As a non-sectarian Christian deeply interested in the development of cooperation among the leaders of the Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant churches, I have been deeply distressed by the mob-inciting toleration of Father Coughlin, as well as by the lack of papal interest in the failure of justice in Spain and Czechoslovakia. It is a great comfort to learn that there are Catholics like Ruth O'Keefe, who out of her knowledge of the history of the church to which she is so loyal can get and give to others a clear statement of the spiritual responsibilities involved.

Such a statement can do nothing but good to the cause of Catholicism as well as of religion in general. If intelligent Catholics more often came out frankly against the political partisanship of the hierarchy, timid Catholics would feel free to follow their consciences, and the rest of the world, religious and irreligious, would have greater respect for the Catholic church.

EDITH REIDER BARROW

Chicago, Ill., June 1

Child Labor Can Be Ended

Dear Sirs: I was much interested in your editorial entitled End Child Labor Now, in *The Nation* of April 29. There are two points, however, which I should like to bring to your attention in connection with your statement that now, in the light of recent Supreme Court decisions, Congress should pass a new child-labor law based on the principles of the 1916 law.

The child-labor provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act, which was passed in June, 1938, *are* based on the principle of the first federal child-labor law. In fact, the coverage of the Fair Labor Standards Act, which applies to all establishments producing goods for interstate commerce, is somewhat broader than that of the 1916 child-labor law, which applied to specified types of establishments producing such goods. The general effect of the Fair Labor Stand-

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ards Act is broader also, in that it provides for the determination of occupations hazardous to minors between sixteen and eighteen years of age. It makes provision for certificates of age for young workers, as did the 1916 law. The child-labor provisions of the act do not regulate the hours of work for minors, but the wage-and-hour provisions of the act apply to all workers alike, regardless of age or sex.

My second point is with respect to your statement that there is no longer any need for the Child Labor Amendment. Under the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, as well as under the 1916 and 1919 child-labor laws, the coverage extends only to establishments producing goods which are shipped in interstate commerce. Studies in recent years have shown that the great bulk of the employment of children under sixteen years of age is in *intrastate* industries, and that if protection for the child workers of this country is to be uniform, we must have regulation for children in intrastate as well as in interstate industries. The proposed Child Labor Amendment would make possible the enactment by Congress of legislation which would apply to both intrastate and interstate employment of children.

BEATRICE MC CONNELL,
Director, Industrial Division of the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor
Washington, May 25

[The 1916 child-labor law sought to use the commerce power against child labor; the 1919 child-labor law, the tax power. Both were declared unconstitutional at the time. *The Nation's* editorial pointed out that the Supreme Court decision upholding the new AAA had removed the last obstacle to the use of either the commerce power or the tax power against child labor. In suggesting reenactment of either act we should have made it clear that we had in mind, not the specific provisions as to age and industry in the two older laws, but use of the same constitutional devices. It may be that the Child Labor Amendment is still needed since there seems no other way to reach purely intrastate businesses and service trades, but the difficulty in obtaining ratification of the amendment would seem to make it wise to experiment with a new and broader federal child-labor law. The child-labor provisions of the Fair Standards Act are fine as far as they go, but they are estimated to cover only 25 per cent of children employed in non-agricultural pursuits. Even this figure does not take into account newsboys, who have been exempted under the act.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Professor Hansen's Point

Dear Sirs: In his article in *The Nation* of May 27, Kenneth G. Crawford attributes to me mistakenly the statement that the budget should not be considered out of balance if income from taxes is sufficient to pay the carrying charges on the public debt. This, of course, I did not say.

Very briefly the point is that, with a capital-budget set-up, the operating budget is balanced if tax revenues cover all the regular expenses of the government, including relief expenditures, and, in addition, the interest and amortization charges originating in the capital or investment budget.

For a fuller statement see my testimony on the capital budget before the Temporary National Economic Committee on May 24.

ALVIN H. HANSEN
Cambridge, Mass., May 31

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The Shape of Things

THE POLICY OF APPEASEMENT RECEIVED A new lease on life last week when Prime Minister Chamberlain and Viscount Halifax, on successive days, held out promise of a general settlement with Germany. Halifax asserted that Germany could get its "economic *Lebensraum*" if it would give up the idea of attacking its neighbors, while Chamberlain declared that he still hoped to come to an understanding with the Third Reich. Although full confirmation is lacking, these British gestures are believed to be closely connected with the new "peace" moves of the Vatican. Pope Pius is known to be using all the forces at his command to prevent the completion of a British-French-Soviet mutual-assistance pact. As an alternative, he is reported to have suggested a new Four-Power Conference, excluding Russia, to settle European difficulties. While nothing that the Pope can say can alter the logical necessity for a British-Soviet agreement, the Vatican's last-minute intervention to save the fascist states from isolation cannot fail to have effect. It naturally leads to speculation as to whether the church may abandon its traditional policy of neutrality and align itself more or less openly—as in Spain—on the side of the fascist dictators.

* * *

THE NEW HULL-BLOOM NEUTRALITY PLAN IS expected to come before the House this week after a stormy voyage through committee. Despite heated opposition from the isolationist minority—involving an attempt to depose Bloom as chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee—Secretary Hull's program will probably be presented to the House virtually as he outlined it several weeks ago. Efforts to amend the bill so as to provide an automatic arms embargo in the event of war were decisively defeated, as was an attempt to limit the President's discretionary power to proclaim the existence of a state of war. Although far from satisfactory, the Bloom bill appears to be the sole hope of bringing about a revision of the Neutrality Act at this session. It will probably pass the House without difficulty. The real test will come in the Senate, where men like Borah, Reynolds, Johnson, and Nye threaten to lead a filibuster that would defeat

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the Administration's present plans for a July 15 adjournment. If the Administration would call their bluff, it would probably find the votes to pass the bill in that chamber as well.

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THE MEAD BILL FOR FEDERAL INSURANCE OF loans to small businesses is hardly the panacea which its proponents have suggested, but it is deserving of careful consideration. Under present conditions small businesses have considerable difficulty in obtaining funds for capital development. This has been blamed on the undistributed-profits tax, on high income taxes, and on other New Deal measures. Actually, it is due in part to the fact that small business is a poor speculative risk in an era of industrial giants and in part to low consumer purchasing power, which makes any new investment a dubious undertaking. Moreover, the banks are not in a position to sink much money in speculative loans of a medium-term character. The principle of a federal guaranty of sound private loans has worked extremely well in the mortgage field, and there is no reason why it should not work for business when private investors are similarly hesitant. Much more caution, however, is necessary. The risk is indubitably greater than with mortgages, and there is at least reason to question whether the federal government should adopt a policy of subsidizing small business in competition with large units which are inherently more efficient. It cannot be denied that the plan would be an aid to investment and, as such, a stimulus to employment and production. But the same amount of money invested in useful public works, especially in enterprises such as housing that bring a financial return, would serve as a greater stimulus and have greater permanent value.

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THE HOUSE SUBCOMMITTEE ALLEGED TO BE investigating the WPA has skilfully managed to avoid the subject. It was ostensibly appointed to evaluate the accomplishments and defects of the WPA program; instead, it has spent most of its time in fields momentarily deserted by the Dies committee. Last week it heard the testimony of disgruntled ex-Communists, embittered ex-administrators, and an investigator of its own who once distinguished himself as Father Coughlin's campaign manager in Maryland. From this array the committee learned that one WPA worker was trained in Moscow and was regarded as a promising street-fighter, that the Federal Theater Project was wasteful of lights in one of its plays, that trade unionism was taught in an adult-education project, and that the Workers' Alliance is a seditious organization. The bearing of these revelations on the future of the WPA is difficult to see; we are grateful to Representative Cannon of Missouri for bitterly denouncing the proceedings. Other members, however, shouted him down. The committee's activities have been distinguished as much by lack of relevance as by indifference to the plight of the unemployed. There are real problems in the administration of the WPA, and they call for examination. There is also an enviable record of achievement which deserves recognition. But the committee seemed inspired chiefly by a desire for economy. It sought to discredit the arts projects as a preliminary to their elimination. One member, Representative Woodrum of Virginia, had voiced negative conclusions about the whole WPA program before the hearings began. Now, on the basis of this committee's "findings," the fate of WPA will be weighed by the House. It was a crude frame-up, and relief workers are the victims. Will the House ratify the conspiracy?

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THE CONVICTION OF MARTIN T. MANTON has evoked the usual moralizing in high places. Manton has disgraced himself, he has brought grief and embarrassment to his colleagues, he has undermined public faith in the judiciary. The eminence of his position—as senior justice of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals he was tenth ranking jurist in the nation—emphasized the flagrancy of his crime; if Manton was guilty of "selling justice," and at exorbitant rates, what will people think of judges in less lofty posts? All these exclamations are perfectly relevant, but we wish that someone, in the flood of editorial post-mortems, had mentioned the most important moral of the episode. In recent years the doctrine of judicial infallibility has been more strongly advanced than ever before. As administrative tribunals have increased in number and significance, conservatives have pleaded for judicial restrictions on their power. Prominent judges have themselves hinted that while administrative agencies have a place, it must be a modest one. After all, tribunals like the National Labor Relations Board are guided by ordinary men susceptible to all sorts of earthly pressures; judges commune only with their own consciences. Now we learn that Judge Manton had dealings with a host of shady characters, that he was paid off in prosaic dollars and cents, and that he rarely allowed his conscience to influence his decisions. Yet while he was so engaged, he was being mentioned as a Supreme Court possibility. Since his conviction it is reported that the financial affairs of other judges are under scrutiny by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and that there may be other resounding falls from grace in the near future. The total result of this drive may be even more important than a clean-up of the judiciary. It may help to wipe away the myths upon which excessive judicial power is founded.

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THAT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SHOULD TRY to regulate the life of its members is at least understandable, but its encroachments upon American civil

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life in general grow more and more arrogant. This time the victim is the Birth Control Federation of America. Some months ago the federation signed a contract with the San Francisco Exposition providing for a birth-control exhibit at the West Coast fair. The federation spent $1,022 erecting a booth, printing charts, and preparing other material for the demonstration. Suddenly Archbishop John P. Mitty, who was scheduled to give the invocation at the fair, announced that he would not do so if the birth-control exhibit were permitted. The fair's sponsors stood by their contract. Archbishop Mitty remained at home. Subsequently, however, it was made clear that Catholics would be urged to shun the San Francisco fair if this demoralizing exhibit remained. Within a few days it was removed. What wasn't removed was a demonstration of the highly dubious "rhythm system" of birth control which Catholic officials have declared acceptable. The birth-control exhibit itself was is no way offensive and represented the best scientific knowledge of the subject. But Archbishop Mitty was able to determine what the American people should know.

* * *

MANAGER BILL TERRY OF THE NEW YORK Giants obtained only vicarious satisfaction out of the Supreme Court's anti-Hague ruling. Although the case of Hague vs. Terry may seem a minor one, it has major-league implications, and it was not settled by the opinion of either Justice Roberts or Justice Stone. The facts are familiar to bleacher residents. The Giants are having a mediocre season. They have experimented with five third basemen; all were either too young to stand up under major-league pressure or too old to stoop for bunts. Meanwhile the Jersey City team, purchased a few years ago by the Giants, has become a pennant contender in the International League, thanks largely to the Giant investment. In baseball terms Jersey City is a Giant "farm"; and with the Giants ailing, Jersey City is supposed to provide talented replacements. Enter Mayor Hague. In his usual deft way he warns Manager Terry to go back where he came from; he will tolerate no disruption of Jersey City's placid ball club. This defiance reveals blunt disregard for the rights of ownership, but baseball in Jersey City is virtually a state function. On opening day the Mayor corrals all city employees and compels them to attend the game even if their grandmothers aren't sick. This year he rallied so large a crowd that several thousand spectators couldn't find breathing-space; when they tried to leave, Hague ordered the gates locked. If Terry's agitation persists, Hague can take drastic measures. He can instruct the populace to stay home, and the Giant investment will quietly perish. On this issue, moreover, Hague has the citizenry solidly behind him. Jersey City may have been made safe for C. I. O. organizers, but Bill Terry is still in search of a third baseman.

Third-Term Hysterics

WITH the Presidential nominating conventions still a year off, it is painful to observe the strident note of hysteria in discussions of whether or not Franklin D. Roosevelt should run for a third term. There is a tendency either to regard those Democrats who flatly oppose a third term as traitors bent on stabbing the President in the back or to hold that Roosevelt must not run again, come what may. We believe that the traditional two-term limitation is a good one, but it is not a cardinal principle of Democratic faith. The founders of the republic didn't even think it important enough to incorporate in the Constitution. The fact is that like any safeguard it is of less consequence than the thing it is designed to preserve. It is fantastic to cherish it in a vacuum, to treat it as though it had no connection with the hundred and one factors that determine its practical importance. Such factors in this instance include the possibility of a war in Europe by 1940, an increase in the strength of anti-democratic forces in this country, the availability of satisfactory alternative Democratic candidates, and the nature of the opposition—all of them circumstances that bear more closely on preserving our political democracy than does any dogmatic opinion about the third term itself.

Attempts to force the President's hand on the issue at this point are injudicious, if not harmful. These are times in which a year is a sizable slice of history, and it is unwise to prescribe for next June's ills on the basis of this June's symptoms. To make a formal announcement of his candidacy now would not only commit Mr. Roosevelt to a course that might well be distasteful to him and seem unnecessary a year from now, but would solidify his bitter-end opponents twelve months before the fight begins instead of keeping them guessing. Should he announce, on the other hand, that he is out of the running, he would be repeating the folly of T. R. When the first Roosevelt formally abandoned the quest for a third term he changed overnight from leader to lame duck, and Congress treated him accordingly. There are all too many Administration supporters in Congress now whose support hangs by the thread of a coat-tail; with the owner of that coat-tail ruled out for 1940, they and the more overt foes of the President could go far toward demolishing the New Deal in a year's time.

None of this is an argument for marking time. Anti-New Deal Democrats are gathering delegates while they may, and at the same time Administration forces are reported to be lagging in the customary pre-convention activity. It is not necessary to set up state delegations committed to Roosevelt, but it is vital to everything for which the New Deal stands to line up delegates who will be sympathetic to the platform that has the Roosevelt blessing, whether he chooses to head the ticket or not. It is true that neither Garner nor any other Democratic hopeful can reach the White House without Roosevelt's support, but a Garner defeat in the election is no recompense for a New Deal defeat at the convention.

Mailed Fist in Bohemia

THE shooting of a German policeman in Kladno, a 100 per cent Czech industrial city near Prague, under circumstances not yet clear, was taken by the Protectorate government as an occasion for severe punishment of the whole town. Similar incidents have happened almost daily since the occupation of Bohemia and Moravia by the German army—some have been of much graver nature, as for example the throwing of acid on marching German troops in Pilzen—but they have not been played up. They were followed only by secret arrests of individuals, without any general action being taken. In Kladno almost the full might of the conqueror has been displayed. Martial law has been declared. The town officials have been arrested. The native police has been disarmed and interned. A monetary fine has been imposed, and even stronger measures have been threatened.

The change in German methods from relatively discreet to open oppression indicates that Czech resistance is growing more intense; on the other hand, the Germans seem not yet quite sure which course to follow —"appeasement" or brute force. It needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that, whatever Hitler does, he will not be able to resolve the contradictions in which he entangled himself by enslaving a non-German people under the slogan of self-determination. Whether in future he uses the glove or a set of brass knuckles there can be no doubt about the outcome: Czech resistance will grow.

The very purpose of the German occupation, to get hold of the wealth of the Czech nation and to turn the heart of Europe into an arsenal for the German army, makes even a temporarily peaceful *modus vivendi* impossible. Goebbels may publish pro-German articles signed with famous Czech names in the coordinated Czech press—the alleged author often has his first sight of them there—but the Czech people are not confused. Stern facts and a three-hundred-year-long tradition of dealing with foreign rulers tell them what to do. Thousands of young men are fleeing to Poland to form Czech legions as their fathers did twenty-five years ago to escape from the comparatively mild Hapsburg tyranny. The German ruling class of imperial Austria suppressed the Czechs within limits. Hitler robs and exploits them as if they were—to the shame of the great democracies, be it said—a colonial people. A few price figures will illustrate the effect of the German occupation on the agricultural economy of the well-to-do countries of Bohemia and Moravia. On March 15 one egg cost 1.32 cents; on April 15, 3.42 cents; today, 5.13 cents. One pound of butter on March 15 cost 23.85 cents; on April 15, 47.70 cents; today, 58.30 cents. Against such figures no Nazi argument, no Nazi trickery, and no Nazi terror will win in the long run.

Outside the frontiers of former Czechoslovakia the new Czech liberation movement is making impressive progress. The program for the future does not call for a revival of the Czechoslovakia that was, but for a free Czech people in a free Europe. The slogan is an inspiring one for millions of oppressed and exiled Europeans. It is a European slogan: "For the United Free Federal States of Europe."

"Now It Can Be Told"

LAST week's victory celebrations in Berlin and Naples were made the occasion for revealing for the first time the full extent of German and Italian intervention in Spain. For more than two years and a half the German, Italian—and the British—governments had officially done everything in their power to minimize the amount of foreign intervention. Rome had admitted the presence of 30,000 to 40,000 legionaries, but claimed to have withdrawn part of these in keeping with its nonintervention pledges. It had been generally thought even in pro-Loyalist circles that German intervention was confined to a few thousand technicians. Berlin had never admitted even this help to rebel Spain. Catholic and other pro-Franco groups in this country have constantly sought to conceal the extent of Nazi and Italian aid by maintaining that it was merely sent to offset Soviet assistance to the Loyalists.

Now that a fascist victory has been won, there is no longer any need for deception. Both the German and Italian press are gloating openly over the extent of their countries' aid to Franco. Hitler admitted in his speech on June 6 that Nazi contingents were first sent to Spain in July, 1936, almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the Franco revolt. He also made it clear that this intervention was aimed not so much against "bolshevism" as against the "Christian democracies." Instead of a handful of technicians, the Condor Legion was revealed as a unit of the Germany army 15,000 strong. Some 1,000 more had been killed or wounded. In addition, it was disclosed for the first time that the German navy, particularly its submarines, had played a conspicuous role in the blockade that finally proved the decisive factor in defeating Republican Spain.

But even this handsome support was dwarfed by the aid rendered to Franco by Mussolini's Italy. The Fascist navy boasts that it carried 100,000 soldiers to Spain in the four months between mid-December, 1936, and mid-April, 1937. Active intervention began, moreover, long before December. Nine Italian bombing planes were sent to Spanish Morocco in July, 1936. After "playing havoc with the Republican fleet in a series of bombing raids," they were used to transport 5,000 Moors to fill up the scanty ranks of the rebels. Altogether the Italian air force sent more than 6,000 men, who dropped 130,000 tons of explosives, in 5,318 raids. The navy intervened in August, 1936, to prevent the Spanish government from regaining full control of the Balearic Islands, and later used its warships against the Spanish navy and furnished submarines to enforce the blockade of Loyalist ports. In addition, Italian warships convoyed to Spain some 4,370 tanks, trucks, and automobiles, 750 cannon, and 40,000 tons of munitions.

With this mass of concrete evidence of fascist duplicity before us, we might expect that the current claims of complete withdrawal would at least be taken with a grain of salt. Yet the press as a whole, along with Mr. Chamberlain, has accepted the assertion that all the Italian troops have gone home. If so, where are they? If 100,000 were sent to Spain in four months, we must assume that the total must have been at least 140,000. Of these 3,327 are admitted to have been killed, and 15,000 returned home sick or wounded. The actual casualty list is probably somewhat higher. If we double these figures, we have accounted for 37,000. Another 10,000—including probably some duplications—were sent back last fall. Yet only 23,000 participated in the victory celebration at Naples, which was supposed to include all Italians who had fought in Spain. A natural question is: Where are the other 70,000? It is fairly evident that they must have been left in Spain. A rather striking confirmation of this estimate is found in the statement of Alfred Cope, of the American Friends Service Committee, who has just returned from Spain. Mr. Cope, whose obvious caution emphasized his words, declared that at least 70,000 Italian soldiers remain there. He saw in "village after village" streets cluttered with Italian equipment and Italian soldiers. Their activity gave no hint of an early departure; in the area Mr. Cope traveled through there were "tens of thousands of Italians repairing roads and digging in for a considerable stay." In fact, the number of Italians apparently preparing to remain in Spain was exceeded only by the number of Spaniards who have been interned in prison camps.

The mere fact that Mussolini has found it necessary to retain such a large force in Spain, together with the bulk of the war materials, is perhaps the strongest evidence that the Spanish war is not really over. The boasts in the Nazi and Fascist press are preliminary to the presentation of the bill. No one knows yet exactly what demands will be made. But anyone who is not completely blind to the meaning of the past thirty-five months must realize that Hitler and Mussolini will try to exact full payment.

Some Personalities of the Week

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

IT WAS natural that the head of the American Library Association should protest the President's appointment of Archibald MacLeish as Librarian of Congress, but it was an inspired choice, just the same. I hope the objections from professional sources will not serve to buttress the idiotic charges of communism launched in Congress by Representative Thomas, and so make his confirmation doubtful. MacLeish will bring to the Library of Congress something more valuable and far more rare than technical training. He will bring an imaginative understanding of the contemporary world. His scholarship and knowledge of literature are beyond question; but in addition he is as sensitively alive to the important currents of thought that shape and drive the affairs of men today as any person now writing. Felix Frankfurter has called him the best journalist in the United States—which is a way of saying the same thing. I only hope that the demands of his new position will not be so heavy as to interfere with the contributions Archibald MacLeish should continue to make—in poetry as well as prose—to our understanding of ourselves and our own time.

One has to be selective at the World's Fair; time and one's metatarsal arches both insist upon it. Besides, a general enthusiasm for everything serves to belittle the really choice offerings. Douglas Haskell, setting out to do a piece for *The Nation* on the architecture at the Fair, wrote almost exclusively about the Swedish Pavilion, with which he fell in love. I have come away from a couple of visits convinced that the best thing at the Fair is the baby giant panda. He is kept in a small building in the amusement area, at the far end of a dark and winding passage in which are exhibited some of the most repellent undersea finds of Dr. Beebe and an electric eel. But when once you reach his cage you want never to leave him. He is as funny as Beatrice Lillie and more endearing than a penguin. Comedy and affection and amiable ease are his dominant traits. I'd rather watch him drape himself over his inhospitable stone cot than see the finest diorama at the Fair. He represents my World of Tomorrow—unattainable, of course, but the more inviting for that reason. Genet reports in the *New Yorker* that the panda in the London Zoo is the financial and popular success of the season. This is easy to understand. In the mood of tension and unhappiness that hangs over England a baby panda would be almost indispensable.

The King and Queen have gone and it must be said that they did a good job; their visit was a huge popular success. The King in his press photographs looked weary and solemn, but he seemed to be an appealing figure in spite of that. The Queen obviously had a grand time; her amiability and pretty clothes and unfeigned interest in sights and people won a warm response from case-hardened newspapermen as well as from an exuberant public. The total effect of the visit—either here or in Canada—it is not yet possible to gauge. As I wrote last week, popular enthusiasm fizzes up easily in the American breast and subsides fast, and a likable royal couple is not a substitute for a decent foreign policy. Even during these last few days the British Prime Minister has been busy undermining the effect of his royal emissaries with new hints of appeasement. It cannot be repeated too often by those who hope for an honest anti-fascist front: In the United States the Chamberlain government is a liability too heavy to be overcome by any generalization about "common purposes" and "similar ideals." During the days of their visit the King and Queen were adopted, officially and in the press, as symbols of this pleasant if undefined unity. But when the time comes to translate symbol into policy and generalizations into actions, then the behavior of the British government will have more effect on American opinion than the charming manners of the British sovereigns.

This Is America

II. THE NORTH CENTRAL STATES

BY ARVILLE SCHALEBEN

IN 1932 the North Central states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas gave 2,541,771 popular votes and 50 Electoral College votes to the Democratic candidate for President. These votes represented a tribute to Franklin D. Roosevelt and his New Deal and a thrashing for Herbert Hoover and the Republican Party, to whom the same states had given their fifty electoral votes in 1928.

In 1936 they not only gave the Democratic candidate for reelection their solid electoral vote for the second time but, to the dismay of Alf Landon, increased the popular vote to 2,841,874. That was another tribute to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Not to the New Deal? No, just to President Roosevelt, whose words and principles they cherished, though their affection for his New Deal had wavered.

And now 1940 is hurtling down on us. Mr. Roosevelt seems eliminated as a possible successful candidate—by his own acts to some extent, by conditions to a larger extent, by the third-term tradition to a fatal extent. And the North Central states are sitting back waiting—waiting to pin back somebody's ears, a long drooping pair of ears that belong to a donkey whose 1940 prospects shape up like this (each state's Electoral College votes are given in parentheses):

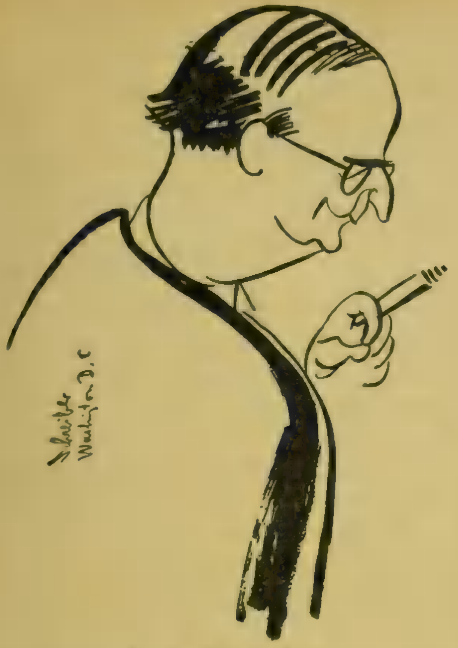
In Michigan (19) and South Dakota (4) the Democratic Party faces almost certain defeat, even if the United States is at war and the nation is pregnant with economic recovery.

In Wisconsin (12) and Minnesota (11) it faces probable defeat—almost certain in Minnesota owing to the shrewd way in which the liberal, young Republican Governor Stassen has routed the Farmer-Labor Party and taken over the G. O. P.—unless pronounced economic recovery sets in by fall and continues till November, 1940. Even in that case defeat is as likely as victory.

In North Dakota (4) a Democratic defeat is quite probable, with the chances favoring an overwhelming upset.

Why this complete reversal in less than four years? It is no mystery. The people are sick of unemployment and economic strife, tired of relief, and sour with disappointments. They do not relish the Republicanism which they forsook in 1932. They will not return to it joyfully. They will turn to it only for a change.

The heroes to whom they looked hopefully in 1932 and again in 1936 have become the rascals who must be turned out. It appears that 1940 will be as bad a year for the "in's" nationally as 1938 was for the "in's" in the various states. (Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota changed governors in 1938 and elected thirty-one Republican Representatives out of forty; previously fifteen of these had been Republicans.) I cannot foresee any factor or combination of factors—save possibly war and recovery going hand in hand—able to reverse the tremendous swing against the "in's"



Senator Vandenberg

that was revealed in 1938. Recovery would help the Democrats, but at this writing it is not possible to imagine a recovery of sufficient proportions to *save* the Democrats. The effect of war is too speculative to permit a prediction. It might keep the Administration in office, or it might be the last nail in the New Deal's coffin.

This much is certain. The policies of President Roosevelt which involve us more and more deeply in European affairs are not popular. The people hate the thought of war. It is easier to convince them of the logic of isolation than of the logic of involvement. My own feeling is that the President and the Secretary of State have acted in the best interests of democracy. But I have talked with many men in all the North Central states, and they agree with me that eight or nine out of every ten voters want the United States to restrict its interest to matters within our boundaries or at least to matters within the North and South American continents.

The average man in this section is indifferent even about the destiny of South America. The North Central states and the Middle West are not directly aware of the immense importance to our welfare of the rich continent to the south. We like coffee, sure, but we think of it as coming from the corner grocery rather than from Brazil. Our contacts with South America are not close enough to make a sharp impression. The average man has to have a pitchfork prick him in the rear before he really gets the point.

The President and the Administration would find it difficult to popularize the war issue if they tried to do so in the 1940 campaign to divert our minds from domestic difficulties unsolved in two Presidential terms. Since the danger is not to our borders but to our trade, it is not obvious to the average voter. The remoteness of the threat has made it possible for the politicians to shout "war-monger" at Mr. Roosevelt.

Among those crying "war-monger" Congressman Roy Woodruff of Michigan has been conspicuous. No person pretending to weigh the effects of the President's foreign policies on the masses of the North Central region can afford to ignore the actions of Congressman Woodruff and his colleagues. Woodruff has served eleven terms in the House of Representatives, with continuous service since 1921. He is well acquainted with the temper of Michigan, and he knows that the more President Roosevelt talks about war the more rapidly he skids in popular esteem. Moreover, Woodruff is a party Republican of the first order and is glad to do any little thing he can to grease the skids—such as wailing when the President "sticks our collective noses into the affairs of other countries." Of course, when Congressman Woodruff and other Michigan Republican politicians heap abuse on the President's European policies, they are just making ultimate victory doubly sure. They do not really need that ammunition; the state is safe for them.

Michigan is easily the most prosperous of the North Central states. It is the world center of automobile manufacturing, and the automobile business is improving. For example, net sales of the Chrysler Corporation for the first quarter of 1939 were $182,560,725, as compared with $88,585,855 for the first quarter of 1938. The oil industry, too, is developing; more oil wells are constantly coming in. And Michigan leads the world in navy beans. Agriculturally it is no better off than the other states, but its mines are having a fair year, its great furniture business makes little complaint, and the important tourist trade shows strength. There is, in fact, already a measure of recovery in Michigan, and many signs point to a spurt, possibly extended, before long.

But while the state is in better condition than it was in 1931-32 under Hoover, as it has been intermittently under the New Deal, the Democrats generally and the President in some measure have continued to lose support. To quote a former governor: "In the latest election, when former Governor Fitzgerald ran against Frank Murphy, who was then governor and now is attorney general of the United States, the state went Republican for Fitzgerald by nearly a hundred thousand, although charges were made that the worst elements in the state were behind him and a terrific campaign was made for Murphy. The President is still more popular with the masses than he is with the politicians, but even so, unless there is something in the air that might approach a cataclysm, Michigan is Republican."

Michigan is historically Republican but occasionally goes into a tailspin. It went into one in 1912, when it gave Theodore Roosevelt, running on the Bull Moose ticket, the "liberal" candidate of his day, the largest majority of any state in the union. It put on a similar performance in 1932 when it gave F. D. R. a margin of 140,000 over President Hoover. But now it seems anxious to return to its traditional role. It offers two strong native-son candidates of its own—District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey of New York City and its famous Senator, Arthur H. Vandenberg. Either one on the Republican ticket—some Michigan Republicans expect the two to form the ticket—would assure a G. O. P. triumph in the state. But opinion is swinging so far back to the right that I believe even Hoover could win. In fact, to quote Michigan's elder statesman, Chase S. Osborn, the outlook is "hopelessly Republican."

In South Dakota the New Deal outlook is equally doleful. One sage commentator put it like this: "There has been no appreciable trend away from the New Deal —because there never was any sentiment for it." He is not far wrong. In the panic of 1932 South Dakota voted against Herbert Hoover, 183,515 to 99,212, and unavoidably handed its four Electoral College votes to Mr. Roosevelt. But soon it was well along on the march back to its traditional staunch Republicanism, and four years later, when most of the country went more strongly for Roosevelt than before, South Dakota trimmed his margin to 35,000. By 1938 it had swung all the way back, and the best Democratic slate, Congressional and state, South Dakota had ever offered to the electorate was beaten easily.

The state's conservatism is as indigenous as its gumbo. Its citizens frown on new political and socio-economic proposals. It raises wheat and beef. Business this year, like business last year, is bad. It has no big cities, no big business, little organized labor. It is against union labor, whereas the New Deal is pro-labor. An editor said to me, "I have not found even a Democrat who feels there is any prospect of a Democratic victory in 1940."

The New Deal seems a little stronger north of the state line. North Dakota is like South Dakota only in being basically agricultural. It is as "wild" politically as South Dakota is conservative. It has had state banking, state grain elevators, state lignite mining. In its woolliest Nonpartisan League days some farmers were virtually anarchists; for practical purposes they made the "laws" and administered them on the spot. It looks now as if the state would go against the New Deal, but something may happen tomorrow to keep it in the Democratic column. Big wheat prices might do it; war in Europe might do it; collapse of the present Republican state administration might do it; heavy federal farm subsidies might do it. But I do not believe any of them will.

At one time Minnesota was almost as wild as North Dakota; that was during the heyday of the Nonpartisan League in the early twenties. It settled down, however, to control by the Farmer-Labor Party in the early thirties. At that time the La Follettes were still running as nominal Republicans in Wisconsin, and Minnesota was the only state controlled by a third party. The guiding spirit was redheaded Floyd B. Olson. But when Governor Olson died, the party lost its unity and virility, and two years later, after eight straight years in the state capitol, the Farmer-Labor Party fell before a redhead not unlike the redhead who had made it. I refer to Harold E. Stassen. When we were in school together, "Red" used to say that some day he would be governor. He was sworn in on January 1, 1939, when he was thirty-one.

Governor Stassen calls himself a liberal. I think he is. I think he is the kind of liberal the Republicans always talk about—but never nominate for President. Perhaps some day they will have to nominate Harold Stassen—not in 1940, of course, because he won't be old enough under the Constitution. Apparently he has saved the state for the Republicans in 1940. He has triumphed nobly over the Old Guard-controlled legislature and strengthened the party by doing it. In the last election the Old Guard concentrated on electing legislative candidates, on the theory that if it could not beat Governor Elmer Benson, it could hamstring him by capturing the legislature. After Stassen beat Benson, this Old Guard legislature tried to thrust some ruthless anti-labor bills past him, but Stassen proved the better maneuverer and wound up by achieving a somewhat fairer labor measure, the state's first civil-service law, and improved social security. If the Old Guard had succeeded in pushing through its reactionary measures, Minnesota again in 1940 might have looked to Democracy for its liberalism. Now it looks to Stassen. And Stassen will say, "Vote Republican." He will say that regardless of the character of the nominee. For he learned long ago about party unity.

Philip La Follette

Minnesota is unhappy economically. Its leading industrial city, Minneapolis, has been the scene of some of the nation's bloodiest strikes. Its farms are heavily mortgaged, its forest lands denuded. It went to the left with Governor Olson and with President Roosevelt, hoping for relief. It found none. It is getting ready to turn to the right.

The picture is not so clear in neighboring Wisconsin. For one thing, the La Follettes of the routed new Pro-

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gressive Party are keener than the Bensons of the routed Farmer-Laborites. For another, the Republican administration in Wisconsin, in a state much sounder economically, has not done nearly so well as Governor Stassen. The big-business governor, Julius P. Heil, has learned daily that a business man knows less about politics than a politician does about business. He has been unable to fulfil his extravagant promises of economy, which were based on the politically juvenile belief that he could run the state government like the Heil machinery company. Mr. Heil has also talked too much. He fancies himself a super-salesman, which indeed he is for Wisconsin cheese, but apparently not for Republicanism. His closest political friends admit privately that Republican prestige has fallen sharply since his inauguration.

But the prestige of the Democratic Party, which was a bad third to the La Follette Progressive Party's bad second in the Republican sweep last fall, is approaching a new low. In Wisconsin as in the nation the party is divided into "conservatives" and "liberals," and in Wisconsin the conservatives belong with the Republicans and the liberals with the Progressives. There is talk that the La Follettes may try to capture the party to use in the cause of the liberals in the next Democratic convention. To me this seems unlikely, especially if Senator Bob La Follette decides to run for reelection, and he has given no indication that he will not.

The efforts of Philip La Follette, whom Mr. Heil displaced from the governor's chair, to make the Progressives a national third party have apparently fizzled. I remember the night the party was launched nationally, in the big stock barn on the university campus at Madison, and how confident Phil was of its future. "As certain as the dawn comes in the morning," he boasted. But the party has made no progress, and it is not popular as a national medium with many of its loyal state members.

The most logical place for the La Follettes seems to be shoulder to shoulder with the Roosevelt crowd, while they maintain in the state their identity as Progressives. That arrangement would probably assure Senator Bob's reelection, since he draws considerable support from the conservatives, but the Republican Presidential candidate, if he has any quality at all, would still carry the state. The reason is simple: in Wisconsin, as in the other North Central states, the swing is unmistakably to the right.

[*The articles of this series are appearing every other week.*]

Russia's War Strength

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

THE question of the true value of the Red Army and of Russia's war potential as a whole is as controversial as it is vital to the immediate future of Europe. It is a substantial consideration in the plans that Britain and France are feverishly pushing for obtaining Russian aid in another war. If one assumes that the Third Reich will have to fight eventually on two fronts, an examination of Russia's war strength should start with a comparison of the war potential of the Soviet Union with that of czarist Russia in World War days.

Czarist Russia had a population of 139,700,000 in the territory of the Soviet Union of today. Of this number, 25,700,000 lived in cities, 114,000,000 on the land. Its economy was overwhelmingly agricultural; its agricultural technique was primitive. The big landowners exploited the peasantry recklessly. The output was small compared with Western standards. Industry, in great part built up with foreign capital, was still in its infancy and of course far behind that of the West European states—absolutely as well as per capita. There was no question of competition in the industrial field between czarist Russia and its arch-enemy, the Germany of Wilhelm II. In 1913 the production of the heavy industries of the two countries was as follows:

	Germany	*Russia*
	(in million tons)	
Coal	190.109	30.745
Iron ore	29.000	9.537
Raw iron	19.309	4.637
Steel	18.935	4.790
Oil	.121	9.200

Germany, as we see, was far ahead, producing more than six times as much coal and four times as much steel and iron. Only in petroleum production was czarist Russia superior. Consequently Russian industry was unable to produce the weapons needed by the Russian army. Another handicap for the czarist war machine was the backwardness of the Russian railways. With an area about forty times as large as Germany's, Russia had only about the same track mileage. If we add that in a modern mechanized war the factory worker is his country's best soldier, we have the answer to the question why the Germany of Wilhelm II could win a victory in the East with only a small part of its military power.

In comparison with czarist Russia the Soviet Union has made a great step forward in industrial production, and that means in the development of its war potential. With the exception of the United States, Russia is the least dependent on imports of war material of all the world powers. In contrast to France it produces all the coal it needs; in contrast to Germany and England, all the necessary mineral ores; in contrast to Germany, France, and England it has its own oil.

Czarist Russia, of course, had the same independence of foreign raw materials, but this independence was not then of decisive value because the industrial apparatus to turn the raw wealth into goods did not exist. Today the essential industrial apparatus is a reality. Russian raw-material production and Russian heavy industry are able to compete with the West. In total output the Russian heavy industry has already caught up with the German; although the per capita production remains far behind the German or that of any West European country. The figures for 1937 and 1938 are given in the following table:

(In million tons)

	Germany		*Russia*	
	1937	1938	1937	1938
Coal	184.51	181.00	104.06	106.00
Iron ore	8.52	11.12	28.00	30.00
Raw iron	15.95	18.59	14.52	15.00
Steel	19.84	23.23	17.82	18.00
Oil	00.45	0.55	27.59	29.00

If we compare these figures with the corresponding ones for 1913, the immense progress made by Soviet Russia becomes obvious.

The overwhelming superiority of German heavy industry before and during the World War allowed the German General Staff to mass its armies on the western front, and to defeat Russia in 1915 with a comparatively small force. Russia was not prepared for the rapid consumption of its war-material reserves and was not able to replace them through a war-time production of its own. Today Germany has no such advantage. In the iron and steel industry it is still a little ahead, but to keep up production on the present level it needs imports of ore. Russian iron-ore production is today many times that of Germany. In coal production the Germans are considerably ahead, but their lead does not count much because Russia is the second oil producer of the world.

The tremendous importance of this development of Russian heavy industry cannot be overestimated. It changes the face of Europe. The famous Schlieffen plan —to keep four-fifth of the German troops in the West— is not possible any more. In a war on two fronts Germany must protect its eastern frontier with much stronger forces than were needed in 1914. The strengthening of the Russian war potential means real, even decisive, relief for France. A Russian steel production four times as large as before the World War will hold an important part of the German army in the east. It will have for France the value of a second Maginot line if the English-French-Russian alliance is concluded.

To the question whether the Russian armament industry has similarly expanded in volume, the answers differ wildly. Per capita armament production is still far behind that of Germany and the rest of Western Europe. But in comparison with czarist Russia the progress is immense, even though the relative newness and inexperience of Russian industry in general hinders the perfect coordination of the various industrial processes. It is interesting to note that German military critics valued the Russian armament production very highly even while the Third Reich was taking a sharp line with the Soviet government. Dr. Erwin Haudan wrote in his book "Das Motorisierungspotential der Sowjetunion" (Publication of the Institut für allgemeine Wehrlehre der Friedrich-Wilhelm-Universität Berlin):

> In a relatively short time the Soviet government has succeeded in motorizing the Red Army to such an extent that it belongs in this respect among the best-prepared armies of the world.

He added:

> The basis for the "technical reconstruction" was laid by the five-year plans. These plans moved the Soviet Union to first place among the highly motorized military states of today. And this development is not yet finished. The present condition of the Russian armament industry makes a continuous motorization of the Russian army in all its departments—as the Two-Year Plan of Stalin proposes—entirely possible.

Today the Red Army possesses more modern tanks than any other army.

Of Russian airplane production Haudan reports:

> During the period of the Second Five-Year Plan Russian airplane production became entirely independent of the outside world. Russian-built planes replaced those manufactured on licenses, however much the former may profit by foreign models. The new Russian planes are principally very heavy bombers and reconnaissance planes. Qualitatively great progress is to be noted since the first planes built in the period of the First Five-Year Plan. The necessary raw materials and the power facilities for production and upkeep of the planes exist in Soviet Russia. The most important plants of the industry are situated far beyond the reach of foreign air attacks. In technical quality the standards of all the other military states are reached except in the production of motors. But serial production of the best foreign models —the French Motors Gnome Rhone K 14, the French Hispano Suiza 12Y, the English Bristol-Jupiter, and the American Wright Cyclone—has been prepared by the Second Five-Year Plan.

Haudan's statements about the Russian air armament have been confirmed by other German experts, for example, by Colonel von Bülow in an article on Soviet Russia's Air Power in the *Militärwissenschaftliche Rundschau.*

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Recently—and significantly enough, just at the time of the English-Russian negotiations—German military critics have become more skeptical about the value of the Russian air armament. In a weekly report of the Deutsches Institut für Konjunkturforschung, which has been reprinted in the whole German press, the observation is made that Russia is again importing airplane material. "The importation of airplanes, motors, and parts was in no year so great as in 1938; imports from the United States alone cost 12,900,000 Reichsmarks." In an article in *Deutsche Wehr* for April 27, 1939, it is estimated that Russia possesses 12,300 planes, half of them planes of the first line.

Of course one must ask: Suppose the Red Army has enough modern equipment for the beginning of a war, is Russian industry capable of assuring the necessary production for a continued war? It is known that the material reserves will suffice only for a few months. The yearly loss of airplanes in the World War was not less than 600 per cent; every second month all the planes of the first line had to be replaced. In other branches the quota of loss is much smaller, but modern mechanization makes great additional demands on industry. A long war will be decided not by the volume of war materials possessed at the beginning but by capacity for further production. Where does the Russian armament industry stand in this respect? Dr. Haudan answers that it is on the whole adequate. He admits at the start that the relatively recent industrialization of the Soviet Union causes a great part of the production to be bad or wasted. Of military production, however, he says:

> It would be a mistake to conclude that the inferior quality of Russian production extends also to armaments and lessens the strength of the Red Army, the air fleet, and the navy. On the contrary, it must be admitted that a state which concentrates its whole economy on means of defense gives its best production to the army. Motor vehicles of all kinds delivered to the Red Army—built mostly after foreign models and of superior quality—are much better than ordinary cars and tractors of Soviet construction. If the Red Army in respect to the quality of its motorization is still behind the standards of other military states, the development in the last years shows that here also improvement and a gradual catching-up with other states are possible. . . . The question whether Russia will be able to satisfy the growing motorization demands of a modern war through enlargement of its industrial production has, with certain reservations, to be answered positively on the basis of the present volume of Soviet industry and its preparations for mobilization.

To summarize: if the world political situation as compared to 1914 has been changed by the accelerated tempo of Germany's economic preparations for war, another change consists in the fact that Soviet Russia as a military power is much stronger than was Czarist Russia. This is the opinion of other German experts who have analyzed the situation from different points of view. Ferdinand Friedensburg writes in his work "Die mineralischen Bodenschätze als weltpolitische und militärische Machtfaktoren" (Ferdinand Enke-Verlag, Stuttgart, 1936):

> In spite of the tremendous material and spiritual influence of coal and iron on the origin, development, and outcome of the World War, the changes made in the distribution of the economic forces of coal and iron were relatively small. A new war would find the same situation in this respect that the great struggle of 1914-18 found. For the two Anglo-Saxon world powers no change at all has occurred. France would face the same dangers as in 1914; with its coal and iron deposits near the frontier, it could hardly contemplate a war of long duration without help from one of the great coal powers. . . . Of all the great powers only Russia would face a new war essentially stronger than in 1914. It has learned under the pressure of economic want to manage without imports and it has built up a powerful production apparatus. The experiences of the World War taught it that a state at war can only count with surety on those mines and industries that are situated in the inner parts of the country.

The progress of Soviet Russia has been rapid, but certain weaknesses which might be decisive should not be overlooked. One of them is the transport system. Soviet Russia has of course built new railways—30,000 additional kilometers of tracks—but in relation to the vastness of the country the mileage of the railways is still very small. A writer in the *Kriegswirtschaftlichen Jahresberichten* said rightly: "Even at the end of the Second Five-Year Plan, with 94,000 kilometers of track, an area of one square kilometer would be served by only 0.0045 kilometer of track." The railways of the United States are four times as long (393,125 kilometers) and more than ten times as dense (0.05 to one square kilometer).

Another point to consider is the fact that the transformation of peasants into efficient industrial workers, a process which took more than a century in Western Europe, cannot be completed in a few five-year periods. The newness of industrialization in Russia and the relative smallness of the cadres of qualified workers are the reasons why the more complicated industries do not progress with the same speed as raw-material production and the heavy industries. This holds especially for the automobile and machine-tool industries. Also the general internal situation is an important factor in any analysis of the Russian war potential. The execution of the several five-year plans, together with the forced and hasty collectivization of agriculture, brought large sections of the peasantry into opposition to the regime. The tremendous loss in live stock is only today being replaced. There are many military, economic, psychological, and social obstacles to increasing the Russian war potential, but the fact remains that the difference between the Russian and the German war potential of today is much smaller than it was in 1914. This would be especially true should the Red Army remain on the defensive. The Third Reich cannot win a war that it must fight on two fronts at the same time. That explains the anxiety with which it follows the British-Russian negotiations. It explains also the stubbornness with which the British negotiate.

The House of Morgan

BY RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

II

THE net worth of J. P. Morgan and Company was $118,000,000 on December 31, 1929. Today it is 38 per cent of that sum. All banks in New York City lost capital funds during the savage deflation of the early thirties, but many of them have almost regained their 1929 totals. Two major banks, not counting those fattened by recent mergers, have greater capital strength today than ever before. Why have the riches of Morgan dwindled in comparison?

"Even when the panic came in 1929 no one had any conception of the length and depth of the depression which it heralded. . . . The extent of the inflation and the extent of the deflation were both beyond our reckoning," wrote Russell Leffingwell, most persuasive theoretician among the Morgan partners. Morgan's Wall Street leadership was to reappear for only one brief moment after the October panic. This was in the management of the $138,000,000 bank pool, formed at the suggestion of Charles E. Mitchell, that temporarily steadied the swooning market in the closing months of 1929. Early in 1930 the pool sold out—at a profit of $1,000,000. Shortly thereafter the inevitable overwhelming liquidation of the World War and post-war inflations was relentlessly resumed. Not even the House of Morgan could prevent the subsequent decline of $74,000,000,000 in paper values.

The constricting deflation made the country cry out in agony. But when the Roosevelt Administration came to power, the Morgan partners failed to welcome the change or to indorse the New Deal program. This was ill-advised, since several of the partners anxiously believed in the necessity of "reform." Mr. Leffingwell let it be known that he at least had voted for Roosevelt, and J. P. Morgan, at Mr. Leffingwell's prompting, did finally approve in public one Roosevelt act—departure from the gold standard. It was a difficult time for the firm to board the Roosevelt band-wagon. The Pecora inquiry in May, 1933, by an expeditious illumination of Morgan tax returns and secret "preferred lists," set off dynamite which helped push the New Deal program through Congress.

Meanwhile, Wall Street waited for its leader to rebuke the New Dealers in Olympian accents or, failing that, to make an honorable peace. To its strained ears came only the defensive tones of the Morgan partners in the Senate confessional. For fifteen years preceding the depression the partners had been untouched by the hands of government. Before the end of 1938 they had undergone one SEC and four Senate investigations.

Passage of the Banking Act of 1933 put J. P. Morgan and Company—and other deposit banks—out of the security-underwriting business and forced it to publish regularly a statement of condition. These statements are quarterly testimony that it is no longer one of the ten largest banks in the country. The new law also took control of the Federal Reserve System out of the hands of the New York Reserve Bank and restored it to the board in Washington. Next came the Securities Exchange Act establishing the SEC, and in four years the clique headed by Richard Whitney was ousted from control of the New York Stock Exchange. The Tripartite Currency Agreement completed the task of placing foreign-exchange management in the hands of the Treasury. In 1934 the Johnson Act was passed, and by prohibiting loans to governments in default on war debts it cut off Morgan from lending to clients who had provided almost $6,000,000 net profit between 1920 and 1931. The Emergency Transportation Act of 1933 and the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935 placed Morgan's greatest modern combines, Alleghany and United corporations, under government regulation. With the passage of the Neutrality Act forbidding the financing of warring nations, there came a halt in legislation directly affecting the bank's business. Some of these acts were specifically designed to strike at the Morgan power, but they have affected all Wall Street.

The most spectacular result of this legislative assault was seen in September, 1935, when Morgan's younger son, Henry, together with Partners Harold Stanley and William Ewing, resigned from the firm and established Morgan, Stanley and Company to carry on the underwriting business previously enjoyed by J. P. Morgan and Company. In 1936, the first full year of its activity, the new bond firm originated about 24 per cent of the total corporate and foreign capital issues sold in this country, in 1937 about 23 per cent, and in 1938 about 24 per cent. J. P. Morgan and Company originated between 1927 and the end of 1932 slightly less than 6 per cent of the total capital issues. For the six years as a whole the parent house was first in rank among all issuing houses, measured solely by the amount of bonds originated.

In 1938 Morgan, Stanley was first in rank, its 24 per cent amounting to roughly 40 per cent more than the business of its closest competitor and being the cream of recent new issues underwritten by banks. But a direct challenge to the present system of bank underwriting was made in 1938 by the growing amount of bonds sold directly by corporations to large institutional investors. This method renders an underwriting bank unnecessary. Recently Robert R. Young insisted on competitive bidding for Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and Cincinnati Union Terminal bonds. He not only achieved higher prices for the two companies but deprived Morgan of two profitable bond issues, a lèse majesté without modern precedent and a further hint that the old system of corporation patronage can be changed.

While its bond business has gained competitively and doubled in volume, Morgan's rank measured by deposits alone has fallen. What this signifies may be judged by Mr. Morgan's statement in 1933 that "the larger part of our business is the banking business, the straight banking business," while underwritings were "the least profitable part" as well as "the lesser part." Shortly before the World War, J. P. Morgan and Company was the fourth-largest bank, measured by deposits, in the United States. The World War made it the third-largest bank. In 1927 it was the sixth-largest bank, in 1928 the tenth, in 1929 the twelfth, and in 1930 the eleventh. By 1931 it had dropped to fifteenth position; in 1932 to sixteenth and in 1934 to seventeenth. During 1935 and 1936 it was sixteenth, in 1937 seventeenth, and at the end of last year it was again sixteenth. The merger movement among leading banks probably helped to push it down the list in the years preceding 1930. Since then its drop may be explained by the impoverishment of many of its fifty-two oldest and once biggest depositors, especially fifteen railroad or railroad-supplying corporations and two large utilities, and by the loss of foreign accounts. The splitting off of its bond business has cost it few deposits, since nearly all of Morgan, Stanley's clients have their funds cleared through it.

The First National Bank of New York is more comparable to the Morgan bank than any other bank in the country. Both deal almost entirely with the larger corporations and wealthier individuals, and have a limited number of clients. From 1927 to 1930, inclusive, Morgan had more deposits than First National; from 1931 to date the latter has each year exceeded Morgan in total deposits. More noteworthy is the capital comparison:

TOTAL CAPITAL FUNDS[1]
(000 omitted)

	J. P. Morgan and Co. (including Drexel and Co.)	*First National Bank*
Dec. 31, 1914	$30,600	$31,595
" " 1917	68,700	38,949
" " 1927	71,638	92,799
" " 1928	91,555	102,684
" " 1929	118,604	113,359
" " 1930	91,843[2]	124,009
" " 1931	52,959[3]	122,537
" " 1932	53,194	91,483
Mar. 31, 1933	44,862[4]	82,579[6]
Dec. 31, 1934	54,934	99,218
" " 1935	47,312[5]	100,572
" " 1936	49,547	116,960
" " 1937	46,792	118,207
" " 1938	43,988	119,072

[1] Morgan designates this "net worth."
[2] January 2, 1931.
[3] January 2, 1932.
[4] No Morgan statement available for December 31.
[5] After Morgan, Stanley and Company was established with $7,500,000 capital.
[6] April 14, 1933.

If Morgan, Stanley's capital is arbitrarily tripled to allow for heavy earnings, and then added to the December, 1938, capital account of J. P. Morgan and Company, the total becomes a little more than $66,000,000. Even so the combined Morgan capital structure is noticeably diminished from the 1929 peak. It is also lower than in 1927 and is less than 60 per cent of First National's capital. At the end of 1938 the capital funds of all New York City banks totaled roughly 75 per cent of their 1929 aggregate. J. P. Morgan and Company's capital plus Morgan, Stanley's known capital is only 44 per cent of the 1929 total, and even if Morgan, Stanley's capital is tripled and then added, the combined figure is only 57 per cent.

One explanation of Morgan's present capital position is that it made some improvident and unsound loans. The first such loan was of about $10,000,000 to Charles E. Mitchell to enable him to support the market price of National City Bank stock during the 1929 collapse. Today about $6,000,000 of this loan is still unpaid, and the Morgan loss is estimated at about $4,000,000. Although Richard Whitney borrowed millions from his brother George, the only unpaid debt of his to J. P. Morgan and Company is an unsecured loan of $474,000. This appears to be a completely irrecoverable sum.

The most startling loss suffered by the Morgan bank was on two loans totaling $11,000,000 to privately owned companies of the Van Sweringen brothers. These loans were part of a total of $41,000,000 raised by a Morgan syndicate in October, 1930, to save the Van

Sweringens from disaster after a loss of $24,000,000 on speculative stocks had imperiled control of their huge pyramid. About half of the brothers' loss resulted from a questionable method of supporting the market in Alleghany, but in spite of the improprieties the Morgan group helped the promoters escape from their predicament. The First National Bank refused to participate in the loan, it has recently been revealed, because its officers felt it was "not appropriate" for the bank's portfolio "due to the long maturity and lack of diversification of collateral." (His bank having turned down the loan, George F. Baker II personally put up the money in the belief it was adequately secured. "I felt the situation at that time warranted cooperation," he later explained.) The Chemical Bank and Trust Company likewise refused to participate in the loans, as did Lee, Higginson.

The Bankers Trust, the Guaranty Trust, and the New York Trust companies participated in the "rescue party." Two Morgan partners sat on the executive committees of each of these banks, and as directors voted approval of the banks' acceptance of the participation. More than half the members of these committees had shared in Morgan stock syndicates or had been lent money by the Morgan bank or were Morgan partners. Although Morgan had kept 60 per cent of the richest Van Sweringen stock syndicate, it now took less than 30 per cent of this "rescue" loan. The luckless Charles E. Mitchell assumed a $4,500,000 participation on behalf of the National City Bank, while Albert Wiggin's Chase National took $5,500,000. Total losses to the lenders exceeded $30,000,000. Morgan's loss was more than $9,000,000, and probably no other venture has so greatly diminished its prestige. To this loss should be added another of $3,700,000 on a deal in bonds of the Van Sweringen-controlled Missouri Pacific Railroad.

The known losses on the loans mentioned above account for a large slice of the Morgan capital decrease. A failure to replace withdrawn capital with new capital has enhanced this loss. The retirement of Partner Thomas S. Gates in 1930 meant the withdrawal of probably $4,500,000 from the capital account, which was reduced almost $10,000,000 more after Messrs. Henry Morgan, Ewing, and Stanley resigned in 1935; the death of Thomas Cochran in 1936 withdrew probably another $4,000,000, and that of Horatio Lloyd in 1937 another $2,600,000. Last May Edward T. Stotesbury died, and shortly thereafter almost $4,000,000 was withdrawn from the bank's capital. Losses on the loans previously mentioned total about $17,000,000. Thus roughly $42,000,000 of the $75,000,000 capital shrinkage since 1929 can be itemized. The remaining $33,000,000 is made up, presumably, of losses on the bank's investments and other loans. There also have been some capital withdrawals by the present partners in order to take care of personal problems arising outside the bank.

But a change in size and net worth is not the only way a bank changes. There may be a loss in prestige such as resulted from Richard Whitney's business failure and his conviction for larcency. These acts have not improved Morgan prestige in the United States or in Europe. As the brother of a Morgan partner and as the Morgan broker, Richard Whitney was the master spirit of the Stock Exchange during the nine years before his collapse. His breaking was a severe blow to the Morgan papacy.

Both Thomas W. Lamont and George Whitney knew for three months preceding the failure of Richard Whitney and Company of the broker's misappropriation of assets belonging to the New York Stock Exchange. When Mr. Lamont lent George Whitney $1,082,000 to enable Richard to repair his theft, the two Morgan partners "decided" not to tell their other partners about it. Neither did they report their knowledge to the officials of the Stock Exchange, to the police, or to the Securities and Exchange Commission. Richard Whitney proceeded to fleece fourteen additional persons and institutions of more than $1,200,000. Had the partners refused aid, had they reported the dereliction, they would have served notice to the world of a severe and high standard of ethics that would have affirmed beyond cavil the Morgan claim to superior Wall Street morality. Instead, Mr. Lamont, the most responsible member of the firm, acted as "the dictates of my heart commanded." George Whitney "did what any brother would do." Humanly understandable as this is, it has not strengthened the foundations of 23 Wall Street.

Nor have the present prices of many Morgan securities sold between 1927 and 1932 enhanced the bank's reputation. In these years railroad operating and holding-company bonds together with foreign issues accounted for $1,200,000,000, or one-half of the total Morgan bond originations. On March 31, 1939, their market price showed a depreciation from par value of roughly $460,000,000. In addition, a loss of roughly $500,000,000 has been withstood by the owners of stocks in Alleghany, Standard Brands, and United corporations. Another $33,000,000 to $40,000,000 has been lost by depreciation of Morgan-sponsored utility and miscellaneous bond issues. Together these losses total a billion dollars. Less than 15 per cent of this amount is offset by the premiums at which the better-grade Morgan utility and miscellaneous bonds were redeemed or are now selling.

The entrance of the Giannini interests into the National City Bank and of Winthrop W. Aldrich into the control room of the Chase National Bank has placed Morgan opponents inside the two largest banks in the country. Morgan partners still outnumber any competitive interest on the executive committee of the third-

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largest bank, the Guaranty Trust Company, but deaths have deprived them of irreplaceable directorships in the Bankers Trust Company, the fifth-largest bank in New York, while independent spirits outside the Morgan circle still rule the Central Hanover, the Manufacturers Trust Company, the Irving, the Chemical, and the Bank of Manhattan, which are respectively fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and tenth in size among New York banks. The ninth is First National, and the death of George F. Baker II left this strong institution in the expert hands of Chairman Jackson Reynolds and President Leon Fraser. Mr. Reynolds's refusal of the Van Sweringen loan participation testifies to his independence, while the least that may be said of Mr. Fraser is that he is not a Morgan yes-man. The Morgan house is today the eleventh-largest New York bank; the twelfth is the New York Trust, on whose executive committee sit more Morgan partners than competitive representatives. The partners' votes to have the bank participate in the Van Sweringen loans and the fact that the bank lent money to Richard Whitney after these partners knew of his "unwholesome" condition cannot have increased the Morgan popularity among the stockholders of the New York Trust.

Finally, in considering Morgan's present position attention should be called to the six-year failure to take in new partners. The policy of making partners of the sons of partners has brought amiable men but no brilliant minds into the firm. In the New York office of J. P. Morgan and Company there was not until a few weeks ago one partner under the age of fifty except Mr. Morgan's son, Junius Spencer; Mr. Lamont's son, Thomas Stilwell; and the late Mr. Davison's son, Harry. As for the elder statesmen, Mr. Morgan himself is seventy and admittedly "more or less retired"; the slyly humorous "master of salesmanship," Thomas W. Lamont, is sixty-seven, and the semi-retired Charles Steele is past seventy-five. Of the younger men, only Mr. Leffingwell, who is fifty-nine, and George Whitney, who is fifty-two, are exceptional personalities. Arthur Anderson, who is fifty-seven, and Francis Bartow, who is fifty-six, are exceedingly capable, but neither has the creative imagination or is expert in the "diplomacy" that distinguish the elder Mr. Lamont. S. Parker Gilbert's tragic death early last year deprived the firm of possibly its most cunning intelligence. Of the three partners added a few weeks ago after the six-year hiatus, Henry C. Alexander, who is thirty-seven, formerly was in the Morgan law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardner, and Reed, while Raymond Atkin and William C. Mitchell, who are both forty-six, were department managers in the bank. Thus their partnership makes no addition to the talents previously available to the firm.

One of the least publicized facts about the house is that it is not any more, strictly speaking, the House of Morgan. Mr. Morgan and his son Junius have less than a 30 per cent interest in its profits; the other partners have 70 per cent. To be sure, Mr. Morgan, with about 25 per cent, still has the largest single interest, but this is outweighed by Mr. Lamont's 10 to 14 per cent; the 8½ to 9 per cent each of Messrs. Leffingwell, Steele, and Whitney; the lesser percentages of Messrs. Bartow and Anderson; and the still smaller percentages of young Davison and Lamont. The 70 per cent likewise includes the minor interests of the Philadelphia partners. These approximate figures only slightly indicate how the Morgan name is a banner fluttering over the activities of the more energetic and imaginative partners.

Mr. Morgan, an honest, bluff old squire, has little taste for indirection. Witness his blunt statement that he had "no suggestion" on what to do after the Whitney scandal was first reported to him; reported only after the other partners had failed to head it off, and the case was about to become public knowledge. Junius Spencer Morgan, who is about forty-five, will some day succeed his father, but like him has a temperament unsuited to active leadership. The most forceful Morgan is the younger son, Henry. With suave, kindly Harold Stanley as president, pleasant William Ewing and other capable men as vice-presidents, Henry's firm of Morgan, Stanley and Company may prove the more ponderable. If J. P. Morgan and Company is to regain its ancient glory, a reorganization of its cabinet seems essential.

It remains to be seen whether the monopoly inquiry will hinder or help the return of the House of Morgan to its former position. Advance proclamations indicate an intention to grapple anew with the problem of the "money trust." Despite New Deal legislation the House of Morgan and a handful of other private banks still have privileges not available to national and state banks. Membership in the Stock Exchange is enjoyed by Morgan and denied most other banks. Interstate branch banking is denied the thousands of state and national banks, but Morgan as a private bank is able to have a branch in Philadelphia, and also to have houses in London and Paris not subject to supervision by the United States authorities. These branches have foreign capital, foreign partners, and divided allegiances. The London senior partner, E. C. Grenfell, is not only a director of the Bank of England but also a member of Parliament. As short a time ago as 1938 the helping hands of Prime Minister Chamberlain changed plain Vivian Hugh-Smith of the London partnership into Lord Bicester. The inquiry might, by reviewing Morgan's World War and post-war history, compare the attitude of the house toward the Bank of England and British financial policy with that shown toward the Federal Reserve Board and the White House.

Indeed, the relationship of Morgan to the moneyed interests of Europe has never been adequately investigated. Not only does the bank continue to be the paying agent for interest coupons on its syndicated German and Italian bonds, but it continues to play a role in international affairs. Twice in vain the State Department at Washington protested against the falling off of dollar payments on the Dawes and Young bonds sold by the house. Then something happened, and the Hitler government suddenly improved the rate of payment. This incident and Mr. Lamont's regular visits to Mussolini are worthy of examination. Nevertheless, the Morgan partners have lately spoken for "democracy" and against "dictatorship." Their German, Italian, and Japanese bond issues have dropped $300,000,000 below their original value, while the bonds of the foreign democracies are selling today at a premium. No longer does Mr. Lamont write of Italy's "economic and social progress." But the Morgan partner who was capable in 1919 of conjuring up the red hobgoblin the better to urge United States ratification of the Versailles treaty—refusal, he said, would "spell renewed Bolshevist activity throughout Europe, spreading to America . . ."—is still the firm's leading diplomat.

If the interrelationship of American and European finance capital does not interest the monopoly inquiry, the domestic role of the House of Morgan undoubtedly will. Once, in describing the requirements of its clients, the bank stated that they seek expert advice in regard to financial matters, "consolidations, reorganizations, and new enterprises." For nine years the quoted activities have either been non-existent or unprofitable. Today the bank lends to industry less than 6 per cent of its assets; 20 per cent it keeps in cash, some of which is simply redeposited in public banks; while 68 per cent it stores in tax-exempt government bonds. J. P. Morgan and Company, in short, no longer fills its traditional role in the economy of the United States.

Under the New Deal's easy-money policy, banks are relieved of the necessity of paying interest on demand deposits. This enables Morgan to hold some $400,000,000 of tributary-corporation moneys without paying a penny in return. The flow of such deposit patronage from corporation bureaucracies to the banks is fundamental to the maintenance of the House of Morgan and other components of the money trust. These deposits are mainly turned into government bonds, which in turn finance TVA, Boulder Dam, PWA, RFC, and other government enterprises that are made necessary by the inability of private capital to fulfil its traditional economic role. The question therefore arises, has not the time come to do directly what is now done indirectly and to reconsider the economic efficiency of large banks operated primarily for private profit.

[*This is the second of two articles on the House of Morgan. The first appeared last week.*]

Everybody's Business

The Future of Gold

WRITING in *The Nation* of March 11 about the quiet but steady seepage of gold into America, I ventured to predict that our gold problem would soon return to the headlines. It was only a few days later that Hitler marched into Prague and precipitated a new gold rush to these shores. With fears of war revived, European capitalists redoubled their efforts to transfer liquid capital to America for safekeeping. The resultant huge demand for dollars could only be met by shipping gold to this side. For weeks every liner reaching New York carried as much bullion as the insurers would consent to cover.

In April gold imports amounted to $575,000,000—a total only exceeded in February, 1934, and in the crisis months, September and October, 1938. A minor part of this sum represented European Central Bank reserves sent here for safety by governments which realized that Czechoslovakia's gold had been a primary motive for the German invasion. The great bulk, however, went to swell United States monetary gold stocks, which rose in April by $530,000,000 to a new record of $15,790,000,000. In May the pace slackened, but the flow is still large.

With these further additions to our already overflowing vaults, the question of the final destiny of gold becomes more urgent. Will the rest of the world renounce gold as a medium of international exchange, leaving America with a showy but unrealizable asset? The seeker after gold, as Veblen once pointed out, is typically the man who hopes to gain something for nothing, but who more often than not ends up by obtaining nothing for something. Will this prove true of us as a nation? Having exchanged real assets for gold, shall we finally discover we have made a bad bargain because the rest of the world has decided to abandon the fictions upon which the value of gold rests?

There is no sign that the gravity of the gold problem has struck those in the best position to grapple with it. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau has on more than one occasion let it be known that the massive influx of gold is the least of his worries. Nor do our bankers show concern. Gold is still for them the keystone of the monetary system, and they cannot imagine a situation in which its prestige would be tarnished. Their attitude was well expressed by the New York *Herald Tribune* in an editorial on March 23. There were no indications, it asserted, of a drift away from gold by any nation. "On the contrary, the very political uncertainties prevailing today have tended, if anything, to emphasize the value of gold as the one commodity that remains, after all these centuries, an acceptable and unquestioned medium of exchange, either in peace or war."

Very different conclusions are reached by Professor Frank D. Graham of Princeton and Mr. Charles R. Whittlesey in a detailed examination of the gold problem in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs.* They find nothing in sight to interrupt a continuance of the flow of gold to this country, and they expect, if present policies are maintained, that we shall take over virtually the entire world's stock of monetary gold.

We surrender real assets in exchange for this hoard, which cannot serve any economic function unless the international gold standard is restored, an event which appears to these authorities extremely unlikely. Meanwhile, the existence of a concentrated stock of gold, the price of which is quite out of relation to the cost of production, presents a standing danger of inflation. This possibility, it might be thought, should act as a check on the foreign appetite for dollars. But since gold is tied to the dollar, any fall in the purchasing power of the latter through inflation must mean a similar fall in the purchasing power of gold. That is to say, gold is no better than dollars, and since the dollar value of gold would fall were we to stop buying all that is offered, it might prove worse than dollars. It is significant that in the last few weeks Europe has started to hoard dollar notes on a large scale, and they now command a premium in London.

Messrs. Graham and Whittlesey regard the continuance of our present policy of maintaining single-handed a fixed price for gold as both expensive and dangerous. One alternative would be to abandon the fixed price and let the metal find its own level. But undoubtedly this course would have devastating effects on gold-producing countries, including Canada, whose economy is closely linked to our own. Moreover, since the price would fall heavily, we should have to take a tremendous paper loss on our existing stock: even if the fall did not go beyond the old mint par of $20.67 per ounce, it would exceed $6,000,000,000. This makes the policy of abandoning the fixed price practically impossible politically. Consequently these economists propose as a compromise a two-price system for gold. Inside the country the value would be maintained, but a heavy duty would be placed on imports. This course, which would approximate our gold policy to our silver policy, is also open to objections. It would undoubtedly be regarded as a breach of the Tripartite Agreement, which aims at stabilizing the exchange value of the dollar in terms of the chief European currencies. Inevitably the exchange value of dollars would rise, for as it would be more difficult to obtain dollars for gold the supply of the former in the exchange market would diminish. And this too would present a political obstacle, since our whole gold policy is based on an effort to keep sterling in line with the dollar and prevent British traders from acquiring an advantage over our own by means of a depreciating currency.

The truth about our gold situation is that we have a bear—or should we say a yellow elephant?—by the tail. Our gold stocks represent an investment which we dare not allow to depreciate, and the only means of defense is to go on adding to it. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there is one other country which also cannot afford to encourage the renunciation of gold as an international medium of exchange. If we have a vested interest in gold as the greatest holders, the British Empire has an equal interest as the greatest producer. It is high time the two countries got together to restore the prestige of the precious metal. Gold was once a god at whose altar all mankind worshiped. But for a generation and more his high priests have kept him away from common sight, deep in the bowels of the earth. To the man in the street he has become a statistical abstraction, a headlined problem, and gods who become problems soon cease to be gods.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

A DOUBLE-COLUMN ad in the Wheeling, West Virginia, *News-Register* carried this caption: "Friends Remark How Much Better She Is Looking; Mrs. Anna Deaps Feels the Best in Years." Below appeared a lengthy testimonial from Mrs. Deaps, lauding a "herbal remedy" and reciting what "it has done for me." On the same page, two columns removed, appeared an item which began as follows: "The funeral of Mrs. Anna Deaps, who died at her home on Stark Street, took place this afternoon."

OSTENSIBLY PREPARING a survey of the prospects for jobs of the class of 1939, a representative of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce recently visited the head of the University of Michigan's placement bureau. The interviewer was told that the outlook was unusually favorable, and that 70 per cent of Michigan's graduating class were likely to be placed. "Can't use it," retorted the C. of C. agent, adding, "If you would say that 80 per cent couldn't be placed, we'd use it." He explained cheerfully that the chamber was out to "get" Roosevelt, not to get good news.

AMID CONFLICTING reports of Dr. Schuschnigg's present status, a casual note in the Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter* may provide an ominous clue. That paper, deriding resistance to Nazi penetration, observed: "Herr Schuschnigg has tried to do this under the protection of the British and French. Herr Benes has also done it. . . . Herr Benes is rector of an American university. Herr Schuschnigg's whereabouts today are unknown."

BECAUSE NEWSPAPERS don't report libel suits against other papers, they ignored a notable verdict in a recent suit against Hearst. Ex-Assemblyman Kaminsky introduced a resolution in the New York legislature in 1935 designed to repeal the teachers' oath law. Hearst's New York *American* —now the *Journal-American*—promptly "exposed" his "links" with Communists and the "communistic" Civil Liberties Union. Now a Brooklyn jury has awarded Kaminsky $20,000 in damages. The Brooklyn *Tablet*, incidentally, enthusiastically reprinted the libelous editorial, but has not been sued.

THE "CHINESE SILK" enterprise, reported in these columns several weeks ago, has been abandoned; pressure from Chinese authorities did the trick. . . . Father Coughlin has again been caught borrowing from Nazi sources. The American Jewish Congress Bulletin gives the details. . . . Senator Reynolds has sent propaganda for his American Vindicators to physicians in every hospital in several large cities. . . . The German government is making vigorous efforts to attract American students to Germany this summer. Invitations are flooding the colleges.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

No Third Term for Roosevelt

SECRETARY ICKES'S coming out for President Roosevelt for a third term is, I think, to be explained solely by the fact that there is at the moment no other outstanding candidate for the job who represents the progressive wing of the Democratic Party. For all his defense of the third term and his assertion that George Washington did not really oppose it, I do not think that Mr. Ickes would take this position if he believed it would be possible for the progressive element in his party to nominate Henry Wallace or Harry Hopkins or Mr. Ickes himself. Besides being extremely courageous, Mr. Ickes is absolutely devoted to the progressive idea and has been so since he bolted Taft in 1912 and joined the Bull Moose effort to give Theodore Roosevelt a third term in the Presidency. He is willing, therefore, to risk the beginning of a dictatorship in the United States by giving his present chief a third term lest there be a reactionary triumph. He is quite willing that an honor should be given to Franklin Roosevelt that has not been bestowed upon anybody else, although he knows that the nomination of the President in 1940 would drive out of the party not only the reactionaries, whom he and I would both like to have out, but also many independents, who, much as they admire many of the things accomplished by Franklin Roosevelt, would deem it treason to the Republic to advocate the continuance of the Roosevelt regime.

I am, of course, entirely in accord with what Mr. Ickes says about Vice-President Garner. His candidacy is preposterous on every ground; his election would be a calamity. Yet I do not believe that the nomination of Roosevelt is the only answer. I would far rather see Bennett Clark chosen, or Governor Stark of Missouri, or Secretary Hull. Mr. Ickes cannot deny that if it should be "necessary" in 1940 to put up Franklin Roosevelt again for lack of anyone else, the same cry would be raised in 1944 and 1948. If three terms are all right, then four terms will be, then five, then six, and then a Presidency for life. That is what the Bull Moosers would gladly have bestowed upon Theodore Roosevelt; and certain friends of General Grant who had profited by being in office or by the wholesale graft that went on in his Administration were also for keeping him in the Presidency indefinitely as the only proper reward for the victor of Appomattox.

If there were the soundest reasons for defeating Grant and Theodore Roosevelt for third terms, there are similarly sound reasons for retiring Franklin Roosevelt to private life—I should take this position if I felt that the Roosevelt Administration were 100 per cent successful all along the line instead of being in very considerable degree a failure, a direct invitation to the electorate to choose once more a conservative for the office. The ten million unemployed, the huge deficit, the boundless waste and extravagance in expenditures, the lack of coordination and efficiency in administration, and the constant playing of politics—these are the measure of Mr. Roosevelt's partial failure. What we need is not a continuance of this Administration but a different kind—not a reactionary one, of course, but one that is progressive and also capable of economy, efficiency, and constructive concentration upon the economic problems that menace the very existence of the Republic.

It is too bad that the lead has been taken by Secretary Ickes, a high office-holder and therefore tremendously in the debt of Franklin Roosevelt. If a third term must be championed, it ought to be by men who are not under obligation to the President and have nothing to gain by his reelection. As it is I want to see an immediate movement to head off that nomination. I should like to have a group of Democratic liberals, if there are others of my opinion, come right straight out in a signed manifesto that they will not tolerate the breaking of the third-term tradition. I hope that Congress will act immediately and vote as it has voted twice before against a third term. The movement for a third term for Grant was assuming threatening proportions when the House voted by 233 to 18 that a third term would be "unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions." When there was talk of a third term for President Coolidge, the Senate adopted an anti-third-term resolution. A bill against a third term is ready now to be presented to the House and should be passed without a moment's delay.

No one man is indispensable to this country. Those who say that our institutions cannot be maintained in their integrity or our domestic evils cured by anyone except Franklin Roosevelt are playing into the hands of the fascist elements. They are giving aid to those groups who want a "strong man" in Washington to smash the labor unions, repeal the Roosevelt progressive legislation, carry on the government for the benefit of big business and the specially privileged, and do away with such control of the government over bad business practices as now exists.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Asiatic Personalities

INSIDE ASIA. By John Gunther. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

IN THIS survey of Asiatic politics John Gunther has set himself a task of extraordinary proportions. It is nothing less than a study of the whole of Asia—from the Far East to the Near East, with all that lies between, not omitting the Indian subcontinent. In 1937-38, except for Saudi Arabia and the Mongolias, he traveled through all the important countries of this far-flung area. He talked with hundreds of major and minor political figures in these lands. As preparation he read widely in standard works, periodicals, and official reports; previously he had been a correspondent in the Near East at four different periods. On the whole, he has acquitted himself admirably. "Inside Asia" bears up well under comparison with "Inside Europe."

As in his earlier work personality and personalities are exploited to the full. From the first chapter on the Japanese emperor through to the penultimate chapter on Dr. Chaim Weizmann there is a seemingly endless array of generals, kings, politicians, government leaders, scholars, princes, poets, saints, labor leaders, gangsters, and puppets—all of them subtly and revealingly portrayed. Critics of this technique may scoff, but it accomplishes wonders in sketching backgrounds, bringing out the nuances, and showing the common human traits of strange and little-known countries and peoples.

Of the countless portraits of personalities in the book, a few stand out in extraordinary completeness of detail and accuracy of perception. Readers may well differ as to the most successful of Gunther's various efforts to catch the subtleties, the many-sided complexities, of Asia's greatest living leaders. In my judgment Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru stand out as the most complete and full-bodied figures in the book, with Manuel Quezon running a close second. For China, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang are effectively handled. Among the Japanese, none, save possibly the emperor, leaves a strong impression. Is this purely a coincidence, is it intentionally artful, or is it just an unconscious reflection of Japan's all-pervading group spirit? Probably the last, for even Araki has faded, and there is simply no single individual who adequately symbolizes Japan's ruthless drive to subjugate China.

It would be false, however, to convey the impression that there is nothing more than a succession of spirited biographical sketches in this book. It contains much solid political, social, and economic analysis. At points the interpretation may be disputed; at others it is uncannily piercing. As a key to current Far Eastern politics the following sentence deserves to be pondered: "If stalemate continues in China, the Japanese military may fear that civilian rivals in Tokyo will strengthen their position, out of dissatisfaction with conduct of the China war; in this case, the military may think it necessary to regain prestige and power by striking elsewhere." It is this factor which drives the military to insist on alliance with Germany and Italy at the price of the severe internal struggle which is gripping Japan at the present moment.

On the other hand, Gunther seriously overplays the apparent dichotomy between Japanese "big business" and the army. For in recent years the financial barons have willingly gone over to a war-time munitions-production basis, and the military is the spearhead of the aggressive efforts of these huge monopolies to win an imperial sphere of exploitation. The latter have never had a real quarrel with the militarists' aggression on the continent, save in one respect—that it be not carried to a limit of recklessness that threatens to bring down the whole regime. This is an important difference, but it revolves mainly about tactics. The strife in Japan's ruling circles is real enough, but the army remains essentially a projection of the basic aims of the country's imperialist economy.

In the section on Acknowledgements the author virtually lays down a challenge as to the accuracy of the detailed facts of his volume. It is indeed amazingly accurate, and the few corrections here suggested may possibly represent improvements in a second edition. Araki did not resign after the February, 1936, mutiny; he had left the Cabinet two years earlier (p. 76). Amalgamation of the Tohokai and Social Mass parties has not actually taken place, despite a mistaken news report to this effect (pp. 77, 79). Only 10,000 *agricultural* colonists may have emigrated to Manchoukuo, but roughly 250,000 Japanese business men, government employees, clerks, etc., have settled in Manchuria since 1932 (p. 103). The Chinese Eastern Railway was sold to Manchoukuo in 1935, not 1934 (p. 109). The Amau statement did not ask for repayment by China of old Japanese loans (p. 117). The Kwantung army *is* used for suppressing "banditry," that is, the guerrilla opposition, in Manchoukuo (p. 132). The Open Door policy was enunciated by John Hay in 1899, not 1889; obviously, this is a typographical error (p. 167). China inaugurated its currency reform in 1935, not 1934 (p. 171). Chen Chi-tang's revolt occurred in 1936, not 1935 (footnote, p. 186). The Kwangsi twins were driven into Kwangsi in 1929, not 1935 (p. 257). Under the Tydings-McDuffie Act, the Philippine export tax applies to all exports to the United States, not only to sugar; and it will not begin at 5 per cent but at 5 per cent of the American tariff rates (p. 300).

"Inside Asia" is delightful reading and should win a wide and appreciative audience. If its popularity measures up to "Inside Europe," it will make a valuable contribution to America's knowledge of the movements and forces which are now stirring the Oriental peoples. This is the sole comprehensive treatment of the political struggles, and of the drive for national emancipation, of well over one-half the population of the world.

T. A. BISSON

Incredible England

SECURITY—CAN WE RETRIEVE IT? By Sir Arthur Salter. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.

"'WHEN I use a word,' Humpty-Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.' 'The question is,' said Alice, 'whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.' 'The question is,' said Humpty-Dumpty, 'which is to be Master—that's all.'"

This question is precisely the question which Sir Arthur Salter and other middle-minded muddlers among the British intelligentsia firmly refuse to face. But their propensity for misusing words has in no wise been diminished by the parlous pass to which the empire is now reduced. On the contrary, the exigencies of the hour call for prodigious feats of verbal acrobatics to convince an anxious and befuddled public that the walrus and the carpenter may not really eat the oysters after all.

Sir Arthur accordingly pulls up his steed at the crossroads, surveys the gloomy landscape, and gallops off furiously in all directions. Although horse and rider glide through the air with the greatest of ease, the observer is never quite certain of the direction of movement. Sometimes the Red Queen is teacher and Sir Arthur dashes madly onward in order to stay in the same place. But at the end it is clear that his mentor in equitation is none other than "Wrong-Way" Corrigan.

The itinerary embraces a flight from Munich, a pilgrimage to Geneva, a detour around Moscow, and a return to Munich—or is it Geneva?—which in the interim has been subtly transfigured so that the Führerhaus and the League Palace are now the same building and Rousseau's Island has been rechristened Adolf Hitler Platz. This sounds confusing, but Sir Arthur makes it all very simple. War threatens. The surrender of Czechoslovakia was bad but necessary, since "the force against us was so formidable." Spain should—perhaps—not have been surrendered. Collective security against aggression must be restored. But this does not mean "the establishment of such political relations, combined with military strength, between the League members as will compel the fascist countries to accept League methods and decisions. I mean the gradual establishment (with the aid of the united strength of ourselves and our allies) of such relations with the fascist countries as may later result in their voluntary reentry into the League."

How to achieve a "general settlement"? The formula is plain: "a policy which combines both strength to resist and a discriminating willingness to concede." The book demonstrates that resistance and concessions are, *mirabile dictu,* as much alike as Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee. Aggressors must be opposed, one gathers, by granting their demands and thus saving them from temptation. In his "Draft Manifesto of British Policy" Sir Arthur urges that Germany be granted "rights and possessions which in sum total are equivalent to those enjoyed by the Germany of 1914." Hitler must have economic aid and colonies—"if other countries will cooperate." Sacrifices are needful, preferably by others. Surrender to threats is folly, but willing concession is wisdom. Disarmament is possible on a basis of "political parity," which apparently means Nazi hegemony over Germany's *Lebensraum.* Thus will come the dawn, for thus we "pluck the best from fate and find the Golden Mean."

Is Sir Arthur honest in this disastrous nonsense? Or is he spoofing, like the writer of the publisher's blurb which calls this "the most heartening and courageous book out of Europe since Hitler came to power"? Candor drips from every page. Yet the writer admits "special precaution to avoid saying anything which might be contrary to the public interest." Simon and Hoare are criticized. Yet Halifax is nominated as the next Prime Minister. Chamberlain is shrewdly evaluated and yet depicted as the hero of peace on September 28, 1938. All but nitwits now know that the dramatic last-minute rescue on that dismal day in Commons was a fraud. Yet Sir Arthur presents it as genuine. *Cui bono?*

This work is important. It will bring secret joy to Cliveden, Downing Street, and the axis. It will have wide influence in mobilizing acquiescence in the new appeasement to come. Whether it was designedly written for this purpose cannot yet be told. In any case there is no reason to doubt that it reflects accurately the present temper of the British ruling class. And it is further evidence, if more were needed, that that class cannot face realities. When it falls, with all its pride and prejudice and blind conceit, neither all the king's horses nor all the king's men will suffice to put it together again.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Stories by Gorki

A BOOK OF SHORT STORIES BY MAXIM GORKI. Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky and Baroness Moura Budberg. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

OF THE fifteen stories in this volume, ranging in date of composition from 1894 to 1924, a number are already well known in translation, including Chelkash, Twenty-six Men and a Girl, One Autumn Evening, and the unforgettable Creatures That Once Were Men. Six others, according to the editors, have never appeared in English before. The book therefore furnishes a fair cross-section of the shorter fiction of the great Russian writer who died three years ago.

You will enjoy these stories most if you read them one or two at a sitting, then put the book away for a while. Taken as a group, they strike the same minor chord with a regularity that is apt to detract from the effect of the individual stories. Gorki at his best is always deeply moving, lyrical even in his vignettes of squalid and misshapen lives, and his people, however repulsive, are living, suffering people; but they are cut from a pattern that does not allow a great deal of variation. They are nearly all peasants or guttersnipes, twisted and deformed, reeking of vodka, and either cunningly villainous or well-meaningly stupid. And one cannot help noticing the ever-recurring Gorki narrator, a nameless, homeless, usually penniless, and altogether rather amorphous figure who comes into contact, briefly and accidentally, with a character or group of characters that illustrates life's ironic contrasts. In One Autumn Evening he is comforted under an overturned boat by a kind-hearted prostitute. In The Hermit he is a casual onlooker at the philosophy and practice of a queer, unorthodox saint. In Birth of a Man he serves as accoucheur to a peasant woman by the roadside. In Lullaby he drops into the squalid home of a strangely childlike woman of the streets and her crippled, strangely old-minded son. The narrator is always a baffled child of misfortune, a somewhat naive but semi-intellectual waif who plays his part as listener or helper or recipient of help, as the case may be, and then goes on his way with a catch in his throat. He seems always to be the same person in slightly different disguises; yet he never ceases to feel the same surprise and dismay at the sight of cruelty in men, or of fortitude in unexpected places. Compared with the hard-boiled objectivity of the later realists, Gorki's approach is often tender, almost sentimental, and these stories are reminders of the essential romanticism that underlies so much Russian fiction even when it appears superficially realistic.

The translations, by several different hands, are all smoothly readable, and while Aldous Huxley declares in the preface that "even the best translation permits only of inferential knowledge, never of direct acquaintance with the spirit and essence of the original," this volume forms a convenient introduction to the work of a significant modern writer whom most of us must always be content to know only through inferential knowledge. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Coleridge Chronicle

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY. By E. K. Chambers. Oxford University Press. $7.

RECENT books about Coleridge have attempted to interpret him; they have been psychological or mystical; most of them have been bad, and none has had much biographical value. This is the first complete life since Campbell's in 1894, and being longer, better documented, more accurate, it is certain to replace that as the standard work. Chambers is able to use the results of much special research undertaken since Campbell wrote; more facts and more letters are available. His account corrects Campbell's in many respects. Most important, his experience with sources is unrivaled. The facts of Coleridge's life are set forth fully and competently.

This is a useful thing to have done. It is necessary, however, to point out that this is all Chambers has done. His book is not so much a biography as a sketch for a biography. He notes this, calling it "a bare chronicle"; and we find a general refusal to interpret or judge his material. We miss in the book the organizing power of a thesis, a trend, a whole opinion, a consistent and real attitude. No sense of the subject's greatness or importance is conveyed; a reader unfamiliar with Coleridge's works might wonder why Chambers felt justified in the expenditure of so much attention on the man. It is true, as he says, that "he who walks with Coleridge must tread thorny ways and pass through valleys of humiliation." But one of the biographer's cardinal duties is to display his subject in its just proportions, maintaining a generous perspective. Another is to make out the significant lines and conflicts of the life under examination, and to bring his material into moral focus. Chambers does neither. The limitations of his study are self-imposed, but they are major limitations.

There is something more distressing to record. When any attitude at all is apparent, it suggests patronage, a slightly amused, well-bred astonishment at the antics of the subject. Chambers is not often openly ironic, but this tone tends to undermine the reader's interest and patience with the biography as well as his respect for Coleridge.

Respect for Coleridge is a complicated affair, in any case. "From foolish men that write Books, Lord deliver me!" he exclaims to Sara Hutchinson in one of the little-known letters given by Chambers in an appendix. "It has been my Lot to be made a Fool of by Madmen, and represented as a Madman by Fools." The complaint might still be made with justice by his ghost. Coleridge is a particularly difficult and exasperating subject. His tragedy was his continual falsification of the world about him; his dramatic instinct was great, and turned mainly inward; he early involved himself in a morass of promises, dreams, expectations, from which no man so little steadfast could hope to extricate himself. The plans, travels, friendships, and conversations that made up his life were all aspects of an incapacity to deal with or even to face quotidian experience.

Pantisocracy, the scheme born of an impulse to escape to America—he liked the sound of the name Susquehanna—need not bother us. But it was the first of innumerable air-castles, fantastic hopes, projected works of all kinds. The obligations mounted, unfulfilled. Evidence on this point is overwhelming. Lamb in 1800: "As long as Lloyd or I have known Col., so long have we known him in the daily and hourly habit of quizzing the world by lyes, most unaccountable and most disinterested fictions." Dorothy Wordsworth in 1810: "His whole time and thoughts (except when he is reading and he reads a great deal) are employed in deceiving himself, and seeking to deceive others." His wife in 1812: "His promises, poor fellow, are like his Castles—airy nothings." All who knew him speak of instability, lack of will. The opium, the miscellaneous and frenzied trips to Germany, to Malta and Italy, all over England, were attempts to put off the time of reckoning. Friends sustained him, spiritually and financially, which rendered unnecessary the regular employment that might have saved his self-respect; and he needed them desperately, as much before the open failure of his marriage as later. Chambers places great emphasis on these friendships with the Wordsworths, Thomas Poole, Southey, Cottle, the Wedgwoods, Charles and Mary Lamb, Stuart and a host of others, in the final years the Gillmans; he tracks them carefully to their tragic or humiliating conclusions.

More perhaps than anything else, his incomparable conversational power, the chief glory and fascination of Coleridge, betrayed him. All were attracted by it, and it led them to expect a steadiness, a moral poise, in the speaker which they did not find. And his conversation largely unfitted him for other activities, writing and living, because it replaced them. "He is one of those minds who, except in inspired moods, can do nothing—and his inspirations are all *oral,* and not *scriptural,*" said Charles Lloyd. Both parts of the statement are substantially true. The work of no other major writer is so uninteresting as the great mass of Coleridge's writings, poetic, critical, journalistic, philosophical. The astounding light of the presence and the marvelous tongue is what some biographer must finally re-create. Chambers has collected the statistics for him. JOHN BERRYMAN

Collapse of the Weimar Republic

INSIDE GERMANY. By Albert C. Grzesinski. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

WHEN the soldiers came home from the war they were too terror-stricken to write about what they had lived through. Only some years later did the endless stream of war literature begin. Perhaps the pressure of the Nazi explosion which swept the leading men of the ill-starred Weimar republic from power into exile has had a similar effect on those who can tell the inside story of republican Germany. We have had a few authentic reports on the Weimar republic and not a single one on its substantial achievements, with the result that the stereotyped calumnies of the Nazis against Weimar have gone for the most part unchallenged even by Hitler's enemies.

Mr. Grzesinski's book deserves respectful attention as the account of a man who, by virtue of his continuous service under the republic, knows his subject thoroughly. After a useful training in administration in the Socialist trade unions, followed by service in various official capacities in the Reich Ministries of War, Labor, and the Interior, Mr. Grzesinski was twice Police President of Berlin (1925-26, 1930-32) and held for four years (1926-30) the key position of Prussian Minister of the Interior under Otto Braun. In addition, he was a Socialist member of the Prussian parliament over the whole period of the republic. His book, written without affectation or pretentious humility, does credit both to his character and to his official work. He was an administrator, not a politician and certainly not a statesman. He knew most of the leading men and sizes them up without hate or bias. A faithful friend to Otto Braun, he is fair toward Noske, whose picture is commonly distorted by Socialist historiographers; he is deservedly hard on the double-crossings of Severing; he helps to dismantle what is left, in foreign countries, of the Hindenburg myth, but he is strangely reluctant to establish squarely Dr. Brüning's manifest guilt in the collapse of the republic. Perhaps the author feels as a coexile that Brüning is entitled to more generosity than is granted by those who consider that lip service to democracy and underhand maneuvering for restoration of the cowardly Hohenzollerns were irreconcilable.

Yet there is surprisingly little in Mr. Grzesinski's story that is actually new. It is not to be assumed that he has held back secrets; evidently the real sources of truth cannot be tapped by those surviving. Throughout the book the vicious role of the army, sabotaging the efforts of the political leaders, is exposed, but no striking information is forthcoming on many still mysterious events. Why were Stresemann's efforts to consolidate the republic—incidentally Stresemann is mentioned only once and casually at that—frustrated by heavy industry affiliated with the army? When will the whole story be told of the Osthilfe scandal, which was instrumental in bringing about the fall of both Brüning and Schleicher? Few are left now who can give the whole truth. Schleicher has met his fate. Otto Braun preserves silence. Dr. Hugenberg, still alive and an honorary captive of the Nazis, could not overcome his inborn dishonesty and muster the self-criticism needed for the truth. And Dr. Meissner, loyal servant to Ebert, Hindenburg, and Hitler, is the victim of his own disloyalty. We contemporaries must thus be content with marginal notes on this important chapter of Germany history.

On the whole, one gains the impression from Mr. Grzesinski's book that the Weimar constitution did not fail because of misconstructions of the fundamental arrangements, although the dualism between the reactionary government in the Reich and the Socialist government in Prussia ultimately set the avalanche in motion; it failed through the peculiar misfortune of the Germans that a good constitution was bungled by incompetent or disloyal men. Few had the insight, and of these few none had the courage and the power, to reform and if necessary to wreck the overtowering machines of the army, the bureaucracy, and the courts which the republic had inherited from the imperial regime and which were kept inviolate before deluded public opinion. The Democrats —and there were more than Mr. Gezesinski seems willing to admit—had not the courage of their convictions. Mr. Grzesinski as Police President and Minister of the Interior did his best to curb the Communist and Nationalist hooligans and to restore the authority of the state—it would have been a comparatively easy matter if undertaken in time—but the government of Dr. Brüning thwarted his efforts. Our living democracies commit the same sins of omission, in discovering, to amend a German proverb, the communistic mote in their neighbor's eye while not seeing the fascist beam in their own. Similarly, the chapters on the failure of the republic to advertise democracy and its values and on "democratic tolerance" might be read with profit by leading statesmen in the democracies today. What is the use of history unless it teaches us to avoid the trap into which the Weimar republic was chased like a rabbit?

The second part of Mr. Grzesinski's book gives a good summary of Hitler in power. The author, from his vantage point in Paris after 1933, in close contact with underground sources of information in Germany, has perhaps a better opportunity for judgment than most foreign observers. He describes effectively Nazi justice and the huge organization of the party; he estimates the number of paid and unpaid officials of the party and its affiliated organizations at the very least at two million, which helps to explain the much-heralded "miracle" of "wiping out" unemployment. As to the army he emphasizes correctly that the end of the Hitler regime cannot be expected from that quarter. German militarism has found its ideal fulfilment in the militarization of the entire nation, which has come about, rather ironically, under an Austrian ex-corporal and not under a Prussian general, as Ludendorff dreamed. American readers will find the second part the more interesting, although the section dealing with the republic calls for more attention among responsible readers.

The supreme question posed by the author, Was the downfall of the republic "inevitable"? is not yet solved with finality. Mr. Grzesinski answers it in the affirmative because, he says, "to build a truly democratic Germany required a free people imbued with the sense of liberty and determined to fight for its civil rights." It is submitted here that this statement is perhaps too easy. There was too much of civil rights in republican Germany, but for the wrong people, and too much militancy, but again by the wrong people. After 1924, when the nation was recovering with amazing speed and success from the lost war, the lost peace, and the inflation, and when Stresemann, the only sizable statesman of the period, was in fact only a hundred yards from the goal, the chances for the lasting establishment of a German democracy were more than fair, certainly better than in France after 1870. But the French, having got rid of their potential Hindenburg, MacMahon, did not succumb to their potential Hitler, Boulanger. Under better leaders the disaster in Germany could probably have been averted. His book records that Mr. Grzesinski did what was in his power to do for German democracy; which may be at least a comfort in exile.

KARL LOEWENSTEIN

DANCE

Ballet Caravan

EVERYONE said it couldn't be done; there was no tradition, talent, or demand for it. Lincoln Kirstein disagreed and set to work to create an American ballet. That was some four years ago. The performances of the Ballet Caravan, presented during the recent repertory season of the American Lyric Theater, proved that native ballet is no longer the substance of a dream but a sturdy fact.

"Filling Station," with choreography by Lew Christensen and music by Virgil Thomson, uses a service station as background for a cellophane fantasy. The material is completely American, the manner very French. It is as though a witty foreigner were satirizing a typical and lively American phenomenon. Marie-Jeanne as the Rich Girl gave a notable performance. She has a serviceable technique that promises virtuosity. The quality that distinguishes her, however, is an accurate and sensitive sense of pantomime that is as true and unaffected as Boston baked beans. Even when she is performing an outworn ballet trick, she does it as though she had only that moment thought of it, and executes it as though no one had ever done it before. Her solo, followed by the pas de deux with her sweetheart and then by the pas de trois in which the attendant joins, is an exquisite, ironic lyric. Through it all she maintains a just slightly tipsy wriggle of the head that serves now as accompaniment, now as accent to a romantic gesture.

William Dollar's choreography for Bach's "Goldberg Variations" poses the initial and to me insuperable difficulty of dancing to the music of great composers. If the music itself is an entity, the choreographer has three choices, and they are all bad risks. He can express his reaction to the music, and trust that the audience will understand. He can create an independent ballet for which the music is merely background, a reckless undertaking when the music is of a high order. He can attempt to parallel the musical sequence in terms of abstract movement, arranging the dance themes to coincide with the musical themes. In the first case the dancing attempts to interpret music which presumably needs no interpretation; in the second there seems little point in using the music at all; and in the third the dancing attempts to reproduce the music in another medium. The last carries the least danger since the problem becomes purely formal, and this method Dollar for the most part followed. As a whole it came off better than similar experiments with the symphonic form presented by the Ballet Russe. The entrances and exits were strikingly arranged, and the spatial counterpoint of the Twelfth Variation was an unforgettable experience.

If you enjoy Indian ballet, then "Pocahontas," a leaden-footed fantasy devised by Lew Christensen to music by Elliot Carter, may not irritate you. But if you prefer your primitives straight, then the superimposition of a highly sophisticated technique on utterly unsophisticated material is an annoyance. The banal choreography, the poor taste of the settings, costumes, and music may make you want to do a little scalping on your own.

"Billy the Kid," brilliantly choreographed by Loring to an interesting score by Copland, consists of a series of variations on a single theme—Billy is quick on the trigger, and when he shoots he gets his man. Though the incidents follow a chronological order, there is no attempt at character development. The result is a gay ballad dealing with a likable bad man of the eighties. The ensemble dances, called "Open Prairie," provide a prologue and epilogue that state in generalized terms the heroic aspects of the period. The main body of the piece, however, uses concrete and highly theatrical material. Dollar's procedure differs radically from the usual ballet practice, where the burden of the story is carried by pantomimic sequences interpolated in a series of dance interludes. With him the story becomes the motivating force for a type of movement in which dance and pantomime are happily fused. In style much of the ballet is reminiscent of the paintings of Seurat. There is the same precise, satiric stylization of straight-backed virtue bursting its bonds at exactly the correct moment to expose a brilliant flare of would-be bawdiness. The tight red costumes and eloquent posteriors of the dance-hall girls are part of a caricature that is scintillating at its best and always amusing.

The question arises of just how American the Ballet Caravan is, for though the performers and subject matter are American, they reflect any number of foreign influences. The question is a natural one because the avowed object of the group is to create an American ballet. But since American dance cannot as yet be defined in communicable terms, the question is actually unanswerable and practically not pertinent. Time is involved in the evolution of a national art, and even more time in the recognition of its characteristics. One cannot start with an a priori assumption of what traits are American and then compose dances exemplifying these traits. It is only in the historical development of an art that national characteristics emerge. In this sense a concept such as American ballet has real meaning only when formed on the basis of an existent body of art to which it may then be applied. Since, however, the corps and subject matter of the Ballet Caravan are American, there is every reason to suppose that it will contribute to the process.

The Polish Ballet now appearing at the Hall of Music at the New York World's Fair provides a convenient illustration of one type of national ballet. Its method consists in using legendary material and folk customs and dances as a basis for choreography. Its outstanding ballets, "Harnasie" to a Szymonowski score and "Country Wedding" to music by Kurpinski, achieve a complete and infrequently seen integration of folk material with ballet technique. The two elements appear only upon analysis; in performance they are one. Then, too, the company possesses the characteristic Slavic vigor, gusto, accented rhythms, and earth-sprung leaps. The cast contains a number of competent artists, of whom two are superb—Wojikowski, remembered from the early days of the Ballet Russe, and Kilinski, a spectacular dancer now making his first American appearance. Kilinski's virtuosity, the ease of his elevation, his fire and projection are qualities rarely united in the person of a single dancer. Several ballerinas are unusually fine, as Slawska, Rajewska, Glinka, and Wojikowska.

Except for the Chopin Concerto in E minor, which is an uninspired recapitulation of the music in a plastic medium, the ballets delightfully combine simplicity with glamor, directness of purpose with subtlety of execution. The direction and the performers are fresh and unpretentious, with a fine disregard for smart and startling effects. Yet without ever straining after novelty the Polish Ballet achieves it.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

FILMS

THIS month's "March of Time" runs under the title "War, Peace, and Propaganda." It starts with shots of the New York World's Fair, in particular of the British buildings, which cover, as we are told, a greater area than those of all the other fifty-eight nations participating. This, if true, is not startling if one considers that the buildings housing the exhibits of the dominions are included. We next see British sailors in New York's Central Park "eager to make friends with Americans"—like every sailor in a foreign port. This is followed by shots of British Prime Ministers in action, that is, talking—MacDonald, Baldwin, Chamberlain, not Lloyd George, who is merely writing his never-ending account of the Peace Conference. What they say we do not hear because these shots are accompanied only by the voice of the commentator, who tells us how the situation in Germany has developed in the last twenty years. Then come interesting newsreels of the military preparations to which Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland have been compelled since Mr. Chamberlain's Munich coup to assure "peace in our time." From these little European countries the camera turns to France and England, shows some of their war preparations, and then sweeps over the Caribbean Sea, where the English islands, marked with little crowns, are seen in close proximity to our own possessions; the commentator tells us that Britain's crown colonies figure prominently in United States defense strategy. That is about all. Added to this are a few shots of the board of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis and the statement of one of the directors that the visit of the King and Queen in America had a definite purpose—to "sell" Americans "England's point of view in world affairs."

These and other comments do not replace what is missing in the pictorial story. The words of a movie can never convey —at least not convincingly—what the movie itself does not tell. However right they may be, words not backed up by pictorial evidence give the impression of propaganda. This is especially bad if the picture wants to expose propaganda. "War, Peace, and Propaganda" deals with a vital theme inadequately.

One may ask whether it is necessary to waste so many words on a short which, like most shorts, only fails in its purpose without doing much damage? It seems to me, however, that it would be a big mistake for this column to neglect shorts, as is generally done. All over the country millions of moviegoers get these hors d'œuvres before the main dish is served. For many adults the shorts are a kind of afterschool education. "March of Time" has often done a good job and has won confidence. Its prestige should spur its makers to greater accuracy and not to relax as in the last two issues. But, of course, whether to speak the truth or not is more and more becoming a matter of policy, and therefore a difficult question to decide.

"The Mikado" (Universal) is a lovely picture thanks to Gilbert and Sullivan, whose words and melodies could not be ruined. The movie of the famous musical comedy simply records in technicolor an elaborate studio reproduction of the usual stage production. No attempt is made to use the wider scope of the screen to overcome the limitations of the stage; much less to create a new movie style which would bring wit and poetry to our much too heavily loaded programs.

For thriller addicts: "The House of Fear" is one of the better detective films, ably directed by Joe May. "The Mystery of the White Room" proves to be a great disappointment. The killing is done with surgeons' scalpels and an unbearable kind of humor.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

THE fine Concerto in D by K. P. E. Bach, with its particularly lovely slow movement, is played with superb phrasing and color, if also with occasional overemphasis, by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky; and the performance is recorded by Victor (two records, $4.50) with no less superb clarity and fidelity, if also with brilliance in the violins that is occasionally excessive. Toscanini's performance of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz" with the New York Philharmonic was enchanting; what Victor now offers ($2) is a performance with the less sensitive and subtle B. B. C. Symphony, and one that is so reverberantly and coarsely recorded that one cannot hear what is usually unmistakable—

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the sharpness of contour that is in a Toscanini performance with no matter what orchestra. A better job by the B. B. C. Symphony's strings under Boult and by the H. M. V. recording staff is the set (three records, $5) of Tchaikovsky's charming Serenade Opus 48. And a fine performance of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture by an unnamed orchestra under Bigot ($1.50) is less dynamic in phrasing and orchestral coloring than Beecham's, but gains by being less deliberate in pace.

Under Stokowski the Philadelphia Orchestra, assisted by Jeanne Behrend and Alexander Kelberine, contributes a gorgeous-sounding performance of Harl McDonald's Concerto for two pianos (three records, $6.50), which is fluent, agreeable to the ear, effective, and in fact everything but important. Under Ormandy the orchestra ably supports Flagstad in "Du bist der Lenz" from "Die Walküre" and "Euch Lüften" from "Lohengrin" ($1.50), and collaborates with Marian Anderson in Brahms's Alto Rhapsody, which is one of his least enticing works, and in three songs—"Dein blaues Auge," "Der Schmied," and "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer"—which suffer from a metallic quality in Miss Anderson's voice and a lack of emotional warmth in her singing. If, moreover, there is one song that will take nothing but the percussive accompaniment of the piano, it is "Der Schmied"; and I don't like the lush orchestral accompaniments for the others any better (three records, $6).

In a two-record set ($4.50) Griffes's Two Sketches based on Indian themes, well played by the Coolidge Quartet, reveal skill in a type of manipulation for which other material would be better suited. And on a single record ($2) is Mozart's exquisite Rondo in A minor K. 511, in a performance by Paderewski that has some sensitiveness and grace but nothing commensurate with the glamor of his name.

All things considered, the most noteworthy releases of the month are the first recordings of the pianist Webster Aitken, issued by Gamut. The qualities that set this extraordinary young artist apart are to be heard at their best, their most effective in the legitimate sense of the word, on the single record ($1.50) of the powerfully phrased and integrated performance of Mozart's Fantasia in C minor K. 475—a performance which triumphs over dull recording and poor surfaces. In Schubert's great posthumous Sonata in C minor (three records, $5) one hears the same artist, but playing without the same inner repose, and failing therefore to achieve the same power. Where the first movement should be imposingly dramatic, the playing makes it feverish and distorted; where it should, by contrast, be relaxed, the playing continues to make it restless; and other things of the sort occur in subsequent movements, but not in the last.

B. H. HAGGIN

CORRECTION: The price of "Family Reunion," by T. S. Eliot, is $1.50, not $2.50 as stated in last week's issue.

Next Week

THEATER ON THE LEFT

By Charles R. Walker

CONFERENCE

Gen. Hugh Johnson
columnist
Fernando de los Rios
Former Spanish Ambassador
Eugene Lyons
editor *American Mercury*
Congressman Voorhis
of the Dies Committee
Father F. X. Talbot, S.J.
editor of *America*
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Letters to the Editors

"Red Totalitarianism"

Reply—

Dear Sirs: Freda Kirchwey's editorial on the Committee for Cultural Freedom in your issue of May 27 is unfair, confused, and seriously compromises *The Nation's* claim to be an organ of independent liberal opinion.

She quotes a sentence from an article of mine, totally unrelated to the manifesto of the committee, and on the strength of it attributes a specific social philosophy and political strategy to all signers of the manifesto. She could just as well—but with no more right—have maintained that the Committee for Cultural Freedom is pro-New Deal because its secretary, Ferdinand Lundberg, is the author of "America's Sixty Families"; or that it is critical of the New Deal because of some newspaper columns of Dorothy Thompson, another one of its distinguished signers. Yet the statement of the committee emphasizes that "this commits us as a group to no particular social philosophy—but only to one of the fundamental criteria for evaluating all social philosophies today; namely, whether it permits the thinker and writer to function independently of political, religious, or racial dogmas." It is from this premise, and this premise alone, that the committee's opposition to Hitlerism, Stalinism, and all other totalitarianisms follows.

If Miss Kirchwey suspected that we have ulterior political motives, she could easily have convinced herself one way or the other by joining us, as she was invited to do. To charge us instead with bad faith is, under the circumstances, morally reprehensible and helps the enemies of freedom.

In her criticism of my own position, for which I alone accept responsibility, Miss Kirchwey reveals utter confusion. If the Communist Party is guilty of even some of the disgraceful and illiberal practices which she herself underscores, why, in heaven's name, should decent people not "differentiate" themselves from it? There is not a single weapon in the arsenal of the fascists, from character assassination to physical assault of political opponents, which the Communists have not used. On occasions even anti-Semitism. If you are opposed to all gangsterism, it is neither principled nor strategic to extenuate the crimes of one gang rather than another. The same holds for political gangsterism. If the Communists, as Miss Kirchwey also claims, are for the moment sincere democrats, will she please explain how democracy is to be furthered by methods she herself castigates so severely? These methods help fascism; they do not hinder it. In the same breath in which she accepts them as fellow-travelers, Miss Kirchwey admits "that the Communists have developed a sort of double mental-bookkeeping." Precisely, and that is just what one expects from totalitarians for whom intellectual integrity is a "bourgeois virtue." But one does not expect people like Miss Kirchwey to aid them in their protective coloration. Those who genuinely believe in the Bill of Rights do not resort, as do the Communists, to political duplicity or anonymity.

The entire question of the role of the Communist Party in this and other countries is too large to discuss here. Suffice it to say that proofs abound that whether on American soil or in Spain, France, or any country you please, its primary loyalty is to the Kremlin and not to peace, democracy, or intellectual freedom. Miss Kirchwey closes with the advice that "there is virtue in merely refusing to shoot." Agreed. But she has sent her advice to the wrong address. She should send it not to us who have only the weapons of truth but to those who have the guns—to Franco, Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin, and to their agents in this country.

SIDNEY HOOK

South Wardsboro, Vt., June 1

And Rebuttal

Without argument, though with a few irrepressible doubts, I shall accept as a basis for my reply to Mr. Hook his assurance that the Committee for Cultural Freedom has no ulterior political motives and that it is opposed "to Hitlerism, Stalinism, and all other totalitarianisms" only as enemies of intellectual freedom. But even reduced to these terms the dispute between us remains much the same. If "Stalinism," in common with other "totalitarianisms," is the enemy of a free culture in America it can only act through its "agents in this country"—in other words through the Communists. The committee must, then, stand for opposition to the Communist Party and its subsidiaries—along with the Nazi Bund and various fascist groups. So in the end we get back to the point I made, however clumsily, in my article Red Totalitarianism. And I still must plead for peace between the warring factions of the left and deplore the creation of new organs of opposition among them.

To a person who sees life in clear blacks and whites the issue is doubtless a simple one: decent people don't associate with criminals and gangsters or try to extenuate their crimes. One cannot but envy the man who is able to dispatch his social problems so easily. But to me, as to many other non-Communists and unattached liberals, the issue is a confused and troubling one. The Communists display the qualities of most fanatics, qualities that stem as directly from Cotton Mather as from Karl Marx. They are intolerant and ruthless, often unscrupulous, often violent and lacking in political judgment. They are also zealous, brave, and willing to put up with hardship and abuse. The Communist Party and its press have "assassinated"—or tried to—many a character, including that of *The Nation.* But they have also fought for decent conditions for workers and the unemployed, for equality of rights for Negroes, for relief and aid to the victims of the civil war in Spain. They have stood consistently for justice and non-aggression in international relations—as, indeed, has the Soviet government as well. Lacking proof, I must reserve judgment on the story told by M. E. Edson in another column; but it sounds true, and tactics of this sort cannot be excused or forgotten. But neither can one forget that Communists and Communist sympathizers from the United States fought in Spain in numbers out of all proportion to their numbers here; and, it might be added, they fought side by side with Socialists and Anarchists and democrats of all shades, even while political strife between all these factions poisoned the air behind the lines.

The Spanish struggle taught many lessons, of which perhaps the most important was this one. It is not necessary for liberal lambs and Communist lions to lie down together. Enough if they will move ahead toward their common objectives without wasting time and strength in an attempt to exterminate each other along the way. The job of making this country unsafe for fascism calls for tremendous constructive effort as well as defensive strength. If Communists and non-Communists and even anti-Communists could forget their mutual recriminations and concentrate on the major task of our generation, there would be better hope of its successful accomplishment.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Communist Tactics in Tampa

Dear Sirs: For about a year I have been a regular subscriber of *The Nation* and have received much enjoyment and inspiration from it, although I have sensed a growing undertone of pro-communism, or pro-Stalinism, that is very disagreeable to me. The article Red Totalitarianism, by Freda Kirchwey, openly expresses the pro-communism that I have long felt to be insidious.

As an active Socialist for more than thirty years I supported Debs and the St. Louis Declaration against entry into the World War, and as state secretary of the Socialist Party in Florida from 1928 to 1934, and state secretary of the Social Democratic Federation in Florida since June, 1936, I have had plenty of experience with the Communists and I know them for what they are.

With misgivings we accepted them in the Committee for the Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa, which sought to secure the punishment of the floggers and murderers of Joseph Shoemaker. It was agreed that none of the participating organizations would issue any statements or publication except through the committee, and all the other organizations respected this agreement, but the Communists issued a leaflet over their own name claiming to represent the victims of the flogging and demanding the punishment of the floggers.

None of the victims of the flogging had ever been Communists, and Shoemaker was a liberal Democrat who had resigned from the Socialist Party more than a year before in order to support and vote for Roosevelt in 1936, but the Communists distributed this leaflet on the streets and even in the courthouse when the trial of the floggers began. It was used by the attorneys for the defendants to prejudice the court and to

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excuse or justify the floggers. This is only one of the many treacherous acts of which I personally know the Communists to be guilty.

. . . Most of the founders of this committee have had painful experience with Communist treachery. Therefore they see the need of "differentiation from Stalinism with its fronts, stooges, and innocents." To advocate rapprochement with those who make virtues of dishonesty, treachery, and brutality is carrying appeasement too far. Why not fraternize with the Nazis and Fascists? They are at least honest rogues.

If this is to be the continued policy of *The Nation* I doubt whether I can stomach it much longer.

M. E. EDSON

Seffner, Fla., June 3

Issue of Vital Importance

Dear Sirs: I have just read your editorial on Red Totalitarianism and want to congratulate you on its clear and incisive exposition of an issue of vital importance to all persons "left of center." One need not be a Communist sympathizer to regret the recent outcry against the Communists on the part of avowed Marxists. As you say, the Communists behave in a manner to antagonize those who are not with them. Yet at the present time the important problem for all radicals is not to accentuate the rift between them but to oppose the common enemy. Certainly the fascists will not bother to distinguish between the various shades of red once they achieve control! I am therefore glad you spoke out so vigorously against these internecine quarrels, and hope that both sides come to their senses.

CHARLES A. MADISON

New York, May 31

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The Shape of Things

INFLATIONISTS ARE HAVING THEIR INNINGS again this week in the debate on extending the President's power to devalue the dollar. Led by McCarran and Thomas of Oklahoma, a group of eleven Senators from the silver states have introduced an amendment calling for the issuance of $2,000,000,000 in additional currency. This currency would be backed by gold, one-fourth of which would be taken from the "sterilized" gold holdings and three-fourths from the stabilization fund. The amendment would also increase the price paid for domestic silver from the present exorbitant 64 cents an ounce to $1.04; and it would authorize a bonus of 25 per cent in farm commodities to foreign countries offering to pay for their purchases of such commodities in silver. These proposals are not particularly dangerous, if only because they would be almost entirely ineffective. At the present moment there is 40 per cent more money in circulation than in 1929. The additional $2,000,000,000 would quickly gravitate to the banks, where it would swell still further the large excess reserves. The money paid for silver at home and abroad would serve only to create new purchasing power for a handful of speculators and shareholders in mining companies. Of a wholly different character is the program for self-liquidating capital expenditures which has been worked out by the Treasury in cooperation with the Federal Reserve Board. Unlike the McCarran-Thomas proposals, this plan involves the creation of new wealth. Every dollar's worth of new purchasing power would be backed by new construction. Our inflationists never seem to realize that mere money is not wealth; nor is it necessarily a help in creating the things that people really need.

*

PROFIT-SHARING RECEIVED ENTHUSIASTIC indorsement from the Senate subcommittee which has just completed a ten-month study of its possibilities. It is praised as a method of introducing greater balance into the economic system by relating labor's income to the rise and fall of prices. This it undoubtedly would do. But it is also held up as an attractive and subtle means of undermining unions and combating demands for higher

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wages. "Wage increases," the subcommittee declared, "create the same result as the serving of red meat to animals at the zoo—satisfaction for the moment, a more ravenous appetite later. . . . Blend the wage scale with a profit-sharing differential and the same human being who . . . previously concentrated his attention on wages . . . will discard the combative spirit and move in a cooperative direction." The plan is openly defended as a method of preserving "our capitalistic system of private-profit initiative." On the all-important issue of how much of the profits are to be divided with the employees the subcommittee is annoyingly vague. But the inference from the plans singled out for approval is that the proportion is to be kept small. More alarming is the suggestion that a contributory profit-sharing plan might be used as a substitute for unemployment and old-age insurance. It is perhaps just as well that the subcommittee had no specific recommendations for legislation to compel the adoption of its panacea.

*

THE VERDICT WHICH, AFTER TWENTY-TWO years of investigation and juridical process, finds Germany responsible for the Black Tom and Kingsland disasters in 1916 and 1917 is sensational. Never before has the government of a great power been convicted of fraud by an international tribunal. It should be understood, however, that it was not the Nazi government which first gave the fraudulent testimony. The bureaucracy of the Weimer Republic fought the American claims by every possible means, attempting to liquidate the war in the old war spirit. The Nazi government, of course, continued to offer the manufactured evidence, and when it saw that the case was lost, it characteristically recalled its representative from the Mixed Claims Commission, as if by this new act of sabotage it could absolve Germany of responsibility for worse things. For once Nazi trickery did not work. After the verdict was reported, however, the German embassy in Washington announced that it considered the action "legally invalid" and would ignore it. But the German funds to pay the fifty-three-million-dollar award to the claimants are in America's possession.

*

EIGHTEEN STUDENTS OF THE GWYNN'S FALLS Park Junior High School in Baltimore, where the percentage of students of German descent is relatively high, have been suspended for staging a riot in which a fourteen-year-old Jewish boy was marked on his forehead with a swastika and on his neck with an H—for Hebrew. Fights between schoolboys are not news, and one must admit that even in American schools the majority occasionally deals unjustly with the minority—Jews, Negroes, the foreign-born. The Baltimore incident is significant because it is the first to present the typical aspects of Nazi racial warfare, which so far have been absent from our schools. Their appearance now indicates how far Nazi propaganda has already advanced in certain communities. The Baltimore authorities are investigating, the Dies committee will send its own investigator, and the Maryland Interracial Commission has appointed a committee to consider public-school education in race relations. We hope the affair will not be hushed up, and that the significance of their act will be made clear to the boys. But more general preventive measures are urgently needed. Reports from all over the United States tell of intensified anti-Semitic activities in universities and high schools. Father Coughlin's people are especially diligent.

*

WARNING THAT THE BLOOM NEUTRALITY bill will encounter bitter opposition in the Senate was delivered last week when twenty-one diehard isolationists signed a pact to oppose repeal of the mandatory arms embargo. It is now assumed that the Bloom resolution will pass the House without serious difficulty. But there is a strong movement to postpone consideration in the Senate until the beginning of the next session. Such a delay, it need hardly be pointed out, would offer the axis powers an added inducement to make a move now while they are relatively better prepared, on the assumption that the United States would hesitate to change its policy once war had actually broken out. The Bloom bill is far from ideal. It makes no distinction between aggressors and their victims, and it incorporates the very dubious cash-and-carry principle. But it has the advantage of being more flexible than either the present act or the unsatisfactory Pittman cash-and-carry bill. And it is the only bill that has a chance of passage at this late day.

*

UNLESS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CHOOSES NOT to run for a third term—and gets his choice—we are in for a year of spellbinding by the heroes of history. Jefferson and Washington have already taken to the hustings, and anyone with discernment can spot Grant, T. R., and a dozen others dusting off their campaign shrouds. The difficulty is that the great don't seem to care whose soap-box they mount, and many of them are prepared to speak impartially for both sides. Jefferson, under the auspices of Harold Ickes, started off by pooh-poohing the third-term myth. The New York *Herald Tribune*, however, had no trouble in getting from him a denunciation of the principle of "perpetual reeligibility." He did demand rotation in office—to be applied, incidentally, to Congressmen as well as Presidents—but he favored making Washington an exception to start with. Washington, as the originator of the anti-third-term tradition, is the ultimate authority for the Republicans in their opposition to another helping of Roosevelt. They are therefore likely to swallow hard when mention is made of the note to Lafayette in which Washington wrote: "I can see no propriety in precluding ourselves from the services of any man who, on some great emergency, shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public." How, indeed, will the G. O. P. explain away the advice of their patron saint, Alexander Hamilton, who argued that any such limitation "would be depriving the community of the experience gained by the Chief Magistrate in the exercise of his office"? The plain fact is that while a limitation on Presidential tenure is normally desirable, a third term in the last analysis is good or bad depending on the candidate and the circumstances. If the founding fathers make that apparent they will have done their country one more service and may retire into their textbooks with an extra footnote apiece.

*

THE HORRORS GOING ON BEHIND THE CLOSED borders of the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia are revealed even in the censored news dispatches which have reached the outside world. One of the most recent dispatches says that Walter Tschuppik, journalist and publisher, "awaits his death sentence." Among the new victims of Nazi justice, Walter Tschuppik is an outstanding character. This is not his first experience as a prisoner of Hitler. In March, 1938, he was arrested in Munich for publishing a courageous weekly which was spreading the doctrine of tolerance and Christian humanism through the Bavarian countryside. After he had been a year in prison the intervention of Masaryk and Benes obtained his exchange for Nazi spies arrested in Czechoslovakia. He wrote a remarkable book about his experiences with the Nazis, and later edited a German weekly in Prague in which he fought passionately against the "brown plague." The pact of Munich did not stop him. On the contrary, from then on he printed his paper in the Czech language as well, until the Czech government suppressed it on orders from Hitler a few days before the German army marched in. Tschuppik then tried to escape, but was caught and arrested.

Showdown in the East

THE Japanese blockade of the British and French concessions in Tientsin appears to have precipitated the long-awaited showdown between Japan and the Western powers in the Far East. It has been evident for months that a crisis was approaching. The Japanese occupation of Hainan and the Spratly Islands a few months ago was a sign that Japan was preparing to strike directly against European and American interests. More recently the Japanese tested Western resistance at Kulangsu, the foreign area at Amoy. The results were not encouraging to Japan, largely because of American initiative. Yet there seems to have been some force propelling Japan toward a showdown regardless of consequences.

Just why Japan should seek a quarrel with Britain and France when its campaign against China is meeting unexpected snags is difficult to explain with assurance. It is partly a matter of prestige. Someone must be blamed for the failure of the China campaign. The Soviet Union has shown an annoying habit of fighting back each time it is attacked. The United States is too powerful to challenge directly. But England and France are relatively weak and so deeply involved in Europe that they cannot very well act alone. Moreover, their interests stand sharply athwart Japanese ambitions in China. A victory over them would do much to reconcile the Japanese people to their government's blunders in the Chinese conflict. There is also a distinct possibility that the Japanese demands at Tientsin are connected with axis activities in Europe. Tokyo's rejection of the proposed anti-Comintern military alliance was a severe blow to the extremists who have been riding high in recent years. Their traditional method of regaining dominance after a setback has been to manufacture an "incident" involving the nation's prestige. This one may well be of that character.

In any case the crisis is a real one. The Japanese concept of "face" makes it difficult for Tokyo to back down once it has taken a stand. A retreat by Britain at this stage would not only involve the surrender of substantial British interests in China but seriously undermine British prestige in the East. As usual the affair appears to have caught the government wholly unprepared to make appropriate counter-moves. The British navy is almost entirely in European waters, and the Singapore base is useless without strong naval forces.

Economic penalties by Great Britain against Japan would be meaningless without the cooperation of the United States, which has so far given no hint of its position. American interests are, of course, affected, though not as directly as those of Great Britain. While we have no concessions in China, Americans have long benefited from the British and other foreign concessions. Conquest of those concessions by Japan would wipe out a large share of the fairly substantial American investments in China. That this is recognized was proved last week when certain large American enterprises wrote off their Chinese investments. Thus, the financial and humanitarian interests of the United States are on the same side of the fence. A strong stand by the State Department would have wide popular support. Perhaps the most striking evidence of this was contained in a recent Gallup poll which showed 74 per cent of the American people definitely on the side of China, 72 per cent in favor of an embargo of arms shipments to Japan, and 66 per cent prepared to boycott all Japanese goods. It is safe to say that an overwhelming majority of those who want to see the United States take some action to restrain Japan have no desire to defend American economic interests in China. Their primary concern is the preservation of peace. They obviously have learned that by selling to Japan or buying silk and other Japanese products the United States is strengthening the forces of aggression. That this is indeed the case is revealed in a recent editorial in the Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi,* reprinted in *Trans-Pacific,* the weekly edition of the *Japan Advertiser:*

> The prospects are alarming, for a decline in silk exports [to America] will be a serious hindrance to the government's policy of acquiring foreign currency to finance the purchase of materials needed by this country to meet the situation arising from the China incident.

This quotation clearly suggests that Japan's attack on the foreign concessions is an expression of weakness rather than strength. Its armies are stalemated in the vastness of China. Its gold supply has dwindled to less than $100,000,000. But these difficulties could be overcome if Britain and the United States were bludgeoned into making substantial political and economic concessions. If this strategy is to be successfully circumvented, the United States will have to add its tremendous economic weight to the pressure against Japan.

The New Relief Bill

THESE are heartbreaking moments for millions of Americans; both those whose future hinges directly on the survival of WPA, and those who realize that free institutions will not indefinitely survive mass insecurity. The new Federal Relief bill passed by the House on the night of June 16 is the fitting product of a cruel, senseless investigation. Its provisions are a blue-print for nation-wide suffering and the slow disintegration of the work-relief system. Few politicians dare advocate the dole; they would rather attack "communism" on the Theater Project. The same caution has inspired the committee to advise retention of some of the forms of the WPA structure. But its heart is to be removed. Nineteen carefully planned "restrictions" are the instruments for the operation.

The appropriation itself is inadequate. During the past year WPA employed an average of 3,000,000 workers; the sum now voted by the House—$1,447,000,000—will provide for 2,000,000. The rest must scramble for places on already swollen relief rolls. Unfortunately this appropriation was all that the President asked, perhaps on the theory that a conciliatory gesture to the "economy" bloc would avert a frontal attack on the WPA machinery. It merely encouraged the attack. The House committee listened in rapt attention to exhibits of "radicalism" among relief workers; it was deaf to Colonel Harrington's moving defense of WPA and the men it employed. And the "restrictions" subsequently formulated were passed with only slight modifications by the House.

As the result of one, WPA's whole construction program will be shattered. Since no project costing more than $50,000 can be undertaken under the revised program, leaf-raking on a modest scale is likely to dominate future WPA schedules. The Theater Project is to be annihilated at once. Officially the other arts projects may continue if localities sponsor them. It is certain that they will not. The day this bill becomes law, one of the most promising cultural adventures in our history will face extinction.

The list of restrictions resembles a Chamber of Commerce manifesto. The prevailing wage clause is to be abandoned; it is a defense of union standards, and it dims the attraction of jobs at starvation rates in private industry. But perhaps the most inhuman and defenseless decree of all is the rule that all WPA workers who have served more than eighteen months must be summarily dismissed. They are to spend sixty days seeking private employment; then they will be "considered" for reemployment on WPA. Ostensibly this measure is aimed at the Workers' Alliance, which has resolutely fought for a measure of security on WPA. But it is more than that. It is part of the effort to perpetuate the atmosphere of insecurity without which WPA workers might lose their "initiative." Only men over forty-five who are heads of families are exempt from the purge.

In almost every detail the bill represents a retreat from the elementary decencies of a relief program. In January, 1937, *The Nation* pleaded for a system which would guarantee aid to all the needy and sponsor valuable work projects under conditions approximating as closely as possible those in private industry. It would, for example, guarantee standard wages and working conditions, and the right to organize. It would be founded on the assumption that unemployment is no longer an "emergency" problem and that a planned, long-term relief structure is vitally necessary. In at least some degree the WPA has represented a fulfilment of that program. But the fiction of "emergency" has never been given up, and the fundamental insecurity has remained. As a result, a primary purpose of planned relief—the stimulation of purchasing power—has never been fully realized.

Enactment of this measure would reaffirm principles which are utterly intolerable both economically and psychologically. If the New Dealers have vision and tenacity, they will make the fight a decisive one when the bill reaches the Senate. It is one on which they can still rally the country's surviving liberalism. A defeat will be disastrous enough; a defeat without a last-ditch battle will open the gates for unconscionable reaction.

Lull Before Appeasement

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

HITLER manipulates lulls as effectively as he does crises. Usually he creates both; but the recent lull, now fast receding over Europe's horizon, was forced upon him by the sudden and unlooked-for activity of the British government following the series of dictator moves in March. England stirred—sufficiently to force Chamberlain's hand and in time to save Danzig and Pomorz, at least for the moment. The "peace front" began to take shape. Hitler apparently subsided. And Europe's population again drew a deep breath—an exercise that is becoming a rare luxury.

But no one with any political sense took the relaxation as a sign of fascist retreat. At most it could be counted as proof that a gesture of firmness was enough to make the dictators pause. What was obviously needed to bring about a definite halt to aggression plans was a solid, stubborn front of nations prepared and publicly pledged to resist all further attacks by the axis powers in any direction whatsoever. That front is not yet complete; and the lull is about over.

Even while it lasted, Hitler and, in less degree, Mussolini employed the breathing space to further their unchanged ends.

Hitler used it to popularize his "encirclement" story, driving home to some 80,000,000 Germans the theory that Great Britain is welding an armed ring around Germany, poisoning the mind of Europe with lies and a propaganda of hate, and threatening the peace. So successful is this campaign that the British government has created a propaganda ministry with the chief object of counteracting its effect. But a defensive propaganda designed to correct errors can never compete with a good lively campaign of lies.

Hitler and Mussolini have admitted and glorified their armed support of Franco, the existence of which they so long indignantly denied. They welcomed home the first contingents of troops from Spain with huge official celebrations and speeches boasting of their successful intervention and emphasizing the bonds which hold their nations close to triumphant Spanish fascism.

Hitler has intensified his pressure on Czechoslovakia. Prominent Czechs, including Votja Benes, the brother of the former President, have escaped to neighboring countries with stories of imprisonments, tortures, and executions comparable with those in Austria after *Anschluss*. And reports from inside the conquered provinces agree that even the forms of self-government are being wiped out. Hitler's dispatch of Himmler to handle Czech unrest is a clear symbol of the change. In Slovakia, "freed" from the Czechs by the Führer and guaranteed permanent independence, similar if less intense disaffection and repression have been reported, and several thousand Slovak soldiers have escaped into Poland to form an anti-Nazi legion in the expected event of war. Czech soldiers and officers have also been slipping over the border to form a legion in France.

Despite German denials complete control of the conquered provinces seem almost certain. But even without this formality, German troops have been massing along the hundred-mile Polish frontier in Slovakia; they are garrisoned in secret camps and act with complete disregard of the Slovak authorities, military and civil.

In Danzig last Saturday and Sunday, Goebbels told the local Nazis that they were safe in Hitler's bosom and could count on a return to the Reich. He failed to name the day or reveal the method of their homecoming. But his words were not without meaning. They were typical pre-crisis Nazi speeches, combining stimulation, promise, and contempt for opposition—speeches designed to keep the pot simmering without boiling over.

Meanwhile the anti-Hitler bloc has been shockingly slow in forming. No adequate excuse has been offered by Great Britain for its failure to accept Russia's terms and complete the alliance. The Soviet government has shown itself a tough bargainer, but its demands, as far as they have been made public, are reasonable. They are based on the assumption that only a comprehensive plan of military resistance on all fronts can either prevent aggression or win a war. Whether the report is true that Hitler helped stiffen Stalin's terms by showing him proof that Chamberlain at Munich had offered Germany a free hand in the east, may never be learned. But the sure knowledge that such was Britain's hope must have helped to increase Russian stubbornness. The delay, no matter where the fault lies, has done more to increase general European uneasiness than any other single factor.

One more element of uncertainty must still be mentioned—the continuing maneuvers of the Vatican. That the Pope wants peace no one need doubt. But the peace he seeks is plainly one of further appeasement, coupled with the elimination of Moscow. He has denied the report that he intended to call a five-power conference; but whether he did or not, his agents are active and the center of their efforts is Warsaw. Various dispatches indicate that the French Foreign Office and the French army are strongly opposed to a new Vatican-arranged Munich; while Halifax and, of course, Chamberlain are working for its success. It may well be that the lack of progress at Moscow is due less to Russian intransigence than to Chamberlain's desire to stall along in the hope that the Pope's efforts may still save England from a Soviet alliance.

The relationship to the coming European crisis of Japan's bold test of British prestige in China is yet to be disclosed. Japan is faced with such complex difficulties of its own, some of which are discussed editorially this week, that the Tientsin blockade cannot be considered merely a part of axis politics. But at least it is geared to the axis in such a way as to offer maximum satisfaction to Germany and maximum anxiety to Britain.

So the lull ends. It began as the direct result of a show of strength and direction on the part of Britain. It ends as the direct result of British wavering and indecision and hints of a renewed willingness to make a deal. What will happen now, no one can safely say. We can only keep an eye on the points where tension focuses—on Poland and Danzig and Czechoslovakia, on Spain, on Moscow and Rome, on Tientsin. Only one prediction is safe: appeasement is just around the corner.

General Johnson's Plot

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, June 19

NOT to be outdone by a former comrade in arms, General Hugh S. Johnson has ferreted out a subversive plot, too. He seems to be as alarmed about his emergency as Moseley was about his. On June 15 and June 16, more than three weeks after Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle had testified before the Temporary National Economic Committee, Johnson suddenly let go with two columns in his best awake-and-arise manner, assuring his customers that the reds were coming and Berle was their advance guard.

As exposed in two perspiring pieces, the plot is this: The devious boys of the janizariat—Ben Cohen, Tom Corcoran, Isador Lubin, Jerome Frank, Leon Henderson, and Pete Nehemkis—have mesmerized Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming, a "conscientious Irishman," and are using him to camouflage preparations for the new revolution. "Benny" Cohen is the arch-conspirator. He is going to overthrow capitalism by the "viciously dangerous" practice of extending government credit to fields of enterprise which the private banking system cannot or will not serve.

So worked up about it did Johnson become that some clients toned down his copy, taking out personal references to Berle in the interest of decent taste. By selecting disjointed quotations Johnson proved in his columns that Berle's outline of the "Fourth New Deal"—Johnson put over the only good one, the first—contemplated not only communism but "advanced communism." The quotations selected by Johnson were the same as those previously used by the Chicago *Tribune* to prove the same thing. The passage leaned upon most heavily by both the *Tribune* and Johnson was this: "Briefly the government will have to enter into the direct financing of activities now supposed to be private; and [the result of] a continuance of that direct financing must be inevitably that the government ultimately will control and own those activities. . . . Over a period of years, the government will gradually come to control most of the productive plants of the United States."

Johnson carefully refrained, as did the *Tribune*, from quoting Berle's next line: "This is certainly so fundamental a change in the course of American life that the decision to make it should be taken for reasons other than relief of a series of temporary emergencies." Neither did Johnson mention that Berle went on to state his own personal preference for private ownership and operation except in certain industries of a public-utility nature. What Berle very clearly said was that he favored changes in the country's financial system to ward off more radical changes in its social system. In the quotations ripped from their context Berle was outlining the alternative he hoped might be avoided.

Two explanations of Johnson's belated interpretation of the testimony are possible: either the General cribbed his piece from the *Tribune* without reference to the text or he independently followed the *Tribune* technique of deliberate distortion. Whichever is the true one, I am less sorry now that I was soundly beaten several years ago when I tried to persuade the Washington Newspaper Guild to accept Johnson's application for membership.

Johnson could scarcely have had his own stuff in mind when he commented that the proceedings of the T. N. E. C. had been "better reported and less noticed than any investigation of our time." Raymond Clapper, his columning colleague, has, to be sure, done a magnificent job of spelling out the proceedings. So has Richard Strout of the *Christian Science Monitor*. The New York *Times* has had excellent dispatches, but it hasn't always used them. The press associations have done an able job, but much of their copy likewise has hit the wastebaskets.

On June 15, one of the days Johnson was wringing his hands over the approach of "advanced communism," the committee took testimony showing that rates charged by insurance companies run as much as 300 per cent higher than the insurance rates of Massachusetts savings banks operating under the system devised by former Justice Louis D. Brandeis. Whereas the ten-year average cost of savings-bank insurance for a man of thirty-five is $27.37 per $1,000, the same thing purchased from any one of twenty-seven private companies is priced at from $46.01 (Northwestern Mutual) to $87.30 (Berkshire Life). The New York *Times* found these figures too insignificant for mention. In fact, it dispensed entirely with the story of that day's hearings.

Few papers overplayed the equally important facts brought out by Dr. Donald Davenport of Harvard on June 12 about the rate of insurance lapses. He showed that a majority of policy-holders are forced to discontinue payment of premiums before they get anything out of their insurance, and that thousands of workers are talked into buying expensive weekly-premium "burial policies" when they should be getting term insurance at half the cost. The New York *Post* set the example of running this story on page one, but its competitors failed to follow. The lobbying didos of the insurance companies—featuring the false propaganda that the Massachusetts system is unsafe and dependent on state subsidies—received more, but not much more, attention.

The T. N. E. C. is, as Johnson fears, piling up a mountain of facts which will cast a shadow over some of the sacrosanct business institutions he tried so hard to please in the days of the NRA. Already its record foreshadows a more reasonable and effective organization of the country's credit institutions, perhaps even their ultimate socialization. But unless Johnson and his fellow-travelers refuse to permit rational readjustments, it certainly does not point to "advanced communism."

Germany vs. Russia in the North

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

Stockholm, June 3

NORTH EUROPE, which in the World War was a peripheral zone of third-class strategic importance, is today a focal point of military interest. Anyone who has followed the underground preparations made in this area in recent years by Germany and the Soviet Union knows that Europe's "quiet corner" is about to become the main arena for the coming struggle between Nazism and Bolshevism.

Two issues of immense strategic importance have brought about this change. One is the Reich's many times increased dependence on Scandinavian supplies, especially food from Denmark and iron ore from Sweden. The other is the amazing development, from both a military and an economic point of view, of Soviet Russia's Arctic empire.

Meekness is not exactly a Bolshevist quality. That the Red Army can and will fight back if Soviet territory is attacked has been made clear to potential aggressors many times. Now fighting back against Germany means, in the first place, cutting that country off from essential supplies. Hence it can be predicted almost with certainty that Moscow, in the event of war, will seek to stop Swedish ore shipments to Germany—by diplomatic notes or by force of arms.

Before the Great War Germany produced from its own mines more than half of the total amount of iron consumed by its industry. Today, after the loss of Lorraine and other mining districts, the Reich is dependent on foreign supplies for five-sixths of its iron-ore requirements. In 1913 Germany produced 28.6 million tons, and imported 11.4; the corresponding figures for 1937 were 9.6 and 20.6 million tons. The foreign ore, moreover, yields on the average about twice the amount of iron extracted from Germany's domestic ores. And the chief foreign source of ore is Sweden. No less than 9.4 million tons out of the 20.6 imported by the Reich in 1937 came from that country. Actually Sweden, owing to the exceptionally high iron content of its ore (60 to 70 per cent), accounts at the present for 58 per cent of the iron obtained from foreign ores and for 46 per cent of the total German iron consumption.

These figures show what a tremendous blow to the Reich's war potential would be dealt by a Swedish iron-ore embargo. It may be expected therefore that Russia, in the event of Nazi aggression against the Ukraine or any other part of Russian territory, will call on the Swedish government, under the League of Nations Covenant, to stop all ore shipments to the aggressor state. Foreseeing just such a demand, fulfilment of which would inevitably bring war with Germany, Sweden last year served plain notice at Geneva that it does not consider itself any longer bound by Article XVI of the Covenant. Sanctions, Foreign Minister Richard Sandler declared at the League Assembly in September, have lost their compulsory character and will depend in future on the free and sovereign decision of every state. Accordingly one may expect that Sweden, in the event of a German-Russian war, will declare its absolute neutrality and uphold its right to carry on normal trade with belligerents, as it did in 1914-18.

What will happen next is not difficult to guess either. Russia's preparations in the Far North tell their own tale. Faced with a Swedish refusal to embargo supplies to the aggressor, Moscow may be expected to demand under threat of force what has been refused under the principle of collective security. If Sweden persists, the Soviets will doubtless proceed to stop the ore traffic on their own. Here we come to one of the fundamental changes in the Far North's strategic position since the last war. Like Britain, Sweden has ceased, owing to the development of air power, to be an insular, or semi-insular, power. During the past years Soviet Russia has built up in the Far North a military force of first-class importance to play havoc at a moment's notice with Sweden's mines and ports, railways, power stations, and ships. Kiruna and Gällivare, the two principal mining centers in Lapland, where the ore comes from; Narvik and Lulea, the export harbors whence it is shipped to Germany. Porjus, gigantic power plant which supplies the mines and railways with electric power, and, last but not least, the famous Iron Ore Line itself, which connects the aforenamed mining towns and export harbors—all these vital centers and strategic points in Swedish Lapland lie within two hours' flight from the Soviet air bases in East Karelia and the Peninsula of Kola—to say nothing of Soviet submarines lurking outside Narvik and Lulea and all along the long sea route from these ports to the German coast.

Stalin

How Sweden will defend its mining industry and shipping against Soviet raiders on sea and in the air, heaven only knows. To be sure, Boden, a strong Swedish fortress near Lulea, has of late years been equipped with some aircraft. But between Leningrad and the Arctic Ocean the Russians have some twenty known air bases (according to German sources forty-three), of which the most important—Uhtua, Paajarvi, Kantalaks, and the two airports near Murmansk—are well equipped with large hangars. In all, some thousand Soviet airplanes are said to be stationed along the Finnish frontier within easy striking distance of Swedish Lapland.

Moreover, the mining centers in question are extremely vulnerable to attack from the air. Most of the iron ore obtained here does not come from deep-sunk shafts but is simply blasted from the mountainside and loaded directly on the rails. The Ore Line itself, on which some twenty trains a day roll to Narvik, and four or five to Lulea, is with its many tunnels, bridges, viaducts, and snow fences an ideal objective for air raiders. Finally, there is another consideration of great and increasing strategic importance. Soviet Russia, as all the world knows, is foremost in the training of parachute infantry, a new and terrible arm for which one hardly could find a better field of operations than the immense, thinly populated, and ill-defended wilderness of the Finno-Scandian *calotte* (a new term applied to the Finnish, Swedish, and Norwegian Lapland zones taken as a strategic unit).

Shall we then, in the event of a German-Russian war, see a Red army descend from the skies on to northern Sweden's mining towns and harbors? The question is seriously discusssed in Scandinavian military circles, where today the opinion prevails that Germany, in any event, is not likely to get many more shipments of Swedish ore after the outbreak of hostilities. For not only do a majority of the Swedish people disapprove of any aid given to aggressors, but Kiruna, of all Swedish towns, has the biggest percentage of Communists. In the Norwegian town of Narvik they are similarly strong. In both these most important centers of the iron-ore traffic, then, popular sentiment is sure to run strongly against the Nazis and for the defense of Soviet Russia. And that has a military significance too.

Under such conditions the policy of absolute neutrality which the Swedish government now pursues may well prove a practical impossibility once war has begun. With Germany clamoring for ore and rattling the saber, and with Soviet fliers circling menacingly over Kiruna, the situation will look to the men in Stockholm like Scylla and Charybdis. I do not pretend to know, probably no one knows, what they will do in such a plight. Faced with the ineluctable alternative—Hitler or Stalin?—the Swedish people would doubtless find the Bolsheviks the lesser evil, while the vested interests, especially in the iron-ore industry, may be counted on to prefer the Nazis. In the end, it might mean civil war.

And Sweden would not be the only Nordic country to be engulfed, well-nigh inescapably, in the maelstrom of a German-Russian war. Norway, Finland, Denmark—none of them would meet a better fate.

That Denmark is already virtually controlled from Berlin is not much of a secret any longer. In the event of a war involving also Britain—against Germany—it would be lost beyond redemption. But in a clash between Nazis and Bolsheviks alone it might get off with a black eye—provided, naturally, it does exactly what it is told to do by Herr Hitler. That would mean, in the first place, closing the Belts and the Sound hermetically to Russian shipping, while allowing Nazi ships to sail in and out as they pleased. It would also mean, undoubtedly, the loss of Bornholm, a highly strategic Danish island in the Baltic which the Nazis are already preparing to turn into an outpost and naval base against the Soviets. Still, Denmark will be happy if it is not forced to give up more;

and if the Bolsheviks can be kept off without shooting.

Finland is a different story; no one in that country really believes it will be able to keep out of a German-Russian war. People do believe they will be able to in Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Oslo. Despite the efforts of the present moderate government—from which Foreign Minister Rudolf Holsti was expelled last November under direct pressure from Berlin—the Finnish army, which is traditionally tied up with the Reichswehr, the reactionary "Protective Guards," and the Nazi-ridden Lappo movement, would doubtless succeed in bringing the country into line with Hitler's aggressive designs. To get at the Soviet air bases in East Karelia, Hitler must be allowed to "borrow" a long stretch of Finnish boundary; for his drive to Leningrad he needs Viborg and the Aland Islands; and Petsamo, Finland's ice-free Arctic port, would be a springboard toward Murmansk.

This is also where Norway comes into the picture. It may be that the mainland of that country, that is, the fertile, industrious, and densely populated south, could keep aloof from a Baltic war, provided Great Britain were no partner in it. But Norway's northernmost tip, chilly, arid Finmark, can hardly escape being involved, to say nothing of Narvik, which is the chief export harbor for the Swedish iron ore.

That not only the Baltic Sea but also the Arctic Ocean will instantly become the theater of a titanic struggle if ever shots are fired on the Ukrainian plains is clear. Consider Russia's sea communications with the West. Except for a small strip of Baltic coastline, on which is situated Leningrad, it has only the Black Sea—and the Arctic Ocean. There can be no doubt, especially after Montreux, that the Mediterranean would in war be extremely unsafe, if open at all, for the Soviet fleet. And with the Baltic states in the Nazis' grip and Finland an accomplice, it is a good guess that the Red fleet would find itself very soon bottled up at Kronstadt. Anyway it is practically sure that no Russian ship, merchantman or warship, would be allowed to slip through the Belts and the Sound.

Only in the Far North would there be freedom of action. Thanks to the Gulf Stream, of which a stray current warms the Finno-Scandian *calotte* to the point of keeping the coast free of ice all the year round, Russia has here a back door to the wide world. Of all the waters that wash the Russian colossus, only the Arctic Ocean is free, so far, from enemy fleets. That is why the Soviets have been so busy in recent years establishing at Murmansk a naval base which will soon take precedence of Kronstadt, Sebastopol, and Vladivostok.

The idea of turning a desolate fishing village on Kola's bleak and arid coast into a modern center of military and commercial activity was born of sheer necessity. Toward the end of the Great War the czarist government, short of supplies and ammunition, built at immense cost of life a railway line destined to connect Petrograd with Murmansk, where shipments from the Allies were expected to arrive. The line was completed late in 1917, but before it could be made to serve its purpose the czarist empire collapsed. After the revolution both Germany and the Allies had an eye on Murmansk; in the summer of 1918 an inter-Allied expeditionary force was landed there with intent to march on Leningrad; but in the end nothing came of it, and after a while Murmansk was again a half-forgotten dreary little place.

Fifteen years or so ago Murmansk still numbered no more than 2,500 inhabitants. But then began an amazing development which is still in full progress. Today the town is a prosperous center with a population of 100,000, vast modern dockyards, storehouses, repair shops, and administrative buildings. A dual well-kept system of communications connects it with Leningrad. The 1,451-kilometer-long Murman Railway has been enlarged, double-tracked, and partially electrified, and a newly built waterway, open for six months of the year, runs parallel to it. This is the Baltic–White Sea Canal, "Russia's Kiel Canal," completed in 1933. A complex system connecting Leningrad, via the River Svir and Lake Onega, with the White Sea ports of Soroki and Archangel, it has shortened the sea route from Leningrad to Archangel by more than 2,000 sea miles—from 2,840, round the North Cape, to 674. By means of this all-Russian waterway the Soviets are now in a position quickly to switch submarines, destroyers, and even light cruisers from Kronstadt to Murmansk and vice versa.

Kola Bay is seventy kilometers long and Murmansk lies about halfway from the entrance, which is guarded by the strongly fortified naval base of Poljarnoe (Alexandrovsk), where some twenty-five destroyers and fifteen submarines are permanently stationed. But for the stormy character of the Murman coast, Murmansk-Poljarnoe would be considered an ideal naval base: the water is deep and ice-free all the year, and the approaches are easy to defend.

If Hitler wants to strike with success at this Russian stronghold in the Arctic—and there are plenty of indications that he intends to—he must have a proper naval base somewhere up in these latitudes. Actually the Nazis have in recent years made at least half a dozen attempts to get a foothold here. The usual way is to approach the government of a nearby country—Finland or Norway—for permission to set up a "trawler station," to be later secretly converted into a submarine and air base. First they tried Norway; in October, 1936, Tromsö, Hammerfest, and Masöy were inspected for this purpose by the Reich War Minister, Field Marshal von Blomberg himself. But Norway was adamant. After that the Nazi government, camouflaged as the German-Italian fishing company Gismondi, attempted to secure a ninety-nine-year lease for a "fishing station" at Petsamo, from which the distance to Poljarnoe is not more than 100 kilometers as the crow flies. Early in 1938 the Gismondi Company came within an ace of getting its contract, which had already been approved by the Finnish Minister of Agriculture. Then something unexpected happened—a British intervention, they say—and the contract was canceled at the last minute.

But the Nazis were not disheartened by this mishap. Now they are trying Norway again, and if the Oslo government does not give up a "trawler station" in good time, Hitler may be expected to take one by force as soon as a war breaks out. Hence the many unofficial visits of German submarines to Norway's northernmost fjords. During the past year no fewer than thirty-one "mystery submarines" have been spotted in these waters, of which half may have been Russian, the others German. The last incident of this kind occurred on January 26, 1939, when the Nazi U-boat D1 was found by Norwegian fishermen prying around Sörö, near Hammerfest. Meanwhile, the famous "phantom fliers," German and Russian airplanes clandestinely reconnoitering the *calotte,* have this winter resumed operations with increased gusto.

To anyone who cares to study these facts it must be clear that the first shots of the next war, even if they are fired in the Ukraine, will immediately reverberate in the Baltic and the Arctic. Peace is indivisible.

A Report of the Fair

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I HAVE paid five or six visits to Mr. Whalen's World's Fair, and at the risk of being thought unsophisticated I am abound to report that I enjoyed myself thoroughly. Just to avoid any misunderstanding I had better, however, say right at the beginning that I am temperamentally disposed in favor of such public playgrounds and that I like places where the populace gathers, in Shakespeare's phrase, to walk abroad and recreate itself. Those who do not will probably not like the Fair.

I doubt that Mr. Whalen or anybody else knows much about what the world of tomorrow will be like, and I did not go in order to find out. Neither, for that matter, did I go in search of culture. I went to gape amiably at things intended primarily to be gaped at, and that is by far the best way to go. A World's Fair is a world's *fair.* It is not a collection of museums but a show whose ancestors are the circus, the midway, and the local fair. What distinguishes it from any of these is primarily the stress put upon scientific and industrial wonders, and at Flushing the laboratory and the manufacturing processes are put through their paces in such a way as to make a show. To me the remarkable fact is not that the exhibits are not more "educational" or do not contribute more to a solution of the world's problems, but simply that the showmanship is so good and that science and industry provide spectacles which could easily compete with the acrobats and trained seals of a conventional circus.

Most of the architecture in the exhibit area is certainly neither "functional" nor "significant." It is, however, extravagant and gay in a rather childishly exuberant way, and if it probably would not repay study it does do its part in creating the festive atmosphere that a fair ought to have. And the grounds are well laid out, beautifully kept, neat, clean, and comfortable. There are plenty of resting places, drinking fountains, and toilets. The talk about the difficulty of getting food at reasonable prices is probably either Bolshevist or Nazi propaganda and should be investigated by the Dies committee. The elegant and rather expensive restaurants operated by foreign governments in their own buildings are usually so crowded that you cannot get in anyway unless you have made reservations in advance. But the casual and less affluent visitor will not starve. There are innumerable eating places ranging from the many hot-dog and hamburger stands operated by Childs—I can testify that the hamburgers are good and uncontaminated by onions—to regular restaurants where both the food and the prices are approximately those found in the better popular-priced restaurants in the neighborhood of *The Nation* office.

The Fair is so large that unless the visitor prefers to wander about casually taking pot luck he had best first make a circular tour in one of the trains of trailer cars (25 cents) and then seek out directly those exhibits he has decided are most likely to interest him. And unless he is insatiable he might as well avoid most of the buildings given large inclusive titles like "Food," "Communications," "Home Furnishings," "Consumers," and the like. For the most part they house chiefly a collection of booths in which merchants exhibit their wares. Many of the buildings of the various foreign nations are elaborate, beautiful, and interesting. But to me by far the best and most exciting exhibits are those offered by the great industries—notably General Electric, West-

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inghouse, Eastman Kodak, American Telephone and Telegraph, General Motors, Ford, and Firestone. All these are free, but "Democracity" in the Perisphere, which nearly everybody visits, costs a quarter and is relatively unimpressive. When I was last there, the projectors which were supposed to contribute very largely to the show by some sort of a cinematographic device had for some reason not been put into operation.

The most popular exhibit seems to be the "Futurama" designed by Bel-Geddes for General Motors. You will certainly have to wait a while in line to get in. When you do you will sit in comfortable moving chairs, each provided with a radio soft-speaker which explains a prodigious diorama—said to be one-third of a mile long—presenting a large section of country as it might be if laid out according to a perfect scheme and traversed by perfect highways. There are cities, towns, factories, farms, parks, mountain resorts, and so on. The whole thing is very elaborately and very successfully carried out.

Nevertheless, to me the most exciting and impressive of all the spectacles is General Electric's "man-made lightning," housed in a beautifully simple copper-sheathed building called Steinmetz Hall. The show lasts only a few minutes, and it is simply a few bolts of lightning—the greatest being thirty feet of blazing, crashing energy at a tension of ten million volts, which, incidentally, is said to be the greatest ever achieved by man. The sense of power which it creates is overwhelming, and I suppose has something to do with the fact that lightning has always seemed typical of nature's might at its most mysterious and most uncontrollable. General Electric's exhibition seems to me the best symbol I have ever seen of man's control of nature, as well as the best showmanship of the fair—lightning obeying the commands of the ringmaster's whip. I am not sure that the interior of the building, which is almost empty except for the condensers—twelve tall black towers ringed with chromium steel—is not also the most beautiful thing at the Fair. It is simple, austere, and almost terrifyingly purposeful.

Next door to Steinmetz Hall General Electric has a House of Magic in which some of the less alarming wonders of electricity are demonstrated. It is very much worth seeing, as are also Eastman's dazzling projections of photographs flashed simultaneously on a series of huge screens arranged in an arc some 180 feet long, American Telephone and Telegraph's mechanical voice which speaks whole sentences built up out of the fundamental vowel and consonant sounds produced by the manipulation of keys, and some of Westinghouse's various exhibits. Firestone has, among other things, a set of machines which take unvulcanized rubber and produce a complete automobile tire. Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler have, in their respective buildings, exhibits which demonstrate pretty much everything anyone would be likely to want to see in connection with the outside, the inside, or the working of a car.

The art exhibits and the other "cultural" exhibits I shall leave to specialists. I doubt that a fair provides the best atmosphere for the propagation of culture in the more conventional sense of the word, and I am not sure that it ought to try. Messrs. Barnum and Bailey were never criticized for not hanging any old masters in their menagerie. If the Fair is more than a circus, that is because, as I have already suggested, certain laboratory demonstrations and certain industrial processes make very spectacular shows. And if those offered at the World's Fair do not actually demonstrate what the world of tomorrow will be like or solve all the difficulties inherent in the job of getting the kind of world we want, they do give a tremendous demonstration of the triumphs of mere technique. In fact, I hardly see how a more tremendous one could be given.

I have not given the Amusement Area a very thorough investigation, but I have wandered through it and visited a few of the many side-shows offered to the public in exchange for sums ranging from 15 to 40 cents. The stupendousness of Billy Rose's Aquacade I have so far taken on faith, but most spectators like it. One of the best of the other elaborate enterprises is Sun Valley, a wood and plaster reconstruction of a Swiss village on a large scale. This has a pleasant cafe and a very pretty exhibition of skating on real ice, as well as impressive ski jumps by various experts on some sort of artificial slide that looks terrifying enough. There are also a certain number of Coney Island "rides" and a parachute jump from a tower 250 feet high. Also there are a number of nude shows for those who can take pleasure in these Barmecide feasts.

My libido did not carry me through all of them, and some are said to be mere country-fair swindles, but one which I did see, Bel-Geddes's Crystal Lassies, is rather ingenious and does fully provide what it promises. One stands on a platform just outside a huge crystal polygon while nude dancers, deliriously multiplied by reflection, dance on the mirror floors. The girls are young and pretty, one of them wears absolutely nothing except one gardenia, and they dance—if not remarkably—at least pleasantly. While I was there one extremely respectable middle-aged lady said defensively to the other equally respectable middle-aged lady who was with her: "Well it's art. You see the same thing in art, don't you?" There is doubtless something in that. Perhaps I was not made a better man, but I don't feel any the worse for the experience, and Mayor LaGuardia will get no protests from me, though it was reported in the newspapers that Gene Tunney was visibly displeased. Probably he went straight to the abbreviated performance of Shakespeare's plays given under the direction of Margaret Webster in "Merrie England."

Chamberlain by Default

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

London, June 5

THE maximum legal term of the present British Parliament does not expire until November, 1940, but barring new international crises, it is in the cards that the National Government will seek a new mandate from the electors in the coming fall. I do not know how good its experts rate its chances. At first sight they would appear to be slim. Under three different Premiers the government has now been in power almost eight years, and after such a term it cannot help suffering from the natural swing of the political pendulum. Moreover, it has been a conspicuously unsuccessful government. During most of its years of office foreign policy has been the dominant issue, and almost every step it has taken in this field has proved disastrous. Mr. Chamberlain's momentary popularity after Munich has evaporated under the burning sun of Nazi ambitions, and now public opinion and the logic of events are forcing him to reverse himself and adopt measures which he once scornfully rejected. From the point of view of administration also, the government has been a failure. In carrying out the rearmament program and particularly in the field of home defense it has been guilty of inefficiency and waste.

Despite all this there can be little doubt that in a general election the government, though it would lose a good many constituencies, would still retain a comfortable majority. Experienced Labor Party officials have admitted to me that they see little chance of electing more than sixty or seventy additional members. In order to obtain a working majority in the Commons, without relying on Liberal support, a gain of 150 would be necessary. Hence, unless events during the next few months produce a tidal wave of opinion not merely *against* the National Government but *for* Labor, the possibility of another long period of Chamberlainism has to be faced. It is this dismal prospect which has provided the steam for the Popular Front movement so decisively rejected by the recent conference of the Labor Party at Southport. Unless the National Government could be defeated, Sir Stafford Cripps and his followers argued, British democracy was threatened with destruction by both internal and external enemies. In this situation they called for a temporary alliance with other parties, such as the Liberals and the Communists, on the basis of an agreed program of collective action in support of peace abroad and social reform at home.

The defeat of this policy at the conference cannot be ascribed to unfair manipulations by the party executive. It has at times adopted steam-roller tactics, but in this instance it could safely afford to give the proponents of the Popular Front every facility for putting their case, in the certainty that they would be roundly beaten. Standing orders were suspended by the conference so that Sir Stafford Cripps could be heard in his own defense before his expulsion was ratified. He was given a fair hearing, as were his supporters, but on this matter, as well as on every other involving an issue between the executive and the "rebels," the general trend of feeling was unmistakable.

After listening attentively to the debates and talking to delegates of all views in the lobbies, I am convinced that, quite aside from the merits of the Popular Front proposal, Sir Stafford Cripps made a major error in tactics. At the beginning of this year he sent the secretary of the party a memorandum embodying his plan, with a request for a special meeting of the executive, of which he was a member, for its consideration. The meeting was duly held a few days later, and after a discussion which continued until late in the evening a motion to adopt the memorandum was defeated by seven to three. By the first mail next morning leading members of the party and many of its constituent organizations received copies of the memorandum, together with a covering letter from Cripps asking for support. Clearly everything had been put in train in anticipation of the executive's action.

Cripps's impatience, his characteristic intolerance of any obstacle to the carrying out of a policy in which he believed devoutly, had betrayed him. The executive took the view that independent action of this kind by one of its members to overthrow a carefully considered decision was an intolerable breach of discipline. Certainly it was the kind of action that the Communist Party, which has been ardently supporting Cripps, would not permit for an instance from one of its members. Nor was it the only course open to him. Had he resigned from the executive and circulated a personal explanation to the party setting forth his views, he would have been within his rights and could then have carried on an agitation inside the party with a view to getting his proposals adopted at the forthcoming conference. As it was, having blundered into a position which practically forced the executive to expel him unless he recanted, he went on to increase his offense in the eyes of most of his fellow-members by carrying on from the outside, with the aid and sympathy of other organizations, a campaign designed to change the existing policy and leadership of the party. Under these circumstances it was a foregone conclusion that the conference would vote him down.

To say that Cripps's tactics were bad is not to say that the policy which he wanted the party to adopt was wrong. It was based on the assumption that the overwhelming need of the hour was the preservation of democracy. If this were lost the Labor Party might find itself discussing the importance of party independence behind barbed wire. The Popular Frontists did not suggest the renunciation of Labor's socialist program. But they urged that the immediate and urgent task was the substitution of a government which could be relied on to oppose fascism for one which had proved weak, reactionary, and inefficient. Against the latter kind "the defense of democracy" has a much wider appeal than a policy of socialist reconstruction. Moreover, the Liberal Party, though but a rump which can never aspire again to an independent majority in Parliament, still has a hold on certain rural and middle-class areas where Labor has never been able to make much headway. The electoral possibilities of a Popular Front in such districts is well illustrated by the Bridgewater by-election last November. Here, in a constituency where Labor had never come within sight of victory, Vernon Bartlett, standing as an independent with the support of all progressive groups, rallied an astonishing number of voters and beat the government candidate handsomely.

At the next general election a Popular Front might have led to many such triumphs. Nevertheless, when the Labor Party conference came to a direct vote on this question, it defeated the proposal even more emphatically than it upheld the expulsion of Cripps. Was this because of a blind clinging to tradition? Or was it due to sheep-like acceptance of a tired and unimaginative leadership? There may be elements of truth in both suggestions, but neither forms an adequate explanation.

Independence is more than a shibboleth in the Labor Party; it is the essence of its being. Prior to the formation of the Labor Party in 1901, the British working classes had sought to achieve political influence through the Liberal Party, under whose auspices a handful of trade-union leaders entered Parliament. This arrangement proved profoundly unsatisfactory as the workers grew to greater social and political consciousness. Hence the Labor Party was founded on the basis of complete political independence. It has not always stuck to that path, but whenever it has wandered, it has come to grief. Its latest experience of collaboration with the Liberals was in 1929-31, when the second Labor government depended perforce on Liberal votes to retain office. The upshot was the formation of the National Government when the late Ramsay MacDonald decided that a national emergency justified an alliance not merely with the Liberals but with the Tories. That defection, fortunately, did not split the Labor Party, but it did give it a shock from which it has not yet fully recovered.

With all this so well remembered, it is not surprising that proposals for political marriages, even though they are intended to be only of the companionate variety, should be regarded with deep suspicion. At the conference this suspicion was intensified by the belief that the Popular Front was a product of middle-class intellectualism. Certainly the bulk of its support came from party locals in the London suburbs and the southern rural areas, where a considerable part of the membership is middle-class. Delegates from the great industrial areas, where party traditions are most deeply imbedded, almost unanimously voted against it. Representing workers born and bred to class solidarity, they could not as easily reconcile themselves to collaboration with capitalist parties as could the more radical intellectuals.

If Cripps had understood the rank and file of the party better he would not have come such a cropper. His difficulty is that he has had no experience as a humble party worker. He was in his thirties when he became a member, and as a man who had already won a brilliant reputation as a lawyer, he was a star from the beginning. Thus his approach was that of the man on the platform who stirs an audience to enthusiasm. Had he climbed the party ladder from the bottom he might more easily have accommodated himself to those aspects of democratic politics which are apt to irk men with exceptional minds; he might have learned patience with the slow and sometimes tortuous courses by which decisions are finally reached and acceptance of those processes of give and take without which there must be either deadlock or dictatorship. For all this, Cripps is a man of rare gifts and complete sincerity who could be an asset to the party. It is to be hoped that the newly elected Executive Committee will accept the applications for reinstatement with which he and those expelled for supporting him acknowledged defeat.

I expressed earlier the opinion, and it was not merely a personal one, that under present circumstances the Labor Party can have few hopes of defeating the National Government. It is true that in the course of the Southport conference Arthur Greenwood and other leaders stoutly repudiated this view as unwarranted defeatism. Yet there is a lingering suspicion among the general public that the party not only cannot win but, worse still, has not the will to win. The impression has spread that at least some Labor leaders would rather play the part of His Majesty's opposition than that of His Majesty's government. There is a belief that they shrink from the responsibility of power in these troubled times, that they doubt their capacity to cope with the fierce resistance certain to be met by a Labor government which tried to carry out its full program.

Such doubts may explain the apathy which has been so marked a feature of recent by-elections. The electors seem reluctant to vote either for the government or for the Labor Party. Yet it would not do to assume a lack of interest in politics, for everywhere there are signs of an intense preoccupation with public affairs and particularly with foreign policy. If this interest is not reflected in by-elections, it must be because the electorate is in a quandary. It cannot express confidence in Chamberlain, but Labor seems to offer no real alternative.

Having rejected the Cripps policy, the Labor Party leadership must now prove its contention that the party can win on its own. To do this it will have to develop a great deal more imagination and energy than it has recently exhibited. More particularly it ought to find ways and means of attracting young people, many of whom are unable to find a political organization expressing their needs and interests. It has over a period of years attempted to build a wing for its younger members, but the League of Labor Youth has had a checkered career. In combating the natural tendency of youngsters to kick over the traces, the party executive has sternly adopted the line that children should be seen but not heard and applied heavy-handed discipline. Party officialdom is all too inclined to blame "corrupting influences" for all outbreaks; it would be better to inquire why the tactics and policy of the party have failed in their appeal to the young. It might even be worth while to take a few leaves from the book of the Communists, who by drive and drama have made the most of their comparatively minute membership.

What the Labor Party needs now above all else is a more vigorous leadership in Parliament. I hesitate to report the current criticism of C. R. Attlee, the present leader, with whom I have long been on friendly terms, and who, moreover, is a sick man. But there is no denying that he has not proved effective in this position. He is well liked personally and well-meaning, but he lacks resolution, and his speeches are notable for bark rather than bite. His accession to the leadership was really due to the accident suffered by George Lansbury, who headed the Parliamentary party after the débâcle of 1931. Lansbury actually asked Cripps to deputize for him while he was in hospital, but Cripps was immersed in legal work and declined. Lansbury's recovery was slow, and Attlee consequently remained in command for some months, and was elected to the leadership. At the 1935 general election the party was much strengthened, and many former front-bench men came back. Attlee, Herbert Morrison, and Arthur Greenwood were all nominated for the leadership, and the first vote was indecisive. Then a group of trade unionists who had supported Greenwood and who were determined not to have Morrison threw their strength to Attlee.

There now seems to be a growing feeling inside the party that Morrison would make a far more effective leader. He has been brilliantly successful both as organizer of the party in London, once very barren ground but now a Labor stronghold, and as head of the Labor majority on the London County Council. He has administrative ability of a high order, he has more than a little pugnacity, and he sticks to his guns. There can be little doubt that under his leadership the Labor opposition in Parliament would cause Mr. Chamberlain a lot more worry than it does at present. But unless Attlee resigns there seems little chance that Morrison will get the job, at least until after the next general election. Meanwhile, lacking leadership capable of demonstrating to the country that it is both able and anxious to form an alternative government, the Labor Party seems likely to fumble an unparalleled opportunity.

Pocket Guide

THIS is the last piece in this series for consumers. Three recent conferences, all announced as for "the consumer," show how that poor, abused word is being overworked. One of the conferences made page one of the newspapers, the second was buried inside, the third was not even mentioned in any large city paper.

The conference that made page one was that of the National Association of Better Business Bureaus, held in Buffalo. Better Business Bureaus exist in every important city and town in the country. In some cities they have been competent in fighting fake stock sales; in others they have got after many little back-street dealers with lying signs in their windows. In checking up on the big merchants and the big advertisers they have not been so competent or so energetic. This conference, as reported in the New York *Herald Tribune*, had the headline, "Better Business Bureau Plans to Extend Services." Well, it will have to do a lot of extending before it bumps into any such advertiser as Ford or any such department store as Wanamaker's.

I wouldn't if I were you, expect to have many of my consumer problems solved by a Better Business Bureau; but if you have bought a pair of shoes that don't fit and can get no satisfaction from the store, you might call up your local bureau. It will help you.

The Consumer Education Conference held at Stevens College in Columbia, Missouri, which was buried in the back pages of most newspapers, should have been, from any news point of view, on page one. I confess that when I first heard about it I was pessimistic. Some time ago Alfred P. Sloan, chairman of the board of General Motors, set aside a large sum of money for a Consumers' Foundation. This was to be run by his brother, Harold Sloan. Why, I thought, should Mr. Sloan be worried about your pocketbook and mine? Was his purpose really a social one? Was he starting one of those organizations I wrote about in my last piece which give aid to consumers on everything except the backer's own product?

But the conference was a pleasant surprise. It was ably arranged and conducted by John M. Cassels, with the assistance of Helen Dallas. More than 600 business men, educators, and government officials were present. The business leaders were "singularly meek and confessed their sins," according to one reporter. "One representative even hinted that most of the material sent into the schools, masquerading as consumer education, should be taken out. An executive pointed out that only as consumers organize into a pressure group can they secure what they want."

The Alfred P. Sloan Foundation has made a good beginning. We'll have to watch it and see how it continues. I hear that pressure has been applied to both the Sloan brothers. Business and advertising are working hard on them. So far they've been deaf to all of it.

The conference that didn't draw a line in any big-city newspaper was a meeting organized by the Cooperative League in Akron, Ohio. Without great fuss or expense labor-union, farm, and cooperative delegates met to do something about their own buying. In simple words Murray Lincoln, secretary of the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation, dramatized the story. "One-half the farm problem," he said, "is in the cities. One-half of the city problem is in the country." Not much was accomplished at the meeting, but the getting together of farmers, organized labor, and co-ops was a good sign.

Here is another example of the use of the word "consumer" as a front. In 1937 a man named Albert Lane published *Consumer Preferences;* in 1938 he brought out *Consumers' Bureau Reports;* and in 1939 he published *Consumers' Bureau Guide.* Consumers Union brought suit against him, and a judgment written by Justice Cotillo in New York restrained Mr. Lane from using the name *Consumers' Bureau Reports.*

Consumers Union complained that the use of a title so like its Consumers Union *Reports* might cause people to buy one for the other. It also charged that Mr. Lane was lifting Consumers Union material without credit or permission, and stated further to the court that its investigation had disclosed Mr. Lane's Bureau of Standards to be much less authoritative than it purported to be. Mr. Lane was not only the Board of Directors, but the entire staff of his Bureau of Standards. Manufacturers, it charged, were being asked to buy *Consumers' Bureau Reports* on the basis of their ratings in it.

Soon after Justice Cotillo's decision, the Federal Trade Commission filed a complaint because it feared that Mr. Lane's Bureau of Standards might be confused with the National Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce. The FTC repeated CU's accusations and added more. The purpose of Mr. Lane's Bureau of Standards, it said, "in selling and distributing these publications, is not to inform, protect, or advise the consuming public, but to induce the manufacturers and producers whose products are listed in the publications to purchase large numbers of said publications in consideration of respondent's so listing their articles and products. . . ." HELEN WOODWARD

[This is the last appearance of Helen Woodward's Pocket Guide. In the future matters of interest to "consumers" will be handled in frequent articles by Mrs. Woodward and other authorities in specific fields.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

In the Wind

GERMAN RAILROADS have issued new time-tables which list Danzig as German territory.

IS THE Dies committee protecting Senator Reynolds? Several weeks ago this column reported that George Deatherage was sending out Reynolds's speeches in envelopes bearing the Senator's frank. Our informant was questioned by a Dies committee investigator and supplied a good deal of data on Deatherage's activities. When Deatherage took the stand he was questioned about these disclosures—but not about his link with Reynolds.

WHILE THE King and Queen were in Canada they visited the mines at Sudbury owned by the International Nickel Company. They were accompanied by the usual corps of British correspondents. But when they went down into one of the mines, the newspapermen weren't permitted to go along. Prime Minister Mackenzie King made a special plea for the reporters, but officials of the company insisted that the company "objected to newspapermen."

AS PART of a drive to keep Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" off the screen, Hearst's Los Angeles *Examiner* featured a long blast from a Catholic priest who called the book "communistic" and "lecherous." Since it is well known in Hollywood that Catholic pressure has killed more than one film idea, the importance of this attack is not being underrated.

HEADLINE IN the Boston *Record:* "King Hurts Hand; Raps Dictators."

THE FULL story behind Hitler's March ultimatum to Rumania, which precipitated the formation of the anti-aggression bloc, has just leaked out in London. Its hero is known simply as "Herr Schmidt of Vienna." Formerly an employee of the Austrian legation in Bucharest, Schmidt was retained in the foreign service when the Nazis took over. He concealed his anti-Nazi feelings, biding his time. At last he learned the news that Berlin most wanted kept secret—the terms of the impending ultimatum to Rumania. Several hours before it was to be delivered, Schmidt told all to Rumanian officials. They told Paris and London. A sudden coup was made impossible, the ultimatum was modified, and the basis of the anti-aggression front was laid. Herr Schmidt of Vienna was given a revolver by the German secret service and killed himself.

TRAVEL DEPARTMENT: Travelers arriving in Bermuda these days get a glowing booklet designed to make them feel at home. It boasts: "Bermuda is not a democracy. Less than 10 per cent of its citizens can vote. Only adult males, owning £60 of land, have the suffrage. Non-voters accept and respect this system because it works well and guards against participation by uneducated, irresponsible, or dissatisfied elements. . . . Life is indeed serene in these islands."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Puerto Rico S. O. S.

TWO events have again focused attention upon Puerto Rico: the President's sudden appointment of Admiral William D. Leahy to succeed Major General Winship as governor, and the drafting of a memorandum by a joint committee of the Legislature of Puerto Rico asking for statehood, or, failing statehood, the right to elect a governor in 1940, and for other reforms. Somewhat earlier, on March 12, an economic conference of 300 persons voted to demand of Congress an immediate referendum on the future political status of the island. This conference was called by conservative business interests with the approval of the ultra-conservative Governor Winship, and I am inclined to think was of even greater significance than the two more recent happenings. Two years ago when Senator Tydings introduced a bill providing for a plebiscite on the question of independence, he was roundly denounced both here and in Puerto Rico. The big business men of the island, notably the sugar barons, who have much at stake, were particularly outraged by the suggestion. Yet at the March conference they themselves went on record as being willing to submit the political fate of the island to the Puerto Ricans whom they have so often described as backward and in need of complete tutelage. When the resolution was adopted, so many people were standing and cheering that no formal vote was taken. Men of all shades of opinion demanded that the Puerto Rican people be allowed to determine their future by a plebiscite.

The appointment of Admiral Leahy, however, was a more sensational step, and it was promptly protested by the Committee on Fair Play for Puerto Rico of the American Civil Liberties Union. This action was taken not because of any personal objection to Admiral Leahy but because he is a naval officer who has spent forty-five years in the service, who does not speak Spanish, and who, never having been stationed in Puerto Rico, is necessarily ignorant of the temperament and cultural background of the people. Certainly Admiral Leahy did not seek the job; he was picked for it by the President after they had been cruising together in the Caribbean. Presumably Mr. Roosevelt has been greatly impressed by the Admiral's success in obtaining unprecedentedly large appropriations for the navy; and it is by no means impossible that since Puerto Rico is now to have a large air base as part of our defense against Hitler in the Caribbean, the President thought it would do no harm to have it known in Berlin that an admiral had been put in charge of the island.

It is reported in Washington that nobody in the Interior Department except Mr. Ickes himself knew about the appointment in advance. Some of the highest officials have admitted to me that the principle of appointing a military or naval officer to Puerto Rico, and our other insular possessions, is wrong. It at once arouses antagonism to the new governor by intensifying the feeling of the natives that Washington does not consider the island an integral part of the United States and on the road to statehood but merely a military satrapy. Moreover, the Puerto Ricans feel that they ought to be governed by a Puerto Rican, or by someone who has specialized in Latin American problems and is known to be entirely sympathetic with their plight and their aspirations. As the New York *Times* reported, the appointment of Admiral Leahy without any suggestion from the President to the leaders of the island that there was to be a change or any consultation with them made a very bad impression, which has not been diminished by the current rumors that the Admiral will never go to Puerto Rico but will enter the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy.

To all this the reply in Washington is that while the principle of having a skilled civilian administrator, preferably a Puerto Rican, is the correct one, an exception should be made in the case of Admiral Leahy, who is an extremely able and kindly man and whose very ignorance of Puero Rican conditions will make him eager to take advice. In the talk that I have had with him I gained the distinct impression that he is open-minded and eager to learn. He can do no better than to study the mistakes of General Winship, who would have been removed some time ago if there had not been the attempt to assassinate him. Whether the Admiral will understand the underlying economic evils which threaten dire catastrophe in Puerto Rico, and rule as a civilian would, remains to be seen.

If he is really eager to make a record of achievement that will win the gratitude of nearly two million Puerto Ricans, he could ask for no better opportunity. Never has the situation been so desperate. At the end of the grinding season it is admitted that there will be 200,000 people out of work. Allowing five people for every worker—none too large when one considers the size of the Puerto Rican family—we shall see close to one million people needing government support. Yet the horrifying fact is that Congress has appropriated only

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$6,000,000 for relief. Secretary Ickes and the officials of the Bureau of Insular Affairs have done everything possible to arouse Congress to the need, but in vain. The President has not helped. I cannot understand why he has not sent a special message to Congress about it or made a radio appeal for justice to our wards. With a million lives at stake and grave disorder possible, heroic measures would be justified. The authorities should certainly not be deterred by the fear of exposing conditions to justify the attack of *Das Schwarze Korps*, organ of Hitler's S. S., which declared recently that conditions in the island were another proof of American hypocrisy and that until they are rectified, Roosevelt has no right to lecture Hitler and the other dictators.

There are several reasons for the indifference of Congress to the island's plight. In the first place, Puerto Rico has no adequate spokesman in Washington. If it were a state, it would always have two Senators and at least one Congressman on the job fighting for its rights. It would then be an influential factor in Presidential conventions; the politicians would be compelled to take note of its existence and to woo its vote in the Electoral College. Next, there is the old, never-to-be-eliminated difficulty that most Congressmen know nothing of the island and care less, since the population is Latin and therefore inferior to the lordly Anglo-Saxon race. They disregard the fact that two years before we annexed the island the Puerto Ricans were given by Spain a voice in their own tariff affairs. The Sugar Act of 1937, which embodied the government's effort to scale down sugar production in Cuba, the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, the United States proper, and elsewhere in order to adjust supply to demand, cost Puerto Ricans $21,000,000 a year by cutting down the exports allotted to them. But Congress is not moved. Nor as yet can the Maritime Commission be induced to interest itself in the fact that although the Virgin Islands, only ninety miles away, are fortunate in being exempted from the operation of the coastwise-shipping laws, Puerto Rican trade with our continental ports must be carried in American ships. It costs 18 cents more per drum to ship lubricating oil from the United States to Puerto Rico than from the United States to Europe. But for the freight rates the island could do quite a business in exporting silicon and magnesium to the United States. It costs $6 a ton to ship silicon from the island to harbors under the American flag and only $2 to ship a ton from Belgium to New York. The European producers of magnesium can ship a ton to the United States for $3.50; Puerto Rican producers have to pay $14.60. Finally, the Puerto Ricans lay the decrease in the export of grapefruit, from 1,000,000 boxes in 1930 to only 126,000 in 1938, to these same high freight rates.

The United States government could break those shipping rates if it saw fit, for it either owns outright or has a mortgage on almost every ship under the American flag, with the exception of the vessels of a few lines like the Bull Line. But it does not act, and the President has not asked Congress directly to amend the shipping laws so that foreign ships can take a cargo from Puerto Rico to New York as they can now take one from the Virgin Islands. In other words, the existing situation has created a shipping monopoly. It is not surprising that the pro-American Senator Martenas Nadal not long ago made a sensational speech in San Juan in which he declared that it was not worth while for the Senate to meet as long as the United States sent down "a few little millions of red beads to win us over . . . while they destroy all our sources of wealth without providing other sources instead."

Aside from the overcrowding of the island, which is now being energetically grappled with, despite the objection of the Catholic church, by the legal establishment of birth-control clinics, the worst evil remains the concentration of land in the hands of the great sugar companies, in defiance of a law which decrees that no corporation shall own more than 500 acres. That law, never enforced by any American President, is now before the Circuit Court of Appeals and will in due course be carried up to the Supreme Court. If the law is upheld, the drastic changes involved in its enforcement will for a time throw the island into economic confusion. But the government itself realizes that the great hope for the island lies in small holdings, and it is establishing that system on the lands that it has bought in connection with the government-owned and -operated sugar mill, the Centrale Lafayette. This undertaking has paid its way for the last two years and is the especial object of solicitude of the admirable relief administrator of the island, Miles Fairbank, who has won the respect and regard both of the inhabitants and of officials in Washington.

If a vote should come in the island—and if the Congress of the United States pledged itself to allow Puerto Rico to remain within the tariff sphere of the United States—I believe that the vote would be overwhelmingly for independence. But just as we refuse to keep the Philippines within our tariff laws after they become independent, though it would be enormously to our economic advantage to do so, so Congress would cast off Puerto Rico in the most heartless manner if it indicated its desire to go its own way. It cannot survive financially if American markets are closed to it. There remains then only the question of statehood or some kind of dominion status. The latter would be something new under the American sun; few people remember that in 1922 the Campbell bill conferring just such status upon the island was passed by the Senate but lost in the House by one vote. Something must be done to give these people a voice in their government. Something must be done all along the line to save them from disaster and despair.

THEATER ON THE LEFT

BY CHARLES R. WALKER

I

EUROPE has many times revitalized its traditional culture with radical ideas absorbed from the sphere of politics. The culture of France, always a European barometer, naturalized revolutionary ideas over and over again in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In our time there has been the case of Germany before the coming of Hitler. Most of the distinguished artists and writers of the republic went politically left between the war and 1933. The past six years have somewhat tardily given the United States its first adult experience with this cultural phenomenon. And nowhere have the results been more fruitful, real, or provocative than in the American theater.

Many, many seasons ago—at least five—I discussed with a distinguished producer the plans I had helped to formulate for a workers' theater. He warned me gravely that the fallacy of the left theater lay "in the proved indifference of the great mass of Americans, and especially workingmen, for social themes." "There simply is no audience," he added, "for plays about unemployment, lynching, housing problems, or strikes."

Three years later *Variety* had proclaimed the Theater Union's "Stevedore" a hit, "Waiting for Lefty," a Group production, had been seen by half a million workers, and serious metropolitan critics were comparing Clifford Odets to Shakespeare. By 1936 the WPA was carrying forward on a vastly wider scale—and with a different emphasis—this new American phenomenon of a provocative social theater. How did it all happen, and, more important, what is the status of the so-called left theater today?

In the early thirties there existed in America tiny nucleii of a "proletarian theater" in what their creators called "agit-prop troupes." In the summer of 1932 I witnessed one of their plays performed before an audience of a hundred clothing workers in Brooklyn. It was the story of a cutters' strike. In the middle of the play the actor playing the union organizer turned to the audience: "We aren't actors, we're workers the way you are. This isn't a play. It's life. What are we going to do about it!" The germ of the organizer's speech in "Waiting for Lefty" was there, and the germ—if not the political tone—of "Pins and Needles" as well.

Most of the agit-props were pretty bad, and ideas for "full-length revolutionary plays" and a "professional workers' theater" began to crop up in left circles. In response the Theater Collective was founded, and it earnestly restaged with left variations Paul Sifton's "1931." All of this was a very long time ago—when Hoover was still President, when Germany was still the Weimar Republic, and incidentally when the Communist Party of the United States, with a fifth of its present membership, was still calling for "a revolutionary way out of the crisis," which meant seizure of power and not the reelection of Roosevelt.

Significantly the militant-minded Theater Union began its career in open revolt not only against the "commercialized theater" but against the ideological credo of left theater circles of the day. The New York District of the Communist Party, I remember vividly, summoned two of us who sympathized in the main with the party's political line to answer charges that we were creating a "bourgeois theater." The charge was brought by the Theater Collective and was based on the following counts: (1) that the Union proposed to have Socialists on its executive board; (2) that we intended to pay our actors and other workers—a point that particularly shocked the unpaid volunteers of agit-prop groups; (3) that Sidney Howard was on our advisory board. These and other criticisms were soon to melt away in the unexpected applause that greeted "Peace on Earth" and "Stevedore" from radicals of every persuasion, non-class-conscious workers, and the carriage trade. But even before "Peace on Earth," Earl Browder had said to me in a moment of disarming frankness: "Many of the comrades are impractical and *leftist*. . . . I believe if the Communist Party directly controls the Theater Union you will have interesting debates about plays. If you remain autonomous you may get a theater."

He was certainly right. The audiences which came to support our plays were drawn from organizations unaffiliated with any political party, from trade unions, culture clubs, college students, professional groups, and the general public. Always, however, the followers of the radical parties bought the most seats, and of these the Communists were in a majority. In the theater's management Socialists, Communists, and others—much to everyone's surprise—achieved a working harmony.

"Peace on Earth," produced in November, 1933, was violently attacked by the critics as a bad play and as intolerably propagandist. George Jean Nathan blithely entitled his review: "The Theater Union—a Post-Mortem." As "Peace" continued to play to crowded houses month after month, the critics returned and did a revise. "Stevedore" followed promptly and was proclaimed a hit by critics and audience alike. It ran for twenty-three weeks.

The Theater Union had discovered a large untapped audience of left theatergoers and demonstrated that the average American will go to the theater if he can afford it. Theater Union seats cost 30 cents to a dollar, and a majority of the audience were found to have never seen a "stage play" before. Besides providing free tickets for the unemployed, the Union sold huge blocks of seats at a discount to workers' organizations, thus guaranteeing the run of any play for from six to twelve weeks.

Objective aesthetic appraisal of the Union's plays is difficult. They had an unmistakable élan and audience excitement, and to the writer certain moments stand out as unforgettable theatrical experiences: the dock strike in "Peace on Earth," the lolling sunshine scene in "Stevedore," the miner's curse at the end of "Black Pit," and so on. Few Theater Union plays, however, except "Stevedore," achieved the organic theatrical distinction of, say, a Welles revival, or the productions of WPA's "Living Newspaper." This was partly because the Union was pioneering in a new technique but more basically, I believe, because it lacked talent and carried a topheavy load of organizers and playwrights on its governing board.

Meanwhile, something like an ideological revolution, if you remember, was occurring in the acting company of the Group Theater. "Waiting for Lefty," produced casually on a Sunday-night program, became a sensation. It has been played ever since. As "Lefty's" audiences and reputation grew, the Group acting company overruled a reluctant directorate and mounted Odets's "Awake and Sing"—written several years before. And finally in the winter of 1935 the Group blossomed into a double-barreled Odets program, "Awake and Sing" playing simultaneously with the one-acters "Till I Die" and "Lefty."

The Theater Union gave its last play, John Lawson's "Marching Song," in the winter of 1937. In some ways the Union's most skilful script and most finished production, "Marching Song" was yet a disappointment. And though left audiences applauded as loudly as ever, and grieved when the Theater Union, because of financial difficulties, collapsed after the play's run, they had now learned to look for vitality in other quarters. In the same season "Johnny Johnson," produced by the Group, became the most original full-length war play of the decade. I say full-length in deference to "Bury the Dead," Irwin Shaw's one-acter produced by the Actors' Repertory Theater. The Repertory had previously staged Albert Bein's "Let Freedom Ring," and was later to introduce "Two Hundred Were Chosen" and "Washington Jitters."

Though New York, both on Fourteenth Street and Broadway, kept the lead, the left-theater movement spread rapidly through the United States, and by 1935 the New Theater League with offices on Fourteenth Street boasted affiliated groups dedicated to the production of left plays in all the larger cities of the United States. Since the past two years have witnessed a nation-wide resurgence of trade unionism, the growth of a "sitdown circuit" under the auspices of the New Theater League was not unexpected. "Waiting for Lefty" was applauded from automobile bodies in Detroit and elsewhere. The season of 1937-38 saw the birth of the first permanent trade-union theater in the United States—Labor Stage. "Pins and Needles" still shows no signs of having exhausted its potential audience. The Theater Union and the Group had attracted workers of course to their plays, but they had neither the advantages of a 100 per cent trade-union theater nor its limitations.

Six months after the demise of the Theater Union, the Mercury Theater opened with its "artistic triumph and smash hit," "Julius Caesar." Despite, however, the unique gift of Welles and the Mercury in endowing the classics with a new *Weltanschauung,* the most important fact on the cultural left since 1936 has been the inclusion of a social theater in that vast and catholic repertory of entertainment known as the Federal Theater Project. The FTP was a product of the depression, but as Hallie Flanagan insisted, "in its future possibilities for American life and for American art it is no less potent because it carries in the pit of its stomach the remembrance of hunger."

[Part II of this article, to appear next week, will discuss the work of the Federal Theater Project.]

Picture of Poland

POLAND: KEY TO EUROPE. By Raymond Leslie Buell. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

AN ENGLISH diplomat was singing the praises of Mr. Chamberlain—even defending the pact of Munich. A young Englishman was among the listeners. At last he said to the diplomat: "But isn't there something very wrong, sir, in Great Britain giving to the Poles what she refused to the Czechs?" "Oh, no, my dear fellow," the diplomat answered at once, "the Poles are awfully decent people. Why, surely you must know the Poniatowskis. I used to shoot with them. Beautiful country place they have. Oh, yes, the Poles are decent people." A pretty instance of that snobbery which was certainly one of the motives that led the real rulers of England and France in the fall of 1938 to hand over to Hitler a genuine democracy with a first-rate army, great industrial resources, and a well-balanced economy!

Now that England and France seem determined to make a stand, intrusting the decision whether they should go to war or not to Poland, we need to know what this Poland is really like. Apart from snobbery, what reasons are there for or against choosing Poland as the point on which to stand and defy Hitler?

Just at this moment, along comes Mr. Buell with a book on Poland, and just the kind of book we need. It contains a fascinating history of Poland, a fairly clear picture of modern Poland's political system and of the condition of the Germans, Ukrainians, and Jews, an account of Polish foreign

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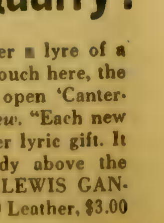

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policy since 1919, a chapter on the Polish demand for colonies, and a really masterly analysis of Poland's economic situation. Mr. Buell does well one of the most difficult jobs: he gives foreign readers a clear picture of the mode of life of another people. Whatever happens, this is one of the books every intelligent person will want to have at hand during the coming succession of crises.

Because this book is on the whole so objective and thorough, it is the more strange to find in it one or two misleading statements and odd bits of ill-digested Polish propaganda. "Poland," says Mr. Buell, "can have no confidence in 'guaranty' pacts, such as the Eastern Locarno agreement sponsored by Soviet Russia, in view of the fateful consequences of Catherine II's 'guaranties' in the agreement of 1768," and "Poland remembers that in 1793 . . . it was abandoned by both France and Britain." The memory of these things helps, he says, "to explain why Pilsudski decided in 1934 that Poland could not be tied to either Paris or London." He forgets to add that in 1934 Poland was tied to Hitler's Germany, although in the partitions of Poland the Prussians had grabbed their full share. Again, he tells us that "Poland has already discounted the likelihood of immediate foreign aid in the event of war—which Czechoslovakia counted on up to the very last second." Responsible Czechs never counted on "immediate aid" from France or Great Britain; they did have evidence that the Russians were able and ready to help them. Again, Mr. Buell points out quite truly that "an alliance with Poland would have strengthened Prague's strategic position" and that "this lack of unity among the Slavic states of Central Europe in 1938 contributed to the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia"; but he attributes this lack of unity to the fact that, as far back as 1926, Czechoslovakia had refused an alliance proposed by Poland. This statement is misleading, because Mr. Buell leaves out the vital fact that before Poland made the pact with Hitler in 1934, Hitler had offered to the Czechs a similar pact, which the Czechs refused. They refused it because they did not want to make with Hitler an agreement inconsistent with their engagements to France, and because they wished Poland to be included in any German non-aggression pact. France rewarded the Czechs by deserting them; Poland rewarded them first by double-crossing them in 1934 and then, in 1938, by sharing in the partition. Polish foreign policy is heavily responsible for the present danger to peace.

What practical conclusions does Mr. Buell's book suggest? For giving drastic economic help to Poland he makes out a strong case: Poland's economic situation—a population increasing by nearly half a million every year in an industrially backward country which cannot procure the equipment it needs because of international trade restrictions—is not only a humanitarian problem but a growing danger to world peace. On the other hand, this book offers no adequate basis for thinking that the alliance which Mr. Chamberlain has given to Poland is the way to help either Polish peasants or the cause of peace. It may well do the opposite. The Poles, as Mr. Buell remarks, are obsessed with the fact that Poland once stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The social system is still not far removed from feudalism, and "the gulf separating the lowly peasant from the government official or large estate-owner" is "almost as great as that which exists in many tropical countries"—and this is from the author of "The Native Problem in Africa." The rulers of modern Poland have treated their minorities badly and have played a double game in foreign policy. Is this the sort of country to which it was wise to give an unconditional promise of military aid?

JONATHAN GRIFFIN

From Another World

A BOOK OF MIRACLES. By Ben Hecht. Viking Press. $2.75

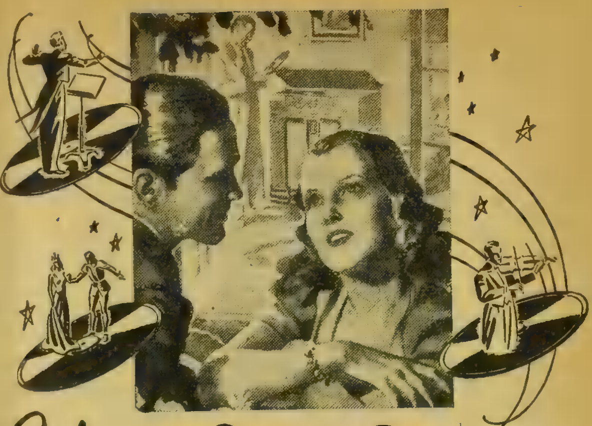
MR. HECHT has proved his versatility long since with such diverse fare as "The Front Page," "Fantazius Mallare," "1001 Afternoons in Chicago," and "Count Bruga," and now, with a wave of the hand, he builds a commodious two-way bridge between Heaven and Times Square, with a by-pass to Hollywood. The title of this "Book of Miracles" means exactly what it says: these seven stories, some tender and reverent, others acidly satirical, involve God and the heavenly hosts as familiarly as if Mr. Hecht were a sort of ectoplasmic reporter on the *Daily Empyrean.*

There is no introduction, no warning except the titles. With the opening paragraph of the first story you jump right off the edge of the world of every-day, where the air contains nothing more ethereal than dust; or rather, you discover that you have been seeing only the more prosaic manifestations of a world in which spirits still move and have their being: "If you stand motionless for seven hours looking up at the topmost window of the tallest building in New York you will be rewarded, provided you are not too much of a New Yorker, with a curious sight. You will see two Angels hovering there, that is, not outside this topmost window but a little above it."

To tell you what those two angels are doing in such an unlikely spot would spoil one of the most poignant of the book's miraculous tales, A Lost Soul. It is at once sentimental and biting, as any good fable should be. Some of the other stories—The Little Candle, Death of Eleazer, Remember Thy Creator—are more filled with tenderness and deep religious feeling, and there is far sharper bite in The Missing Idol and The Heavenly Choir; but this little parable of Joe Feeney, the two angels, and God is to our present-day world of steel and concrete what some of the Greek nature myths were to a folk who were not too blasé to personify those forces about them which they did not understand.

The Little Candle and Death of Eleazer are modern *contes dévots,* such as the disciples of the medieval church used to marvel at, both because they illustrated the divine goodness and because they appealed to the hearers' love of miracles—like Chaucer's Prioress's Tale. The analogy is further pointed by the fact that the two modern stories both concern the sufferings of the Jews in a world grown more than usually intolerant and hostile, while Chaucer's Prioress told one of those apocryphal tales of Christian martrydom that were circulated in the fourteenth century (and not now?) to inflame public feeling against the Jews.

On the lighter side, The Missing Idol and The Heavenly Choir are hilarious barbs aimed respectively at the movies and



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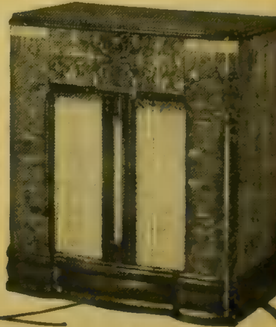

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the radio. Mr. Hecht has had his fling in Hollywood, and he reduces its pretensions and vaporings to absurdity in his amazing tale of the great producer, Mr. Kolisher, "the Man in the Street with bay leaves in his hair," who determined to film a super-epic based on the Passion of Christ. As in the other satirical stories the irony cuts at least two ways, and it would take a daring critic to decide offhand, after finishing the story, just which has come off worst: Mr. Kolisher, the actor Robert Gary, or God. The Heavenly Choir purports to be written some fifteen or twenty years hence, when radio broadcasting has completely disappeared from the earth on account of—but that, again, would be telling. If words were bullets, Mr. Hecht's sonorous salvos would leave the tough fabric of radio advertising looking like a piece of fine old lace after he really lets himself go against the purveyors of overrated cosmetics, cheapened music, and sentimental hooey. He must have sharpened his pen to a needle point, then dipped it in distilled venom.

Except for the long and rather rambling Adventures of Professor Emmett, which tells of an entomologist whose soul was translated into the body of an ant and who managed to warn the President of an approaching termite invasion, you will find every one of the stories in the volume more than worth your time, unless you are one of those mistaken realists who don't like stories of the supernatural even when they are good. These are mature, refreshing additions to Mr. Hecht's already distinguished list of contributions to our imaginative fiction.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

How the Wagner Act Works

THE WORKER, THE FOREMAN, AND THE WAGNER ACT. By Russell L. Greenman. Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

HOW TO DEAL WITH ORGANIZED LABOR. By Alexander Feller and Jacob E. Hurwitz. Alexander Publishing Company. $6.50.

RUSSELL L. GREENMAN, formerly a Chamber of Commerce lawyer and presently engaged in personnel-relations work, has written an interesting little book called "The Worker, the Foreman, and the Wagner Act." The title exactly describes its contents. It consists of dozens of case histories each of which illustrates the obligations and responsibilities of the foreman toward the worker under the National Labor Relations Act. Each case by itself could stand as a well-written short short story. They all add up to Mr. Greenman's conclusion that the foreman has complete freedom to hire and fire, promote and demote, transfer or lay off his employees for any reason under the sun except for their interest or participation in union activities. The author indicates the full extent of the severity of some of the Labor Board's border-line decisions, but underlines the extreme difficulty of its task in determining the motives for the actions of foremen and gives almost as much emphasis to cases in which workers' charges have been dismissed by the board as to those in which the reinstatement of workers has been ordered.

Mr. Greenman concludes with a plea for "fair play over and above the law." His book is of interest because it does not come from the political left. He accepts the act and the board's interpretation of it. He represents the point of view of thousands of well-intentioned employers who are willing to abide by the principle of collective bargaining but who need education and experience in its application.

The publication of this book provides an opportunity to comment upon another book about the Labor Relations Act which has been given insufficient notice although it was published eighteen months ago. Alexander Feller and Jacob Hurwitz, lawyers specializing in labor-relations cases, have written a book called "How to Deal with Organized Labor." The book's title and the fact that it is published by a Wall Street firm have conveyed a sinister meaning to those with whom I have discussed it but who have not themselves read it. "How to deal" suggests Hitler's and Chamberlain's relations to Czechoslovakia.

One reason why people have not read the book is that it is as long as it is expensive. Its 630 pages are divided into three parts. The first is a competent survey of the objectives, methods, history, structure, and government of trade unions and trade associations. The authors emphasize the deep-seated character of the urge toward collective bargaining among workers and accept it as a fact which employers must face. They also dwell upon the separation of interests between unions as institutions and their worker-members. Although this can be overdone, it is a matter to which scant attention is paid in the literature of labor.

The second part is devoted to a survey of the background, substance, procedure, administration, and policies of the National Labor Relations Act and Board. The type of cases selected as illustrations, the manner in which they are written up, and the authors' exclusive preoccupation with the formal activities of the board depict it as a harsh and inflexible Jehovah dealing out with a heavy hand an unfamiliar justice. The educational and investigatory work of mediation and conciliation performed by the board in its informal cases remain unmentioned. Why? Is it to stimulate a choral counterpoint to the solos of criticism sung by a small but very vocal minority of employers and publishers?

In Part Three it appears that this is not the authors' motive. Their real object is to make clear to employer-readers that the Wagner Act has teeth in it, that it is here to stay, and that the present board is determined to enforce it. From a perfectly cold-blooded, profit-making point of view the authors obliquely urge employers to accept this estimate of the legal status of collective bargaining and really to *deal* with organized labor in the non-emotional, non-psychopathic manner which they now frequently reserve for other aspects of their business. In 150 pages the authors set forth the details of real dealing from this point of view.

I think this book is important to liberals who want a glimpse into the minds of men interested in making money rather than fighting fetishes; to students who want information not in the ordinary textbooks; to teachers who want to get hold of tough-minded students not to be had on the basis of sentiment; and to employers who want to know how the labor problem adds up on the balance sheet. The book is *not* important, however, as a well-rounded view of the operations of the National Labor Relations Board.

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Painters, French and American

QUEER THING, PAINTING. By Walter Pach. Harper and Brothers. $4.

THESE reminiscences are interesting in so far as they illuminate the American situation at the time the author was coming to maturity. In those years, 1895 to 1907, almost everything was keyed to a thin Whistler-Sargent taste, genteel, pale, unrooted, and fundamentally the obverse of commercialism. It was to Paris that Mr. Pach had to go to get a breath of something different. That year (1907) was in fact particularly stirring: the Cubists were revolting and all the old values were being seriously challenged. Mr. Pach accommodated himself to these revivifying changes and in the process found his function, which was to serve as an intermediary between two cultures, the French and the American. He wrote the first American essay on Cézanne (1908); he translated Elie Faure's five-volume history of art; he did a full-length book on French masters and another called "Ananias"; he published monographs, helped arrange the Armory show, shared direction of the Independents, wrote forewords to catalogues, advised dealers, collectors, and museums, studied painting himself, lectured, and finally, last year, translated Delacroix's journals. All this contributed to America's "coming of age," and we are properly grateful, especially for the two indispensable translations.

The present volume continues this work with a description of the author's contacts with painters such as Picasso, Rouault, Matisse, and Braque. It also discusses Monet and Renoir, and presents collectors, critics, museums, Mexicans, and friends that the author has known. Chapters on the Americans are included, and there are some good documentary pages on the Armory show. All this should be revealing, but it isn't, aside from the helpful chapter on Eakins and Ryder and occasional notes on Matisse, Picasso, and Braque.

More serious, there is a singular and often repeated claim —recurrent in Mr. Pach's previous writings—that the museum is the primary force in art. Parallel to and no doubt responsible for this academic insistence is a lack of response to much of the most living American art during the last thirty years. There is no mention of John Marin, our incomparable water colorist and growingly impressive oil painter. Not a word on Marsden Hartley, who has been exhibiting for thirty years. Complete neglect of Max Weber and Walkowitz. Omission of Eilshemius, Kopman, and Dove. Not a word on "Camera Work." Nothing on the delicate Hartl and the "punctilious" Demuth. Forgotten also is the pathetic Alfred Maurer, our pioneer modern, whose lifelong struggle between the old and the new was resolved only by suicide. Moreover, even about the artists he mentions Mr. Pach is imprecise. He praises John Sloan's unfortunate excursions into cross-hatching and fails to point out that his really priceless contribution lay in his early etchings and his less self-conscious oils. He has the inconceivable blindness to term Glackens "a constant force for renewal in American art." He has less to say for Luks and Davies than for Prendergast. Nor does he relate any of "the Eight" to that vivid and healthy movement which flourished in the *Masses* and the *Liberator*.

In addition, while Mr. Pach gives us notations on three important European collectors and some information on that unique connoisseur and enthusiast, John Quinn, he says nothing about those collectors of today—Duncan Phillips, Samuel A. Lewisohn, and Philip Goodwin, for example—who have constantly encouraged living American painters. Again, he terms J. P. Morgan, Sr., a creative collector. But why, then, did it take Mr. Gellatly—a man now almost forgotten—to support the indigent Ryder? He justly honors Roger Fry and Faure, overrates Meier-Graefe, but ignores Paul Rosenfeld and Henry McBride. Why these omissions?

The answer is that Mr. Pach is not a critic. He is an appreciator and a transmitter of that which has already been accepted. This was a valuable function when America was "unlettered" in art, but it was not a primary one. The primary one, as always, has been carried forward by that passion which expresses itself in paint, by those critics who humbly and devotedly have championed the beautiful thing (Paul Rosenfeld, Lewis Mumford, and Henry McBride), by such fighters as Stieglitz, by generous men such as J. B. Neumann, by teachers like Henri (whom Mr. Pach soundly praises) and Hans Hofmann (whom he overlooks), by social forces like the *Liberator* and the *Masses*, which furthered caricature, liveliness, and political understanding through plastic means, and by the unparalleled mass aesthetic experiment of the WPA. Here has been the great current of the last thirty years in America, and Mr. Pach has, for the most part, missed it. He has been like a good professor who introduced us to the classics, translated them for us, spoke up occasionally for the living men of his own time and place, but chiefly looked to France or to what had been safely ratified by time.

JEROME MELLQUIST

RECORDS

LISTENING repeatedly to the works in Volumes III, IV, V, and VI of H. M. V.'s Haydn Quartet Society, which Victor has issued here (each seven-record volume $14), one appreciates the truth of Tovey's statement about one of the last symphonies—that "Haydn is a great master . . . working on a very small scale." For one is increasingly aware of what Haydn has packed into these quartets—the expressive turns of melody, the surprises in rhythm, phrasing, sonority, the audacities in harmonic progression, with which he tries to hold attention and does hold it from phrase to phrase, from measure to measure, even from beat to beat. These things, occurring sometimes in breath-taking profusion, provide now moving, now delightful moments in fine works like Opus 33 No. 2 in M-525, like Opus 50 No. 3 and Opus 76 No. 3, with the wonderful trio of its superb minuet movement, in M-526, or like Opus 54 No. 3 and Opus 55 No. 1, with its lovely slow movement and another superb minuet, in M-528; and in the even finer Opus 64 No. 6 and Opus 71 No. 1 in M-525. Then there are the masterworks in which the process rises to sheer incandescence—Opus 64 No. 4 in M-528, Opus 20 No. 4, Opus 74 No. 2, and Opus 77 No. 2 in M-527. And in M-526 there is Opus 20 No. 5, most astounding of all in the depth and poignancy of feeling that might be Mozart's,

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with a minuet movement in particular that might have been written by the composer of the extraordinary minuets of the Quintets K. 515 and 516.

With this music, as with any other, the precise degree of the effective realization of its inherent qualities varies with performance. There is that minuet of Opus 20 No. 5 with its poignancy fully achieved in the performance of the Roth Quartet on Columbia; there is the same minuet with this quality lessened by the excessively fast pace of the Pro Arte Quartet's performance in M-526, its less sensitive phrasing. There are Haydn's quartets as they were played by the Budapest Quartet for the New Friends of Music audience: the warm lyricism of the slow movements, the high spirits, playfulness, wit of the other movements brought to incandescence by playing that is itself incandescent in ease of execution, in luminous-toned phrasing, in ensemble. And there are Haydn's quartets as played by the Pro Arte Quartet in these volumes—played correctly, with spirit, and on the whole quite well, but with this group's limitations in technique and musical style, which means that the music proceeds without suppleness, without subtlety, and sometimes with feet that are weighted instead of winged.

Two things make Lionel Hampton's "Sweethearts on Parade" (Victor) outstanding in spite of the minor annoyances of his own playing and singing: the underlying rhythm, and over this the saxophone work of Choo Berry, who plays continuously from the beginning of the record to the end with constantly fresh invention and with a rhythmic incisiveness and sharp outlining of phrases different from his usual amorphous style (if your record is mislabeled look for 26209-B on the wax). Those who like Jess Stacy's piano-playing will like his "Ain't Goin' Nowhere" (Commodore); but I find that I enjoy his solo compositions less than the music his imagination produces when stimulated by the imaginations of others—that is, what he improvises on someone else's tune when playing in a group.

Among further Commodore reissues the best offer the playing of Coleman Hawkins on saxophone and Henry Allen on trumpet in Hawkins's "Heartbreak Blues"; of Benny Carter on clarinet, Jimmy Harrisson on trombone, and Hawkins, among others, in the Chocolate Dandies' "Dee Blues"; of Louis Armstrong, in his brilliant but not yet exhibitionistic 1927 style, and Johnny Dodds on clarinet in Armstrong's "Potato Head Blues" and "Put 'Em Down Blues"; of Frankie Newton on trumpet, Jack Teagarden on trombone, and Berry on saxophone, with Bessie Smith's singing, in "I'm Down in the Dumps." Some may put up with Red McKenzie's kazoo for the playing of Hawkins and of Jimmy Dorsey on clarinet in the Mound City Blue Blowers' "Georgia on My Mind," and for Hawkins again and Muggsy Spanier's delicate work on trumpet behind the vocal in "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me" on the reverse side. They may also put up with Joe Venuti's violin for the work of Charlie Teagarden on trumpet and Benny Goodman on clarinet in the Venuti-Lang "Some Day, Sweetheart"; and with Billly Banks's singing for the outstanding work of Pee-Wee Russell on clarinet and saxophone, matched occasionally by Allen's on trumpet, in the Rhythmakers' "Who's Sorry Now" and their "Oh! Peter" and "Margie."

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Letters to the Editors

Murder and Propaganda

Dear Sirs: There is published in England a *London Gazette* which nobody reads. But somebody in this country reads it carefully and saw fit to cull from it and "transplant" into the New York *Times* of April 29 a most characteristic piece of Mussolinian propaganda.

The New York *Times* evidently felt the need of informing its readers about two anti-Fascist Italians, Carlo Rosselli and his brother Sabatino, who were murdered in the forest of Couterne near Bagnoles sur l'Orne, France, on June 9, 1937. Here follows the account: "It is believed that Professor Rosselli had given up politics and was preparing to accept a chair at the University of Geneva through the good offices of his friend and fellow-exile Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, the historian, when, accompanied by his brother Sabatino, he made a mysterious visit to Couterne. There both were assassinated. It is believed that Sabatino was killed simply because he had recognized the two assassins, for he was indifferent to politics."

In order to understand the aim of this piece of propaganda, it is important to know that soon after the murder all newspapers affiliated with the Fascist propaganda machine circulated the version that Carlo Rosselli had been about to give up politics and was negotiating with Mussolini, through his brother, the terms of his surrender: in return for betraying the secrets of anti-Fascist activities he was to have been given a teaching position in an Italian university. His anti-Fascist comrades had put him to death before the betrayal was consummated.

All who knew Carlo Rosselli and his brother protested vigorously against this dastardly calumny. Carlo Rosselli had never either given up or planned to give up his anti-Fascist struggle. Carlo's brother Nello, no less than Carlo, was a man of honor, an uncompromising opponent of the Fascist regime, and incapable of acting as a go-between in a betrayal.

Six months after the murder, the French police found out that the two Italians had been murdered by members of the Cagoulards, a French secret organization which was provided with funds and arms by Mussolini's agents. Those Frenchmen had no personal reason to murder two Italians who never had concerned themselves with French political affairs. Their crime can be explained only on the ground that they were obeying orders from those higher up in their organization—orders originating from Mussolini's agents. Carlo Rosselli was one of the staunchest leaders of the anti-Fascist movement among Italians outside Italy. The French Cagoulards were ordered to put him out of the way. One of the Frenchmen who carried out the murder is now living in Italy under Mussolini's protection. The others are under arrest and will be tried in Paris.

Nevertheless, in the version printed by the New York *Times* not a word is to be found about the French Cagoulards or the links which existed between their organization and Mussolini's agents. Here, for the first time, the name of Guglielmo Ferrero is substituted for that of Carlo's brother as the leader of good offices, and therefore Carlo was to have obtained a chair not in Italy but in Geneva; Carlo was not negotiating to give up politics but had already given up politics, and his brother was indifferent to politics. Who, then, could harbor any suspicion that Mussolini's agents had had a hand in the business?

The readers of the New York *Times* have been asked to believe that Carlo's brother "was killed simply because he had recognized the two assassins." This is the last vestige of the earlier invention that the assassins were anti-Fascists who wanted to prevent Carlo from selling them out to Mussolini.

It would be interesting to know through what hands the misstatements of the *London Gazette* have passed to reach the columns of the New York *Times*. It would not be surprising if one of these hands belonged to the same gentleman who, several months ago, altered the text of a letter written by my friend Professor G. A. Borgese before publishing it in the New York *Times* of October 22, 1938. Borgese, speaking in his letter of one of his former students who had been imprisoned in Italy, wrote: "His persecution and ordeal are new signs of the well-known and promising unrest in the Italian new generation." Somebody on the staff of the paper substituted for the word "promising" in Borgese's letter the word "troubling." He was thereby doing his utmost not to provoke the displeasure of his Fascist comrades.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Cambridge, Mass., June 11

Scandinavian View

Dear Sirs: As an intense reader of American literature I have been searching lately for a periodical which could give me reliable information and also suit my own views in some degree. What irritates me the most in your press is the encouragement your papers—as well as your politicians from Senator William Borah down (or up, as you take it)—so liberally give to the European dictators by constantly repeating that no matter what they do and how they behave, America shall not lift a finger against them.

The Scandinavian countries wish to be neutral, but realize that their water power, timber, fisheries, and metals may be a temptation. Since Munich, however, no Scandinavian government has been able to get up any enthusiasm for armaments. If France and Britain did not allow Czechoslovakia, with its great military power, to fight, they would willingly give up Denmark and Sweden if Hitler demanded it. We wonder at the astonishingly moderate demands from Hitler and Mussolini, seeing how easily they get everything.

We realize that it is difficult for Americans to feel in sympathy with persons like Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir John Simon, Chamberlain, Lords Lothian and Halifax, Lord and Lady Astor—what we call the Birmingham crowd. But we feel that without calling out one soldier or one warship, by a single clear and strong gesture the United States President and Congress could silence the European dictators at once.

OLAV KRINGEN

Oslo, Norway, June 1

Indebtedness Acknowledged

Dear Sirs: Carl Zigrosser's warm review of my biography of Diego Rivera in your issue of April 29 made me extremely conscious of an oversight on my part. Among other matters, Mr. Zigrosser singled out for praise "an illu-

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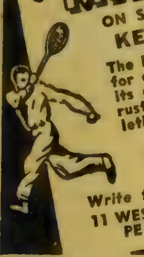

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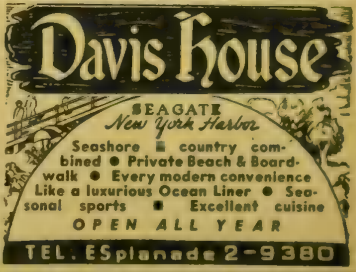

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minating commentary on the schools of Paris, the nature and underlying causes of their revolt against tradition." Before writing those portions of the book in which I attempted to apply the historical methods of Marxism to a field of culture in which I am a mere amateur, I made a study of everything I could lay hands on relating to the subject. My major indebtedness in this regard is to Elie Faure and Meyer Schapiro. My obligation to the former, because his work is already in writing and because of frequent citation, is made abundantly clear. But not so my greater indebtedness to the latter, whose seminal views I have largely picked up through conversations with him and attendance at his lectures at Columbia. The account I give of modern painting in the last three pages of the chapter On the Road to Cubism follows, though no doubt inadequately, the views I have heard him advance.

Having failed to make adequate acknowledgment of that indebtedness in the first edition, I ask the privilege of doing so for its readers through your columns. **BERTRAM D. WOLFE**

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 9

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